

objects in the mirror are closer than they appear

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objects in the mirror are closer than they appear

by [Rag](#)

Summary

Karkat wears panties and Dave loves it

The panties are gorgeous, at least on the model. The front is lacey, with intricate blood-red scalloping that seems to radiate out from right where Karkat's nook would be. The pattern is sewn onto a transparent silk, creating the illusion that it's just floating on their model's skin. The back is identical, but it's also tied off with several thin, overlapping bands. They crisscross sensuously, reminding him of a spider's web, and sit on the model's curves like they were made for her. Karkat knows they won't fit like that on him. But hopefully, there will be enough similarity between her hips and his that maybe, maybe it'd be what he wants.

He has to try. Otherwise he'll spend another fucking five years wondering about it. It's better to just rip the bandage off this stupid thing and get it over with. And, if he doesn't click buy on this fucking pair of overpriced panties, he's going to lose the artificial scarcity 15% off with free shipping sale that's totally only lasting another 12 hours. He *has* to see this through right now. He has to.

He follows the website's sizing directions with a fucking ruler, because why the fuck would he have a tape measure on hand? Of course, going to a physical store is out of the question. He can't begin to imagine what a nightmare that would be. Never. Never, never, never. He closes out the order, looks at the pair again, and then purges the site from his computer's history.

Maybe it'll be what he wants.

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It's not. It looks like shit. Karkat doesn't know why he *ever* expected otherwise.

It wasn't made for him. It was made for human women. Somehow, in his fantasies, he looked both wrong *and* good in them. Probably because in the fantasy, he didn't have to actually look at it. Now he does. Karkat grimaces at the way the straps squish into his hips. The delicate, scalloped design against his groin is reminiscent of a doily that's been stapled to a tree trunk. It gets lost in the sea of weird, unflattering grey. And that's not even touching on how it clashes with his face. This was a mistake, and he's annoyed with himself for even bothering.

He's annoyed that he can't bring himself to throw them out, too. But how could he? They're so gorgeous when they're not on him. And the price he paid for them... no, he can't justify it. He tucks it deep, deep in the closet, underneath a stack of old Alternian books that neither he nor Dave give a shit about anymore. And there, they'll rot away, unloved, never seeing the light of day again. *This really is much better than just throwing them in the trash, isn't it, nook sponge.*

Whatever. At least he got it out of his system.

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Karkat doesn't forget about them. He doesn't forget where they are, or the fact that they're there. If Dave had only fucking *told* him about his stupid human "spring cleaning" ritual, he

could have seen this coming and prevented it. But Dave didn't tell him. So, when Karkat comes back from Kanaya's place to see Dave sitting in front of a half-upturned closet a few months later, his bloodpusher ceases to pump and he immediately dies from lack of bodily function, metaphorically.

"Hey, man," Dave says, like it's fucking nothing.

"Why did you eviscerate the closet?"

"Spring cleaning. Shit's musty. Shit's stinking. Shit's rotting away with unlove. Gotta show it some care, let it blossom like a beautiful flower." Dave folds another barely-worn shirt, then unfolds it. "Dude. Karkat. Karkat, check this out." He folds it again in a quick motion that Karkat doesn't understand, but doesn't particularly care to understand. "Isn't that the fuckin coolest? Can you fuckin believe this? Look at this." He does it again. "Can you believe this shit? How is this possible? I just figured it out today. I'm folding every fuckin shirt in this house. Shit's got no chance. No chance. Look at this."

Karkat *has* to assume he didn't find them. He hasn't gone through everything yet, it's entirely possible. And fuck knows he'd have said something by now, instead of just showing off his mad laundry folding skills. Karkat starts to relax and takes a seat next to him.

"What the fuck are you doing with your hands?"

Dave grins proudly and does it a little slower, so that Karkat can see. "What the fuck."

"Right? Anyways, you wanna help? I got this but I mean, if you're not busy."

"Yeah, sure." Karkat glances at the books, and they seem to be exactly where they used to be. "What is *spring* cleaning? Is it different from normal cleaning?"

"Yeah, it's like, life is starting new, so it's time to organize your house."

Karkat stares at him. "That's a non-sequitur. There's literally no connection between those two things."

Dave keeps folding shirts with his weird magic fingers, and Karkat struggles to find something to do. Maybe... pulling shit off the shelves. Except for the books. Those can stay where they are.

"Yeah, you know, most Earth rituals are, when you think about it," Dave says. "Like, don't even get me started on Thanksgiving, that shit is whack."

"If it's weird enough that you can tell from the inside, I don't even want to know." That's not true, though, and curiosity eats him within seconds. "What the fuck is Thanksgiving."

Dave starts to explain it to him, and it's fucking insane and stupid and filled with non-sequiturs, as most human stories tend to be, in Karkat's experience. Apparently, Dave thinks the same thing about Alternian stories. And when they're not being facetiously difficult about it, that makes sense. Different societies have different rules and narrative conventions. Dave

seems to be making an effort to understand the Alternian ones, and Karkat likes learning about the Earth ones. But it's still fun to be petty about it sometimes.

Dave stops in the middle of telling Karkat about the pilgrim dance party on Plymouth Rock and stares at the trinket in his hand. "Dude, I've been finding the craziest shit in here. Like, okay, look at this, right?" He shows it to Karkat. It's ... who the fuck brought that in the apartment? It's a disgusting little thing, kind of like a horse and a man but with big googly eyes and a huge flaccid penis. He's about to ask when Dave keeps talking. "This is just the tip of the iceberg, dude. I've found some serious shit."

Karkat goes still. He forces himself not to look at the history books. "Like what?"

Dave laughs. "I mean, okay, this stuff has to be yours, because sure as fuck isn't mine."

Oh god. Oh god, no. It's happening. He found them, he just somehow forgot about them until just now. Weirder things have happened. "They're not mine," Karkat says.

Dave pauses and sets the horseman down on the floor, a little too gently, like he wants to make sure it doesn't break. "They're not?"

"No." Karkat stacks another book on top of his growing book pile. Very natural. Totally natural.

Dave squints at him. "The set of crabs playing musical instruments isn't yours?" he asks slowly.

Karkat swallows. There was probably a correct way to handle this. This was not it. Fuck. "Oh," he says. Everything that runs through his thinkpan is terrible. *That's not what I thought you were talking about*, no. *Just kidding*, no. *Oh, of course*, no.

"So, uh, Karkat," Dave says, and Karkat already hates the tone of his voice. This was not the way to handle this. He did not swing this to his advantage. "What's in the closet that's totally not yours?"

Karkat's bookstack is getting monumental. It's really impressive how many fucking books they have. "Nothing. I told you. Absolutely fucking nothing. It couldn't be less of a thing if it didn't exist, which it doesn't."

Dave chortles.

"Shut up."

"I'm gonna die of curiosity, you know. You're gonna kill me. Do you want that on your hands?"

"If it means this conversation ends? I can live with that. It's a heavy price, but I'll pay it for respite."

Dave sighs and turns to him, still smirking a little. "You know I'm fucking around, right, dude? You don't have to tell me jack. Shit, you want me to skedaddle so you can take

whatever it is and stash it somewhere else?”

Karkat’s flaming cheeks seem to get hotter. God damn it, why is he so fucking nice? Dave is such a good matespirit. Karkat can’t fucking *believe* he has a matespirit who would drop this so quickly. He has no idea what it is that Karkat’s hiding from him, and he doesn’t even ask. He just trusts him and wants him to be comfortable. Karkat reminds himself for the umpteenth time that he’s way luckier than he deserves.

He turns to face Dave and nods. “Yeah,” he says. “Thanks. Really. Thanks.”

Dave’s smirk gets soft and sweet and so fucking flushed that Karkat’s respiratory pumpers feel gummed up with emotional ooze. Agh. “Yeah, totes. Just knock on my door.” His expression gets goofy again. “It’s totally a kink thing, right? You’re blushing like a motherfucker.”

Karkat is equally annoyed with Dave and himself, because does he *have* to be so fucking transparent? “I don’t have to answer that. You can’t make me answer that.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Dave says. “Figured you’d say that. I mean, feel free to tell me about the super secret kink thing whenever.” He waggles his eyebrows. “You know. Quench my scientific curiosity thirst.”

“You’ll be the first to get drenched with that sweet, kinky knowledge. Or, at least the second.”

“What, after John? Yeah, I guess I can respect that.”

Karkat’s grimace makes Dave laugh, which makes Karkat smirk. “Fucking disgusting.”

Dave kisses the tip of Karkat’s horn, making him shiver. “Just call me back when you’re done in here.” And he leaves. Just like that. He closes the bedroom door behind him and just waits.

What the fuck.

Karkat finds the panties exactly where he left them. They’re no worse for wear, but there’s a little bit of dust on them. He shakes it out. Can’t have that sully the bright red. God, they’re gorgeous. It’s such a shame they look so fucking stupid on him. He’s glad he didn’t throw them out before... except now, that’s all that’s left to do, isn’t it? Well. He could probably just tell Dave, *don’t look under the Alternian history books*, but what’s the point? To make Dave fight against curiosity forever so that Karkat can keep hoarding a pair of panties that he never even looks at? No. He has to throw them out. He *has* to. He bunches them up and puts them in his pocket for later, because the idea of throwing them into the pile filled with candy wrappers and notebook pages is making him sad. He’ll throw them out later. He gets up to retrieve Dave.

Dave is leaning against the wall of the hallway, playing with his phone. “You done burying your vibrating nookworm?”

Karkat squints at him. “How do you even know what that is? Did I tell you about that and forget somehow? Was the conversation so traumatic it immediately leaked out the sieve of my thinkpan?”

“Nah, dude, you’re not the only troll who gets freaky in my life. I’m guessing you don’t want to hear the exact source of that nugget of cultural lore.”

“You’re correct.” Karkat shudders. He can go the rest of his life not knowing which of his friends experimented with vibrating nookworms, and he’d die a happy troll. “There’s nothing I’d like to know less.”

They both head back to the closet. Karkat pauses before get back to cleaning. “Thank you, again.”

“Yeah, totally.”

And they clean the rest of the closet, in the Earth-style spring offertory fashion. Karkat feels the soft, delicate push of the silk ball against his hip the whole time. They manage to finish the job with minimal comments about the mysterious kink thing, which shocks Karkat. He expected at least a metric fuckton more ribbing. When he asks Dave about it, Dave just says this ridiculously perfect matespirit thing about how just because they live together doesn’t mean they can’t have privacy anymore. Karkat makes a note to give him a few extra hugs at a less awkward, obvious time. Maybe make a few extra meals for him. He really got so fucking stupidly lucky here. Dave turns bright red and tells him to stop looking at him like that, he’s gonna make a lady blush, and Karkat changes the subject to a dramatic reading of shitty, shitty troll erotica before they start making out on the growing pile of garbage or something.

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Karkat doesn’t throw the panties out. They’re too pretty. It’d be a waste. He carries them in his pocket for a few days instead.

That turns out to be the worst fucking idea of all time. He was able to forget about it before, but not anymore. Now, it’s constantly on his mind, because it’s literally pressing up against him, reminding him why he loves this so much, how long he’s wanted to be trussed up and presented for someone like that, why he spent way too much money on designer lingerie.

Now, too, he can’t stop thinking about how Dave might react if magical brain Karkat, who somehow isn’t heinous, was wearing them for him. He wants it so bad that he decides to just bite the fucking bullet and do something about it. Something like tell his fucking matespirit about his fucking panty kink. He asks himself why everything has to be such a fucking production, and he can’t come up with an answer. But he can come up with a solution, and that’s to act like a grown troll about it for once in his fucking life.

He walks into the living room, where Dave is sitting on the couch, playing a video game.

Dave glances at him for a second before doing something on the screen. Karkat cannot be bothered to pay attention. That’s not why he’s here. “Hey, dude.”

“Hey.”

He sits down a few feet away from Dave. He should have worked out the phrasing first. Why didn't he work out the phrasing first? Shit. *Remember the closet thing from last week? Well, see, that was panties, and I want to do panty kink with you.* Fucking idiot.

“Karkat? You cool?”

“Yes.”

Dave gives him a side-eye and pauses his game. “You sure?”

Karkat bites down the cowardice. He's not going to be a fucking wriggler about this. Before he can overthink it to death, he pulls the panties out of his pocket and holds them out. “Here. Look. This. This is the closet thing,” he barks out.

Dave's eyebrows raise higher than Karkat has ever fucking seen them. He cocks his head and fucking whistles. “Nice.” Karkat's face burns. He didn't call him a freak, didn't recoil or laugh. So far, so good. Dave pulls his eyes away from the panties to look at him. “Are they for you or me?” he asks casually.

Karkat swallows and his mind reels. He hadn't even considered Dave in them. He hadn't thought about how his dick would look in them, but his mind helpfully supplies ideas. He'd be soft when he put them on, but still way too big for them, and it'd bulge against the scalloping. And Karkat could get him hard with his fingers and tongue. It'd be obscene, the way it would strain-

“Woah, you like some part of that a whole fuckin lot, don't you?”

Karkat swallows. “They're for me. They wouldn't fit you. They're too big.”

“Oh, fuck yes.” Dave smirks. He holds his hand out. “Lemme see?” Karkat gives them to him. Dave spreads the panties out, just, out there, in the living room, in front of the TV, for the universe and fucking everyone to see. “Fuck, dude, these are fancy. I bet they look really fucking hot on you.”

That makes Karkat flush, and it also reminds him why it's taken this long to fucking do something about this. “Not really.” Dave gives him a *dude, come on* look. “I tried them on, they don't look right. I think I fucked up the sizing. Or it's just not for trolls.” Dave continues to give him that look. “I'm serious. They look fucking bizarre. I just wanted to let you know what it was before you literally fucking croaked from the curiosity.”

“Mm-hmm,” Dave says, the shithead. “Sure, yep. That sounds totally true. Not biased or a lie in the least.”

“Excuse me, I-“

“Babe, tho, can you try them on for me? I wanna see this shit in the flesh. Lemme decide for myself how the fit is. You don't have to, but, damn, I'd die a happy man.”

Karkat swallows. He's not opposed to that. That's exactly what he wants, actually. He just had to be fucking stupid and roundabout about it. He's so glad Dave is the way he is and can work through Karkat's horseshit. (Dave has echoed similar thoughts to Karkat. It's a fucking miracle the two of them make shit work).

"Okay," he says, "once. Fine. If you give me something good."

Dave waggles his eyebrows and sticks his tongue out obscenely. "I can give you something really good."

Karkat looks away and smirks. "Oh my god."

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Dave hold the panties out at a stupid angle and wince one of his eyes closed. "Shit, yeah, these would look great on you. I'm getting a full preview right now and it's fucking delicious."

Karkat plucks them out of his hands before he does anything obscene with them. He wouldn't put it beyond him to start smelling them right here in the living room, with his little pixel farming game staring them in the face.

"Do you want me to do it right the fuck now?" Karkat asks, trying to sound at least not outrageously eager. *Please say yes, please.*

"Fuck yes. I want you to do it five minutes ago."

Karkat snorts. Like his bulge isn't already taking notice of what's going on. "Fine. Come in a few minutes." He can't believe how calm he manages to sound when he's trembling with doubt and excitement and nervousness. Is this really happening? He's actually fucking doing this right now. He told Dave, and Dave wants to do it literally right now.

"Fuck yeah," Dave says. "This is the hottest surprise. Shit, dude." He pushes the controller away and gets up. "You want a little kissy kissy first? A little smooching? A little something--"

"You know I can't say yes when you frame it like that. You know this," he says, deadpan.

Dave pouts. "Lay one on me, troll Fabio?" he tries.

Karkat turns around before he starts cracking up and heads to the bedroom. Dave says something about needing the sweet juice of his plush lips, something about turkey dinner, and then Karkat closes the door behind him, smirking.

Okay, he's doing this. Dave is waiting for him. He undresses in the middle of the room, as far away from the fucking mirror as possible so he doesn't get sucked in. One look at that and this is going to crash and burn. If he has to see how he looks, there's no fucking way he'll be able to take anything Dave says seriously. And he likes ... at least being able to entertain the notion, or, just, accept that the compliment is a thing that's happening. Dave has been more and more effusive with praise over the years, and... And it's good, and Karkat doesn't like to overthink it, because he actually likes being able to enjoy it. He leaves all his discarded

clothes in a pile on the floor and wrestles the panties on. He forces himself not to gawk at how his fat squishes against the straps. He puts it on, looks up, and gets in bed.

And then he's just sitting on the bed, in a pair of fucking panties, in the middle of the fucking day. The shades are drawn, but he can see the weak sun beaming through the cracks. They barely even need the soft lamp at the other end of the room. This is gratuitous and fucking stupid. Where is Dave? They agreed that he'd wait a few minutes, but it's been a few minutes. Ugh, these look stupid on him. Karkat doesn't want to look at the vast expanse of skin anymore. He crawls under the sheet and leans against the wall. Where the fuck is Dave. What if Dave finds this repulsive when he gets here? Karkat feels sick. That seems... likely. What if he's already finding it repulsive, and trying to figure out how to-

"Coming in."

Karkat swallows. "Okay," he says.

He should call this off. He should save himself the inevitable pain of disgust clear on Dave's face when he sees him. But some small part of him recognizes that he's being a fucking spaz, and he forces himself to focus on that part. *Be rational, for once.* Dave likes him naked. Dave thinks the panties are hot. Dave likes the concept of Karkat in panties. Objectively, the panties fit. This will be fine.

"What's with the sheet?" Dave asks as he starts stripping his clothes off. He throws them directly in the pile that Karkat made, which Karkat finds stupidly endearing (if not scandalously close to pile-building). He also sees that his dick is already half-hard. His thin sheath is starting to pull back, revealing the sensitive head. He's into it, see? Fuck off, self.

"Maybe I want you to unwrap me?" Karkat says. "Cut the twine of my Thanksgiving turkey?"

"Fuck, you could hear me? Shit, I thought you were far enough away."

"Unfortunately, yes. And something about eating me for dinner."

Dave takes his shades off and puts them on the bedside table. He crawls into bed next to Karkat. "Lucky for me, you're the tastiest fucking turkey this side of the Atlantic."

"Oh my god."

"So juicy and succulent. Like an overripe grape. Or..." he trails off and bites his lip, and Karkat knows it's going to be fucking awful. "You know the little sphere of butter in the middle of a baked potato?"

"Fuck, Dave, don't stop."

Dave leans in close and whispers in his ear. "*You're* the butter in a baked potato, babe."

Karkat lets out an exaggerated gasp and tries not to laugh. "Oh, fuck! Fuck, you made me pail."

“Just from that?” Dave kisses the side of his neck and Karkat gasps again, for real this time. And then he feels Dave’s hand on his thigh, through the sheet, running up and down his leg.

When he talks again, it’s shakier. “Just from that. So I can take these off now?”

“Pfft, no. I haven’t even gotten a peek.” He runs his hand over Karkat’s bulge area, and feels the fabric through the sheet, mapping it carefully with his fingers, making Karkat shiver.

“Can I...” Dave tugs lightly at the sheet, and Karkat nods.

As Dave starts tugging the sheet down, mortifyingly slowly, Karkat turns and kisses him. Dave kisses him back, soft, just little meetings of their mouth and teasing his lips with a hint of tongue. He moves his hand back up and starts pushing the sheet off from above, touching Karkat’s bare skin as he goes. It’s so slow and sensual with the way he’s kissing him that Karkat’s nook is already sending out lubrication. And Dave pulls back when he gets to Karkat’s chest so that he can get a real eyeful. It’s so embarrassing. It’s like he wants to memorize every new inch, even though he’s seen it all hundreds of times before. Karkat doesn’t know if Dave knows how stupidly worthy that makes him feel.

The closer Dave gets to stripping him bare, the more worried Karkat gets. The straps of the panties tingle against where they dig into his skin. He can feel how wet he’s already making the soft silk. It sticks to his fucking sheath. He’s going to fucking see it. Karkat is literally going to show his matespirit this gross kink.

Then Dave tugs the sheet down past his legs. Karkat looks away, too embarrassed to check Dave’s reaction. He feels so stupid, he’s burning, he’s actually doing this for real and it’s so embarrassing. He’s so weak right now. And the lamp on the other side of the room is just really fucking fascinating.

“Fuck, dude,” Dave murmurs reverently. Karkat starts to relax. He feels fingertips run up thighs and jolts at the contact. When he looks at Dave, he’s delicately tracing the edge of the design, right where his thigh meets his pelvis. Karkat bites his lip and tries not to say something stupid, something like, *do you like it* or *tell me what you think*. “Fuck, babe, this is so hot. Did you have this custom ordered for you?”

Karkat looks down, sees how they dig into his hips. “No.”

“No? Seriously? You just stumbled on this perfect fit from the heavens? Holy shit, this is so hot.”

Karkat’s face burns. Dave stares at him, and without his shades, Karkat can see exactly the path his eyes take -- face, chest, panties, legs, panties, swollen grubscars, panties. He leans over and puts his hands on the inside of Karkat’s thighs, pushing them apart.

“It cool if I get this a little wet?”

“Yeah,” Karkat whispers. He reminds himself to breathe.

“Good.” Dave hoists Karkat’s legs over his shoulders and scoots closer. Karkat shivers and bites his hand as Dave takes a deep, weird whiff and then lets out a satisfied sigh.

“You really like them?” he asks, pathetically.

If he’s being honest with himself, he really, *really* wants to hear it out loud. He wants Dave to tell him exactly how he likes how they look, and he likes how he smells and tastes. He hates it about himself, but he’s such a slut for every nice thing Dave says about him.

“If I wasn’t positive you’d say no, I’d want pictures. Shit’s fucking gorgeous. Megan Fox has nothing on you.”

Karkat is torn between flushed pulses and intense shame at how *objectively* wrong that is. “That’s fucking absurd.”

“Nope. Wrong.” Dave kisses Karkat’s sheath through the silk. “You’re so hot I’m worried you’re gonna combust. Shit’s not natural. Shit’s dangerous. Shit’s so delicious it’s a controlled substance in parts of the Rust Belt.”

“What the fuck is the-“ Karkat cuts off when Dave starts tonguing at his sheath through the soaked fabric.

“And you sound like a fucking porn star, mm, nice.”

Karkat moans again before he can stop himself. He loves it, he wants more of these compliments he doesn’t deserve. They make his respiratory cavities feel tight. They make him feel warm and wanted and safe.

“Shame I can’t take ‘em off for this, but that shit would be a national tragedy.” Dave starts lapping at the panties, right over the slit of Karkat’s nook. The fabric is thin enough that it almost feels like his tongue, but it’s still far too teasing to really get him off. Dave looks up at him. “You’re wet.” He wiggles his eyebrows.

“How the fuck could that have happened,” Karkat says breathlessly. Dave laughs, breathlessly, and slides his palms over the inside of his thighs. Karkat feels his bulge start to brush against the silk and shivers. He’s never been aroused when he wore them, he didn’t realize how good the silk would feel against the sensitive skin.

“Oh, hey, buddy,” Dave says.

Karkat looks down to remind Dave to not talk to his fucking bulge, but the words catch in his throat when he sees it. His bulge isn’t near all the way out, but the first seven or so centimeters are nudging against the fabric obscenely. He can see the glistening red shape of it peeking through the transparent pockets, and the red stitched patterns are starting to darken where it’s soaking them. And then Dave leans over and starts kissing it, and Karkat’s head falls back as pleasure overcomes him. Dave moans happily and swirls his tongue around it, then laves over it slowly. Karkat’s legs go lax and he shivers. Dave loves this. Dave loves doing this to him, and he loves the panties, and he loves that Karkat is wearing them, because he *loves* Karkat.

Karkat winds his fingers through his hair gently. Dave wraps his arms around Karkat’s hips and pulls him closer to his face. Karkat loves when he does that. It feels he’s keeping him in

place, right where he wants him. And that he wants him here, feeling like this ... he reaches forward to grab Dave's hair and moans his name.

"You taste like fucking ambrosia," he says, and Karkat can feel the hot air of his breath against his bulge. Dave gives him another lick, soaking the fabric further.

"Nn."

"It's true. I could eat you all day."

Karkat feels so flustered, he can't think. "Dave, fuck."

Dave pulls away a little bit. Just enough that he can tug the panties away just a half inch. Just enough to get his tongue under the fabric and lap the premat directly off Karkat's skin. Karkat arches back. After all this time with just the tease of the wet fabric, Dave's tongue feels amazing, soft, focused, direct. His sheath isn't as sensitive as his bulge, but it's so close, and it's so much more intense.

Then Dave snaps the fabric back into place and goes back to licking at his bulge through it. Karkat groans. It's worse, but it's better, and he doesn't know what he wants.

Dave looks up at him and wraps his mouth around the few inches of bulge that have crept out, and all Karkat can think about is how good it'd feel without this fucking *fabric* in the way.

Dave pulls off and licks his lips. "How you doing, babe? Lookin' a little wild up there."

"I don't know."

"Color?" he asks softly, and Karkat's emotions center swells with pityflush.

"Green, fuck, it's not that. I just don't know, how to actually go forward with this."

"Mm, okay." Dave kisses his thighs, thinking. "You want me to fuck you in these?"

Karkat's face flames. He nods. "That's good."

"Shit, yeah, then I can keep telling you how fucking hot you are in them."

"Fuck."

Dave trails his fingers along the skin where Karkat's legs meet his groin. "You like that shit, don't you?"

Nope, Karkat's not saying that out loud. It goes without saying. Dave knows. "Hurry up."

"Mm, fine." Slowly, Dave presses his fingers under the fabric and against the premat-slick skin. He slips a finger inside easily. Karkat clamps around it, needing more. He doesn't need to do this. His nook is nothing like Dave's chute, it's made to be able to take things

significantly larger than Dave's penis without preparation. But Dave likes to do this when he likes to draw it out. To tease him.

"Just fuck me," Karkat says. "I don't need that."

"Nah." Dave licks at his bulge, then the fucker sucks it through the fucking fabric. Karkat's hips buck forward and Dave's other hand presses his hip back down against the bed. It's that sweet torture he loves subjecting him to, that almost feels pitch but never tips too far in that direction. He adds another finger and starts fluttering them around, almost like a bulge. He's so delicate with his fingers that when Karkat closes his eyes, it almost feels like two bulges inside of him. Hard bulges, but bulges. "Wanna play with you first. You're really hot when you're all riled up."

"Mm, fuck off," Karkat says weakly. With all the ferocity of a trembling puppy. He's on the verge of saying something too serious or sappy about how much he loves it that Dave indulges him like this.

"Fuck off, or fuck on?" Dave asks. He adds another finger, and Karkat's head falls back on the pillow. Karkat decides against answering that question. It's rhetorical. Fuck, three is a lot, when he pushes them around like that. "That's it, babe, just lay back and be pretty for me."

"I'm not pretty," he says before he can think himself silent. He's not, though. His eyebrows are massive and his face is misshapen and his blood is objectively wrong. And he wants Dave to tell him that he's wrong about that.

"Karkat," Dave says seriously, but he keeps flicking his fingers around, adds his pinky, "No. You're fucking angelic. Or demonic. You could be a lust demon. You could be an incubus. You could tempt a holy man away from his vows just by waltzing into his sanctum with these panties on."

It's so self-indulgent, and vain, and stupid, and Karkat shouldn't like hearing it so much. But he doesn't argue. His knees shake and Dave gasps softly.

"Shit, babe. Fuck. Are you feeling this?"

"Feeling what? Your fingers? Of course--"

"No. Dude. Look at this."

Karkat looks down and sees his bulge, which is fully out now, poking out from the top of the panties. It's filthy and so deeply not what these were made to accommodate. It forces the panties to stretch, dig into his hips in an obscene way, and even then it's still not big enough to fit him.

"And you think you're not setting off every smoke alarm in Bonerville. A fucking tragedy."

"Are you going to put the fire out with... your trouser snake?"

"Babe, you know I don't make enough. It's gotta be all you with the extinguisher, some of that sweet- oh, fuck, I can't wait to see you come on them." Karkat's face flames, that's *filthy*.

“Are you cool with coming on them? Getting them all sticky with Karkat love potion?”

“Ugh, don’t call it that,” Karkat says, laughing. “Yeah. M-make me pail on them.”

Dave swallows and his fingers stutter. “Nice. Hot. Fuck.”

Karkat looks down and sees that Dave’s bulge is so hard it’s fucking dripping down the shaft. Karkat wants to lick it clean. “Dave. Fuck me.”

Apparently, his tone is serious or needy enough, or maybe Dave was just done with his finger torture. He pulls his hand out from Karkat’s nook and starts jacking himself off with it. Karkat stares longingly at the way his juices stand out against his skin. And he groans a little, fuck...

“How do you want it?” Karkat asks.

“Fuck. Good question.” Dave thinks about it, and Karkat can practically see the gears turn in his head, running through the positions. “Hands and knees.”

Karkat gets on his hands and knees. Dave trails his fingers over the edge of the fabric on his hips, then nudges it out of the way of Karkat’s nook. Karkat jumps, more sensitive than usual. He can’t see what Dave’s doing, only feel it as it happens. And he feels the blunt, thick head of Dave’s dick press inside of him without any fucking preamble, which is perfect. The panties dig into his hip, but who gives a fuck. He groans as Dave presses in, and Dave moans, too.

Dave gives a few experimental thrusts. Karkat gasps at how fucking huge he is. It’s overwhelming and almost hurts, but stays right on the good side of pain. It always takes a minute to get used to it.

Then he slows down. Karkat whines.

“Don’t stop.”

“Fuck, don’t tempt me like that. Shit, Can you...” He pushes on Karkat’s shoulders. Karkat lets himself fall down, keeping his hips up. He feels like he has his ass and nook on full display, which is shameful and arousing. But Dave doesn’t start back up. He just says, “Hmm.” Fucking, “Hmm.”

“Dave, please.”

“Put your legs down, too.”

“Why the fuck.” That’s fucking weird, but Karkat does it.

Dave follows him down and grinds against his nook. Karkat gasps. Oh. Okay, fuck, this was a good idea. When Dave moves, it pushes Karkat down against his bulge, against the wet silk. And he gets so deep like this. Okay. Fuck.

“Better?”

“Yes. Fuck me, please.”

Dave kisses his neck and Karkat burns. “You’re so, *so* fucking hot when you’re desperate.”

Karkat’s mind goes white with arousal and he keens. Dave grinds into him, deep and slow. “Oh, fuck,” Karkat whimpers.

“Sound so good. Look so good. Such a gift.”

“Please,” Karkat says, not sure what he’s begging for.

“Love you so much.”

Karkat turns to face Dave, and Dave kisses him, open and messy. He grinds into him again, and again and again, until he pulls away and starts thrusting. Karkat’s hands grip the bedsheets helplessly. Every thrust puts a weird, heavy, teasing pressure against his bulge, and makes him ooze more genetic fluid onto the panties and the bed and everything. And Dave keeps it up, slow and steady, until Karkat’s nerves feel like they’re on fire.

Then he pulls away.

“Why, why why why-“

“Babe, I know, I’m sorry, forgive me,” he says, peppering him with kisses, “my arms are fucking killing me. Can you roll over for me?”

Karkat is too fucking close to argue. He sits a few inches off from where he was before. The wet spot he left is... noticeable. Filthy.

Dave spreads Karkat’s legs and pushes the fabric out of the way. His eyes drag slowly across Karkat’s body. “God, this is a fucking view.”

“*Please* fuck me, I need to fucking pail.”

“Fuck, got it.” Dave pushes in again and fucks him hard, without preamble. Karkat’s back arches. He’s so, so fucking close. “Touch your bulge for me.”

Karkat can’t do it fast enough. He’d usually argue, *why don’t you do it yourself* or *you want to see that?* or something, but now, he wants it. He watches Dave watch him, heated and interested, as he shamelessly strokes his bulge through his fucking human panties. And Dave tells him how hot, how good, how *perfect*, oh, there it is, fuck yeah, *show me-*

Karkat yells as he spills all over his expensive red panties. He yells again when Dave thrusts hard and makes the hottest fucking face as he moans Karkat’s name. Deep inside of himself, Karkat feels the tiny, heavily concentrated splatter of his release against his seedflap. It opens up and pulls it in, and his bulge gives another gush of material as another, smaller, orgasm rips through him, and Dave coos supportive nonsense and strokes his cheek.

They both pant for a while before Dave falls inelegantly on top of Karkat. Karkat wheezes and wraps his arms around Dave. He kisses his neck and shoulder and everything he can

reach without moving. Dave shifts so they can kiss properly, and they do that for a while.

Eventually, Dave pulls off. “Do we dare to assess the sexy damage?”

“Ugh, if we have to.”

Dave rolls off, and Karkat wants him back. They both look down. It’s not as bad as Karkat expected. He *did* get a red pair, and his own stain isn’t horribly different from the color. But it’s not the same, and human fabrics can’t possibly be troll-stain resistant.

“Not bad. Think we can salvage them.”

“You think?”

“Yeah. We could get a new pair, too, if you want.” Dave waggles his eyebrows, tired. “Or we can keep using the ones that have come stains. Shit, everything is hot. ‘Specially you.”

Karkat’s face burns with happy embarrassment. His mind lingers on *buying another pair*. Dave wants to do this with him, again. He enjoyed it that much. Another image comes up to mind, and Karkat asks before he loses his nerve. “If I wanted you to wear some for me...” Karkat starts, but he can’t bring himself to finish.

Dave’s eyebrows shoot up. “Dude, really? In a heartbeat. You could pick it if you want.”

Karkat swallows. “Cool.”

“Now, I’m not gonna be as pretty as you, but I’ll do it. Anything for love.”

“Pfft. As if. You’re fucking gorgeous and you know it.”

Dave turns away, embarrassed. “Pft. Anyways. You’re hot as fuck. And the panties thing is the best shit. 10/10. Would do again.”

Karkat smirks and rolls on top of Dave again. He still needs more cuddles, and he’s here to collect. Dave is a willing donor.

He’ll pick a really good pair for Dave. And maybe Dave can pick one for him. Karkat really likes the idea of that. He likes the idea of all of this. And he loves that Dave does, too.

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