Three flowers in a graveyard

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/732.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Poly/Ensemble
Fandom:	Homestuck
Relationship:	Aimless Renegade/Peregrine Mendicant/Wayward Vagabond
Characters:	Wayward Vagabond, Peregrine Mendicant, Aimless Renegade
Additional Tags:	AU of an AU, Kingdomstuck, Domestic Fluff, Light Angst, Wartime
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-01-30 Words: 1,281 Chapters: 1/1

Three flowers in a graveyard

by Sushipillar

Summary

Love can bloom even in the most unfortunate circumstances. WV's seen it himself firsthand.

He just wishes it were easier.

It had been a while since WV had seen them. Their meetings had gotten more infrequent, thanks to the war. PM remarked that it just made them more special, but WV was inclined to disagree. If anything, it hurt more, not being able to take their time with each other, only being able to sneak quick kisses and mumbles of ‘i love you’ before being dragged back into reality.

WV hated to admit it, but he was looking forward to the revolution. He had little doubt about his plan, and with PM and AR by his side, he felt like he could conquer the world, not that he’d want to. Once it was over, they’d be free, able to build a new society where Prospitians and Dersites lived in peace, under the rule of no-one but themselves.

For now, though, they’d have to make do with these rare meet-ups.

Usually, they’d meet at WV’s house on the battlefield, since there was less chance of getting caught that way. Tonight was no exception, and WV felt the excitement course through his veins when he heard the familiar knocking at his door.

They had a code, a specific knock to signal that the coast was clear. They needed to be precise, lest they lose everything they have. WV knows they cannot afford carelessness.

He answers, and there stands the Authority Regulator, still in uniform. He hurries in, and WV wastes no time greeting him with a kiss, haphazardly shutting the door behind him. AR’s kisses taste rough, but WV notices a softness that he could describe as simply describe as ‘AR’.

He rests his forehead against AR’s, and for a moment, all is still. The only sounds are the howling of the wind outside and the chirping of the birds, and WV feels content to stay in this moment for as long as possible.

All good things must come to an end, however, and AR gently pulls away. “Did PM say she was coming tonight?” he asks, and WV takes a second to search his memory, “I think she did, last I saw her was when she delivered seeds to me a week ago.”

It was hard to coordinate a meeting, since life is usually unpredictable, especially when a member of the party was a high-ranking officer. It was a miracle AR was able to come at all.

“We’ll just have to wait and see, then.” AR moves to the kitchen, and WV notices he’s carrying a bag. It’s rare that they bring each other gifts, not because they don’t want to, but because they simply don’t have the expenses. When someone does bring gifts, it’s usually food that can only be acquired from either Prospit or Derse.

Needless to say, WV’s curiosity is peaked, “What’s in the bag?” he asks, pointing. “A surprise.” AR replies as he stuffs the bag into the fridge, “I want both you and PM here to see it. If she doesn’t come tonight i’ll take it home with me.”

The subject of whatever’s in the bag is dropped, WV choosing instead to begin dinner preparations. AR helps as much as he can, but he’s more of a baker than a chef, and resides

himself to setting the table and being a lookout for PM’s arrival.

Luckily for them, the universe can be kind when it wants to be, and AR spots PM walking along the path that lead towards the house. He happily reports this to WV, who abandons his cooking to greet the third member of their triad.

PM’s kisses tastes sweet, WV thinks, and he lets himself linger for a small moment. She smiles against his lips, and they force themselves to pull away, leaving AR the chance to greet PM himself.

“Dinner’s almost ready.” WV says, gesturing for them to wait at the table. While they settle themselves, WV rushes to finish the meal, a salad made with the vegetables from his garden, along with some lemonade to wash it down.

A large bowl is set in the middle of the table, and once WV is seated the trio allow themselves to dig in. The salad is wonderful, PM and AR are sure to let WV know this. Besides that, the conversation remaines mundane, simply catching up on whatever they were doing with their lives.

They share a general, unspoken rule; they avoid politics, or anything to do with the war. Tonight was about sharing the company of loved ones, and if only for a short while, allowing themselves the privilege of living in bliss.

Eventually, though, the dinner ends, the food having long been finished. Reluctantly, WV excuses himself from the table, taking the bowl and plates to the sink to be washed.

Normally, this is around the time AR and PM would make their departure. Before either one is able to take their leave, AR reminds WV about the gift he left in the fridge earlier.

“WV.” He says, turning himself in the chair to face the Villein, “Remember that bag I brought earlier?”

PM gives him a quizzical look as WV comes rushing back from the kitchen, silverware having been discarded into the sink, “Of course, I forgot all about it.”

AR motions for his lovers to sit at the table while he prepares his gift. They comply, waiting as they hear AR shuffle around in the kitchen, the clanking of silverware and rustling of the bag echoing throughout the house.

He returns with a absolutely gorgeous cake, the white frosting having been delicately piped onto a breathtaking pattern. As AR sets plates and forks in front of them, PM and WV awe at the amount of work that must've been put into the treat.

"When did you find the time for this?" PM asks, focusing more on the cake than the question. AR bashfully rubs the back of his neck, and responds with a soft, "Last night."

This isn't the first cake he's made specifically for them, but that doesn't stop his lovers from being in awe each and every time. AR's rank requires him to be busy the majority of the day,

not to mention the low supply of flour and sugar. WV flushes at the thought of him going through so much trouble just for the two of them, all because he loves them.

"Let's eat." He says, handing AR the knife and allowing him to cut the first slice. The cake taste just as delicious as it looks, and both PM and WV are sure to remind AR how much they love the cake, and him.

Almost as soon as it's begun, it seems, the night is over. AR places the half-eaten cake in the fridge while PM helps WV wash the dishes, then it's time for goodbyes.

They've spent longer than they normally would together, and while WV definitely isn’t complaining, it's too big a risk to have them stay overnight. The war forces them all to be busy with their own lives and work, and if someone notices something out-of-place between them, the revolution, their relationship, and all they've built towards, could come crumbling down in an instant.

It's why they must be so methodical, even though WV hates it.

He shares a kiss with AR, then PM, then he unlocks the door. They both bid the Regulator goodnight, and wish him well travels. He does the same for PM, and sends her off, slipping a small paper into her hand as she leaves.

Said paper includes the next date in which WV is able to meet. If unable, AR and PM will find a way to tell him. They always do.

WV can't wait.

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