

You wake up in the dark—no shit. The [air conditioner] whirs in the corner of the room, but you still feel unbearably hot and sweaty laying next to the heated lump in bed next to you. You peel the layer of sheets that has stuck itself onto you, disgusting, and swing your legs over, placing your feet on the cool wood floor. You're thirsty, probably because of all the sweating, and you inch your hand out to the side, toward where you had left the water bottle the night before. It's empty, and you sigh. As you stand up carefully you shuck off your thin, damp tank top, tossing it on the floor.

You creep around the respiteblock silently, padding between rooms and down hallways. Karkat calls this place your 'home.' At the very least it is his home, but you would be an asshole if you didn't admit he hadn't at least tried to include you in the construction of a more equitably shared space. Maybe about half a year into living with him, he had taken you out of the house to go touch curtains, blankets, throw pillows, and anything with tactile variability. He had even replaced the flooring in several areas depending on your preferences and input, putting carpet down over wood and wood where carpet had been ripped up. It had almost annoyed you at first. It was true that you had learned to navigate the world in a more tactile and auditory fashion, but at first, you hadn't seen the point of picking out curtains with textures that you liked. You had learned to appreciate all of it though. Now as you move between rooms you can recognize instantly where you are depending on if your feet are touching tile, wood, or the various textured carpets, which is undeniably helpful. Even the double curtains in the [bedroom], which you had jokingly told him to make black and white, contribute to your sensory

perception of this...home. Karkat had made the curtains black and white, but he had done so quietly, and you do not even know he had actually listened to your joke seriously. Perhaps he should have told you, maybe it would help you understand your value to him, but you don't need that reassurance, you simply did not have to question things like that. You know Karkat cares about you, you were really only here because he did, so you don't need him to affirm it through all of the little acts he busies himself with, like curtain-buying, but you weren't going to stop him, especially since it seems to make *him* happy to care for you in that way.

Your feet slide onto the tile of the kitchen, and you take a minute to lean over and press your face on the cold counters. Quite relieving. You turn the sink on, not bothering to grab a mug, just cupping your hands in the water and bringing them up to drink. Water pours down your chin and runs in droplets down your chest as you keep gulping it down.

You even splash your face a bit, more than happy to wash some of the sticky sweat off of your brow. The only downside to all this was how painfully awake you were now. You did not really see it as a downside at all, since before you now stretches a perfect two-hour chunk of time before you would get tired again. During this time you'd be able to code, smoke, and maybe just relax and think for a bit.

As you make your way back towards the office, you linger around the house, making sure that you know where every chair, CD, and controller ended up the day before so you don't accidentally step or sit on any of Karkat's precious movies or your own cool gadgets. Even if the house was a mess most of the time, you still manage to know where shit was way better than Karkat could. You actually took the time to rotate and

memorize a three-dimensional layout of your space with all of its crap in your mind for simplicity's sake, and it was pretty easy to do that, so you don't get why Karkat always bitches at you for hiding shit from him when you literally would just put it back where it had been for the last week.

You turn into the office, reaching a hand out to feel your desk before you could bump into it. Even if you intuitively knew where everything was, it was good to be careful, especially when living with Karkat, who would always hover near your elbow for days after you bumped into or tripped over *anything*. So, even though you don't care about getting bruises or scrapes, you were careful, for Karkat's sake, though you would rather phrase it as you simply taking the necessary steps to keep Karkat off your back/dick. Whichever was more pointed at the moment. Settling into your chair, you pull over your clunky keyboard and hit the noticeably raised power buttons on both of your monitors. Making the keyboard had apparently been quite the ordeal, and you had not been involved in creating it at all. It had been a collaborative gift between Karkat, Terezi, Kanaya, and some of the humans, Rose and Roxy, you believe, to celebrate one year since Aradia had dropped you off on Earth C. At the time, you had felt like Karkat was just trying to convince you to stick by giving you useless shit. He didn't have to convince you, and maybe if you had told him that he wouldn't have wasted everyone's time making the keyboard for you.

Ultimately, though, you had to admit you love the keyboard. In turn, it had made Karkat happy. When you asked him why he was being such a dork about it, since he had been so obviously slinking around to watch you use it after it had been gifted, he admitted he had

wanted to help you get back into your old hobbies, and it had seemed like a good place to start. He had ribbed you, saying that when you had some kind of project or task that you were working toward you were more bearable to be around. It was in Alternian, but every letter had been rendered into various configurations of little raised dots. The dots were not very similar to most of the actual letters in form, but that had not stopped you from picking up the new, encoded alphabet rather quickly. Since then, you have been plugging along with project after project, finally having the time to sit down and work on the shit you could often only dream of in the bubbles. You tap on your touchscreen monitor, opening up your latest program. Obviously, you can't see it, but you frequently had Karkat rearrange things and tell you the desktop layout, which you would then memorize.

The bedroom was on the opposite side of the hallway, and you had left the door wide open. Karkat was a heavy sleeper, but you didn't want to disturb him, so you began to trace two of your fingers along the edge of the desk. When they meet the two small signal notches you had carved into the wood you stop, moving your hand down to grasp at the topmost drawer of the desk. You pull out a pair of headphones, a lighter, and a pre-roll to hit a bit later, for now, the headphones would help you make sure that if there was an error in the code that would make it unable to function, the corresponding sound that went off to warn you would not wake up Karkat.

You focus up and settle into your old instinct, plugging in variables and commands with ease and steady, silent concentration. The little warning sound almost never went off, and you were glad, the utter silence helps you sink further into your little

abstract world. Lines and lines of code materialize in your head, and you dutifully transcribe them, connecting them to each other gracefully. The sense of removal from your surroundings, from your body, was almost comforting. You could let go of your construction of this house, of your neighborhood, of the grocery store. You couldn't let go of every figure though, and couldn't stop having flashes of Karkat sleeping a room away from you. When you need to truly come back down into reality, your joint would be there for you while Karkat wasn't, too preoccupied with his heavy slumbering.

You spent half your time working, the intervals between thoughts of Karkat getting shorter and shorter. You sigh, turning the monitors off. Maybe it was time to do some of that thinking. You light the joint, taking a deep breath in. Your body often felt like something that happened *around* you, but it did not feel like you. When you smoke, at least, that perception softens a little. You become necessarily more aware of yourself, more familiar with yourself, as you were forced to breathe in and out, as you stretch out your legs and roll your neck. In a way, you were settling back into yourself, even if the disconnect could never entirely seem to go away. At the very least, you had to hand it to your body that it was great at asserting its needs and desires. You think about Karkat and groan, wanting to go and touch him.

You reflect on the memory of a late night from back when you had first been settling in, maybe two months after your drop-off. You hadn't even told him you were thinking about leaving, but it was like he knew. He had been so high and so tired, but he had clung to you, you had probably been clinging to him too, but right now you could only remember Karkat's body and not your own.

He had pressed his face into your shoulder, he had told you, almost harshly, that he needed you. He had repeated himself, softer and sleepier the second time, and you had let him fall asleep in your arms. It had all sort of been a done deal to you after that.

You snub out the blunt and stretch your hands, knowing that you probably smoked way too much since you just kept puffing while you thought about Karkat. His snoring was getting louder, and you could not resist the pull you felt to go and touch him as he slept for any longer. He was a part of the house, so you might as well familiarize yourself with him before the next day started.

Now that you have sufficiently cooled down and blazed up, you happily mold your body to Karkat's, rubbing your face into the back of his neck and shoulders. He smells so nice, and because you can get away with it, you lick a stripe down the side of his neck and shoulders with your long tongue, tasting his sweat. You ruck his flimsy yet somehow still oversized shirt up over his stomach, petting the soft hair on his ample belly. Your hand kneads his stomach and grabs at his love handles, you are content knowing that you could basically be as handsy as you want and he wouldn't wake up unless you did something like bite him. Even then a little nibble probably wouldn't wake him too much. You love that he was such a deep sleeper, it made this all so much hotter for you. You kick the sheet off the both of you, balling it up near your feet. Karkat shudders in his sleep, he must appreciate finally getting some fresh air against his hot skin.

You rub his grub scars, enjoying the different texture of the skin there, before moving your hands up to squeeze at his pecs. You can feel your face start to flush as you manhandle him. *I am such a fucking pervert*



is all you can think as you keep smelling Karkat and licking at his neck while you knead his soft belly. You almost fall asleep when you start to get into a rhythm of stroking your hand over his lower belly and happy trail, but the throb of your bulges unfurling from your sheath keeps you awake.

You uselessly rub your crotch against his plush ass for a few minutes, coaxing your bulges out entirely and making a mess of your underwear in the process. You pant hotly against the back of your neck, trying to keep yourself from biting down and marking him. Without further ado, you pull his pjs and underwear below his ass, and you just can't help yourself, so you squirm down the bed until you're able to snake your tongue out and taste his nook. He seems to still be plenty wet from your pre-sleep escapades, but you still enjoy teasing his nook and sheath with your tongue, hearing how his breathing starts to quicken. When his nook starts to squeeze your tongue, you know your body won't let you hold off any longer. You spoon him again and pull your own sweatpants down enough to free your unruly twin bulges. You try to hold one back as you guide the other into Karkat's sloppy nook. There's not really a reason to hold the second back, but you still like to be cautious, and both of them at once might stir Karkat awake. Your bulge in Karkat's nook snakes its way deeper inside, and you groan at how the tight warmth pulses around your long bulge. The bulge that you've left out in the cold creeps up to prod at Karkat's sheath as you're distracted by the overwhelming pleasure of having just one slipped inside your lover, but you still feel how the second bulge pushes against Karkat's own slowly emerging bulge and quickly pull it back, not wanting to stimulate Karkat too much. It curls around your finger tightly, you

really swear these things have a mind of their own, but you manage to straighten it out and guide it in next to its twin.

Almost immediately your bulges twine together, squeezing each other as Karkat's stretched nook clenches down on them. You groan again, as quietly as you can stand, and eventually settle for balling up the back of Karkat's shirt and shoving it in your mouth to bite down on. He is probably going to get your ass for tearing holes in his sleep shirt with your teeth. You wiggle one arm underneath Karkat as you sling the other over his waist. You clasp your hands together over his stomach, pressing yourself against him as tightly as possible. You feel euphoric, and your body trembles not only at the perversion of fucking Karkat while he's asleep but also at how active Karkat's nook is even while he's sleeping. You thrust and press into him in small, quick movements, not pulling out a single centimeter as your bulges try to hit as deep inside of him as possible.

You keep nuzzling the back of his neck even as you're drooling all over the part of his shirt in your mouth, you debate just falling asleep like this, waiting to inflate him with your slurry until the morning, but your throbbing bulges clearly have different desires. Once more, you're more than happy to give its body what it wants. You roll your hips against Karkat's ass, and your bulges suddenly untwist from each other. The sudden release of pressure makes you gasp, and your bulges writhe wildly across every inch of Karkat's dripping nook and you cannot *believe* he is still asleep. As you take a moment to fully enjoy the fact that you've been given explicit permission to use Karkat as your own personal bucket while he sleeps, the dam breaks, and you flood Karkat with a ridiculous



amount of slurry, your tapered bulges pressing deep inside of him.

It must be at least two minutes before the flow of your deluge finally begins to reduce, and you feel like a hot mess. Your hair sticks to your forehead and you are slack-jawed and drooling as you come down from your release. Your hands on Karkat's plump belly begin to feel around intently, and you groan as you press at his lower abdomen, feeling how tight he is there. Only a small trickle of slurry manages to leak out around your bulges, but you fully expect that in a minute your bulges will retract and an even bigger bitch of a mess will be made as your slurry gushes out of him

At first, you're pleasantly surprised that your bulges remain turgid and insistent, but then your brain catches up to your body, and you realize what they need. Sure, you had express consent to use Karkat as a bucket, but not as a gaper, even if you happened to do that plenty while you were both awake. One spurt of hot piss manages to escape one of your bulges, and you gasp, but successfully clench to avoid another incident. You take in a shaky breath and resign yourself to waking Karkat up because you were absolutely going to die if you did not piss inside of him right now.

You start nipping at his neck and he moans in his sleep, so you keep at it until eventually, he starts to grumble something.

"Hey kk," you whisper.

He grumbles some more, but you still can't really understand what he's trying to say, so you scratch your claws lightly down his back. It makes him shudder, and you can hear his breathing start to fall into the pattern it usually does when he's awake. Almost immediately, he starts to whine.

"Why the fuck do I feel so bloated..."

His hand comes down to rest on top of yours, feeling the tautness of his lower stomach. He lifts his head up, presumably to look at the sight you can only feel, and his head falls back with a moan. The clenching around your bulges is even tighter now that he's awake, and you can't help but hiss.

"Kk I've got to go."

He presses himself back against you and his nook turns into a fucking vice, "No..."

You sigh, "Not like that, I have to piss, idiot."

He is clearly too tired and too slut-brained from the feeling of being woken up full of slurry to make any impressively witty comebacks, but he still snorts as he turns his head towards you, "Fuck, might as well."

By this point, your legs are shaking from holding in your piss, and you gladly let yourself go inside of him. You pant and moan at the feeling of peeing in Karkat's nook, you really could never tire of this. Karkat is moaning too, squeezing the hand you have on his stomach so hard you feel like your fingers are going to snap, and you try to pull his hand down to his thick, unsheathed bulge, hoping you can divert his harsh grip onto that appendage instead. Once he gets into roughly squeezing his own bulge, you disentangle your hand from his and skate it back up to his lower stomach. His belly feels even more stretched as you keep filling him up with a truly ludicrous amount of piss from each of your twin bulges. As flushed as Karkat already is, you swear you can feel that area getting even hotter, now when you press down, Karkat moans even louder.

Eventually, your stream tapers off just as your slurry did, and with a few extra spurts you know you're

done. Now you and Karkat have a quick decision to make. You grab the hand on his nook, stopping him mid-stroke, forcing him to listen to you.

"Should we hobble over to the shower now or should I plug you." Your bulges were going to retract imminently, and you are surprised at how fast Karkat's arm moves to throw upon a drawer on the nightstand. He presses a dildo into your hand, thicker than your bulges combined but not as long, it would definitely keep him mostly clean for the rest of the night. He didn't have to say anything, you just position it by his nook and pull only one of your bulges out as you start to press it into him. You can barely hear him moaning, after everything that has happened your ears are ringing, and as your lone, sensitive bulge is pushed tightly up against the walls of Karkat's nook by the dildo you hiss in pained pleasure. Once it was halfway in, you extricate your second bulge, and both of them begin to happily curl back into your sheath.

You finish pushing the dildo into Karkat and scoot away from him so you can roll him onto his back, belly exposed. He groans from the feeling of his distended stomach sloshing around, and then you start prodding and massaging at his stretched belly, full of your slurry and piss.

He grumbles, "Are you just going to make me feel like a fucking test subject all night or will I ever get something out of this."

You smirk and give his stomach a light smack, making him moan. In vengeance, he kicks at you, but when you tightly squeeze his bulge his resolve quickly collapses. You're slow as you stroke him, trying to decide what you'd like to do here. Your nook is still sore from the pounding Karkat gave you yesterday afternoon, and the thought of taking him there again

makes you throb. You would love to ride him, pressing yourself against his wobbling, stuffed stomach, but your oral fixation wins out, and you decide you want his slurry in your stomach.

"Fine kk, I'll return the favor."

You shimmy down and half of your body ends up hanging off the bed, but you could care less as you start to nip at Karkat's inner thighs. Without a firm hand to guide it, Karkat's bulge starts rubbing itself into your already sweaty, gross hair, twisting against your horns. Awesome. As such, you do elect to grip it tightly, restraining the thick beast even as it squirms violently. You're too fucking horny and high, and you work it into your mouth way too quickly, gagging as it hits the back of your throat.

Karkat pulls your head back quickly, you're about to tell him off for assuming you can't handle it or some shit but before you can he says, "I want to sixty-nine."

You don't emote at all as you respond, "What the fuck is that?"

You obviously can't see Karkat roll his eyes, but you can still *feel* it happening, "If you're going to suck me off I want your junk by my mouth too."

Ah, well that you would happily comply with. You swallow him back down to the root, hyper-aware of how your throat must be bulging obscenely. Karkat steadily rocks his hips up into you, and you do your best to breathe in through your nose. You are still caught off guard, however, when instead of lapping at your nook, Karkat flicks his fucking tongue into your sheath. He manages to get enough of his tongue in that it is pressing insistently at your hyper-sensitive bulges, which were more than content to curl up and hide for the rest of the night. Now, Karkat coaxes them slowly

back out, and you can barely concentrate on actually sucking off Karkat at all. Instead, you're once again a drooling goddamn mess. Luckily, Karkat seems more than content to buck himself into your mouth with the vigor and forcefulness that is so typical of him. He keeps suckling at your bulges, and you seriously feel like you are going to fritz out as he insistently begins to suck your bulges into his own mouth. Once his nose is pressed into your crotch and your bulges are content to thoroughly explore his throat, he grips your horns firmly, and you none the wiser to his next course of action, that being to use your horns as a means of moving your head up and down his swollen bulge. The battering of your throat makes you cum again, though you don't expel nearly as much slurry this time, and Karkat slurps it down greedily, continuing to nurse your bulges. You feel completely boneless, and Karkat truly meets no resistance as he slides into your throat again and again. You can't tell if you're about to pass out from ecstasy or oxygen deprivation when suddenly Karkat is crushing your face against the base of his bulge and releasing a flood of slurry down your throat. You try your best to gulp it down, but your brain is so addled and unable to control your body that you know plenty must be spilling right back out of your mouth, especially since *physics* (he is holding your head literally *down* to his crotch after all). You start to cough around his bulge even as slurry keeps sliding into your stomach, and Karkat, without any mercy, does not let you up until he is completely through.

You keep coughing, "Jegus kk," you say between shaky breaths, "I didn't treat you that bad when you were sleeping."

He opens his mouth and your limp, lifeless bulges make a daring retreat back into the safety of your

sheath, "Man, shut up," his tone is harsh, and you right yourself in an instant, settling back between his legs. You reach out to touch his face. You know it's stupid, you never need reassurance, except for right now, when you trace Karkat's smile with your fingers, just to make sure it's there.

He kisses your fingertips and says in a quiet, husky voice that makes you shiver, "Sollux..." just your name, but as he trails off a bit shyly you know he could only want one thing. You hope he doesn't notice how eager you are as you position your mouth back over his bulge, now in a much better position to swallow. He almost never does this with you, as tense as he can get when it comes to letting himself go. You know that your face must be ridiculously flushed. His must be too. Just for a moment, you wish you could see, but the feeling quickly settled itself: that wasn't your world, and that was ok. Instead, once this was done, you'd be able to cup Karkat's cheeks and feel as they burned your hands with their warmth. You take Karkat back into your mouth, but decide to take it a bit easier and forgo forcing yourself down to the base. You massage his bulge in your mouth, sucking once, his fingers twist in your hair, a second time, and you can feel his piss start to trickle down your throat, becoming a steady stream after another few seconds. You take it all, not spilling a drop, unlike all the slurry that had ended up staining Karkat's crotch and the bedsheets. He definitely lets loose less than you did, and with a few final lazy swipes of your tongue over his bulge, you pull back from him. You rest your head on his thigh, feeling incredibly tired, boneless even, you move a hand down to confirm for yourself that, yes, your stomach also has a nice weight to it now. Unlike Karkat's mess of slurry and piss currently being held



in his nook by a nice plug, this was going to be a feature on your body for a bit longer.

You must have fallen asleep on Karkat's thigh for a moment, as when you woke up next he had pulled you back up to his level and was lazily kissing your face. You nuzzle your cheek against his own, and you both start to purr. The fact that you were happy was a very simple one, one that did not often need to be interrogated or pondered upon at this point in time. You had settled into this home, settled in this life with this Karkat, and you were happy and relaxed in a way you had not been in a long time. He was a good companion to you, and you were often confident that he enjoyed your companionship too. If you ever had doubts, you could think back to moments like this, as you hold each other and purr contentedly, both of you slowly slipping back into needed sleep.