3 years is a long time to be apart.

But you wait.

And you prevail.

Summary

Notes

A/N: In which the author should never be allowed to go through an Internet disconnection ever again.

See the end of the work for more notes
You remember the pains of a relationship such as yours only manifesting fully in your view when you noticed the melancholy in her eyes during that one Skype call so many moons ago.

"You're sad," you murmured.

"Sad? Why would I be?" she asked, quickly replacing the smile that had faded exponentially since you started the call.

You frowned. "Shouldn't I be asking you that question?"

"Nothing's wrong, Dirk, don't worry about me."

"Defense mechanism #2. I call bullshit."

"Oh, shoosh, you, I told you, I-I'm perfectly fine."

"You stuttered."

"I did not!"

"You only stutter either around people besides me or when you're feeling down. Circumstances are pointing towards the latter."

"How did you eve-- And hey, I-I just said I didn't!"

"Even if you didn't, you just did it again, right now."

"Aaaaaaahhh, I told you to stop doing that!"

"Doing what?"

"Messing with my head! Can't we just leave it, Dirk, please?"

"No."

"W-Why not!?"

"Because I'm worried."

Her mouth snapped shut, eyes flickering to her screen. You were just as startled at your words as she was, but you held her gaze - as much as online conversations would allow, anyway - training your eyes on your webcam to assure her that yes, you did say that, and yes, you were serious.
It wasn't the first time she'd made you throw away all other trains of thought just to focus on putting the smile back on her face, nor would it be the last.

There was silence for a few moments before she sighed softly, admitting defeat.

"I just... really wish I could meet you."

The sight of seeing her pass through that gate, bundled up in the Rainbow Dash hoodie you had given her for her birthday, makes you realize you would willingly go through that hell over and over again if it meant reliving this moment the same number of times.

Jegus, her webcam obviously didn't do her enough justice.

...Like you even give a damn right now.

You cup your hands around your mouth and call her name.

She chuckled, sheepishly.

"I know, I know, it's a really stupid thing to be upset about, ha ha, laugh all y--"

"It's not."

The way her mouth closed would've been comical if the situation had been any different. But right now, it only made you want to punch a wall and leave a hole through it. Even more so when she continued, her voice softer, more subdued.

"It's just... I-it's been 2 years, and... I wish I could hug you, a-and kiss you, and play those silly video games you tell me about with you the whole day, with just the two of us, and..."

The tremble in her lower lip killed you, but you fought with all you had to keep your composure.

Her ears perk up, and she whips her head around to face your general direction, eyes already scanning the vicinity for any sign of your "ridiculously sexy Kamina shades," as she fondly calls them.

Of course, you aren't giving her the satisfaction of finding you first.

One flash-step later, you have a yelping girlfriend gathered in your arms like the bride you're already envisioning her to be, and not enough words in your vocabulary to describe the emotions that are currently making your heart somersault in your chest.

"...I love you, Dirk. I just... wish I could show you how much."

And then she laughs like she's forgotten how to breathe, flinging her arms around your neck to pull herself up and capture your lips in a chaste kiss, which you return and deepen with equal fervor.

"I know."

When she pulls away, breathless, she's grinning from ear to ear.

Already, plans were mapping themselves out in your cranium, fully intent on annihilating the barrier that dared to make your beloved cry.

"...I do too."
"3 fucking years, and you *still* make my brokoro go dirki dirki."

Your name is Dirk Strider, and dear *god*, how you love this woman.
Chapter Summary

Prompt: "Imagine Dirk showing the reader his room."

Chapter Notes

A/N: Making this into a multi-chapter vignette-style fic, since I feel the vignettes would just be too short if they were posted individually. Hope no one minds. uvu

Also, FUCK I CAN'T RAP FOR MY LIFE WHAT DO.

"So, care to explain why there are hollow blocks everywhere, of all things?"

"....There's a fucking rocket board right in your field of vision and all you care about are the hollow blocks?"

Your name is Dirk Strider, and if there is a timeline in which your girlfriend doesn't amaze you every other day, it is certainly not this one.

You set her bags down next to the futon, feeling a twinge of pride in your chest at the giggle you coax out of her.

"Dirk, you wear pointy anime shades in public. You wield a katana on a daily basis. Seagulls barely manage to dodge the walls of this ridiculous apartment of yours. You flash-stepped and basically went full ninja mode on me at the airport just an hour ago."

Your mouth twitches upward when you feel slender arms wrap around your torso from behind, fingers interlocking across your stomach.

"I think the rocket board's the least of my concerns."

You crane your head back to look at her then, spotting a glimmer of mischief in her eyes.

"Now, are you going to tell me what the deal is with that robot over there or not?"

==> Dirk: Introduce her to Squarewave.

Of course.

That is, after she stops succumbing to momentary lapses in attention span and fawning over your huge TV. ("Holy shit, it's like a huge portal to your movie of choice, oh my god, Dirk, is this a portal, please tell me it's a portal.")

And messing with your wardrobifier. ("You look cute in a kigurumi, Dirky~")
And fiddling with your computer. ("What's this Pesterchum thingy?")

And cuddling Minihooft. ("SHE'S JUST SO CUTE.")

You clear your throat, effectively stopping her from picking up one of your JPEG artifacts. ("WHAT THE EVER LOVING FUCK IS THIS THING!?"")

She cocks her head at you, to which you respond by glancing at the rapbot beside you and saying, "Yo, what up?"

Before she can look at you like you're insane, Squarewave's voice makes her jump.

"Sup, dog?"

You exchange handshakes and fistbumps as your boggled girlfriend looks on, eyes wide as plates.

"(Name), this is Squarewave. Squarewave, (Name)."

You swear you can pinpoint the exact moment when the amazement and glee catches up to her and makes her grin the widest you've ever seen her do.

She follows your example and fistbumps him.

"Hi there, Squarewave, you're a cute little 'bot! I can already tell, I'll like you a whole lot!"

From the rapid and high-pitched beeps that said rapbot emits upon detecting a telltale rhyming scheme, you can safely say that the feeling is mutual.

As it turns out, you end up getting pizza delivered in the middle of the night while a certain someone becomes too caught up in a rap battle with an eager Squarewave to notice.

"You sneaky little shit," she remarks later, cheeks puffed up with pepperoni and beef.

You wipe a smudge of tomato sauce off the corner of her mouth with your thumb, smirking.

"I try."
Chapter Summary

Prompt: "Bulbous plush rump chaos. That is all there is to say on the matter."

Chapter Notes

A/N: This was supposed to be the extended ending of the previous chapter, but it didn't seem right to put it there, so I caved and made it a separate chapter instead.

You wondered why she didn't ask about the smuppets.

Your answer comes right before you both submit to the combined exhaustion of travel, rapping, pizza-devouring and dishwashing.

In the form of a pajama-clad girlfriend swinging a highly unsafe katana 3 feet from you while clinging to Lil Cal like her very life depended on him.

"DIRK, GET THAT FUCKING THING AWAY FROM ME, I SWEAR TO GOD."

"Oh, come on, (Name), it's just a puppet. That just happens to have a nice plush ass. Ridiculously soft, see, look--"

"I WILL BURN EVERYTHING YOU HOLD DEAR IF YOU EVEN LET THAT ABOMINATION NEAR ME."

"You're overreacting, you know."

"I AM NOT KIDDING, DIRK."

"(Name)."

"EVEN LIL CAL IS GETTING DISTURBED, AND LIL CAL HAS SEEN A LOT OF SHIT."

"(Name), calm down."

"LOOK AT THESE EYES, DIRK. THEY ARE THE EYES OF SOMEONE WHO HAS SEEN HELL. AND THAT HELL IS APPARENTLY FILLED WITH PHALLIC NOSES AND HIGHLY DISTURBING PLUSH RUMPS."

"Jesus Christ, you're worse than Dave."

"IS THIS DAVE PERSON A MEMBER OF THE PUPPET-ASS ANNIHILATION CORPS."

"...Leader, actually."
"THEN TELL HIM TO SEND ME RECRUITMENT PAPERS AND SHIT ON THE DOUBLE."

"Only if you go to bed."

The glare she's giving you does not waver, although its intensity is certainly diminished with the way her eyelids are starting to droop.

"Only if you put that away."

You let out a breath, tossing the puppet onto the pile from whence it came.

"There. Happy?"

She smiles sleepily, right before she sets the sword down and practically collapses on top of you, Lil Cal and all.

"Very."

You adjust your positions a bit so that she isn't cutting off your air supply, and while she whines against the crook of your neck, she makes no move to stop you.

She does, however, make it a point to keep her eyes half-open long enough for them to crinkle up at you.

"Love you," she mumbles.

You blink.

Eyelashes flutter shut a second after, her breathing gradually evening out, and until you're sure she's fast asleep, you do not allow yourself to smile openly and press a kiss to her temple, unabashed, unafraid.

"Love you too."

Your name is Dirk Strider, and in the warmth of your beloved's embrace, you dream.

End Notes

A/N: Sburb happens in this AU, but the kids and trolls have already beaten the game by this point and created their new universe. Jade's powers allow said universe to contain both Earth and Alternia, as well as all their Lands, and I like to think the Lalondes are able to set up these cool Appearifier-Sendificator devices on all those planets as a means of teleportation. Because for all that's happened, it's pretty hard to go back to normal living after around 4 years of being heroes; they'd at least need some form of reassurance that what they went through was real. Otherwise, everyone would just go batshit insane.

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