

Do We Need to Talk?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/14926625) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/14926625>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Underage
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Homestuck
Relationship:	Dave Strider/Karkat Vantas
Characters:	Dave Strider , Karkat Vantas , Terezi Pyrope (mentioned) , Kanaya Maryam (mentioned) , Rose Lalonde (Mentioned) , Vriska Serket (Mentioned) , The Mayor (mentioned)
Additional Tags:	Angst , Trans Character , Trans Dave , Bulges and Nooks , Dysphoria , this started as a vent fic , the beginning is really intense , Crying , but not crying during sex , Troll Culture , this is my first fic , this is a meteor fic , so they are probably no older than 17 , guess i'll die
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-06-14 Words: 2,879 Chapters: 1/1

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by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Some days are really hard for Dave, but thankfully Karkat doesn't mind helping him through them.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The thing about going God Tier is that it doesn't "fix" you. In the relatively short time Dave had been awake on Derse he couldn't help but wonder why his dreamself wasn't cis. He was a cis dude in all of his other dreams, so why the FUCK not the one that actually matters? He sets his shades to the side and lays his head down on his empty desk. He circles his hands around his head and lets the cold of the wood seep into his forehead. He feels a tear slide down his cheek. And then another. They splash onto the desk like the first few drops of rain before a storm. Then, a sob racks Dave's body and the tears start flowing freely. God dammit, he so did not need this today.

He's absolutely NOT about to take the shit everyone on this miserable rock would give him if they saw him like this, so he tries to keep his crying quiet. It doesn't happen often, but he tends to be an embarrassingly loud crier. Not to mention that once he gets started, it usually goes on for hours. Dave doesn't really know how long it's been since he started crying because his concept of linear time is still a little fucky after all that hopping around the timeline, but at some point he hears someone banging on his door. He doesn't trust himself to answer, and he doesn't want to whine "Go away" like some fucking wriggler, so he doesn't respond. He gets the feeling that whoever it is will be coming in regardless of his response or lack thereof, so he supposes it doesn't matter anyway.

Sure enough, after about 30 seconds Dave hears the door creak open, and then, between sobs, hears his bed creak as someone settles their weight on it. Dave honestly doesn't know who to hope it is. Kanaya might be the most understanding, but Dave doesn't know her that well. Rose may be his sister, but honestly that makes it harder to talk to her sometimes. Vriska is... well, Vriska. Terezi has no sympathy for anyone and Karkat just *cannot* handle emotions. Dave desperately hopes it's the Mayor. That would be the only good scenario.

In an effort to preserve his last remaining shred of dignity, Dave starts focussing on his deep breathing in an effort to control the crying. Eventually he thinks it starts to work, but his mystery guest still hasn't said a word. Once he's managed to reach the point where the only sign he had been crying was a stutter in his breath every now and again, Dave's intruder finally speaks up, "So, uh..."

It's Karkat. God. Fucking. Dammit. "Dave, I think that maybe we need to talk? Uh, Terezi and I could hear you crying from the common room and I..."

That's just GREAT; this means the entire fucking meteor could probably hear him bawling his eyes out. "Listen Dave, I know you don't like to talk about stuff and I get that, because I HATE talking about my feelings. That's why I exclusively do it with my past or future selves, but listen, it really does help to talk about it. So please? Tell me what's going on. I'm worried about you."

When Dave doesn't answer, Karkat says, "I'm just," he pauses, "I've never seen you cry and..."

Dave heaves a sigh and reaches out blindly for his shades. He puts them on to conceal his gross, tear-stained face, before finally turning to look at Karkat. "You've never seen me cry before cause i woulda got my ass beat for it at home. My bro woulda just barged into my room and started kicking my ass."

Karkat reaches out and starts to rest his hand on Dave's shoulder, but he flinches away. "I didn't mean to... Did I... ?"

Dave shakes his head. “No, my bro wouldn’t have even knocked.” A silence falls over the room for a moment.

“Do you want to make a pile, or something?” Karkat finally asks.

“Sure.”

Karkat walks to an empty spot, and instead of actually making a pile, he uncaptalougyes an avalanche of laundry he had in his sylladex for some reason. Dave almost snickers, but he’s still too upset to truly appreciate how ridiculous Karkat is. Karkat settles down in the pile and motions for Dave to join him. Reluctantly, Dave gets up and walks over to the pile. All of the sudden a wave of exhaustion washes over him and he collapses into the pile, practically landing right on top of Karkat. Crying is great for wearing a person out. Karkat starts to kick Dave off of him but thinks better of it and lets Dave scramble off of him on his own terms. He doesn’t want to scare Dave off after he just managed to get him in the pile.

Dave is silent for a long time. He can tell Karkat is getting antsy but he doesn’t know how to start. He doesn’t even know why he’s about to spill his guts to Karkat in the first place. He’s never even told his human friends, but something about this short, angry, gray alien just makes him feel more comfortable. “It’s just... I’m not sure you’re gonna get it dude. It’s kinda a human thing I think? And I dunno...”

Karkat hesitates, “Well, if it’s a human thing, then maybe talking about it with someone who isn’t a human would actually be easier? Cause I won’t understand it so it won’t be awkward to talk about.”

Dave snuffles a little and says, “uggh fine.” He takes a deep breath and tries to decide where to start.

“Uh, so you know how male humans an female organs are born with different reproductive shit based on gender?”

“Yeah,” Karkat answers hesitantly, a little afraid of where this was going.”

“Well when the doctors pull us out of our moms—“ Dave pauses when Karkat pulls a face, “Sorry dude that’s how humans work. Anyway when we’re born the doctors look at us and go ‘Looks like this one’s a girl Marge!’ and Marge writes that shit down on the birth certificate or whatever and that kid has to be a girl for the rest of their miserable life. But, sometimes, that kid isn’t a girl. Like, the doctors were wrong, which is not a rare occurrence, but yeah. We call people who don’t identify with the gender they were assigned at birth ‘transgender’, and it’s kind of a taboo for humans? Like, a lot of them think it’s weird or bad.”

“We have that on Alternia, kind of, but it isn’t a big deal since we all have the same reproductive organs. Um, it’s like, some of us are hatched with lumps of flesh on our chests—it’s basically armor—and the people who have them tend to disproportionately identify as female. But if a guy has them or a girl doesn’t it really isn’t that big of a deal for anybody. Well, except some trolls want them because they’re an advantage in a fight.”

Dave actually chuckles at that, “So troll titties are armor and the dudes are all jealous cause they’re easier to kill?”

Karkat blushes a little and instinctively hides his face, “Yeah, I guess?”

“Well, yeah, no doctor ever saw me I guess, but my bro took a look at me and decided I was a girl. And, um, I’m obviously not, so... yeah.” Even though he knows Karkat can’t see his eyes past his shades, Dave looks away. He feels like he’s going to start crying again.

“Dave you know I don’t care about that shit,” Karkat says gently, “even if it was a big deal for us, I wouldn’t care cause I like you for you.”

Dave sighs, “I know, it’s just that it was really difficult back on Earth. Kids at school made fun of me and I was scared every time I went to the bathroom that a bunch of dudes would kill me because I was trans.”

“I understand that,” Karkat says, “cause of, um, my blood. I was always terrified I was gonna get culled, and if anyone found out I definitely would have been.” Karkat reaches out and puts his hand on Dave’s shoulder, “You aren’t alone, Dave. You don’t have to be scared.”

Dave looks at Karkat, who looks as vulnerable as Dave feels. All of the sudden, the only thing Dave can think about is how much he wants to kiss Karkat. His whole body is just so soft. His lips, his stomach, and his expression—it’s soft and comforting, it makes Dave feel safe.

“Dave are you even listening to me?” Karkat asks, and Dave realizes that Karkat has been talking for, like, two minutes and he hasn’t heard a word of it. “Dave?”

“Can I kiss you?” Dave blurts out. Why did he just say that? Now it’s all awkward; they were in pale territory about 30 seconds ago and then Dave opened his big fat mouth and made the whole situation confusing.

Dave’s self deprecating train of thought is suddenly cut off by Karkat’s lips on his. Dave stiffens a little before relaxing into the kiss. Karkat’s lips aren’t nearly as soft as Dave had been imagining—instead they are rough and chapped—but Dave doesn’t mind because he feels just like KARKAT. Dave moves his hands to Karkat’s cheeks and pulls him closer. Dave nibbles Karkat’s lower lip and the troll opens his mouth. Dave cautiously explores Karkat’s mouth, but jerks away as soon as his tongue touches Karkat’s teeth. He tastes his own blood coating the inside of his mouth. Man, what the fuck, how could Karkat’s teeth possibly be that sharp?

“Shit! Dave, I’m so sorry!” Karkat says, and then mutters, so quietly that Dave almost doesn’t hear, “I forgot how much more fragile humans are.”

Dave decides not to take it as an insult. “It’s okay, I just wasn’t expecting that. Can we try it again?”

Almost before he finishes the question, Karkat is on top of him, his rough tongue in Dave’s mouth, tasting Dave’s blood. As Karkat licks the wound on the underside of Dave’s tongue his pain immediately dissipates. That’s some dope alien shit right there. Dave moans loudly as Karkat’s tongue finds the roof of his mouth. He feels Karkat smirk into the kiss.

Karkat is shocked at how sensitive and vocal Dave is. He breaks the kiss and runs his hands down Dave’s sides, listening to the way he gasps as Karkat slips his hands under his t-shirt. Karkat runs his hands along Dave’s stomach, reveling in the little noises he makes. As Karkat’s hands drift closer to Dave’s chest, Dave stops him. “Shit, Dave, are you okay?” Karkat asks, flustered.

“Yeah,” Dave answers quickly, I just wanna take my shirt off myself and I guess explain my binder.”

Karkat watches with rapt attention as Dave tugs off his shirt, leaving a bright red crop top on his chest. Dave is beautiful. “So this is my binder. It flattens my chest to make me look more masculine, and it helps with my dysphoria,” Dave takes a breath and looks away, “I wanted to take my shirt off myself because I would prefer to keep the binder on. I guess that’s kind of silly, though...”

Karkat quickly shakes his head, “No! That isn’t silly at all, dude. If we’re doing this I want you to be comfortable!”

Dave's face splits into a grin, "So we ARE doing this, then?"

"Hell yeah we are, asshole." Karkat says with a grin, pulling off his own shirt before leaning into to kiss Dave again.

While Karkat is distracted with kissing him, Dave reaches down and tries his damndest to undo the stubborn button on Karkat's jeans. Dave doesn't know what the fuck is wrong with Alternian jean makers, but trying to undo the button is like trying to solve a slide puzzle in the dark. Karkat finally takes pity on him and pulls away from the kiss to undo the button. He makes it look so easy. Dave is sure there is some kind of trick to it. Karkat slides his pants off, taking his boxers with them, then he moves to Dave's jeans and deftly undoes the button. Dave lifts his ass so Karkat can tug off his pants as well.

Dave doesn't really feel dysphoric about his bottom half, so he doesn't really mind when Karkat just stares at him. Dave looks at Karkat but he can't see too much from this angle.

"Can I touch you?" Karkat asks. Dave nods and Karkat reaches down and brushes his hand over Dave's pubic hair. Dave moans a little at the touch, and bucks his hips into Karkat's hand. Karkat moves his hand lower and rubs Dave's clit, causing him to jerk and gasp. "Are you okay?" Karkat asks, a worried expression on his face.

"Fuck Karkat, I am way more than okay."

Karkat nods, "Okay, so, um, where's your bulge? I would've thought it would've unsheathed by now but...." Karkat trails off, not making eye contact with Dave.

"My WHAT!?" Dave asks.

"You know, your..." Karkat blushes fiercely before reaching down to his crotch. In a few seconds Dave sees a red THING emerge from between Karkat's legs. It looks like a fucking tentacle.

Dave gapes, "Holy shit, dude." Then he regains his composure and adds an eloquent, "That's dope."

Karkat looks incredulous, "Do humans not have bulges?" he asks, "How do you even mate then?"

"Well no, we don't have bulges, but people who're assigned male at birth have something uh —" Dave clears his throat, "comparable."

"So you just have a nook, then?" Karkat asks.

"Uuuhhhh suuuure, if that's what trolls call it." Dave replies hesitantly.

Karkat licks his lips, "I can work with that." he says, his voice low.

Dave's entire face turns bright red. The room suddenly feels really warm. He wants Karkat so bad. The stupid troll is just too hot.

Karkat holds his bulge back as he brings his crotch toward Dave's. He checks one final time, just to be sure, "Dave, you're 100 percent sure you want to do this, right?"

"Oh my god, Karkat, YES. Please, just—" Dave cuts himself off with a whimper and bucks his hips up again, desperate, at this point, for any kind of friction. Karkat smiles and lets go of his bulge. It immediately wriggles into Dave, and Karkat can't help but moan at how warm Dave is. Dave, for his part is whimpering and gasping under Karkat. He has his hands clamped onto Karkat's wrists as Karkat braces himself on the floor.

Karkat doesn't really move too much, but his bulge does a LOT of moving. Dave can feel it squirming around, and, against all odds, it feels GOOD. Dave can not believe how good the alien tentacle dick feels as it moves around inside of him. It's hitting all the right places, and

Dave stops even attempting to muffle the noises he's making. Suddenly Karkat's voice cuts through the haze, "Dave, holy shit i'm gonna pail!"

Dave has no idea what the fuck that means, but Karkat is too frazzled to register that.

"Dude," he says, "you gotta let go of my arms, I've gotta get a bucket!" When Karkat says the word bucket Dave finally remembers that trolls orgasm into buckets so they can give their cum to their bug queen or whatever. It was too late though. Dave feels Karkat's bulge stiffen inside of him and then he just feels warm. It's one of the best feelings Dave has ever experienced. Pinkish red liquid leaks out of Dave slowly as Karkat catches his breath.

"Holy shit dude, I am so sorry I didn't mean to--"

Dave cuts Karkat off with a deep kiss. When he finally pulls away he says, "Fuck, dude, don't be sorry. That felt amazing."

Karkat gives Dave a funny look, but files that information away in case the two of them ever do this again. God Karkat hopes they do. He's lost in that thought of the future when suddenly he remembers that Dave hasn't pailed yet. He pulls his weakly wriggling bulge out and tries to figure out what to do to get Dave off.

After a moment Dave grabs his hand and brings it to his crotch. "Do you feel the little nub above my nook?"

Confused but intrigued, Karkat feels around blindly and self consciously until his fingers brush against a spot that makes Dave moan LOUD. His loose grip on Karkat's wrist turns into a death grip as Karkat rubs him furiously. Dave bucks up into his touch, crying out desperately, all sense of decorum abandoned. It isn't long before Dave's hips stutter and slow and he's finishing with a cry of Karkat's name. Dave finally releases his hold on Karkat's wrist and flops lifelessly down onto the laundry pile. As Karkat moves his hand away he accidentally brushes a finger against that spot again, and watches a Dave gasps and flinches at the overstimulation. Karkat flops down next to him, completely content.

"Hey Karkat?" Dave asks quietly.

"Mm?"

"Thank you."

End Notes

If it isn't clear Dave uses troll slang like "wiggler" cause he's been around the trolls for more than two years. He also referred to his vagina as his nook because I think he feels more comfortable with that word. Tbh my girlfriend might murder me but I'd use that word. Also I am a trans man and I based Dave on my experiences. If you have any comments PLEASE share them :)

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