



The following story may be the most moronic piece of crap I have ever read (yes, this is worse than those ESC stories by that Weelderig Waardeloos kid). It's a fanfiction about... retsupurae? *Retsupurae*?! Man, some people can write about anything.

Authors Note: Ha ha, I think this may be the first ever Retsupurae fanfiction. (I did google for some, but sadly nothing came up.) I'm very happy with how this turned out. You know I was inspired to write about them after I was finished watching the 'Arise' series (technically a Retsufrash and not a Retsupurae, but terminology is not the issue here) and the Arise games by themselves were so scary, but with Retsupurae it felt like... I don't know, they made the scary ghosts go away with their awesomeness and lulz. Also, am I the only one here who thinks that Slowbeef and Diabetus have a certain... '*dynamic*'... to them? Yeah you know what I'm talking about, a *homoerotic* dynamic. You know, like the kind Chip and Ironicus have only sorta different.

P.S (And disclaimer): Of course, I own none of the 'characters', they own themselves. I am not making anything from the creation of this slash fanfiction.

Warnings: Non-con happens but is never detailed graphically, and there is implied slash (Slowbeef x Diabetus) (Chip x Ironicus) (Forced Rijno x Slowbeef (non-con))

The Last Retsupurae

By Tornado-Twirl

The sun was setting in the sky, setting against a backdrop of pastel red swirls, with fluttering free birds flying against the pale backdrop as they performed acrobatics in the clouds. The sun shone through the glass panel like a sonata of sunlight, a cascading waterfall of sparkling magic touching everything in its path, blessing everything it touches with a shiny yellow hue. Neon magenta butterflies of the most beautiful colors fluttered outside of the house, twirling with magnificent grace, however they were driven off course slightly by the towering street lights that flooded the area with an overpowering light.

"Shut the damn curtain Slowbeef," Diabetus laughed.

"Alright alright," Slowbeef smiled, closing the feathered curtain and giving the room an artificial darkness. The computer whizzed and buzzed as its hard drive disk spun in a circular motion, spinning around and around like a puppy chasing its tail. Only this was no puppy. This was the technology used to make a Retsupurae.

"Ok," Diabetus spoke into the microphone, "You guys ready?"

Diabetus was over at Slowbeef's house to record yet another Retsupurae. They were connected to the French-Canadian Psychedelic Eyeball via Ventrilo. Also they were connected to Proteus.

"Yeah," Psychedelic answered, "Who are we doing this time?"

"It's another Let's Play by ElectricalBeast, the Jolteon of Let's Plays," Slowbeef said, as he pressed the play button on the video.

"Great," Proteus said sarcastically, "We get to hear more of this guy's Mario fanfiction."

The video went on for eight minutes, and they laughed at ElectricalBeast's terrible storyline, which was about how Mario had to defeat Bowser using the triforce.

Just then, Slowbeef realized that one of their team hadn't said anything in a little while.

"Hey, Psychedelic Eyeball hasn't said anything for a while," Slowbeef said.

"Well, he probably has nothing to say," Diabetus answered, "The 'quality' of this Let's Play really speaks for itself."

"Are you guys kidding?" Proteus asked, "This is awesome! I want to hear more and find out about how Link and Mario team up to find the triforce!"

"I uh.... really don't want to seem like I'm ruining the Retsupurae, you guys, but uh, there's army people outside my house," Psychedelic Eyeball whispered.

"Wait.... what?" Diabetus asked.

"He's takin' the piss mate," Slowbeef said, "Isn't it obvious?"

"No, I'm serious! I just can't imagine what it could be.... holy fishsticks! They're breaking into the house next door!"

"Shit, Psyche if you're taking the piss-" Slowbeef started.

"I'm not!!! Oh shi-"

And then Psyche's ventrilo cut off with a buzz.

"What the hell?" Proteus said, "Psyche?! Psyche!"

"What in the hell just happened?" Slowbeef asked inquisitively.

"Ah, he's having a lark," Proteus said, "You know Canadians love to play tricks."

"Yeah, probably," Slowbeef said, "You have his phone number though, don't you, Proteus? Just, check up on him, ok?"

"Ok," Proteus laughed, "I will. There's probably no need to worry though."

Proteus then signed out of Ventrilo, and Diabetus felt a strong sense of pride in having recorded a Retsupurae. Knowing he had been a part of making something so popular filled him with pride and honour. He smiled to his Retsupurae partner Slowbeef, who he knew would be feeling the same feelings that he was feeling.

Some modern Americans would think it odd, a Northerner and a Southerner sitting together as equals, the aftermath of the American Civil War had made sure that there was a segregation between the two groups, Northerners in the North, and Southerners in the South. And of course hatred still ran deep between the Unionists and the Confederates of today, which was

what many believed held the United States of America back from being the world's true superpower, being overshadowed by superstates such as Russia and Great Britain.

"Well, that Retsupurae went pretty well, don't you think?" Diabetus asked.

"Yeah, despite the Canadian bailing out on us, it went pretty well," Slowbeef smiled.

Diabetus looked across at his loquacious friend.

"Hahaha, yeah. We've gotta do Meet N' Fuck Kingdom later," Diabetus smirked.

"Oh yeah, totally. Actually I don't think we should Retsupurae it, I think we should just play it.... together."

"I sure like the sound of that, Slowbeef!"

And so Slowbeef and Diabetus walked down the winding stairs. The spiral staircase went in a downward direction as if a curled up snake. Diabetus sat on the couch while Slowbeef went to the kitchen.

"Looks like we're outta beer," Slowbeef said, looking around his fridge for any signs of alcohol, but there was nothing.

"God damn it Slowbeef," Diabetus laughed.

"It's alright, not a problem, I'll go and get some more," Slowbeef smiled, going towards the front door, "I'll be back in a bit."

"Alright," Diabetus said as Slowbeef shut the door.

Diabetus then went upstairs and went to bed and drifted into sleep. He was sure Slowbeef wouldn't mind him using his bed, he'd done it before and there were no problems at all. His dreams were filled with his memories of Retsupurae, he saw Slowbeef sitting alongside him, and he could imagine spending the rest of his days like this. Making Retsupuraes with his best friend in the whole wide world. His only real worry was that this would go on without Slowbeef knowing his real feelings for him. That would be his nightmare, for Slowbeef to never realize how deeply he felt. He knew these feelings were real, but he could only hope and pray that Slowbeef had the same feelings. He didn't count on it, Slowbeef was charismatic, popular, everyone on the Something Awful forums loved him. But who was Diabetus? The SA Goons described him as a hanger-on, hanging on to Slowbeef's popularity, never able to forge his own. He wouldn't blame Slowbeef if he didn't feel the same way about him. He wasn't sure what he would feel if he was Slowbeef. What would he think about the shy little Southerner who sat with him as he did Retsupuraes? He didn't want to know the answer. He decided it was much better to not know what Slowbeef thought of him than to find out his feelings were not reciprocated. What he did not know was that Slowbeef thought of him as an equal in every way, especially during the recording of Retsupuraes.

Diabetus woke up the next morning as the shut shone through the windows, flooding the room with a sparkling light. The cascading shimmer of sunlight danced around the room in a flamboyant flamenco of dazzling desire.

"Slowbeef, shut the damn curtain," Diabetus said, slowly rising from the soft couch,

"Slowbeef? Slowbeef!?"

He looked around. Slowbeef was nowhere to be seen. The house was empty except for him. He almost felt a strange sense of loss, not having Slowbeef in the house with him. Slowbeef lit up Diabetus's duller moments, and it felt strange not having the cheerful American around. "Slowbeef?!" Diabetus called again as he looked in every room of the house and Slowbeef was nowhere.

Diabetus grabbed his coat and hat and opened the door to the frosty winter outside.

"Great," he muttered to himself, "Now I have to go look for him."

Diabetus walked along the cold streets, scanning the area for any sign of his friend, but there was none. The cold autumn leaves whipped against the cold concrete sidewalk, and a cool chill filled the atmosphere. Snow fell gently against the pale blue backdrop of the night sky, the stars twinkling above. Clouds drifted in an otherwise empty sky as snowflakes danced in a rhythm of pureness. It was unusual for both the sun and the moon to be visible in the sky like this, but it was purely a natural phenomenon.

"Slowbeef?" he called out, "Slowbeef!!!"

A whimper came from an alleyway nearby. He felt like he recognised it, and that he was going to find out about something *awful*.

"Slowbeef?!" Diabetus yelled again, "Is that you Slowbeef?!"

"Diabetus?! Diabetus!!!! Help!!! Please!" a voice echoed from the dark alley.

Diabetus ran over into the alley, to find Slowbeef lying on the floor, curled up against the wall.

"Slowbeef!!!" he yelled, running over to him.

"Dia..betus," Slowbeef sobbed, looking up as Diabetus loomed over him.

"Slowbeef, what the hell happened to you?"

"I don't know how, they found us-"

"Who? What? Why? Why did they do this to you? How could they?"

"They- they gave a reason. One of them bent down and whispered into my ear, and he whispered.... 'Retsupurae'."

"What?!" Diabetus almost jumped up in shock, "Retsupurae?! This is about Retsupurae? You got attacked for Retsupurae?! What the flying fuck?! This is insane!"

"I know, it was Rijno...."

"Shit, we've gotta ring the cops!"

"No!!! No Diabetus please, Rijno, his dad is in the police.... that's what he said to me just before his dad and the other officers beat me up.... I think.... maybe.... that's how they found me."

"Well we have to tell someone about this! You've just been assaulted by those goonies for no good reason! What the fuck?!"

Diabetus felt awful. '*I should have been there*,' he thought, '*I should have done something to stop this*.' Diabetus felt terrible seeing his best friend like this, and he had been powerless to do anything to prevent it.

"Assaulting wasn't all they did," Slowbeef whimpered suddenly.

"Why.... what else did they do to you?"

"D-D-Diabetes," Slowbeef said with tears in his eyes.

"What's wrong, what is it? What else did they do to you?"

"Diabetes..... I," he stopped and looked to the floor.

"Come on, you can tell me. I'm your friend, you can tell me anything."

"Diabetes.... I.... I was raped...."

Meanwhile, outside of Slowbeef's house, Chip Cheezum and General Ironicus were waiting in the garden. The lawn had not been mowed for some time, and they were both sitting in the soft, tangled overgrowth of grass. They felt as if they were sitting in the Amazon rainforest with all the tall, untidy trees casting a shadow over them.

"Slowbeef should really invest in a lawnmower," Chip said.

"Well then, if that was the case we would only have the hard, icy ground to sit on. Damn it, where are those two? Oh hey, there they are now!" Ironicus pointed into the distance, and they could just make out the shadowy figures of Slowbeef and Diabetes coming towards the house.

"Slowbeef! Diabetes!" Chip smiled, but then he saw something was very wrong.

Slowbeef was crying, and Diabetes looked terribly upset as they came towards the house.

"Chip, Ironicus, this really isn't the time, please go away," Diabetes said as the two of them went inside the house, closing the door with a bang.

"Diabetes.... you're too harsh on them.... they didn't know.... what happened," Slowbeef said.

"I know Slowbeef, I'm sorry."

"It's alright, we've been through a lot today."

The word 'we' caught Diabetes by surprise. Slowbeef had been through a lot today certainly, but Diabetes?

Slowbeef just sat on the couch as Diabetes went to the kitchen and made a hot chocolate. He knew Slowbeef loved hot chocolate, and hoped it would cheer him up a little.

Slowbeef got the television remote out and switched on the TV. Diabetes was concerned about how normal Slowbeef had been acting since the incident. But then again, maybe he was just trying to push it out of his mind. And who could blame him, after all, who would want to think about such a thing? The news came on and it was about how in Canada the army were storming Quebec and taking people out of their houses because of an uprising in Quebec.

"Huh.... they say the army had to get involved because of some French uprising...." Diabetes said.

"Do you think that could have happened to Psychedelic Eyeball?" Slowbeef asked, sounding very concerned, "I mean, he said about.... 'army people' outside his house or something...."

"Slowbeef...." Diabetes was shocked that Slowbeef could be worrying for someone else after what had just happened to him. But that was Slowbeef. Always worrying about others and putting his own needs second to that of even complete strangers.

"I'm worried about him," Slowbeef said sadly.

"I'll go upstairs and ask Proteus on ventrilo," Diabetus said, "You stay here, ok?"

"Ok," Slowbeef said, sipping his hot chocolate and trying to forget about what had just happened.

Diabetus sat one of the two chairs by the computer. He looked across at the chair by him. Empty. He felt so strange without Slowbeef sitting next to him. He felt.... incomplete.

He logged on to Ventrilo, and saw that both Proteus and Psychedelic Eyeball were logged on too.

"Psyche! You're alright!" Diabetus said, almost laughing with happiness.

"Yeah, I'm fine, I guess you saw on the news, huh? American news is so slow. Well, anyway, the army cut off the internet for a while and everyone who was involved in the Quebec Uprising has been arrested. Proteus called me shortly after I got cut off from the Retsupurae."

"Yeah well, you had us worried," Proteus laughed.

"No need to worry about me. So Diabetus, where's Slowbeef?" Psyche said.

"Oh he's downstairs," Diabetus said, "Watching TV."

"That's nice, so, how are you two doing today?"

Diabetus went silent for a moment. He wondered whether he should tell the questioning Canadian what had happened earlier today.... but he didn't want the bother. He didn't want to have to explain the lengthy story when Slowbeef needed him the most. And he wasn't sure if Slowbeef wanted the others to know. Diabetus respected his friends' privacy.

"We're- we're fine, Psyche," Diabetus smiled.

"Well, tell him I said hi, and tell him not to worry," Psyche said before he logged out of Ventrilo.

"Is something wrong Diabetus?" Proteus asked.

"Wrong? N-No, why?"

"You don't sound.... quite right. Ah, maybe it's because you don't have Slowbeef with you."

"Yeah, maybe that's right. I do feel quite strange when he is not sitting by me at the computer."

"Well you're so used to sitting by him, I guess."

"I guess so, anyway, I've gotta go Proteus."

"Bye Diabetus."

"See ya."

And with that Diabetus logged out of Ventrilo and walked down the stairs to tell Slowbeef the good news.

"Slowbeef, Psyche is fine!" Diabetus smiled, "I've just been talking to him and Proteus on Ventrilo."

"That's nice," Slowbeef smiled.

Diabetus was worried that he hadn't called the police about the attack yet, but then with police officers being the ones who committed it.... it was far too risky. And if you couldn't even trust the police to help you, then who could you trust?

"It's getting late, Diabetus," Slowbeef yawned, "Don't you think so?"

"Yeah, it's ok, I'll sleep on the couch tonight," Diabetus smiled, as Slowbeef ascended the stairs and hopped into bed. Usually his dreams would be about Retsupurae, and in particular Diabetus. Tonight however, his dreams were not pleasant ones.

He was sitting in the alleyway, the cold floor underneath him. Rijno had been the one to knock him down. He was surrounded by police officers who were holding batons in their hands.

"We're going to make you pay for what you did to me, OK?!" Rijno yelled.

"Wha.... what did I do?" Slowbeef asked, confused. He was pushed down again as he attempted to get back up.

"You don't even remember.... do you? That's just it, isn't it? You do a video taking the mickey out of one person, and then you move on to the next. You don't even care," Rijno glared, "I won't have it! OK?!"

"What are you talking about? Do you want money? I-"

"This ain't about money, birdshit! OK?!" Rijno yelled, "This is about revenge!!!"

"Why.... revenge for what?" Slowbeef said, panicked.

Rijno bent down and whispered into his ear, "Retsupurae."

Slowbeef woke up with a start, looking around the dark room.

"Fuck.... flashbacks?!" Slowbeef panted, "Shit."

Slowbeef was worried about what had just happened. A part of him was worried that Diabetus would no longer want someone who had had their virginity stripped away in such a cruel and callous fashion. But the other part of him knew Diabetus better than that.

He went over to the curtain and opened it, looking down onto the cold streets below. But then, he saw something. Someone. It was Rijno, and the three police officers from before were with him. They were patrolling the area.

"They're outside.... aw shit Diabetus they're outside!" Slowbeef yelled, tumbling out of the bed in panic, landing on his knees and to the floor.

Diabetus heard the commotion and ran upstairs.

"Slowbeef, Slowbeef what is it?" Diabetus said as Slowbeef simply pointed to the window.

"They're here...." Slowbeef said, as Diabetus looked through the window and gasped when he saw they had returned, "They've come back...."

"Diabetus! Diabetus where are you going?!" Slowbeef yelled as Diabetus rushed along the corridor and into Slowbeef's bedroom.

Diabetus reached under the bed, and took out a rifle. Slowbeef was shocked, this huge metallic object had been hidden under his bed?

"Holy fucking shit!" Slowbeef yelled, "You've been keeping a rifle in my house?!"

"I'm sorry Slowbeef, it was for own protection, you know.... you can never be too careful...."

"Well what if I accidently shot myself with it or someone came here and got it?"

"It's not loaded Slowbeef, calm down," Diabetus smiled, reaching into his pocket and pulling out some bullets, and then loading them into the cold metal gun. Diabetus opened the window

and aimed the gun down at Rijno. Diabetus had a moment of contemplation, did he really want to do this? Then he remembered what they had done to Slowbeef, and then he wanted to do it. He wanted revenge. He needed it.

"Go to hell, motherfuckers!" Diabetus yelled.

Bang.

Bang.

Bang!

BANG!

Rijno fell to the floor, as did the three officers who were around him. Diabetus was shocked, since he felt no remorse. But after what they had done to Slowbeef... these animals... these monsters.... they deserved it.

"That's it.... it's over...." Diabetus said.

Diabetus went outside shortly after, to observe his handiwork. He congratulated himself at being such an excellent shot. It came naturally to him, coming from the South where people regularly hunted animals.

"Hmm.... pretty good, don't you think?" Diabetus said to no one in particular, looking down at Rijno and the cops, before he looked around and saw two other figures lying on the floor by the driveway. He felt a windy chill as he walked over to the two lying on the floor. Diabetus felt like he almost recognised them. That's because he did recognise them.

"Oh no... no no..." he said.

"It's Chip and Ironicus!" Slowbeef yelled, running out into the garden.

"I told you to stay inside Slowbeef," Diabetus muttered, looking worriedly down at the two lying on the floor.

"Chip! Ironicus! Wake up! What are you still doing out here?!" Slowbeef yelled, sitting on the floor where Chip and Ironicus were laying.

"Slowbeef...." Chip said, "What are you.... doing here...."

"What happened?!" Slowbeef said.

"It was after you guys went into the house," Ironicus said, "We were going to go but we were attacked by Rijno and his cop goonies."

"Did they.... did they do anything else to you?" Slowbeef asked.

"No, just beat us with their sticks over and over," Chip said, trying to get up off the floor.

"Ok, I've phoned an ambulance for you two," Diabetus said, holding his mobile phone.

"But Diabetus! We're going to get arrested for shooting those three guys!" Slowbeef yelled.

"No, Slowbeef, it was my gun, my fingerprints. If any trouble comes from what we did here tonight, I will take all the blame, I promise."

"Diabetus.... you can't...."

"I can, Slowbeef, I can. I can do whatever I want. And after the events of tonight I feel like I can tell you anything. Anything at all. And Slowbeef... I... I..."

"What?"

"I love you, Slowbeef. I love you with the passion of a thousand supernovas shining brightly in the nebula stream. And I have always loved you, ever since we did our first Retsupurae. I knew something was special about you when I first saw you on the Something Awful forums. You were so nice, so charming. You're Let's Plays were so endearing, I used to watch them on repeat every single night. When you offered to let me do Retsupurae, it was great, perfect. It's just that... I love everything about you...."

"Diabetes.... I had no idea you felt that way about me...."

"I know, and I know you don't feel the same way," Diabetes said sadly, "And it's ok, Slowbeef, it's ok, I-"

"No Diabetes," Slowbeef said, "That's not it. I.... I love you too, Diabetes. And I'm so sick of keeping my feelings bottled up inside, where no one can see them. Sometimes I feel as though I'm living a lie, keeping my feelings for you a secret.... and it's a terrible feeling. I just.... never had the courage to tell you how I really feel. Until tonight, and that's only because you admitted it too. I love you more than anyone else in the whole wide world. You're my one special person that I'm destined to spend the rest of my life with. A shining star of hope in the sky of neverending hopelessness.... a perfect being in an imperfect world. Diabetes, you are my soulmate."

And with that, both Slowbeef and Diabetes knew that they were now officially a couple, putting an end to the artificial American apartheid created by the Civil War... at least in their eyes, that is. And they really didn't care what other people thought about their relationship.

"Oh, Slowbeef!" Diabetes said, before going in for a kiss with his new partner.

They had both now found the true meaning of love.

"Ew, guys, knock it off," Chip said, looking up at the two.

"Hey," Slowbeef broke off the kiss to answer him, "No one said you had to watch!"

"Yeah," Diabetes snapped, "Back it off Chip! Ain't you never seen a couple kiss before? Man, you lot act like you've never seen two people in love!"

Chip looked away awkwardly, and looked back at his best friend General Ironicus.

"Heh... this is pretty awkward, huh," Chip smiled.

"Chip..." Ironicus said, looking over at his own Let's Play partner, "There's something I've got to tell you..."

"You don't need to say anything babe," Chip smirked and then he went in for a kiss with Ironicus.

"Hey you two, knock it off," Slowbeef smiled, "You still got beat up by Rijno's police goonies, remember? I'm sure the ambulance wouldn't appreciate turning up and finding us locked in gay sexual orgasms."

They heard a siren off in the distance.

"We're fine now guys," Chip said, "Really."

"Yeah," Ironicus said, smiling at Chip, "Absolutely fine."

"No way, the medical crew still needs to give you the once over to determine if you are 'fine' or not," Diabetus said, getting up from the grass, "And besides, it's worth it, you'll both get a free trip home from the ambulance."

"Ah, ambulances," Slowbeef smiled, "Like a taxi, only free."

"Slowbeef! Diabetus!" yelled Chip Cheezum, "I am quite frankly disgusted by your abuse of the medical services! It's a serious thing to be in an ambulance, it's not something to abuse to get a free ride."

"I am appalled by your misuse of the emergency services!" Ironicus chimed in.

"You two are such killjoys," Slowbeef said, "You were made for each other, really."

"A match made in heaven, eh Chip?" Ironicus winked at his Let's Play partner.

"A match made in heaven," Chip smiled and they kissed each other again.

And it truly was a match made in heaven...

And so the ambulance came and got Chip and Ironicus, Slowbeef went to therapy to cure his anxiety after the attack, Diabetus was hailed as a hero, and Rijno? No one cares about Rijno. The ambulance crew took Rijno's body and the three cops and threw them in some hole somewhere. The people of the town had known about Rijno's crimes for some time. It was common knowledge. And criminals are not tolerated in the free country of the United States of America.

*****Three Months Later*****

"Hahaha, finally!" Diabetus said into the microphone, "Meet N' Fuck Kingdom!"

"I know right?!" Slowbeef said, "It took us long enough."

They were connected to Proteus, Psychedelic Eyeball, Chip and Ironicus via Ventrilo. Dave-O was also connected to them but he was too busy talking about his acid trip to riff the Let's Play on the screen.

"I'm so glad things are finally back to normal," Slowbeef smiled.

"As am I," Diabetus said, putting his arm around Slowbeef.

"Well, maybe not quite normal," Slowbeef smiled, nuzzling into Diabetus as they both laughed at the terrible game on the screen.

Fin.