

## More Matter, Less Art

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/612357) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/612357>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/F</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Homestuck</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Rose Lalonde/Meenah Peixes</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Rose Lalonde</a> , <a href="#">Meenah Peixes</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">The Homestuck Ladyfest New Year's Exchange 2012</a>
Stats:	Published: 2012-12-28 Words: 1,531 Chapters: 1/1

# More Matter, Less Art

by [anxiousAnarchist](#)

## Summary

*His very beard quaked, such was the piercing nature of Zazzerpan's endless blue orbs, and Frigglish felt as if he was swimming in them, lost deep in the transient nature of the spark of life that lay behind those circlets of optical biology.*

Or; Meenah gets a crash course in Wizard Slash.

*The mage clutched at his chest as sudden fearful palpitations shook his frail frame. "But Zazzerpan," Frigglish sighed calumniously. "You know that no matter what works I set down, they will be twisted darke abominations, not fit for consumption for any man, no, not even you."*

*Zazzerpan stroked the cover of Frigglish's latest monumental work of knowledge. "Nonsense," he murmured, toying with the edge of the cover. "No greater work shall ever pass this desk than that penned by my dear friend, and there is none I would more gladly consume."*

*Zazzerpan stared at Frigglish with such alacrity and intensity that Frigglish trembled from the soles of his well worn boots -- a gift from the denizens of the endless forest of Eleben for services rendered to their Great Sun King in ages past --- to the very top of his voluminous hat -- bedecked with stars as befitted a man of his rank and learning. His very beard quaked, such was the piercing nature of Zazzerpan's endless blue orbs, and Frigglish felt as if he was swimming in them, lost deep in the transient nature of the spark of life that lay behind those circlets of optical biology.*

*"Surely your reticence does not truly concern the act of setting words to page, my dear friend," whispered Zazzerpan. "I have never known you to shy away from spilling the rich depths of your knowledge to us all."*

*Frigglish felt drawn irresistibly towards Zazzerpan who still sat behind Frigglish's careworn and paltry desk, though he commanded the poor chair as if it were a throne and he the greatest king in the universe. He stumbled a few small steps forward, and wondered if this too was part of the great man's majiks, to so command his soul and sinew thus that he could not tear himself away.*

*Zazzerpan covered one of Frigglish's hands with his own. Frigglish felt faint, as a maiden might just before she swooned, or a horse might after a long run through a dark and starless night. His hand emitted the gentle heat of a slowly kindling fire, and Frigglish smoothed his beard down nervously with the hand not yet entrapped by another, finding the rough touch of hair a comfort, albeit a small one.*

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What have you just read?

What in the name of all the gold in all the vaults in the multiverse have you just read.

You x out of the window quickly, and step back from the computer. You shoulda known better than to use some alien girl's clamtop just cause she said you could. All that winking and telling you about how she likes your braids, clearly a strategy to distract you from your true goals and now, this --- whatever this was.

It's best to abscond before the situation becomes trickier.

Welp, nope. You turn around, and get a face full of human girl.

"As the future heiress of the trollian empire i hereby declare this work of fiction to be fucked up, light-girl," you say, crossing your arms.

"Excuse me?" says Lalonde. "I believe I'm talking to a member of a species that produced Troll Cheaters, which if Karkat is to be believed, had a death count in the thousands in its first season alone."

"Aw man, he watches Troll Cheaters?" you say. "I glubbin love Troll Cheaters!"

Rose smiles, and flips her hair. You grind your teeth. "What do you even call this!!!" you say.

She examines the nails on one hand. They're short, and so polished you can see your face in them. "I call this my own private fiction, and I'm very curious as to how, precisely, you managed to discover this."

"Uh, I think you know pretty whale how!" You are taking none of this horseshit today. You have had it up to HERE with hoof beast shit, sometimes literally if Zahhak is around, and this is it!!! You are a dead alien princess traveling in the fragmented dreams of a long gone universe in the midst of an incomprehensible void and you are *not going to get bossed around by some chick and her fucking beard wizard kink!!!*

"No, I assure you, I don't."

You have to imagine your pout at this point is fucking spectacular. Off the fucking charts, you hope someone's taking notes. Maybe that other light haired human will compose a rap about this moment, you deserve to be rapped about let's be real here.

She's totally trying not to smile. You know that tricky look, that's the look of a light player if ever you knew one.

*Fucking* light players, the flightiest fucking broads, all of them.

"Whatever," you say, trying to brush this whole thing off. "I'll leave you to your weird human sex bits and go find somefin actually important to do with my time."

"What, like listen to Aranea exposit at you?"

"Well she's sure as shell a better writer than that!!!"

Rose bit her lip, her eyes lighting up. "Really? Then why are you still here?"

"Go on then," says Rose. "Keep reading, if you just can't help yourself. I won't stop you."

It's tempting to do so, and it's tempting to just turn and walk away, perhaps flipping Lalonde a congenial bird or two on the way out.

When she giggles, it's like a challenge.

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*Zazzerpan slowly braided together one delicate long white strand of his own silky chin hair with Frigglish's duller coarser beard, weaving the cords together with a dexterity that made Frigglish's head spin with excitement. Truly, this was a union of more than just body, but soul and mind as well. Though Frigglish was a learned man, and knew much of the sciences -- philosophical, magikcal, social, and otherwise --- and thus knew that hair itself had no nerve endings no spark of life, nothing that would stir any physical reaction, he still felt as if his hair thrummed and sang in response to Zazzerpan's, to the delicate joining of their glory.*

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"Is this a normal human thing?" you ask. "The beard thing."

"Yes," says Rose with the studied expression of someone who is taking the piss out of someone else. "It is an extremely standard part of human mating rituals."

"Sure," you say. "Whatever."

Rose leans over you, and points further down the screen. "Ooh, good, we're coming up to my favorite bits."

She says it in your ear, and she says it like she means something obscene.

Though death can't separate you from foolishness, it can from childishness. You know when you are being seduced.

"Lalonde," you say. "If you wanna make out you could just say so already."

"Oh no, have I upset her highness?" says Rose. She's leaning her chin on your shoulder, and as she talks she takes one of your braids in her hand and twirls it. "Have I been too forward?"

"Not forward enough, more like," you say. You *hate* Light players, you hate all this fussin around, if someone wants something why can't they just say they want it?

"Do you want me to kiss you, Peixes?" asks Rose.

Your fins get all flustered. "I think if we're going to read your dumb terrible fanfic, we should read the whole thing."

"Hmm," says Rose.

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*"Your beard is so magnificent," whispered Zazzerpan, and Frigglish felt his face grow warm and his heart grow tumescent as he received this undeserved praise. He looked away, overcome suddenly with the rustling sounds of their beards, and tugged his hair from Zazzerpan's.*

*"I should not -- we should not," he gasped, clutching onto the desk, his knees trembling with exertion.*

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"I'm pretty fuckin' sure this isn't how humans do it," you say, crossing your arms. You feel that perhaps you are being Messed With. You don't appreciate that, people need to recognize who they are dealin' with here, which is to say, the baddest motherglubber in this corner of eternity.

Porrim showed you some diagrams once, which you were both pretty sure were humans doing the human sex but you're not quite sure and like hell you're gonna look at those now.

The next line catches your eye. *Zazzerman slowly removed his robe.* . . "Aw shell no."

You turn around to leave, but Rose's arms are on either side of you now.

"Londe this is startin to smell a lot like your shitty fanfic," you say. Rose is waggling her eyebrows with a startling and sorta impressive amount of speed. That is some pro as fuck eyebrow action right there.

Rose leans in and pecks you on the mouth with a lipstick-y kiss. It's brief and she laughs afterwards and it's all decidedly less somber than you expected from her, after all the fuckin' long ass tales told yadda yadda horrorterrors She Who Knits Beyond The Last Hour whatever.

"That was pretty fuckin' lame," you say. You try your hand at some eyebrow waggling of your own.

"Want me to show you how humans really do it?" she says.

You wrinkle your nose. "But we don't even have beards or anythin'."

She plants a big smooch on your nose, and laughs again, and you grin and tug at her hair.

"I think we can figure something out," she says.

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