

## When Heaven Won't Help You

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/16473419) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/16473419>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Homestuck</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Eridan Ampora/Dirk Strider</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Eridan Ampora</a> , <a href="#">Dirk Strider</a> , <a href="#">Roxy Lalonde</a> , <a href="#">Diamonds Droog</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">FallenAngel!Eridan</a> , <a href="#">Werewolf!dirk</a> , <a href="#">Witch!Roxy</a> , <a href="#">Demon Summoning</a> , <a href="#">Summoning Circles</a> , <a href="#">Heaven &amp; Hell</a> , <a href="#">Traditional Angels</a> , <a href="#">Demon!Droog</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-10-31 Words: 2,644 Chapters: 1/2

# When Heaven Won't Help You

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## Summary

Dirk just wants a normal life - as normal a life as a werewolf with a witch for a sister can get, anyway.

Eridan just wants back into heaven - it was just a big misunderstanding! Honest! He deserves to be there!

Roxy just wants a cool Halloween costume - a summoning circle is the obvious answer, right?

This can't be good.

(Secret skeleton exchange for Dragoneisha! Happy Halloween!)

It's a normal day just like any other. A normal, relaxing day of minding your own business, Dirk business, of catching up on *Witch Daughter* whilst your actual literal witch sister does her own thing in her own room. Somehow, magic is a lot cooler when it's used to fight the forces of evil, rather than to levitate an egg over your head or give the cat an extra set of eyes and a dash of immortality. Okay, that was pretty cool, even if Mewtini is no longer allowed outside and the vet thinks he died when you were fifteen due to his sudden removal from their register (your sister was twelve when said incident occurred. You try not to think about how much of a powerful witch that makes her, but it is reassuring to know she could kick ass if she needed to. Not that you couldn't also kick ass - even without the werewolf thing, you've been training in both sword and hand-to-hand combat since you could reach your Bro's elbows - but y'know, Roxy is independent and all that and you won't always be there, as much as you wish you could leave your inner wolf at home as a guard dog sometimes. What's that, boy? Oh shit, you're still in mental parentheses.)

You really need to stop thinking so much; what are you, exposition in a cliché supernatural teen fiction novel? Are you going to fall in love with a human and have to stop them getting killed? Or maybe a vampire or some other race you're supposed to naturally hate? You're not even a teen anymore, but the stories were just as bad back then. Or maybe they were bad because you knew that real werewolves don't actually give a shit about other species, especially not cats or Draculas.

Your inner monologuing makes you miss a crucial scene between the protagonist and her secretly evil half-sister, so when it comes to a natural pause, you promptly rewind and try to pay attention this time. Except you can't, because as soon as you press play, there's a *whump whump* that feels like someone has a subwoofer cranked up to eleven, like an actual sound wave went through your skull and you can still feel it buzzing even after everything goes unnaturally quiet.

You get up just as the inevitable *bang* and a piercing screech sets your ears ringing like someone blew a dog whistle way too fucking close and way too fucking loud. You're at the door to her room in a flash, but it still feels like you took too long. There's something unnatural in there; even Mewtini is running the other way.

"God dammit, Rox," You groan, covering one ear as if it'll help stop the sound that's already inside. "Why can't you just bring friends home from school like a normal fuckin teenager?"

At least... you *hope* this is a friend.

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Meanwhile, a few minutes in the past, you are said hopefully-a-friend, not knowing your otherworldly potential and trying to make a simple fuckin deal with a stupid fuckin devil.

"Droogs, come on, I ain't askin for a miracle here," you say, trying not to let your barely quelled frustration show. "I just want a little time upstairs, and hey - maybe I won't come back an' then you'll never have to see my face ever again." Unless you do something to be

sent back down, of course, but you know that this time was all a big misunderstanding. They'll see it your way if you just explain. They have to. Right?

Droog sighs in the way you know means you won't be getting any chance to explain anything, but you still try to remain at least a little hopeful. Hope ~~was~~ is your domain, after all.

"Look, I told you last time--"

Aaaaaand you snap.

"Just ~~fuck you through the throat~~" Your hands are already forming claws by the time they turn white along with your eyes, their light-sapping glow reflected in the polished, black carapace of the demon standing before you, completely unimpressed at your display of formerly-angelic power.

"Move on before you embarrass yourself." Droog says flatly, eyes locked on yours with an unnerving mix of intensity and disinterest.

A growl vibrates in your throat, hissing through the sharpening fangs beginning to crowd your mouth, but you redirect your anger into nothing more than spitting a few unintelligible curses. You're hovering now, level with Droog's infuriatingly unreadable face. He raises an eyebrow, as if daring you to try it. Oh if you were in your own domain he would be *so* dead. But you're not. You're in his. Slashing him to pieces wouldn't do you any good. You would probably also be the one to die. Again. Remembering the torturous and mortifying experience that is regeneration helps you resist wasting energy on growing more than two extra pairs of wings. You growl some more, then lower yourself down onto clawed feet, turn with a dramatic and feathery flourish, and walk away with as much dignity as you can muster when you're half-seraphim and drawing way too much attention.

Only a few steps later, there's a sudden tug on your back, but almost *inside* somehow. You spin on your heels, but there's nothing there, not even the smokey remnant of some wraith playing a trick. Droog is back to accepting and denying the other plebeians lining up at the gates, not sparing you a seconds glance. Couldn't have been him. You feel it again and whip around with a snarl. Small wings quiver irritably either side of your face, but their presence where your ears should be does nothing to muffle a high-pitched whine that makes your eyes snap shut with pain. It feels as if your whole being is vibrating, like someone is trying to forcibly suck energy out of you - through your spine by the feel of it because ow! Fuckin ow ow oww! Your knees buckle, but you don't hit the ground, instead going upwards - *not* of your own volition - and everything is white behind your eyes, the sound getting louder, until it's all silent and dark and your now-several pairs of wings are doing their damndest to keep you up when the rest of you feels heavy as shit. You couldn't even guess what your corporeal form looks like at this point; you might just be all wings and claws, the latter clamped over where your eyes might or might not be.

This isn't dying, that you're sure of, but you almost wish it was. Why couldn't Droog just let you through the fuckin gate?

\*\*\*\*\*

Back in the present and this *so* isn't what you were expecting when your sister said she was making a summoning circle. You were thinking maybe a ghost, like the poultergeists they talk about on TV, something small and see-through and not with *a dozen wings and like four arms and claw-hands and evidently very corporeal* . You think you need to stop basing your supernatural knowledge on shows you watched as a teenager.

Roxy is staring in awe, somewhere between shock and amazement and a sudden realisation of what she's done creeping in behind this sort of *pride* that you can understand but, Jesus, this is not the time!

You put yourself between her and whatever she's summoned, but she moves to stand next to you. Dammit. Close enough.

“Rox! What the hell?” You shout, a slight growl slipping in despite your attempt to stay calm. Oh who are you kidding? This isn't the situation for calm; there's a freakin demon in your house!

“Shh, you'll scare em.”

You're pretty certain Roxy has lost her mind when you realise that yes, she did say *you* would be the one scaring *it* . You lower your voice to a whisper-hiss anyway - don't want to make it “scared” or, more likely, angry.

“What is it?”

[illegible]

You both flinch and your inner wolf starts to growl even though it's tail is firmly between it's legs. And so is yours, apparently, but that's probably because it's squished into your pants because you weren't expecting to need to grow a tail today, but here we are you guess!

“Sorry, I didn't catch that?” Roxy says, though she thankfully has the sense to stay where she is.

“Don't talk to it-”

The whatever this thing is interrupts you, it's voice barely even a voice at all but more of an echo of like five different people and some other sounds you don't think you've ever heard outside horror movies.

“...and I have been thinking about you ever since.”

Honestly, you're surprised it's making conversation instead of killing you outright. You can't find a mouth for it to talk from, but it's opened its wings and lowered its claws so you can see a vague sort of form for everything to be attached to. Its eyes are glowing white and yours flicker orange to match as you start back at it. That is, until Roxy practically pushes past you before you can stop her.

“I’m so sorry about my brother, he’s an idiot,” she tells the mass of wings and darkness. “My name is Roxy - witch in training and apprentice summoner.” She curtsies to it and you almost roll your eyes.

She seems to have the right idea, though; an oppressive aura you hadn't noticed fades slightly and the creature comes more into focus. It's only got one pair of arms now, folded across its chest, and you're sure a few wings have vanished by the time it stops hunching and straightens up, puffing out its chest. And is... are those fangs you can see? Is it sneering? Oh for fucks sake, it's got a big, pompous ego and Roxy is pandering to it with manners. Then again, it's not like you have a better idea, so you keep your mouth shut.

“Why/Did you bring me here?” It still sounds angry, though it seems to be trying to keep it's voice understandable. “*Hỏi gì đi? Bạn bring me here?*”

“A summoning circle,” Rox replies calmly. “It was only a small one, just meant to pull a *tiny* demon, but something must have gone wrong because I was *not* expecting a being like you uh... sir? Ma’am?” She says the potentially offensive words slowly and you feel your fangs grow in as she does.

“I do not conform to your pat heix and mean in less social times,” it snarls. “I a m Ārc han gel Amphor a of the eleventh êr ele of / a guar n. My p ô si tion in the bal ance of w w o f f i d s is incomp re hensible to your puny mortal minds.” It pauses, the glowing orbs you’re taking to be eyes narrowing to slits. “But Sir will do.”

Wow you almost understood that last part without any concentration. So, an archangel, huh? Wait, if it's an angel and roxy set up a summoning circle for a demon... You glance to your sister and see the same look of confusion on her face. She is absolutely going to question it and get herself mauled.

“So if you’re an angel,” You say, before Roxy can put herself in more danger. It works, and you get the attention of the so-called ‘angel’. “How come a demon thingy pulled you here?”

It glares at you for a moment, long enough for you to feel new hair - or fur - tingling on the back of your neck and up your arms, then shows you a mouth full of very sharp teeth as it lets out a grizzly snarl that runs right up your spine. Damn.

“How dare you do this to me!” It roars, opening out all five sets of wings, their feathers so white they almost seem to suck in

light instead of giving it out. There's something dark swishing behind it, a tail maybe, and it's legs end in clawed feet just like it's arms and hands. "I know you're scared of me, you're not sure if it's just all the weird distortion, but it almost sounds as if it's stuttering on it's w's. Focussing on that helps you be less afraid about the fact that it's probably going to try and kill you now.

Except, when it lunges and you prepare for impact, Roxy yells "Stop!" and suddenly everything is a little too quiet and a little too still. The creature looks stunned, eyes darting around as if it's looking for some invisible barrier.

"What did you do to me?" It's voice is almost normal, carrying both anger and surprise as it frowns at Roxy - wait, you can see expressions, now; there's light catching the contours of it's face, high cheekbones and a prominent chin, lips fuller than you'd like to be noticing around the rows of fangs.

Roxy has a tattered old book in one hand, her other outstretched like when she casts her levitation spells. "I don't know," she replies, a little unsure and pausing to clear her throat. "But I think you're bound to me. It's what I was trying to do in the first place, just not with a whole, well-" She gestures to the creature's form, "-you."

It's frown deepens, almost a grimace. What Roxy's saying is nuts - you can't bind something like this, not unless you're insanely powerful - but if she was wrong, it would have killed both of you by now. The being seems to come to the same conclusion. It sighs, black smoke huffed out of it's mouth as it does so.

Rox sighs, too, rubbing a hand over her face. "Man, I just wanted to be a demon with real wings for halloween."

You're about to quip that she should have stuck to plastic and sequins like everyone else, when the creature perks up - tiny wings on either side of its head stick up like puppy ears and fuck it shouldn't be *cute*.

"Halloween?" It repeats. Roxy nods and it begins muttering to itself. You catch a few words, like "veil" and "portal" and "return" and that's good enough for you to not interrupt. "So cores?" It says, evidently referring to Roxy. "You will aid me in return to my realm and I shall spare your souls."

"Souls?" Rox decides to ask and by God, you want to tape her mouth shut. "You eat souls?"

"Yes." It hisses.

You make a face that is absolutely one of displeasure, but Roxy fuckin *smiles* . Sometimes, you wonder how the hell you're related.

"Sick." She appears impressed, and for some reason that makes the creature relax. Or, you assume it relaxes. A few wings fade into nothing and more of it's actual body comes into view. It's wearing a suit of sorts, with this gaudy purple vest that you wouldn't be caught dead in. "Well, I don't have souls, but I have tea."

Oh my god she- she is not. She is. She picks up her fancy teapot, pours a cup, and offers it out to the thing she's just summoned from some otherworldly pit of nightmares. But that's not the weirdest part - oh, of course it's not! - because the creature *takes the cup* and has this dainty little sip with it's pinky claw out.

~~"This is good."~~ It nods. ~~"You may call me Eridanus. I will remain here until hallow's eve. Then you will help me return."~~

Roxy grins and pours herself a cup of tea. "You've got yourself a deal, Mister Eridanus." She tips the cup at the creature, and it - or he, you guess, it's voice is sounding more masculine as it stops all the freaky wavering - returns the gesture.

Your name is Dirk Strider, and your sister just made a deal with a devil. Heaven help you.



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