

## Married With Benefits

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# Married With Benefits

by [RedLlamas](#)

## Summary

Eridan one day wakes up next to a stranger. Said stranger is a famous actor who has appeared in various blockbuster films. The same actor thinks he's cute and wants to make their marriage work. Wait, marriage?

## Notes

Not my first fic, but my first published one, hope you enjoy!

- Inspired by [For Better or For Worse](#) by dmwcool1

## 6 AM

Eridan woke up with the light hitting his eyes. He squinted, then opted for closing them. Unfortunately for him, he was already awake, and when he was already awake, there was no force on Earth that could get him to sleep again. Because of this is why he sat up slowly until he was leaning on the headboard.

"Oh my god," he muttered as he held his head. Dammit. How much did he drink last night? Where was his cellphone? What time was it? Why was he naked? Where's everyone else—woah hold on he's nude. Eridan's eyes widened a fraction more at the sudden realization. "*Oh my god.*"

He looked around the room he was in. It was actually a nice room. Looked expensive. Now that he realized it, the blanket was pretty soft. And the bed was firm. The headboard was made of mahogany, there's a 72-inch screen tv, someone's arm is around his waist, there's a balcony outside.

Wait a second.

There's an arm around his waist.

And it's getting tighter.

Eridan turns bit by bit to see who did he sleep with last night. He can't see much— whoever it is is cuddling up a lot. Their face is pressed up next to him, so he slowly moves to his side of the bed. His tactic works: the person lets him go and instead cuddles up with Eridan's pillow. Said pillow's owner starts making his way to the bathroom, taking note that the blond is also nude. Well, bare-chested anyways.

In the lavish bathroom (holy crap everything here is big), Eridan assesses what state he's in. Well, his hair is loose. His lipstick is faded and smeared. He still has his earrings on, though. The ring is still there. There's so many marks on him damn, it'll be a bitch covering them up.

...

Dammit, how many times is this gonna happen.

There's a ring on his finger.

There was never a ring on his finger.

It's a golden band. It was very pretty. And seemed like nothing on Earth could take it off. Not like Eridan wanted to but, still, it was on his ring finger. On the finger that signifies that he's *married*.

Eridan got startled by whoever it was on the bed make a grunt then die down. He hopped in the shower, then 15 minutes later was drying himself off, leaving his hair for last. While he

was ruffling his hair in the towel, he felt two hands slither their way around his (thankfully clothed) hips, pulling him closer to the person he's assuming was in the bed. A husky voice appeared close to his ear, "Hey there," before nipping his earlobe. Eridan dropped the towel, a blush blossoming on his cheeks.

"Ookay." He quickly moved the hands away and turned around to face the man behind him who was frustratingly nude. Fuck, okay. "Uhm, okay, I don't know who you are but why ... am ... I ... here?" Realization suddenly dawned on Eridan when he figured out who the well-built guy was.

It was Dirk Strider.

*The* Dirk Strider.

Holy crap, what did he even *do*?

"Oh my god."

Dirk Strider just smirked and placed his hands on his hips, nodding at him. "Yep, I'm Dirk Strider. Don't let that intimidate you or anything."

This fucking tool. Look at him smirking at you, knowing something you don't. Fuck him. Eridan stood up straight, met Dirk's stare with a glare, and steeled his nerves. "Fine. I'm going to find my clothes now. After that, I'm expecting some answers." He stalked his way over to the main bedroom and started the hunt for his clothes.

Dirk, on the other hand, leaned on the doorway, and crossed his arms over his chest, still annoyingly naked. "You look cute when you're frustrated."

Finding his jeans and slipping into them, Eridan looked up at the bastard. "Shut up. Just tell me what happened, why am I here, and what the fuck does this ring even mean." He held up his finger to show Dirk who just raised his eyebrows and sported a smug smile. His eyes are pretty. They're not hidden by his shades like in every fucking picture the paparazzi takes of him.

"First of all, your ass looks cute—"

"Focus!"

"— Second of all, we're in Vegas, and we met in Vegas. I actually can't remember the details myself, but I do vaguely remember my sister introducing me to some of her friends, including you, which is when I guess she set us up together. Thirdly, I'm pretty sure you're here because of something with your friends? I know I am." Dirk had held up his fingers as he counted off his points, then walked over to sit on the bed facing Eridan.

"And finally, I'm pretty sure we got married. We're sporting the same rings, are we not?" He held up his ring finger as well, and sure as hell there it was — the same golden band. "Golden band, right?"

"Please get dressed."

"Why, am I too distracting?"

"No you pretentious dick, because I'm going to open that door in less than five minutes and leave your sorry ass."

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," Dirk called as he made his way to the bathroom. Eridan looked back at him and scoffed, putting on his shirt, grabbing his boots and cell, and walked towards the door. He opened it, intending to leave the room.

Unfortunately for him, he was blinded by the flash of cameras and a billion questions. He immediately closed the door.

"Fuck," he whispered.

"Told you."

"Shut up and shower!"

# Go For It

## Chapter Notes

I'll try to update every Saturday

Dirk wouldn't be able to explain his actions to anyone if they asked why he was so bold and dauntless with Eridan just then, not even to himself. Maybe because he finally got some after a dry spell. He was using his celebrity status card as well.

Dirk Strider was a famous actor and part-time jockey, having starred in numerous movies, such as "Hold Up" and "Team Don't Need No Man". Hell, he has never connected more with any character than he did with Timothy Tesseract in TDNM, who was a strong independent guy who didn't need no man.

So he didn't know why, when Rose introduced him to this random guy she knows, he got hooked. This random guy turned out to know Rose for three to four years now, had a bachelor's degree, and was the captain of a swim team that was making its way to the big leagues.

He later found out he has gorgeous tattoos.>

Dirk had no idea how the proposal had come up (probably drunk as hell) or how they managed to get into a chapel and get married. I mean, yeah sure, Nevada legislated gay marriage. But still. How Dirk and a random guy he just met two hours ago got married will be a mystery to him forever.

Which is why he's silently chuckling to himself in the shower while said random guy is groaning exasperatedly about their current situation.

"The thing is," he called from the shower, "Is that the media loves actors like me, who have starred in block-buster films. The media tries to score some coke — aka pictures of us actors — with the paparazzi. Thus why I warned you about opening the door. There was a 74% chance of them waiting at the door, wondering who did Dirk Matilda Strider marry himself to." The water pressure is some grade-A quality. 10/10 would recommend.

"So wwhat's your preferred course of action?" Huh. Seems like he has a nervous stutter. That's cute. And wait. Is that a German accent?

"My "preferred course of action?" Stay married."

"WWhat the fuck?! We can't stay married!" He heard him stomp over to the bathroom, then hesitate at the door. Dirk stuck his head from the shower head. "You can come in, darling."

"Wouldn't dream of it, honey." But Eridan nonetheless went and sat on the toilet, tapping his foot on the tiled floor. Dirk imagines he's looking the opposite direction of the shower.

"But are you serious about that? About us, staying married?"

Truth was, Dirk wasn't sure. On one hand, he didn't know him at all. He just knew that Eridan is Rose's friend, who's hot and is good in bed. On the other, something about him draws Dirk closer. He's intriguing, he's piqued his interest. It could damage his image — what would his fans say to Dirk marrying himself to a complete stranger? What would the media say? How much will Eridan be hounded, being volleyed by questions left and right? Dirk knows this is not the best course of action, but fuck it. Damn everything to hell if he doesn't want to get to know his husband better. After all, he'll have the rest of his life getting to know him.

It seems that he's been quite for a long time, the only sound in the bathroom the water hitting the tiled floor.

"Dirk?" Eridan sneaked a glance at him, meeting intense orange eyes.

"Yes. Yes, I am."

## German Serenation

Eridan huffed. "Are you ever gonna put some clothes on?"

"You can't possibly be telling me you're not enjoying the view."

It's true though — Eridan had never seen an ass as perfect as his. God, he just wants to bite it, lick it, fuck him. One thing's for sure, he's glad that Dirk is facing the other way, otherwise he'd be witness to his growing hard-on. He hikes the blanket higher on his lap. "What are you even looking for?"

"How many cars are parked outside of the hotel. Wanna know how many we can avoid," Dirk answered from the window. He looked so regal, standing there in all his glory with his left hand resting on the wall while his right rested on his hip. Almost like a prince.

Eridan looked at the clock. It read 8:24 am. "God I'm hungry. When can we leave?" Eridan was already dressed. He even fixed his hair the way he liked when he was being masculine. What's funny is that his masculinity is being contradicted by his wearing a cropped halter top. I guess he's really being genderfluid now, isn't he?

"We can go now if you're really hungry. I know a place where we can hide," the Strider answered as he moved from the window to his folded clothes on the bed. Eridan tried not to look, having to wrench his sight away to the other wall. It seems that Dirk noticed his brief staring, for he straightened up as he put on his shirt. "You know you can look at me, right? After all, we already consummated our marriage — I know what you look like."

Eridan looked back at him, and shrugged helplessly. He didn't really know why he didn't look at him, Dirk was right, he was his husband and should be able to worship his body as he so wishes. But maybe that's why he doesn't want to look at that tanned skin, because he used to dream about caressing Dirk's body before and now that he is able to, he hesitates.

"Let's just go, alright?" He sits up and swings his legs to the side, making for grabbing his boots again. Dirk beats him to it and kneels to put them on instead. "Give me your left foot." He's holding out his hand, the left boot in the other. Eridan is baffled. Why would he do this. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to put your shoes on. Now give me your foot," as Dirk is saying this, however, he's already grabbing his foot and placing it in the boot.

This was so odd. Eridan felt as if at any moment, the door was going to burst open and have the reporters catch him and Dirk in a compromising position. Thankfully, no one did as Dirk finished. He looked up at him with something akin to curiosity in his amber eyes.

"Mein Gott, sie sind herrlich," Eridan whispered to himself.

Dirk hesitated, wanting to keep this moment serene and breathless. He inched closer to Eridan, drawing nearer to him from the floor. He really wanted to know what did he just say,



so he whispered as soft as him. "What did you say?"

Eridan blinked. He remembered himself and blinked again, pink kissing his cheeks. He looked away. "Nothing. We should go. Food, remember?"

Disappointment was written on Dirk's face, but he tried to hide it. "Right. Food. Come on, let's get out of here," as he spoke he stood up and grabbed hold of Eridan's hand, pulling him up and directed him to the door. On the way he grabbed his shades and slipped them on.

"Are you sure we can go out now?"

Dirk was holding the door handle and looked back at Eridan.

He smirked and replied, "Hell yes we can."

He opened the door to one single flash.

## Marcus

Dirk had to blink back the afterimage of the flash. Behind it was none other than sister dearest. "Rose. So great to see you."

Rosaline Marcus Lalonde stood standing proud in front of the hotel room door. She lowered her camera, a knowing smile replacing it. "Dirk. Didn't think you'd actually tie the knot someday. Especially to a complete stranger." She smiled at Eridan who just huffed. In annoyance maybe. Dirk agreed with that huff. He pushed past Rose, and headed for the elevators. If Rose was here, that meant that most of the paparazzi had left the building.

"I'd love to stay and chat, but I gotta feed the hubby. You know, vows and all." Dirk pressed the "down" button, pulling Eridan to the left of him so that Rose couldn't verbally psychologically attack him. Eridan is, after all, his hubby and he *will* protect him from his family. Even if his hubby is already friends with his family.

Plan working, Rose stands next to him and crosses her arms. She leans forward to look at Eridan and asks, "Are you okay with the arrangement?"

Eridan knew she was going to verbally psychologically attack him, so he prepared himself for whatever she was going to hit him with. He would talk well of her brother, avoid anything private, and move on. He did not expect this. "Yes, yes I am." He moved closer to Dirk and squinted his eyes at her. She was warmly smiling at him.

Rose is not to be trusted whenever she warmly smiles at someone.

The door opened and out came a bored looking maid. She widened her eyes as she stepped aside to let the trio inside. Pressing the first floor button, Dirk smiled at her before the doors closed.

Rose began again, "It's good to hear that Eridan. Should the occasion arise that Dirk does anything against you, feel free to call me."

"Thank you, Rose. I'll keep that in mind."

"Also, you should recall that Kanaya is a lumberjack."

"Woah, what the fuck, your girlfriend is a *lumberjack* and you didn't think of telling me?" Dirk snapped his head to look at Rose, sporting a horrified expression, who simply hummed and smiled some more. Dirk is gonna wipe that fucking smile off.

Eridan on the other hand, was finding the situation amusing. "I can't believe you're subtly giving your own brother the 'hurt him and I'll cut you' talk. Shouldn't that be aimed towards me?"

Apparently there was now some dirt on Rose's nails that she pulled out of her ass. And she was still smiling. "I am fully aware of the *media's* capabilities if you cause something in your

marriage. I am telling you you have back-up if Matilda causes something in your marriage since you are a wee little civilian, having nothing to do in celebrity's lives." Finishing her discourse, her attention came back to Eridan, with what seems to be an evil gleam in her eye. Eridan pulled Dirk closer to him.

"Wow. I seriously feel the love. No, really, I do. Let's have a family dinner. Let's do it," Dirk deadpanned, interlacing his and Eridan's fingers. The elevator was nearing the first floor. Damn, they were up high.

"I see that you have been rather ... *intimate*, lately. Have you forgotten your makeup?" Rose looked towards the floor numbers as they passed by. Fifth floor ... fourth floor ... third floor ... second floor ...

It took Eridan some time to see that the question was directed at him.

His eyes widened as he said, "Oh *crap*."

The doors opened to the first floor.

# Ballet For Fingers

## Chapter Notes

Sorry took so long! Finals can be a drag. But it's longer!  
Titled inspired by my friend

They were met with another flash, albeit farther away. Eridan took his hand from Dirk's and messed up his hair, combing out the gel he oh so carefully used to style his hair. This is what he gets for leaving his bag with Rose and Jade.

It seems that his husband knew what Rose meant and why Eridan was fixing his hair, because he immediately pressed another floor number and held tight the "closed" button. He was chuckling a bit, the bastard. "I can't believe we didn't think of this."

Eridan gave Rose his glasses so he didn't break them by accident. "I can't believe we're in this situation in the first place."

"And I can't believe it's not butter. Dirk, please, take your finger off the button, we're already here," Rose told Dirk.

They were at the 12th floor. They poured out of the elevator and Dirk went to knock on the first door he saw. After several knocks, the door opened to reveal a young girl who seemed to be in her twenties and seemed foreign. She looked frustrated and ready to kill, what with the frying pan in her hand.

"Gilbert, for the last time! — Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you were my friend ... Oh my god." She lowered the hand holding the frying pan and covered her mouth with the other. "Istenem! Ez Dirk Vándor! Kérem, jöjjön be! Gyere be, Vándor úr!" She stood aside, opening the entrance to the room.

Yep, definitely foreign.

"Uhm, thank you miss. Sorry, we don't speak your language, but thank you," Dirk said as he pulled Eridan inside, Rose trailing behind. As Eridan went to try to find the bathroom, Rose began speaking to the girl. "Miss, if you don't mind, where are you from? Your accent is captivating. I'm Rosaline, by the way," she held her hand for the girl to take, who shook it while answering, "Oh, thank you Miss Rosaline. I am from Budapest. I am Elizaveta."

Aww, how cute. Rose is making a new friend. Either that, or she's making the moves on her. Dirk moved from the foyer, and followed Eridan into the bathroom. It was spacious and bright.

He leaned on the doorway and crossed his arms, looking Eridan's hunched form up and down. Damn. He tapped that. He was so proud of himself.

"Don't you need makeup for this problem? I'm sure Lizzie could lend you some."

Eridan moved from the sink where he was washing out the gel from his hair, and looked over his shoulder at Dirk. Holy shit, he's *hot*. Dirk, you are one lucky man.

"I'll use the makeup of course. It's just better to cover up any and all bite marks with whatever that's useful. Since you seem to be enamored by my neck, I'm going to let my hair down. Pass me that towel."

Dirk gave him the towel that was on the rack. It had flowers. Nice. Eridan dried his hair, and did the fucking Ariel thing oh my god.

This guy was a walking, living, breathing, Dirk Strider-specific turn on.

Dirk walked towards him, grabbed his face, and kissed him deep and hard. There was a gasp of surprise which quickly turned into a moan of pleasure, returning the kiss with the same force. Dirk's hands ran up and down his sides, reaching underneath Eridan's top. He let go of the towel, raking his hands through Dirk's hair, gasping into his mouth. God, he felt Dirk growing hard against him, rolling his hips against Eridan's, eliciting another moan.

"Ahem."

Eridan remembered where he was and immediately stepped back from Dirk, willing his blush to die down. Meanwhile, Dirk was casually fixing his hair, turning to meet the girls. "Ah Rose, your timing is impeccable, as always."

"Thank you, though I think you may have pushed your boundaries a bit, considering that you were making out with your beloved in a fan's bathroom," Rose smiled at him, stepping aside to reveal Elizaveta, who was ... Holding a cellular device?

Oh hell naw.

"Was Lizzie filming this?" Eridan asked, utterly scandalized.

"Elizaveta, and yes, yes I was. Don't worry, I do this all the time," it seemed that Elizaveta was entirely too comfortable with two guys making out in her bathroom. Was she, was she typing something? Oh my god.

"Miss Elizaveta, are you putting this on your blog?" Dirk asked, turning to give her his full attention. Why was he so comfortable with this as well?

"Oh yes! I asked Rosaline if I could, and she was totally fine with it! In fact, if you want, you can write the caption!" Elizaveta tugged Dirk closer, showing him her phone screen. He grabbed it and started typing away. Elizaveta asked him, "So are you two really married?"

"Yep."

"Wow, that's amazing! So this is supposed to be, like, a real marriage? No strings attached, no favors attached, just two guys who got married?"

"Uh huh," Dirk hummed as he handed back the phone.>

"Hehe, well, how long has the happy couple been together?"

At this, Dirk, Rose, and Eridan all looked at each other. Well, mostly Dirk and Eridan, since Rose was waiting for their responses. This is going to be good, she thought.

Eridan answered without taking his eyes off of Dirk's, "We've been friends since we were thirteen, we started going out at seventeen. Been together ever since, right darling?" Eridan stood next to Dirk and laced their fingers together, kissing him on the cheek.

"Right on," was Dirk's reply. God, he was awkward. He didn't think this through. Not one bit. Dammit, how much did he even drink? Rose might know. Yeah. Or Jake, maybe. He's gonna ask them both.

"Aww, how sweet! I wish I had that. All my friends are either stupid or ... Yeah, no, that's it," Elizaveta said. She laughed a bit at her response, and told them all, "Well, as I can see from the new Mr. Strider's hair, you're ah, covering up your neck? I have makeup, if you'd like to use some?"

"Oh yes, please!" Eridan hurried over to Elizaveta, and both scurried off to play makeup.

Rose walked to Dirk, arms crossed, smirk in place. "I haven't seen you this interested in anybody for about a decade now. What's happened, Dirk? Has someone finally pulled your dormant heartstrings?" She giggled a bit at her joke.

Dirk looked back at Eridan and Elizaveta talking excitedly about something while Lizzie helped him apply the makeup.

He felt something for this man, a deeper connection than he realized when Rose said that.

"Maybe."

## Also Known As Josie Huffman

### Chapter Notes

Trigger warning: minor slut shaming, slurs that many consider transphobic  
I'm sorry for that, but you need bitches sometimes to advance the plot :(  
Props to anyone who can guess who the bitch is based on

The trio was finally riding the elevator down to the first floor, where Rose speculates won't be "flooded with paparazzi, might be only a few." Eridan had covered his neck with makeup, as well as any part of his skin that was visible underneath the jacket they had borrowed from Elizaveta, who had stolen it from her friend.

"Don't worry about it, just give it back whenever you get the chance. I'll be in L.A. after Vegas, for a while anyways!"

The door opened with a ding. Out stepped Dirk holding Eridan's hand, with Rose following behind. They took a few steps when the questions and flashes began.

"Mr. Strider, who is that you're holding?"

Flash.

"Mr. Strider, what happened last night?"

Flash.

"Dirk Strider, can you tell us if you are actually married?"

Flash.

"Dirk, what does the gender of your spouse tell us of your sexuality?"

Flash.

He didn't mind at all the questions directed at him. In fact, he was used to them. He didn't want anyone to lay a finger on Eridan though. Eridan was not ready. So he pushed through the crowd to get outside and into the car Rose brought. He shook his head at the photographers, holding Eridan close to him.

"Miss, er — Mr? Say, who are you and how do you know Dirk Strider?"

Flash.

Rose pressed against Eridan's side to whisper, "Don't answer any of their questions, they'll just use them against you. Nod if you agree."

Fortunately Eridan nodded and kept his mouth shut. Small victory for the team.

"Purple Guy, care to give us a name?"

Flash.

"Miss Mystery, what is your relation to Mr. Strider? What was your past affiliation with him?"

Flash.

"Are you a guy or a girl?"

Flash. Dirk heard Eridan snort behind him. They were almost to the door.

"Where did Dirk Strider pick you up from? I'd never think he was *that* type of guy."

A flash went off. It was a pounding boom in Eridan's ears. It was a chord struck in Dirk's mind.

Dirk stopped with a hand on the door handle. He was breathing hard. His grip tightened on Eridan's hand.

He turned suddenly, and pushed past Eridan and Rose to face the one that said that. It was a woman in her forties with her nose held in the air. She had an air of "huge bitch" about her.

"Don't you dare talk about him like that." Dirk poked the woman's chest with his finger. "Talk all you want about me, spread rumors, I don't care. But you leave him alone. He stay's clean and untarnished. Understood?"

"Oh, so *it's* a guy?"

Eridan, sadly missing the point of Dirk's mini-speech, moved to confront the woman. He looked like he was about to punch her. Dirk would praise Jesus if he did.

"The only 'it' I see is you, bitch. Who do you think you are, all high and mighty, calling people an 'it'?" Eridan pushed Dirk aside and stared down the redheaded bitch.

"Alaina Sands at your service if you must know. And I only call things 'it' if they are not normal or are just plain stupid. You shouldn't feel bad anymore now that I know that you, sir, are a man, nothing more, nothing less," Alaina finished with a saccharine smile.

Eridan punched her in the face.



# NARNIA

## Chapter Notes

I accidentally Destieled whoops

Rose will be talking about the day Eridan punched a reporter in the face for years to come.

Meanwhile in the present, Eridan and Alaina Sands had gotten into a tremendous catfight, resulting in either girls with their hair pulled, scratches on their faces, a busted lip, possibly some broken bones maybe, teared clothes, and black eyes and bruises.

The only way to separate them was Dirk grabbing Eridan and *lifting* him away from Alaina, while Alaina was pulled away after her nose started bleeding.

Eridan was still flailing and kicking as Dirk pulled her away, saying how she will "flog her alive! I swear it! Let me go, Dirk, I can take her on!"

"No you're not," Dirk hissed as he ran towards the door. Rose was smiling so hard, her cheeks were hurting. She caught up with them and led the married couple towards a limo she had called earlier. A young man was standing next to it, taking a smoke. It just so happens that today, of all days, was this man's free day. Rose had called him up when she heard of Dirk's monogamous ways.

When this young man saw the trio running towards him at full speed, he threw away his cigarette and opened the door to the limo. When they all piled in — in Eridan's case, *thrown* in — he closed the door, sped to the front, and high-tailed it out of the hotel. When they got on to the streets, the driver asked from up front, "Hey Rose, why am I driving like we're in a movie being chased by bad guys? Also, who's that?"

Rose moved towards the front, leaning against the barrier that separated the driver from the passengers.

"Thaddeus, this is the getaway you've always dreamed of. And that—" Rose pointed at Eridan, who was now trying to properly sit, "— Is my brother's husband. Welcome him to the family, J."

J Thaddeus or Thaddeus J started bouncing in his seat, a grin a mile wide now that his wish finally came true. "Oh man, I've always wanted to be a getaway driver! Like in *The Goonies*, in that beginning scene! Or in *2012* where John Cusack actually *was* a limo driver! But he was driving his family away from danger, so I don't know if it counts or not. Whatever. Welcome to the family, Dirk's husband! I'm John, the family's driver and friend, but Rose sometimes calls me Thaddeus, in case there was some confusion. I'd shake your hand, but I don't want to die just yet!"

This kid was a ball of energy. "Hi John," Eridan said when he was finally sitting up-right. "I'm Eridan, my best friend sometimes calls me Caspian in case there'll be some confusion later on when you meet her —"

"Wait, your middle name is Caspian?" Dirk interrupted.

"— And I'm a swim team captain. We're hoping to compete in the Olympics," Eridan continued on. He's never been in a limo before, so this long, stretched-out car is alien to him. He's looking around, feeling the leather, looking out the windows, pushing all the buttons. Dirk is sitting next to him, muttering to himself about something having to do with fish and water. He's also looking for something in a compartment. Rose is still sitting by the barrier, looking and smiling at him. What the hell is her deal with smiling, looking all cryptic.

"The Olympics? Wow!" John came to a streetlight on red, and turned around to look at the couple. "Dirk, he's a keeper!"

"Look at the road, stupid," Dirk replied as he got what he was looking for: the First-Aid kit.

"Shit, right! Anyways, Eridan — how did you get your bruises?" John asked as he started driving again.

"I punched—" Eridan began.

"She punched a reporter!" Rose exclaimed. She's going to talk about this for years.

"What? No way! Also, why did you call him a 'she'?" John questioned.

"I'm genderfluid," Eridan cut in before Rose could answer. He heard a hum from John, who said, "Nice. So either pronoun's good?"

"Yeah, go knock yourself out." Why was Dirk getting closer to him. "Dirk what are you doing."

"I'm going to clean your face, now come here," Dirk replied as he got out a wipe. He scooted closer to his husband while he was scooting away. Eridan refused to be treated though.

"I don't need to be treated, I'm fine," he insisted.

"I beg to differ, now take off your jacket, I thought I heard cracking noises in the midst of your altercation."

"No freaking way."

"Eridan I swear to God."

Rose spoke up from the front of the limo, "Eridan, just listen to him, it'll be better in the long run."

Eridan hit the back of the back seat of the limo. There was no where else to go. "Fine."

Dirk started to wipe his cheeks, going to clean his face before the rest of his body. Eridan gave way and eventually stripped off his jacket. This gave Dirk the chance to check for anything broken or out of place.

It's the single most sensual experience of both of their lives. Eridan had been with many, *many* people but he never had such emotionally intimate moments in any of his relationships. Dirk had barely any experience since he thought he was doing well on his own, and had only one failed relationship to base off all his expectations of future relationships. His hands lingered on Eridan's chest, and softly told him, "No broken ribs."

A sigh escaped from Eridan's lips. "I feel sorry for Alaina then."

Dirk laughed a bit, "Yeah, I bet."

They lapsed into a silence whilst gazing into each other's eyes.

A cough snapped them out of their trance, and both turned to see that Rose and John were eagerly staring at them. Dirk panicked, and hurriedly asked John, "Why did you stop the car?"

"Why aren't you kissing him?"

"Wait, what —"

"I told him to pull over so that he can witness one of your many moments," Rose delivered.

Eridan turned a nice shade of red.

Dirk noticed his discomfort, saying, "Just get us home, John. No more moments from us, I swear!"

Rose laughed all the way home.

# Legen...

## Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry ;A;

Over the next two weeks, Eridan has met most of the Strilonde clan, of which he knows some, and vice versa for Eridan's clan. Of the people who were part of both crews was Terezi Pyrope, aka Matt Murdock's protege. She was going to oversee the divorce and other legal matters once there are no more irons in the fire. Get it? Oversee? Haha, she's blind.

I'm sorry.

Sadly for the sorta-happy couple, Terezi could only threaten and bribe paparazzi so much. After the last fiasco involving broken windows and, a lawsuit against a lawyer are you kidding me? Anyways, after that, Terezi implored Eridan and Dirk "to just come out of the gay married closet, seriously, I mean, you've been married for weeks already. Your fans will know at some point. (I also will run out of money you know, just saying)."

"It's only been two weeks. And how do I tell people? Just come up to Univision or CNN's headquarters and tell them, 'Hey guys, I wanted to tell you guys to broadcast my marriage to a complete stranger! Today!' How does that sound, Terezi?" Dirk waved his arms as he spoke.

Eridan was a bit miffed at that last comment, looking up from where he was sitting with Rose and Karkat Vantas on the couch. "We've gotten to know each other somewhat. Don't lie to a lawyer, Dirk."

Rose widened her eyes and laughed a bit, saying, "Oh, you've gotten to know each other *very* well, going by the times I've almost walked in on you guys."

Karkat looked over at her, "How many times has it been already?"

"I lost count after twenty."

"Oh my god *Rose* stop (Besides, we didn't *do* anything!). Terezi," Dirk turned towards his lawyer again, "How do you suggest we come out to the world?"

Terezi did not know what to do. "I don't know, you're the pretty-boy here. What does everyone have that they can easily have access to the fact that you're married now?"

Rose had the answer literally in her hand, but she didn't know.

Everyone else though about how they could do this.

Dirk said, "It has to be easy."

Rose said, "It was to be quick."

Terezi said, "It has to spread fast."

Eridan felt this was like a federal issue or something, so he quietly sought out the answer to their pleas.

Karkat became their manager after saving their lives by answering their prayers: "Use Snapchat, snap a pic, then everyone'll send it to anyone else."

## ... Wait For It...

Elizaveta opened up her Snapchat, seeing a notification on one of the actors she followed. It was Dirk Strider.

"Oh, let's see what Vándor úr has posted today!" She chirped as she pressed and held on to Mr. Strider's icon.

She squealed in delight when she saw who Dirk was holding in the picture.

"I've got to send this to Mattie! Oh! Kiku! Oh, I'll just send it to everyone!" Elizaveta squealed even more as she screenshot the picture and immediately set out to send it to everyone in her contacts. She even posted it on her blog, which she got exclusive permission to do so from Ms. Rosaline herself. Elizaveta blushed a bit remembering the Korean woman.

"I need to get a girlfriend," she whispered to herself.

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Dirk was hugging Eridan from behind, kissing him on the cheek. Eridan had picked up his hair in a ponytail, blushing as he looked into the camera. Dirk was smiling.

There were drawn hearts everywhere, and the caption read:

"Just got married 2wks ago! Meet da bae!"

## ... Dary

This shit spread like wildfire. First it was on Snapchat, then on Elizaveta's blog, and now it was *everywhere*. News, the Internet, even videos about people's reactions to this.

Some woman on some news or YouTube channel said something along the lines of "what could this mean for the future of Dirk Strider?" and other coy shit like that.

There was even an article about this in several LGBT newspapers and magazines.

Meanwhile, Eridan and Dirk were kicked back on their couch in Dirk's apartment knocking beers and saying, "Cheers," before taking a gulp.

There was a boxing match playing on the TV. Dirk looked over at Eridan, who turned to look at him. Both erupted into laughter.

"I can't believe we're officially official!" Eridan cheered.

"I can't believe I'm officially married, according to society," Dirk chuckled, sipping some more beer.

"Haha, so this is what it's like being an actor's wife? Beers, box matches, pj's?"

"Yup, and it can all be yours if you just answer the following question."

Eridan gulped down some more beer before asking, "Oh, tell me then, Steve."

Dirk turned his whole body to face Eridan, basically crowding Eridan with his body, faces closer still. His breath ghosted above parted lips.

"Will you let me kiss you?"

Beers forgotten, Eridan ran his fingers through Dirk's hair, pulling him in for a kiss before whispering "Yes."

Dirk wanted him, *needed* him. As he pushed him down on the couch, Dirk thought he didn't have enough hands.

Their kiss was ardent, with fervor, and want. Hands were traveling up shirts, tugging hair, feeling *more*. Both needed more, needed skin.

As Dirk bit down on Eridan's lip, a whine escaping his mouth, he rubbed his hips against Eridan's, eliciting another mellifluous sound, a moan.

It was at that moment that they heard a "Jesus!" and something hit the ground. At the same time, Eridan and Dirk grunted in annoyance, Dirk ducking his head in Eridan's neck. While getting up and leaning over the couch, Dirk accidentally shoved Eridan off, making a loud thump and a pitiful "Ow" come from the floor.

"Christ, now I know what Rose was talking about, you guys are *awful*. *Please* get a room, or I'll have to bleach my eyeballs and brain," Karkat ranted as he picked up the bag presumed to have been dropped.

"What are you even doing here? How did you even get keys?" Dirk asked, exasperated as people kept barging in as things just start getting interesting.

"Yeah, no, don't mind me, I was just dunked on the floor by my husband," Eridan mumbled as he got up and picked up his spilt beer.

"Rose told me to bring you this bag of stuff. She also gave me keys to your place in case anything like her emergencies happened. Also I think she wanted me to — ugh, I can't believe I'm saying this — *interrupt* you two." Karkat looked highly uncomfortable and scandalized at the prospect of having to deal with more of these ... happenstances.

"What was in the bag she oh so desperately needed you to bring while I was starting getting busy with my boyfriend?"

Eridan turned around with a surprised look on his face. Karkat sported the same look with the exception of a raised eyebrow.

Dirk surprised himself. His eyes went from Eridan to Karkat and back, and he quickly amended himself, "Husband. Wife. Spouse. What did Rose send?" He got off the couch and started pacing.

Eridan went into the kitchen to get some paper towels. Karkat cleared his throat and patted the bag.

"We decided we should fuck with the media. Eridan, get back here, you scrub."

"Why?" Eridan asked, nonetheless, already heading back to Karkat, who opened the bag and showed him the contents inside.

"I thought you might like to give us your expert opinion on these."

Eridan grew a wicked smile, an evil gleam in his eyes.

Dirk was scared of that gleam, and took the paper towels and cleaned up the beer himself.



# How Very Domestic of You

## Chapter Notes

Thank [thefordokami](#) for the restaurant name.

This chapter is pretty dialogue-heavy, so there's that.

Did you know that Germans are more liberal of nudity than most other people?

Wolfgang can attest to that (hehe)

Rose had suggested something that Eridan would already be willing to do on his own. After all, the plan fit right in with Eridan's genderfluid agenda.

It's like the gay agenda, only with more snack times and more movies.

The bag did not have enough clothes for Eridan to use. Rose gets a star for effort though.

Instead, he texted her ("When the hell did you get her number?" "Yesterday." "When?!") saying he was going to use his own clothes, but will see if he can make something work from her selection.

Dirk had decided that they should go out to a restaurant tonight, saying, "Y'know, get a little r'n'r. Give my fans something. Eat good food. Show you off. I dunno, do something. Something fun."

Eridan had been playing a video game, and he paused it when Dirk began talking. He nodded, said, "Alright," then went to the guest bedroom.

Even though they had already shared a bed, Dirk had suggested if Eridan wanted the guest room. He had said yes, and now here they were. There had been a sort of silent agreement to make this as friendly and non-awkward as possible, though what "friendly" entails is flexible as hell.

Dirk follows him into his room and plops down in the middle of the bed. Eridan makes his way to his closet and opens it, starting to find suitable clothing for tonight.

"Wo werden wir gehen?" Eridan asked, pulling out a jacket and dress shirt.

"What?" Dirk propped himself on his elbows, watching Eridan pick out his clothes. Before you ask, dear reader, Eridan's sister, Feferi, brought him some of his clothes when he rang her up. Now Feferi was hanging out with the squad, having the time of her life in L.A.

"Sorry, I asked 'where will we go'." Getting what he needed, he took off his shirt and pants and started putting on the red dress shirt.

Dirk did not know what to do. Eridan was stripping in front of him. Oh my god oh my god oh my god. Thank God he's always wearing his shades, otherwise it would've been painful obvious that he was staring. God, look at those muscles. And tattoos. Oh my god, he has wings on his arms oh my *god*. Dirk was trying very hard not to get a boner.

Eridan looked up from buttoning his pants. "Dirk, where are we going?" The pause of silence was beginning to feel awkward.

"Oh. Uhm. Sorry, I was—" There's no way in hell Dirk was going to say "distracted by your pecs." It just will not get done. "— thinking of the restaurant, actually. What do you think of The Ritz?" Dirk kept watching as Eridan put on a black jacket.

"The Ritz? The hell, isn't that place super fancy?" He fixed his cuffs. "Wasn't Beyoncé there last week?" He bent down to put on his heels, which had cute bows on them. Oh yeah, he is pulling them off.

"Well, I mean, yeah, but you know. It's just a restaurant. Where people go. To eat. And drink wine sometimes. You know. Stuff," Dirk is the smoothest guy you will ever meet. He sat up and just. Kinda scrunged up (?) the blanket over his lap. Yep, definitely a boner.

"But the Ritz is so ... Classy!" Eridan threw his hands up for emphasis. Shaking his head, he walked into the bathroom to fix his hair. Dirk sat on the edge of the bed so he could still talk to him.

"Just because it's classy doesn't mean that classy people go. I heard that Bieber went there last year, and the Ritz has been trying to recuperate from that blow. So it's not *that* classy."

The hell is Eridan doing is he curling his hair? Oh my god he's curling his hair. Where the hell did he get a curling iron?! Now she's pointing it at him. "Nicki Minaj went. Do you think you're actually worthy of being where Nicki Minaj was?" And went back to curling the rest of her hair.

"But it's Nicki Minaj — she can do whatever she wants! Besides, is it really gonna matter if a little gay Colombian goes to the same place she went?"

It seemed that Eridan's hair was done, and he looked back at Dirk and put his hands on his hips. Oh no he's hot. Really hot. Fuck.

"She'd *want* your little gay ass there."

"So you *do* want to go after all? Besides, you *also* have a gay ass. And you're German!"

"I, uh, well..."

Dirk won this argument alright.

"Fuck you, yes."

Hell. Motherfucking. Yes.

"Alright, so now I gotta go pretty myself up. Wait for me in the living room, okay?" Dirk jumped up from the bed, blankets forgotten, and kissed Eridan on the lips before heading out to his own room.

...

Eridan brought his hand up to his mouth and touched where Dirk had softly pressed. He was certain his face was red.

But why? Why was he reacting this way? They were married, they had fucked, they had tried to fuck again since then, they had every right to kiss.

Even if those kisses were quick and chaste.

"Wow," was all he managed to breath out.

# Over There I Swear I Saw Them Cameras Flash

## Chapter Summary

Highly advised to listen to ["Yoncé/Partition"](#) by Beyoncé on repeat

## Chapter Notes

I hate myself too don't worry

After seeing what his husband was going to wear to the Ritz, Eridan made Dirk change into something more stylish.

This was hard, seeing as Dirk had almost no suits.

Dirk ended up, somehow, in a white suit with a black shirt. Don't ask Eridan where he got it from, but it's there and now Dirk's wearing it.

(He dug it out of the back of Dirk's closet. Eridan almost cried that such a fine suit was just dumped there).

As Eridan was helping Dirk properly put on the suit, Dirk had a shitton of questions.

"How do you know all this about suits?"

Eridan patiently answered him, "My father and mother were business people, and I was the star child after my brother left college to pursue his music career."

"Wait, you have a brother?"

"Yep. Now —," Eridan twirled Dirk around after straightening out his jacket, "— Do you know how to tie a tie?"

Dirk pschhed at him. "Pschh, of course I know how to tie a tie." As he started to tie the tie, he asked more, "Where *is* your brother? You've never mentioned him until now."

Eridan leaned against the wall, inspecting Dirk's work. "He's somewhere in Russia, trying to make it big. But I think it'd be better if he went back to Germany or here to the United States — he'd have a much better chance." His eyes were cast downward.

Dirk checked himself in the mirror, then looked back at his spouse. He's never seen them this downtrodden before. He'll make sure not to press for any more details of their brother.

It's a good thing that he never takes off his shades, so Eridan did not know Dirk was looking at them. Dirk nodded to himself in the mirror and did a twirl. "How do I look?" Add a charming smile and, there we go, Eridan's grinning again. Eridan moved from the wall and motioned to the door, saying, "You look like a million bucks. Now let's go." With that he walked out to the main door.

"What? You're just going to leave me hanging here? Damn Eri, you cold," Dirk called out as he caught up with them by the door. He grabbed his keys and cornered Eridan in a corner, leaning in to whisper in their ear,

*"You look delectable."*

Eridan's face heated up at the comment, feeling Dirk start nibbling at his neck. "Mmm, Dirk..." He received another "hmm" in response.

"We should be starting our night out." Damn, Dirk is sucking now. Hopefully his hair can cover that.

"Maybe we should reschedule." Oh crap he's getting lower, nibbling at the joint of collarbone and neck.

This is the worst time to get a boner.

"But I thought you wanted to show me off," Eridan whined. That usually got guys to do whatever he wanted. For good measure, he ran his hands up Dirk's back, rolling his hips against his.

Dirk groaned against his skin.

Eridan leaned in and whispered,

*"We can get busy afterwards."*

"Sold." It was a breath against his skin.

The way down to the car was rapid. The car ride, well. The car ride steamed up the glass.

The partition was rolled up even before they got in the limo.

John muttered to himself, knuckles white, eyes on the road, "Why I am his driver I'll never know."

# Surprise, Bitch

## Chapter Summary

Denzel Washington knows how to party hard. John does weights in his spare time.

## Chapter Notes

After a 2 year hiatus, I'm back baby! Hope you guys enjoy this continuation! Also, I'm sorry for having left for 2 years

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When they arrived at The Ritz, John whistled after them, and sped down to the parking.

Dirk rolled his eyes, smiling to himself. John was a good bro, the best, and he couldn't think of how to start repay him for putting up with all his bullshit.

He looked over at Eridan, who was wide- and starry-eyed.

Dirk held out his arm for him, and Eridan looped his own through.

“Never been in a place like this?” Dirk asked him. Eridan giggled, and shook his head, walking up the steps to the restaurant.

“The closest I've been is a nice little bar in downtown Berlin.” People were starting to notice them, and a guest even held the doors open for them.

*It's them, they whispered. It's Dirk Strider and his spouse!*

Dirk smiled benignly at the people, and when he looked over at Eridan, he could see that he wasn't paying attention to the people, mesmerized by the interior.

Dirk realized that he would do anything to make him happy.

They entered, waited, and were sat at a table near a window.

“Oh mein Gott,” Eridan whispered. Dirk raised his eyebrows at him, then Eridan nodded behind him.

“Denzel Washington is behind you!”

No way. Dirk immediately turned around, and tapped Denzel Washington on the shoulder.

“Hey, Dirk! What's up, my man?” Denzel Washington clapped Dirk on the shoulder and they shared an odd hug.

“Not much, Denzel. Have you met my husband? Eridan, I'd like you to meet my good friend, Denzel,” Dirk turned back to Eridan, who had his mouth open but got up to shake Denzel's hand nonetheless.

“Mr. Denzel Washington, I'm such a huge fan!”

“Oh, thank you very much!”

“Is it alright if I can take a picture with you?” Eridan asked, pulling out his phone. Dirk took it from him, and motioned for him to pose with Denzel, who gladly obliged.

After the flash, Eridan profusely thanked Mr. Washington, and sat back down.

“Wow! I never thought I'd get to meet Denzel Washington!” Eridan was beside himself. Dirk loved seeing him like this, and chuckled a bit at his husband's antics.

“Really? What other actors do you want to meet?”

Eridan raised an eyebrow at him. “Why? Do you have everyone on your contacts?”

Dirk shrugged. “I might.”

Eridan's smile was cryptic. “Do you have Max Riemelt there?”

Dirk ... didn't know who that was. “Uhh,” he said.

Eridan grinned at him, and nodded. “Don't worry about it. Not a lot of people know him. He's done local movies, as well as some international ones. He's also in several shows, like *Sense8*.”

Dirk nodded. That's cool.

“Do you have Leonardo DiCaprio?”

Dirk smirked, and snorted. He's so not cool. “Please, you have no idea how close we are. Remember that scene in *Blasphemy* where Leo and I do it?”

Eridan nodded.

“Well, let me tell you that Leo was definitely hard after having to film that scene like ten times.”

Eridan gaped. “No way!”

“Yes way.”

“Wow! You got to rut against Leonardo DiCaprio *and* get him hard? That's like, my dream.”

“You're dream is to do that with him or with me?” Dirk cheekily asked.

Eridan rolled his eyes, saying, “Obviously you, Dirk, but it'd be nice to do that with Leonardo DiCaprio.”

“Understandable,” Dirk wave a waiter over and nonchalantly added, “You should see how he is in bed.”

“You slept with him?!”

“Hell yeah I did.”

Eridan's laugh was music to his ears.

During their dinner, lots of actors and actresses came up to them, congratulating them on tying the knot. Dirk got a lot of crap for taking so long and for keeping this lovely person hidden from them, and Eridan was praised for being able to put up with him.

Aside from the famous people, there were a lot of reporters and photographers trying to get a comment or a shot of them. They did get a shot of them, lots of them, really, but no comments.

After their dinner, Denzel Washington invited them to a get-together he was going to. It was supposed to be small, just a bunch of friends, and it'd be a great opportunity for Dirk to show off his new husband.

Dirk texted John that they'd be heading to Denzel's party, so start up the car please.

“omw,” he replied.

On the ride over, Eridan took off his jacket and set it aside. Dirk couldn't help staring. Eridan was so beautiful.

He didn't notice he looked back at him when he asked, “What are you looking at?”

“At you.”

Eridan smiled and blushed.

“Why did you curl your hair?”

Eridan brought up a hand to his hair, and replied, “I thought it would be fun.”

“Your natural hair is gorgeous.”



“Thank you.”

“You're gorgeous.”

“Thank you. You're nice too, I guess.”

They shared a chuckle. John slowed down when he arrived at the direction that Denzel gave them, and announced their arrival.

The party was not a small get-together. It was an enormous rodeo. There were at least 300 people, and when they stepped into the house, Denzel Washington was stop the staircase and yelled, “Welcome, Mr. and Mr. Strider!”

The next several hours were a blur. The place was loud, full of color, and full of people. Dirk was sure he saw horses in the garden at some point. He thought that that was a good name of a movie.

Eridan was having the time of his life. He danced with his husband all through the night. Dirk would bring him to meet several of his actor buddies, and he'd twirl him around. Eridan knew that his hair fell into its natural waves again, but he didn't mind.

There was a lot of drinks, you name it and it was probably there. Eridan managed to take selfies with everyone he had wanted to meet, and Dirk managed to break a table.

All in all, it was a good night. John had to go and physically pick them up and shove them into the limo.

Thankfully for him, the Striders were too out of it to notice anything. Well, except for him. All the ride back home, they'd sit up at the partition and call out to him, asking him to stop and give me a massage man, I broke a table and now my leg hurts. Yeah, give him a massage. John, John, Jooohn, pull over man I'm thirsty.

Getting them out of the limo was another trip by itself. John had to ask the doorman to keep a look out for Eridan, who was still in the limo, while he hauled Dirk into the elevator. He came back for Eridan, tipped the doorman, and paid the valet to park it themselves.

In the elevator, Dirk was hanging off of John's shoulders while Eridan was sitting in the corner. Dirk would laugh at nothing, nudge John's arm, then lay his head down on his shoulder again.

When they got to Dirk's floor, John made Dirk hold onto his shoulders while he pulled Eridan up and led them down to Dirk's door.

Stepping inside, Eridan broke away from John and headed straight for the master room. Dirk was staggering on his feet and bumping into John, who turned him around and led him into the master room as well.

Eridan had thrown his jacket and shoes to the side and was currently sprawled over the right side of the bed. John dunked Dirk on the left side and helped him out of his jacket and shoes.

“John, John, John, wait a second,” Dirk sat up, motioning at John to get closer.

“Can you get me a water?”

“Sure, Dirk,” John said, patting Dirk’s shoulder before leaving for the water. When he came back, Dirk was already softly snoring. John chuckled and set the glass on the nightstand, turned off the lamp and lights, and closed the door behind him.

The valet forgot where they had parked the limo, so now they both had to go hunting it down.

## Chapter End Notes

I would die if I ever met Denzel Washington in real life

I would Do Things to Leonardo DiCaprio if I ever met him in real life

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!