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## Same Love Lockdown

by [macklemanluvr](#)

### Summary

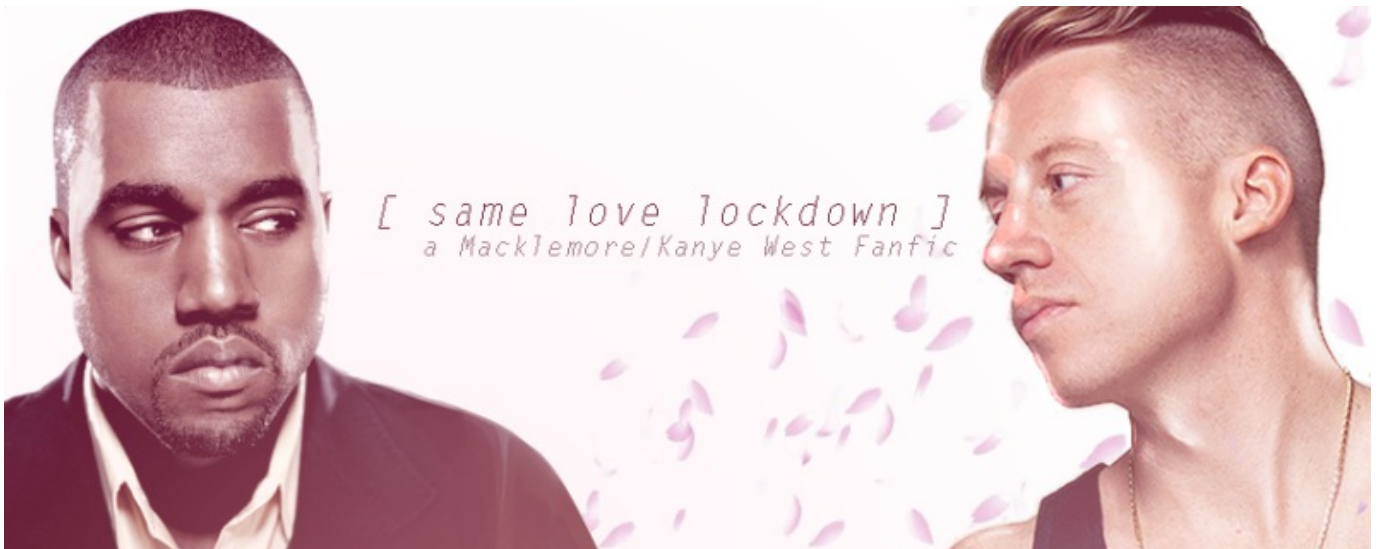
*"You have more than enough potential. So tell me what is the one wish that would make your soul gem shine."*

-Mitt Romney, probably

## Cover

### Chapter Summary

This is my first fanfic!!! Thank you for reading <3



### NOTES:

I originally wanted to make this a visual novel but I don't have time to draw anything, so feel free to draw fan art and submit it [here!](#) I will put your drawing in the appropriate chapter of the story and give you credit.

Thanks!!!!!!

-macklemanlvr

# Dreams of a Macklewar

## Chapter Summary

*"You can only watch injustice go on for so long until you're compelled to say something. To speak out against it."*

-Macklemore

The first thing Macklemore remembered was running. He was surrounded by a massive, empty hall, the staircases, ceiling, walls and floors twisting and bending in impossible ways. The black and white checkered tiles spinning around him made him dizzy, overcome with an unstoppable need to move faster. He did not know why or where he was running as his surroundings changed, merging and morphing around him. His crocodile scale shoes hit the cold tile floor in empty, echoing thumps; his consciousness was telling him that he did not need to get away, rather reach a destination.

His breathless pants filled the air as he slowed his pace and wearily made his way up a wide staircase. He took off his fur coat and slung it over his tired shoulder in an attempt to cool off. A giant, daunting vault door with a complicated lock mechanism lined the top step. Pushing it open, a giant gust of wind blew his coat off his shoulder and into the open sky, his tuft of hair whipping around violently.

The light was overwhelming—he shut his eyes and grabbed onto the door desperately, the floor unstable beneath him. He must have been thousands of feet off the ground. Peeling one of his hands off of its secure grasp on the door, he pulled one of the sleeves of his Shark Face Gang tank top back onto his shoulder and squinted his eyes open. The city was in ruins. The buildings that were once secured to the ground floated in the sky, exposed telephone wires crackled with electricity, street lamps flickered a violent red. He could make out the figure of a well dressed man with a shaven head, much darker than his pale complexion, jumping from building to building effortlessly.

Something from behind Macklemore was whipping giant chunks of buildings at the mysterious man, but he was able to dodge the broken city with ease. Macklemore listened closely. The man's rapping was muffled by the distance between them, but Macklemore could feel his rhymes pulsing through his veins, his aggressive pronunciations, and enthusiastic onomatopoeias. Each syllable fell in time with the quick pace of his heart. Macklemore opened his eyes wider in curiosity.

He woke up to his bedroom, light bleeding through his blinds in strings and catching the dust in the air. The sound of the city traffic below was distant in his ears, the air warm on his skin.

# All of the Lights

## Chapter Summary

*"I wish my dick was bigger, I can admit it I'm above average on inches but I want a damn double digit"*

-Macklemore

Macklemore slunked out of bed, turning on the radio, and got ready for school. The end of a song boomed through the surround sound in his house. He was able to buy a mansion because of all the money he saved on buying secondhand clothes, but sometimes the huge empty rooms that littered his house made him feel lonely.

As a new song started with a fast-paced trumpet, he put on a tight fitting tank top and a well-fitted yet casual pair of washed out jeans. *"Turn up the lights in here, baby, extra bright, I want y'all to see this"*. Tapping his foot to the beat, Macklemore tried on a pair of non-prescription thick framed glasses, but found that it made him look like he was trying too hard so he took them off. *"Turn up the lights in here, baby, you know what I need"*. He took out his hairspray from the cupboard in his bathroom and held it up to his hair, giving it a few thorough spritzes. *"Want you to see everything, want you to see- all of the lights"*.

He gave himself a long, hard look in the mirror.

*"Something wrong, I hold my head, MJ gone, our nigga dead"*

He thought about his dream.

*"I slapped my girl, she called the feds, I did that time, and spent that bread"*

What did it mean? Could it have been a warning?

*"I'm heading home, I'm almost there, I'm on my way heading, up the stairs"*

And who was that man? He had never met him before, had barely even gotten a look at his face, yet he never felt this way for someone before.

*"To my surprise a nigga replacing me, I had to take 'em to that ghetto university"*

His heart swelled and dropped in his chest as he leaned over his sink, tears welling in his eyes.

*"All of the lights-"*

Macklemore slammed his fist onto the power button of his radio. A ringing silence filled the room, only to be filled with the sounds of his choked sobs.

# Macklemore's School Survival Guide

## Chapter Summary

*"When I write, I don't have any expectation of what kind of song it will become or who it might reach."*

-Macklemore

## Chapter Notes

sorry for the short chapter!!!!

Macklemore went to a high school only for celebrities. Despite the students' high social statuses, cliques were extremely present. As Macklemore entered the bus he looked for a seat to take. Katy Perry was sitting a few rows into the bus holding a giant science fair project about Cleopatra. Definitely not. Diagonal to her, Lady Gaga was sitting stiffly in her seat in a skin tight dress, sleeves puffing out to the hall. He was pretty sure he heard a running chainsaw in there. Macklemore let out a big breath, thankful that he could breathe in his clothes. In the center of the back row the valedictorian, Beyonce was seated. Her row had been plated in gold leaf and fitted with red silk. So much for that idea. Macklemore looked around anxiously as the bus door closed and the motor kicked into life.

He made his way into the bus in a haste and blindly chose a seat. Beside Macklemore was Kanye West gazing out the window, elbow against its slim sill and thumb to his cheek. Kanye casually tilted his head towards Macklemore, giving a slight nod, before looking right back out the window with a hard expression.

"H-hey", Macklemore said shyly. Shit, his voice cracked.

Macklemore blushed in embarrassment and adjusted himself in his seat, taking off his school bag and resting it between his ankles. Sitting next to him gave Macklemore a strange feeling of familiarity, although he couldn't put his finger on it. He put on his earphones and let the music take him away from his surroundings, heart beating fast in his chest. Soon enough his eyes grew heavy, his head drooping over and shoulder leaning against his seat.

# Macklesnore

## Chapter Summary

*"If you had one shot, or one opportunity to seize everything you ever wanted, one moment, would you capture it or just let it slip?"*

-Kaiser Wilhelm II, German Emperor 1916

Macklemore awoke in the middle of an empty avenue. The detritus of a fallen city surrounded him, a light shower dampening the murky gray urban landscape. A layer of fog lined the street level of the city that had flooded up to knee level. The air was cool on his skin, sending an uncomfortable shiver down his spine. His clothes were soaked through, his feet stung in the cold water.

An explosion cracked in the sky, searing debris rushing towards the earth. The aftershock sent him flying backwards into the water. His head beneath the surface, the sound of muted gunshots whirled past his head in all directions, flying off at random towards the explosion. Macklemore threw himself out of the water and took a strangled breath. He dragged himself into a nearby apartment building. One of the walls of the tall complex had been wiped clean off. Struggling against the wind, he climbed the emergency staircase and tripped on a sunken step, barely catching his footing.

He made it to the top level of the building when a cry boomed in his eardrums:

"I BEEN DOING THIS LONGER THAN YOU" it hollered,

"YOU AIN'T GOT THE ANSWERS MAN"

A hot, stinging sensation spread across his left temple. He felt a warm, thick liquid quickly trail down his face. Becoming disoriented, knees weak, limbs heavy, Macklemore swiped an arm across his head. Losing balance he fell over, kneeling on one foot and looking at his appendage. It was covered in blood. He closed his left eye, blinded by the blood that had trailed into it. He put his hand back up to his head, gently pressing against the giant gash. His other hand hit the hard concrete in front of him, arching his back and emptying his stomach with a choked sob. Mom's spaghetti.

The pain was becoming too much.

Suddenly a whirring sound flew right over his head, a bright pink halo of light surrounding him for not more than a second. He whipped his head up, a glistening arrow piercing the sky and hitting an invisible target. Following the arrow back to its source he was met with an amazing sight: Macklemore saw himself, silky strawberry blond hair flowing in the breeze. He was dressed in a giant brown fur coat, polyester tiger patterned pants and pointy leather crocodile shoes. A single tear rolled down Macklemore's cheek as he gazed at the beauty that was himself.

# Macklewhat?!

## Chapter Summary

*"Bullying is a national epidemic."*

-Macklemore

Macklemore's long, blond eyelashes fluttered open. It was quiet around him, the sun's heat radiating through the closed windows. Back still rested against the bus seat he inhaled a warm breath, looking down to a pair of thick lips just inches from his own. His eyes trailed upwards to a pair of large black pools, gazing lovingly back into his own. It was Kanye.

Upon noticing that Macklemore was awake, Kanye shot back with a startled look. His face returned to its stern, distant expression and slipped on a pair of designer shades.

"You fell asleep on my shoulder.", He said dryly.

"Oh... I'm sorry.", Macklemore replied, voice still groggy with sleep. He was still frazzled at Kanye's obvious romantic advance, a pink blush dusting his pale cheeks.

"Better be." Kanye snarked after a couple of seconds, stepping over him and exiting the bus.

Macklemore couldn't help but notice a look of desperation and loneliness on Kanye's face as he looked back and walked towards the school. Macklemore leaned back into his seat, the sun beaming on his skin. The light was almost overwhelming, yet it welcomed him. After a few moments, he stepped off the school bus and walked towards the school, quickening his pace when he heard the bell ring.

Every day, at the beginning of first period, the students rose to sing the national anthem. None of the students made a noise though; instead, the principal, Skrillex, put his iPhone up to the school's sound system and blasted a cacophony of low robotic farting noises and samples of children screaming. Sometimes it would go on for a minute or so, other days his phone would die so he would resolve to beat-boxing into the microphone himself. At the end of his performance the students would sit back down and begin class.

Macklemore waited outside the classroom door during the national anthem out of politeness. When the students started to shuffle back into their seats, he slipped into the class and stealthily made his way to his desk only to find another blonde sitting there. Taylor Swift had stolen his seat, just as she had stolen the hearts of all the boys in the class.

## Better Than Revenge

### Chapter Summary

*“And if you're missing me you'd better keep it to yourself, 'cause coming back around here would be bad for your health...”*

-Taylor Swift, Picture to Burn

When Macklemore said that Taylor Swift had stolen the hearts of all the boys in the class, he wasn't kidding. There had been a number of disappearances among the male students since the beginning of the semester. After each one, Swift came out with a new hit single. In fact, as the story goes, an individual song was named a “single” to mimic the newfound freedom Swift felt after a breakup. Some said that she fed on the blood of straight, white men to fuel inspiration for her music. There were rumours that she kept the hearts of her victims in decorative glass jars, and if one walked past her locker after school hours they could catch the vague scent of formaldehyde. Her album name, Red, took on a whole new meaning to the students of Celebrity High.

Macklemore swallowed hard. He knew better than to mess with her, but the teacher could turn around any minute and notice that he was late. He looked down at her from in front of his desk, frozen in place. She gave him a sly smirk, the corner of her mouth quirking up evilly.

“Oh, is this your seat? I had no idea!” she spat.

Macklemore was dumbfounded. His shoes were glued to the floor, his back locked in place. Despite his phenomenal rapping skills, he couldn't rummage up a retort.

“I-I”, He choked on his words, eyes darting around the room anxiously.

“What is it, Macklemore?”, She asked slyly.

“Yo Taylor” a voice shot from the other side of the class, “I'm really happy that you were able to get a seat, and Imma let you finish-”

“Kanye, this isn't 2009 you old memer!” she interrupted. A warm smile crossed Beyonce's red lips from the platinum pedestal at the back of the classroom. She didn't even have to listen to the whole quote to know where it was going, crossing her knees under her hardwood, renaissance inspired desk.

Despite Swift's flawless comeback, she let out a defiant grunt and ran out of the classroom on all fours. A growl could be heard in the hall, followed by the blood-shrilling scream of an underclassman. Macklemore beamed at Kanye from the back of the class, grateful for standing up to him. Feeling a sudden burst of confidence he turned to the door and shouted:

“Don't get butthurt if you get memed on!”

The entire class gave him a standing ovation. The teacher let him and Kanye leave the class early and gave them 100% for class participation.



# The Macklelancy of the Mackleman

## Chapter Summary

*"Kanye, this isn't 2009 you old memer!"*

-Taylor Swift, Same Love Lockdown Chapter 7

## Chapter Notes

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

Macklemore and Kanye sat out on the first step of the bleachers in front of the school's football field. An awkward silence had fallen between them after having a laugh together and bantering over their classmates.

He gave Kanye a once over: he was sporting crisp, white high tops, a pair of black baggy jeans that wrapped around his strong hips, and a loose white T-shirt made of the finest Egyptian cotton. A pair of sunglasses rested on the bridge of his nose. Kanye must have seen him staring from the corner of his eye because he turned his head to look at Macklemore. Or at least he thought he was looking at him; Macklemore could only make out the vague outline of his eyes through the tinted spectacles.

Macklemore uncrossed his legs, accidentally brushing his knee against the other man's in the process. He suddenly felt as if the temperature had been kicked up a few degrees. Had they been sitting this close before? The buzzing of cicadas from the weeds and shrubs around them was amplified in his ears, but he was surprised he could even hear them over the noise of his heart beating and his blood rushing through his veins. His face must have been tomato red. Unlike their earlier meeting in the bus, not a feature of anger or disgust was present on Kanye's face. In fact, Kanye was getting closer to Macklemore with each passing second. He licked his lips subconsciously, the corner of Kanye's lip quirking upwards smugly.

Time slowed down for Macklemore. Indecisive, he rested his hand awkwardly on Kanye's knee, not daring to move his head forward. Kanye's soft lips finally pressed against the other man's. It was a chaste kiss, lasting only a second. Macklemore was desperate for another, intoxicated by the warm sensation that lingered on his lips, but Kanye pulled away quickly and looked down into his lap. The look of regret on his face hit tore his heart to shreds, crestfallen.

"Macklemore ... there's something coming." Kanye started. "Something powerful ... that you could not even begin to fathom. Just, please tell me that you'll stay safe and away from trouble. For me, okay?"

He had never seen the other rapper like this before, it was so far from his usual brazen attitude and acrimonious comments that it frightened him.

"I understand." he replied as he pulled him in for another kiss. But in truth Macklemore did not understand, could not even begin to contrive an idea of what was to come.

## Chapter End Notes

this got some attention on tumblr yesterday, thanks for all the kudos <3

# Can't Macklemove

## Chapter Summary

*“ah yes just what i was looking for”*

-Critically acclaimed blog, [badedmfanfiction](#)

Macklemore arrived home just shy of noon. He kicked off his shoes and flopped down onto his bed. Rolling over onto his back, he pressed the tips of his fingers to his lips thoughtfully. He and Kanye had parted ways after spending the morning together, holding hands and sitting around the school. The white walls of his room that usually brought him to feelings of sadness didn't bother him anymore. Macklemore blushed again, cupping his hands over his face and smiling to himself.

His phone vibrated in his back pocket, startling him out of his thought. His breath hitched: they had exchanged numbers, so it was probably Kanye making sure he had the right one. With shaking hands, he arched his back and grabbed his cellphone out of his pocket. He sat up on his bed and swiped the screen to reveal the text.

*"It's happening earlier than I expected, reply ASAP.*

*-Yeezus"*

What a peculiar text, he was probably just being paranoid and making sure he had arrived home safely. When Macklemore attempted to reply, he found that he could not move his thumbs. His eyes widened in shock; he couldn't move a single muscle in his body. He tried to stand up, but his limbs defied him.

The weight was hellacious, pressing on every muscle and forcing him to put his phone back down onto his bed. He felt his legs flex, bringing him into a standing position. His heart was hammering in his chest, desperately pumping air in and out of his lungs in shallow wheezes. He was terrified. His eyes darted around his room, his house, his street, as his body forced him to make his way downtown.

# Macklegore

## Chapter Summary

*"Leadership - leadership is about taking responsibility, not making excuses."*

-Mitt Romney

Macklemore regained autonomy of his body in the middle of an empty avenue. He flexed his back, limbs practically weightless. He had walked for nearly an hour; his breath had steadied and he was now calm. A strong feeling of déjà-vu washed over Macklemore, but he couldn't put his finger on it. The sun shone brightly over his head, the breeze cooling his skin.

Despite the balmy afternoon, he hadn't crossed a single person on his way downtown. Cars lined the sidewalks in front of expired parking meters; store fronts were propped open with rocks. Shopping bags, cellphones, and other valuables had been kicked into the street as if everyone had suddenly dropped what they were doing and walked away. The city was desolate, the only sound was the breeze whistling through the tall buildings looming over him. Someone was messing with him.

Something damp and cold enveloped his bare feet. Turning around, he noticed a thick fog rolling towards him, quickly obstructing his vision. He felt his legs lock into place as an immense weight pressed onto him once again. Macklemore stood his ground. Clenching his fists, he watched as a mysterious figure emerged from the haze. Wearing a bland, dark blue suit was the nominee for president of the United States in 2012: Mitt Romney.

"Hello Macklemore" he greeted in a condescending tone, "I'm a *huge* fan."

The Republican's tantalizing smile said just the opposite.

"You think I don't know of your pious values, why would someone like you listen to my music?" Macklemore replied, voice rising with every word.

Romney laughed, kicking his head back and walking toward him in languid movements. As he brought his head back down, Macklemore glared at the shorter man. His eyes were a phosphorescent, cobalt blue, his pupils dilated to the size of pin needles. With a jerk of his wrist, Romney latched onto the rapper's neck, wringing his thick, blunt nails into his pale skin.

"Ah, yes, you have such great potential!" Romney exclaimed in a conniption, shaking Macklemore's paralyzed body. Suddenly, he leaned in close, breathing into his ear.

"8en... Haggerty." His name came in a husked whisper.

## 2 Bound 4 U

### Chapter Summary

*"I mean damn, what would Mitt Romney Romney Romney think?"*

-English Proverb

### Chapter Notes

Friendly reminder that there is in fact a "Graphic Depictions Of Violence" tag on this story. Thank you. uwu uwuwuwuwuw uwu uw u

The world spun around Macklemore. It felt like hours had passed since his last breath. He was tearing up, his throat contracting, searching for air, pushing a burning sensation into his lungs. Black orbs splattered his field of view; all he could see was the shoulder of Romney's suit jacket as the other man dug his fingers into his neck.

Suddenly, Romney's head snapped to the right. He flew to the ground on his side and slid across the concrete with a pained grunt, limbs akimbo. The disturbance loosened the psychic bond he was using to dictate Macklemore's movements, letting him regain control of his body. Macklemore wheezed desperately, lightheaded, falling onto his hands and knees. When he looked up, an arm was outstretched before him.

Macklemore couldn't believe his eyes. Memories of his last dreams flashed before him in segmented clips. He was finally able to piece everything together: the man Macklemore had seen in his dream that morning was Kanye. The sun's reflection glowed against his white suit—angelic. A pair of triangular, purple tinted sunglasses covered his eyes. Macklemore broke a smile and grasped Kanye's wrist, letting himself be pulled up into a standing position. Their lips met as soon as he was upright. Macklemore tilted his head and parted his lips, letting Kanye dominate the sloppy, open-mouthed kiss. Kanye's hands tangled into the other rapper's hair, pulling their heads back in a gentle motion, foreheads leaning together.

"I shoulda told you the truth.", Kanye said.

"Why didn't you?" He understood why he was reticent to tell him though, as Macklemore could hardly process what was happening right now.

"I thought you loved girls since before Pre-K."

They were torn out of their moment when Mitt Romney let out a hiss of pain, rising from the ground. There was not a single droplet of blood; instead, a plethora of royal blue liquid trickled from the pores of his ripped skin, rolling down his hand from underneath his suit and splattering the concrete. Romney's face was distorted impossibly: his nose was twisted upwards and cracked, and his lips stretched over his right cheek with nothing but a grey canvas behind them. Suddenly, he grabbed his face and began violently tearing at his skin.

# Flashing Lights

## Chapter Summary

*"Tomorrow we begin a new tomorrow."*

–Mitt Romney

A wave of nausea hit Macklemore at the disgusting sight, chunks of pink and purple stained skin falling in ropes to his feet.

Romney grabbed a hold of the top of his head and began pulling at his gray hair. His entire scalp came off in one piece, revealing long, black locks. It fell down to his hips, where he had begun undressing. Underneath his thick suit was an orange t-shirt with a stylized sun on it, loose pants and long, red boots that framed his nimble legs. The last article of clothing flopped to the ground as Romney kicked off his shoes, bending over to let out a pair of large, light blue butterfly wings.

Pulling his head up, Macklemore found that the man's decrepit features had been replaced with that of a teenage girl with light grey skin, large, sunken eyes and heavy blue makeup. Her blood, he now assumed, still painted her face, a wicked smile plastered onto it. She stood upright with confidence, boasting her presumably exalted position.

"Man it feels nice to finally be able to breathe!" she stated fatuously, stretching her arms over her head and leaning back.

"Who the fuck are you?" Macklemore asked sincerely. He wondered if Kanye was thinking the same. Was she supposed to be some sort of demon fairy? Where the hell was the real Mitt Romney?

"I've been evading the truth for long enough, do you even know how uncomfortable that stupid getup was??????? I had to shave my horns off!!!!!!!!!" she stated, pointing to her forehead with both hands and ignoring the question.

"Who are you and where the hell is the real Mitt Romney?" he shot back.

The girl let out a bark of laughter, swiping a tear away from her eye with her index finger.

"There was never a "Mitt Romney," dumbass, it was all a ruse—A big, fat joke. I ended up on your stupid, boring planet somehow and when I saw your ugly mugs I had to blend in. So I mind controlled a couple of looooooosers to make me a disguise, and they were so easy to manipulate that I got ahead of myself and ended up leading a political party, and almost won too!!!!!!! I guess it's just my incredible luck :;;)"

"Vriska Serket.", Kanye stated dryly, a bitter tone in his voice. Her smile widened.

"The Thief of Light."

# Get in the Fucking Elephant, Vriska

## Chapter Summary

*"Get in the Fucking Elephant, Vriska"*

-Shinji's dad

## Chapter Notes

I added a Deadmau5/Skrillex ship tag because I've decided that it's a thing that will be happening now.

"What?" Macklemore mackled, looking over at Kanye for an answer.

"So you know who I am? Hah! I should have known 8y all the clues you left in your music." she stated, unsurprised.

Kanye had said she was the "Thief of Light", right? Well, it was true that he wrote about lights a lot in his music, whether they be flashing, or in ample numbers.

"I especially liked All of the Lights. 8ecause that's just what I'm going to do—", her expression darkened, "take all of the lights."

"All of the lights?" Macklemore questioned in awe.

"ALL of the lights." Vriska's face contorted back into a smirk, showing off a row of sharp, white fangs. "By the time I'm done, this whole planet will be covered in darkness. And, when there's nothing left, I'll take your sun so I never have to look at your ugly faces ever again!!!!!!!!!"

Macklemore couldn't help but snort at her far-fetched goal.

"The sun? And how do you expect to do that?" He said, looking over to the other rapper amusedly. Kanye gave him a worried look, though, meaning he had said something terribly wrong.

Before he could even process the situation, Macklemore was in Kanye's arms, jumping blocks away from the Republican-now-alien. He let him down on the top of a building that still had a good view of her. She was hunched over; her head faced her parted legs, feet anchored to the ground. Her arms were outstretched on either side of her, curling and uncurling her fingers maliciously. An aftershock of pure energy fluxed from where she stood with a low-pitched wobble, sending a strong gust of wind down the avenue.

Suddenly, the citizens that Macklemore thought had disappeared started crawling out of stores, from beneath cars and out of sewers, dressed in red, white and blue. A realization hit Macklemore: Vriska had control of every Right-Winged Conservative in the United States. Racist grandmothers, rich pastors and un-accepting parents from all over the country were currently making their way toward her. When the first few people met, they latched onto each other around the thief, grabbing at limbs and climbing over one another.

"Should we be doing something about this?" Macklemore asked, unable to peel his eyes away from the giant mass forming on the street.

"I knew she was coming ... I just couldn't anticipate how powerful she'd be." Macklemore glanced at Kanye, who seemed to be in deep contemplation, frustrated.

The roar of an elephant rumbled across the city, shaking the ground beneath the two rappers. When Macklemore looked back to the street, a massive red, white and blue elephant was stomping

towards them.

In the distance, the principal of a renowned high school for celebrities stood on the roof of his building. Looking out to the giant elephant towering over the skyline, he whispered in amazement:

"Do da oliphant."

Spinning on his heel, Skrillex whipped out his cellphone and pressed the first number on his speed dial.

"Yo Joel."

"Sup Sonny, what's good?"

"I'm going to need the biggest mau5 you got."

# Ceiling Can't Hold Us

## Chapter Summary

*Ay, ay, ay*

*Good to see you, come on in, let's go*

*Yeah, let's go*

*Alright, alright*

*OK, uh, alright, OK*

*Alright, OK*

-Macklemore

Macklemore took a few steps back as the elephant made its way to them. Kanye rested a hand on his shoulder to calm him.

"Don't worry, the streets are too narrow for it to get to us.", He said.

To their surprise, when the human-mecha-elephant (naming it the Eva Unit 8 to make things simpler) couldn't move further down the street, it ignored the two rappers and raised its trunk to the afternoon sun. The appendage was so tall Macklemore swore it touched the stratosphere. With another cry, it began to pump air into its nostrils.

Vriska's goal of taking the sun didn't seem so far-fetched anymore as the Eva Unit 8 breached the ozone layer, warping the atmosphere itself towards its trunk. Macklemore couldn't see this, of course, but the wind was nearly pushing him off the ground and the sun felt more intense on his skin. Clouds began forming at its trunk, spinning wildly and violently around it. Thunder rolled as a bolt of thick, white lightning pierced the sky.

The bricked walls of buildings began to crack and separate, the upper floors floating above the ground, defying gravity. The building they were standing on started to shake and tilt. Macklemore looked down anxiously, watching a crack open up right between his feet. Kanye swept him into his arms once more and leaped off the tall building as the foundation tore away from the ground. The G-force of the fall sent Macklemore into a shock, disoriented as the other man bounded off thick brick walls, making his way down to street level.

Kanye put Macklemore down on the sidewalk and flash-stepped away. In the blink of an eye, explosions ricocheted off the Eva Unit 8's human shell. Crimson blood seeped from each wound as bodies fell from it, bursting into slurries of organs on the street. The wounds on the elephant's side quickly filled up, rendering it smaller in the slightest.

The scene mirrored his dreams: the city, broken and floating overhead, Kanye jumping from building to building, a torrential downpour of bullets whirring across the sky above him. But this wasn't a dream, and Macklemore was useless. He fell to his knees and wept, mimicking the rain that had started to pour down in sheets from the thick, rolling clouds above the urban landscape.



# Let's Play Ball Like Shaqlemore

## Chapter Summary

*"I swear that I'm telling you the facts, cuz that's how I beat Shaq."*

-Aaron Carter, Basketball champion

Through the blurred vision under his tears, Macklemore could tell that Kanye was exerting all the energy he had. His efforts were futile, though; every time Kanye pierced through a layer or two, the tough skin of the Eva Unit 8 simply reformed as people shuffled around to fill in the gaps. It was only a few meters shorter, still towering over the floating buildings around it. The Unit had not made a single move either, blood soaked polos and fanny-packs hanging from its outer shell like war paint. Worst of all, the sun's solar flares began funneling out toward the earth. Kanye looked like he was getting more and more frustrated with each increasingly violent shot.

Kanye flew down to the flooded street to breach its stomach. Suddenly, the elephant's foot lifted off the ground and swung forward. Kanye barely had time to evade the attack, jumping out of the way. He lost his step and rolled on his side until he was flat on his back, breathing heavily, water up to his ears. When he opened his eyes, the elephant's foot was right over him, attempting to close the gap between it and the ground. Kanye picked himself up and sprinted away, jumping forward and sliding across the wet concrete on his stomach. The giant limb closed on one of his legs. Kanye hollered in pain, tearing up and grabbing at nothing. Macklemore's eyes shot open, a sudden adrenaline taking over his body. He ran toward Kanye at full speed with an outstretched arm, screaming his name.

The Unit's foot was lifting to stomp Kanye to pieces for good when out of the blue, a giant metal ball tore through the thick storm clouds and crashed into the street in front of the Unit 8. Macklemore had just enough time to grab onto Kanye before the aftershock of the fall sent a giant wave of water over them, forcefully pushed back by the tide to the side of the street. Macklemore pulled Kanye's head over the water, looking at the ball. It had a familiar appearance, two giant mouse ears protruding from either side of the smiling face. "The Mau5" was painted in bold letters across its metal shell. Four panels opened up on either side of it, exposing a pair of hinged legs and arms. At the end of the robot's arms were giant clamps; one of them jerked into life, securing itself onto the Unit's trunk. The elephant let out a wail, the air pressure slowly going back to normal and the sun returning to its spherical shape.

Macklemore grabbed Kanye, who's broken leg was bent like the back of a knee at his shin, from under the shoulders in an attempt to get him to higher ground.

# Skrillex Mignon/Breaching the Macklecore

## Chapter Summary

*"After all, elephants are afraid of mice."*

-Some science guy somewhere maybe

## Chapter Notes

Pushing the fic rating up to "Explicit" so that there are no surprises when the last chapter comes out. Thanks for reading!!!!

Inside the heart of the Mau5, Skrillex and Deadmau5 sat in leather chairs parallel from each other, piloting the giant robot. The Mau5' clamp firmly grasped the Unit 8's trunk. The elephant was whipping its head back and forth in fear, desperately trying to get away. The sound of a microphone being turned on from the Mau5 filled the sky.

"Did I hear a school bell?" Skrillex started, voice booming across the city. From beneath the surface of the Mau5, a simple beat/clap loop began to play. "because it looks like it's..."

The beat accelerated, building up to the kick.

"Recess."

The bass dropped.

The force of the wobbling blast blew layers of people off the Unit in seconds, barely leaving time for others to move into a new position. The Unit was falling apart, the psychic bond between Vriska and the humans faltering. The Mau5 let go of the Unit 8's crumbling trunk, sending it running backwards into a row of apartment buildings. The elephant was too weak to stand up again, trapped in the homes enveloping it.

"Oh HAHahaha, it's funny because I'm "Homestuck", isn't it?" Vriska spat from the rubble, ensconced within the layers of republicans.

"What? No, I was thinking of something more along the lines of "Mousetrap"... like the board game? Since I'm inside a giant mouse and all." Deadmau5 replied.

"Seriously? I was thinking House-Trap, like the genres of music." Skrillex retorted.

"Wow. That's a real 3-in-1 there. Good one, Sonny." Deadmau5 held out a fist.

"No problem, man." Skrillex returned the fist-bump with a blush.

Silence fell over the two producers for a minute as they watched Vriska struggle out of the aftermath of her fallen meat-mecha.

"You know, I spent like, three days drawing your logo on Minecraft once. Shit was huge." Deadmau5 looked like he immediately regretted saying that, embarrassed, but Skrillex appreciated the effusive comment.

When he didn't receive a reply, Deadmau5 turned his head to look at Skrillex and was met with a pair of warm lips. He tilted his head and raised his hands to Skrillex's neck, brushing them up slowly—one into his curly hair, the other massaging the shaven spot on his head. Skrillex traced the tentacle porn tattoo on Deadmau5' arm.

On the roof of a neighbouring building that had failed to lift itself from the ground, Macklemore

sat curled over Kanye, tears falling onto the other man's cheek.

## New Slaves/Macklemourns

### Chapter Summary

*"Believe it!"*

-Naruto

### Chapter Notes

Thanks for 100 kudos!!!! you guys are the best!!!!!! <3

"Macklemore." Kanye said weakly, "It's okay, we got this... The Mau5 got our backs." Kanye sounded weak, he must have had exhausted his magic during the fight.

Macklemore looked out to the city. The rain had receded to a light drizzle. The Mau5 stopped moving a couple of minutes ago, after the Unit 8 fell over. Maybe they had already killed Vriska? As he finished that thought, the teenager burst out of the gore, four dice in each hand. She lifted her hands in a languid movement, then swung them toward the Mau5. Eight Explosions detonated against the shell of the robot, sending it onto its back.

Macklemore let out another cry.

"Stop crying, man... You got so much potential." Kanye said, skin paler than his usual rich chocolatey brown, eyes half lidded.

Potential. Potential? He had heard that before. From where? Oh, right, Vriska had told him he had potential. But what potential?

"What potential?" Macklemore asked.

"I didn't want it to come to this ... but I guess this is how it has to be. I need you ... to become a magical girl ... Like me." Kanye replied, voice faltering.

"How?" Macklemore asked, more desperately.

"Just ... believe. You just gotta believe, in what's right. In equality." Kanye's eyes shut, head limp against Macklemore's chest. Macklemore rushed to check his pulse, hands shaking violently. There was still a faint heartbeat.

The sound of someone clearing their throat pulled him out of the movement. Vriska was flying over him, on the other side of the building's roof, enraged.

"Your blood-soaked clothing only adds to your verminous personality.", Macklemore said, gently resting Kanye on the concrete and standing up, fists at his side. Vriska snapped:

"And what are you going to do a8out it you 8ig earth 8a8y, cry some more? You know, that stupid mohawk of yours reminds me of someone I used to know. He was stupid, pathetic, weak. You want to know what I did to him? I sta88ed him. Right. Through. The. Chest."

Macklemore took a deep breath, refusing to be distracted by her filibustering. He knew what he had to do.

## Same Love

### Chapter Summary

*I remember doing the math like, "Yeah, I'm good at little league."*

-Macklemore, Renowned Mathematician

Macklemore cleared his throat, closing his eyes. He needed his full concentration to do this right.

*"When I was in the third grade, I thought that I was gay-"*

"Urgh, not this." Vriska interrupted, rolling her eyes.

*"-Cause I could draw, and my uncle was, and I kept my room straight."* He spoke with more confidence. Vriska slowed the fluttering of her wings, landing on the roof a few meters away from Macklemore.

*"I told my mom, tears rushing down my face: she's like "Ben you've loved girls since before pre-k," trippin'."* The storm clouds above began to thin out, shedding a beam of light on Macklemore.

*"Yeah, I guess she had a point, didn't she? Bunch of stereotypes all in my head."* He pointed to his head enthusiastically.

*"I remember doing the math like, "Yeah, I'm good at little league." A preconceived idea of what it all meant. For those that liked the same sex had the characteristics,"* A ring of pink light was beginning to form around Macklemore. He stood his ground, rapping from the bottom of his heart. A look of confusion crossed Vriska's face.

*"The right-wing conservatives think it's a decision."* The light enveloped his clothes, morphing the very fabric on his skin. He felt a large fur coat on his back, and a tighter pair of pants squeezing at his legs.

*"And you can be cured with some treatment and religion. Man-made rewiring of a predisposition."* The light surrounded his body once more, enveloping Kanye. The fallen rapper opened his eyes, still weak. He felt the magic radiating from Macklemore, so strong that it was replenishing his own health.

*"Playing God, aw nah here we go, America the brave still fears what we don't know."* Kanye curled and uncurled his toes, rolled his ankles, then brought his leg up to his stomach. It had been completely healed. He sat up in front of Macklemore, looking out into the city. The Mau5 was back on its feet, standing by.

*"And God loves all his children, is somehow forgotten."* The light condensed to form a glowing bow in front of him. With an outstretched arm, he grabbed it, putting his hands up.

"Listen. I'd love to stay and chat, but I have those two more important losers to finish off. You know, the ones that actually gave me a challenge?" Vriska said mockingly, turning around to walk away.

*"But we paraphrase a book written thirty-five-hundred years ago."* An arrow began to form on the bow. Gulping, he pulled the bowstring back into position. She was about to fly away. It was now or never.

*"Same Love."* He drew the arrow.

The shot tore the air right out of his lungs, ripping through every muscle in his body. He felt the magic itself; a burning sensation in his fingertips, shooting up to the top of his head and down to the tips of his toes like bolts of lightning.

The arrow whirred across the roof, surrounded by a pink glow, and pierced Vriska right in the back. She put her hands up in surprise. Grasping her stomach, she fell to her knees, wheezing.

Then she went limp, crashing onto her side with a thud. The thief was dead. Macklemore was lightheaded, he looked down to find Kanye staring up at him, whispering in awe:

"No one man should have that much power."

The world went dark around Macklemore.

# Macklenomore

## Chapter Summary

*"After all these long-ass verses, I'm tired, you tired, Jesus wept."*

-Kanye West

## Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for sticking with me until the end!!!! It's been a blast! <3333

Macklemore awoke in an unfamiliar bed of silk and fur. He shuffled around, feeling antsy and numb, and hesitantly opened his eyes. He was alone. On the nightstand was a gold alarm clock. 2:16 pm. Across the room was a massive nude of Kanye lying on a thick pelt, framed in gold. There was just enough material to cover his... Macklemore blushed. Oh. He lifted the covers to find himself wearing a silk robe with the initials "K.W." written across his right peck. He must be in Kanye's home.

Slipping out of bed, he couldn't help but notice he wasn't wearing any boxers. He tip-toed across the bedroom and opened a door that lead into what he assumed to be the master bathroom. A long, black, marble sink lined one of the walls in the spacious room. He turned on the tap and leaned over to splash his face with cold water. Eyes still closed, he grabbed for a hand towel. Suddenly, he felt a warm hand on his shoulder, and another slipping him a facecloth.

Macklemore wiped at his eyes, then looked up into the mirror. Kanye was looking at himself lovingly, dressed in only a pair of briefs. He averted his gaze to Macklemore, who quickly turned his head away, a pink tinge dusting his cheeks.

"Have a nice rest, sleepyhead?"

"Uh ... yeah," Macklemore replied shyly, "I feel sore as hell though." His voice cracked as Kanye started massaging his hand into his shoulder blade.

"I could help you..." he placed his pelvis right over Macklemore's ass. "Loosen up."

Macklemore let out a choked squeak, covering his mouth in embarrassment. Kanye pressed his stomach to the small of Macklemore's back, pulling himself in close to whisper:

"I wanna fuck you hard on the sink".

Macklemore rolled his hips upwards, grinding hard into Kanye's lap. He could play this game too.

2:30 pm. Both men had shed out of their clothes. Macklemore was grasping the faucet of the sink, mouth gaping in ecstasy. The wet slaps of their hips meeting filled the room, echoing off the walls of Kanye's bathroom. It was music to his ears, and Macklemore was greedy for a beat. He was a rapper after all.

When he was in the third grade, he thought that he was gay because he could draw. Now, the only thing he was drawing was in and out around the girth of Kanye's thick, pulsing dick.

Afterwards, the two rappers lay in bed, limbs tangled, holding each other close. Kanye was gazing at his own reflection in Macklemore's eyes, brushing the other man's faux-hawk from out of his face.

"Say ... Kanye?"

"Yeah, Macklemore?"

"O-oh ... You can just call me Ben. I don't mind."

Kanye looked surprised for all but a second before continuing:

"Alright, what is it, Ben?" A small smile broke on his face.

"I ... Really like you. I-Just, thanks for everything."

Kanye kissed Macklemore on the forehead.

"I love you too."

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