

(John: fuck it all up) Houseswapped

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/18462941) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/18462941>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	Homestuck
Relationships:	Dave's Bro Beta Dirk Strider & John Strider , Rose's Mom Beta Roxy Lalonde & Dave Lalonde , Dad Egbert & Jade Egbert , Becquerel & Rose Harley , John Strider & Dave Strider , Dave's Bro Beta Dirk Strider & Dave Lalonde , Rose Lalonde/Kanaya Maryam , Dave Strider/Karkat Vantas , Calliope/Roxy Lalonde , Jane Crocker/Jake English , Dirk Strider/Dave Lalonde , Jade Harley/Dave Strider/Karkat Vantas , Eridan Ampora/Gamzee Makara
Characters:	Dave's Bro Beta Dirk Strider , Rose's Mom Beta Roxy Lalonde , Jade Harley , Rose Harley , Dave Lalonde , John Strider , John Egbert , Rose Lalonde , Dave Strider , Sollux Captor , Karkat Vantas , Vriska Serket , Kanaya Maryam , Wallace & Gregory (Jade Egbert's friends)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Timelines , Alternate Session (Homestuck) , Canon-Typical Violence , Horror terror possession , Ultimate Dirk Strider , Introducing Lesser Tiers: The support casts ultimate upgrade , Mandatory gore warning
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-04-17 Updated: 2021-09-04 Words: 18,240 Chapters: 18/413

(John: fuck it all up) Houseswapped

by [HyperOnCatnip](#)

Summary

The beta kids end up with the wrong guardians and a new session is made.

(Unbetaded, will fix errors later)

(This is based on a fanfic I made on fanfiction.net.... wich I never finished writing)

John: Fuck everything up

CG: STOP, WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING STOP.

CG: I'M ACTUALLY BEGGING YOU JOHN

John: Fuck everything up.

You proceed to fuck everything up with only one extra button mash. It should be impossible, yet you somehow manage to do just that. Your chums are going crazy in your chatlogs.

EB: i...

EB: fucked it all up

CG: JOHN!? OH GOG OH GOG OH GOG!

Your timeline is dead, you and your friends are moved into the abyss. Your universe make room for the wrong guardians and the wrong kids.

John: be dead

John: Hide in your room

You're standing in your bedroom, a hot red sun is setting amongst the rooftops. The scorching heat has found its way into the walls making your and your guardians apartment almost unbearable.

You move out into the combined living room and kitchen. You could maybe fit in the fridge for a bit. Alas it's full of swords as usual. You let out a sigh as you open the fridge door, stepping out of the way when a fuckton of swords fall out. Why did you even bother? You pick the swords up and shove them back into the fridge. Swishing sounds of puppet wires catch your ears. You turn around. It's just lil Cal, limply sitting on one of the barstools. His liveless eyes follow you when you walk up to him.

"hi man, have you been there the whole time?" you ask him. He doesn't answer out loud but you can see his eyes gleam. Suddenly you're on the ground. A red long nosed plush looks at you from your foot. You frown looking up at Cal. There's a note on the ceiling that you can't really read.

You bring out your phone and read: ROOF NOW. BRING CAL. Well, that dictates your whole afternoon. A convenient ping comes from your phone. A quick conversation with a friend will ease your nerves.

--grimoireGales [GG] began pestering tregetourGetaway [TG]--

GG: Happy birthday John.

TG: hi rose! thank's for your present!

TG: i got this awesome sweater from dave and some homebaked cookies from jade!

GG: I'm glad you like it.

TG: it's cool like me B)

GG: Nobody doubts you're the coolest.

GG: So, is that all you've got to say? No juicy details about your COOOOOOOL bros plans for today?

TG: good one rose, 15 isn't that special!

GG: Right. Only a few years until you become an adult.

GG: Legally B)

TG: lame!

GG: :P

GG: Strider please play the silly game with me!

TG: i've already told you no!

TG: it got massacred in game bro!

TG: it's bad and you know it!

GG: It'll be fun, I promise. Even if it's bad.

GG: We can rip it to shreds together.

GG: Lalonde is drunk off his plush knitted butt and Jade booked a date with other friends. So they won't play with me.

TG: since i don't have anything better to do i guess i can join?

TG: but you've got to stop playing with my emotions miss.

GG: Duly noted

GG: I was truthful about everything though.

TG: so dave's really passed out drunk?

TG: ugh! i swear it has gotten worse. how can he be drunk this early?

GG: I have no idea. He just told me he was drunk and then. Radio silence.

TG: okay, i'll get him.

TG: if i'm playing this shitty game so is he.

GG: I can always count on you :3

--tregetourGetaway [TG] ceased pestering grimoireGales [GG]--

You enter the chat with one Dave Lalonde that you never left. It's tiresome to read his coral text when he's drunk. Somehow his alcohol problem seems to have gotten worse the closer to your birthday it got. You wish he would stop.

TT: abd then she hustled me four five wgle hoyra. Coukd you believe that? all this for a fame

TT: *and *wholr *hiurs *game

TT: *hours

TT: damn hehe

TT: are you still tgere john?

TG: are you awake?

TG: or did you pass out again?

TT: I'm awake.

TG: oh thank god!

TT: My head is killing me. Could you make this quick?

TG: you're sober!!!

TT: I wish I wasn't.

TG: don't get me wrong, drunk you is a blast. it's just nice when you remember things we've talked about without a cheat sheet

TT: Please move us along Strider, my eyes don't feel too hot about this laptops brightness even on it's lowest setting.

TG: yes! this is good lalonde! you can do this! put that drink down!

TG: gg told me you were a wreck, but you're getting better

TT: I passed out on her didn't I?
TT: Don't answer that.
TG: she would forgive you if you play games with her.
TT: She convinced you huh?
TG: no, not at all.
TT: So when do we start?
TG: let me ask her after my strife with bro.
TG: don't you dare touch that drink while i'm gone!
TT: You know I can ask her myself right?
TG: snarky pants!
TT: Have a good strife John.
TT: Oh, and happy birthday.

--tideripTune [TT] ceased pestering tregetourGetaway [TG]--

You put your phone in your jorts pocket before getting up from the plush pile. Cal stares at you as you pick him up. You give him a careful fistbump. You swear you can hear him cackle. With a gulp you swing him over your shoulder, heading towards the stairs.

John: Fly and stride

He's there on the roof, leaning on the railing enjoying the last rays of the sun. John lowers Cal to the ground. The capped man doesn't even look up at him, just checks his phone.

"..." John clears his throat, bro's eyes snap to him. Making a shiver go down his spine. Bro's hand reaches out, picking the puppet up before reaching for him. John jumps back. The older man chuckles.

In a flash he's in front of him ruffling his hair. "happy birthday brat" he says, striding past John. The kid is standing still as his guardian leaves him. He's left with a package in hand.

John places the package on the railing. He pulls out his phone, pressing the icon of pesterchum. A chum seems to have been pestering him. It's a new handle he has never seen though. He takes a chance. It can't be worse than whatever Bro just gave him.

--carcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling tregetourGetaway [TG]--

CG: OKAY JOHN JUST SO YOU KNOW AND THAT THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS ABOUT IT.

CG: YOU AND YOUR GANG ARE SOMEHOW WORSE THAN THE ORIGINAL UNIVERSE'S YOU! HOW THE EVERLOVING FUCK DID YOU EVEN DO THAT?

CG: I'M ALMOST IMPRESSED WITH HOW AWFUL YOU ARE IN EVERY WAY!

TG: are you yelling? should i be intimidated or not?

CG: YOUR LALONDE BLEW UP FOUR OF OUR COMPUTERS YOU WASTEBLOB! YOU SHOULD BE SCARED CAUSE SOME OF US HERE IS KEEN ON FUCKING YOUR SHIT UP!

TG: oh man. dave did that?

CG: ...

CG: YES

TG: hold on let me talk to him

--tregetourGetaway [TG] began pestering tideripTune [TT]--

TG: no reason; did you blow up someones computer recently?

CG: THERE'S NO USE TO CONTACT HIM. HE WON'T CHANGE HIS MIND.

CG: ALL THIS HAPPEN IN YOUR FUTURE SHITHEAD. IT CAN'T BE CHANGED!

CG: AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT

CG: THEN THIS UNIVERSE POPPED UP TO PROVE US WRONG.

TG: what?

CG: YOU WOULDN'T GET IT DIPS HIT!

TG: whatever. dave isn't responding.

CG: OH FUCK. OH GOG. OH MAN!

--carcinoGeneticist [CG] ceased trolling tregetourGetaway [TG]--

John puts down his phone puzzled. He grabs the package and tears it open. In it there's another note from his bro. Under the note there's a metal bunny peeking up at him. He opens the note which is folded in half.

Sup little shit, looks like it's your birthday.

Shocking how it happens each year, it's like I constantly waste my time on trying to teach you the basics of combat. Here's a bunny I've programmed to teach you better. Learn.

/Bro

The bunny fixes its eyes onto John when he's done reading. The glare of the setting sun reflects in its metal head and floppy ears. John shuts his eyes tightly.

"Hey..." he says carefully. The bunny takes on a fighting stance.

"WOULD YOU LIKE TO ENGAGE IN COMBAT?" a cold voice asks him. It takes his all not to jump out of his skin. The bunny has drawn its tiny katana.

John puts his hands up. "No."

"INITIATING BATTLE MODE" the bunny lunges forwards to John's dismay. The boy puts his own katana up to block it. The bunny is sturdy, John gets pushed back a good meter.

"I SAID NO DAMN IT!" he yells, pushing back. His opponent barely moves as he does. A quick tilt of the shitty sword manages to break it, slicing into his arm and nicking his glasses. He's sure all the neighbourhood can hear his scream of agony. This is just his luck, getting killed by a faulty robot on his birthday.

He grabs the Katana slicing into him, lifts the bunny up and stumbles towards the ledge. With blurry sight he manages to dump it over the edge. His forearm goes down with it. "Fuck this shit" he spits out. There's blood everywhere and he's pretty sure he can hear someone yelling at him to get up.

Rose: make your entrance

-grimoireGales [GG] started pestering germinateTrillium [GT]-

GG: Jade, do you have time?

GT: hi rose!!! :D

GT: let me just get to the bathroom!

GG: If I contacted you at a bad time we can talk later.

GT: no! now is good!

GT: it's so smelly in here hehe

GG: If you say so. I have a few questions I'd like to take up with you

GT: is it about the game? :/

GG: As a matter of fact you are dead on!

GT: i'm so sorry rose :(

GT: i had totally forgotten about this movie coming out today

GT: but! as soon as i get home i promise to play with you guys <3

GG: Oh. Ooooooooooh

GG: Well that's embarrassing. I thought for sure that nobody actually wanted to play with me and that I would have to somehow convince you.

GT: we got you silly <3

GT: wallace and gregory are banging on the door! see you in 3 hours<3

-germinateTrillium [GT] ceased pestering grimoireGales [GG]-

Rose closes her lunchtop with a content sigh. The seagulls are singing desperately for her attention in the sky. She pays them no mind as she delicately chose a weapon from her inventory. A rifle, the one her grandfather left behind for her not too long ago. She aims, shoots. The seagull lands with a soft thud besides her. The remaining gulls flee the scene.

"Becquerel, I've brought you food" she calls gently. There's no doubt he will hear her. He never misses a meal.

Rose dispatches the portable oven from her sylladex. Fiddling with it's settings until it reaches nuclear. She has put her sunglasses down to her nose as the green flame gleams. The gull is grilled quickly in front of her. The limegreen flicker of a dog's silhouette takes form.

Becquerel leaps at the cooked bird, devours it in a swift gulp. Rose smiles at him gently. Good dog. Best friend. Her hand cards through his fur as he licks her cheek. The portable oven gets turned off with her free hand.

"Bark!"

"You're a good boy Bec" Rose says with a fond smile. She scratches his chin while he lets out more happy barks, whisking his tail around like the rascal he is.

A quiet ping catches the pair's attention. Becquerel snarls at the lunchtop. "Easy boy" She clicks the flashing window. A familiar coral text appears.

-tideripTune [TT] started pestering grimoireGales [GG]-

TT: Sup.

TT: Sorry I fell asleep on you yesterday

GG: What a relief, you're alive!

GG: I was honestly considering calling an ambulance to your place. Or maybe a psychiatrist.

TT: I don't need the wine anymore. Besides...

TT: Can you even do that from over there?

GG: Don't underestimate me mr. Lalonde. I'll always find a way to do what can't be done.

TT: Yea, my bad

GG: Could it be that you're sober and want to play a game with me, perhaps?

TT: Called it.

TT: Yes that is something I'll leave at the table as a suggestion. Shit's been going wilder the closer we got to the release date.

TT: I'm all tons of paranoid tbh.

GG: You mean your hunches or the fact that you pretend to rap with ghosts?

TT: Aah shit! Who told you about that?

GG: Drunk you did.

TT: Of course I did...

GG: It was pretty entertaining.

TT: Damn.

GG: On a more serious note: It's pretty scary how accurate your hunches are.

GG: You know those pumpkin seeds Jade gave me?

TT: The ones I said would mysteriously disappear to another dimension?

GG: Yes! Those!

TT: omg, you know I was drunk when I said that!

GG: I am aware. Drunk or not the prediction turned out to be real!

TT: The hell?!

TT: NO!

TT: I don't believe you
GG: I know! And it happend just like you said it would. Right time and all.
GG: It's just like when you said your cat would die.
TT: Fuck to the no.
TT: I can't. Just no. I can't.
GG: It just keeps happening?
TT: You got it. Those pesky stairs keep fucking up my mentality. Shit's why I'm always drinking.
TT: Could you do me a favour and check on John? I don't know if I can do it myself.
GG: Okay. I talked to him an hour ago and he was fine, just so you know.
TT: I did too, but I am pretty sure he's about to bleed to death right now.
GG: That's horrible, are you certain?
TT: Yes Harley.
TT: Let's start the goddamn game and maybe it saves us for some unknown reason!
GG: Alright, but I need to check on John?
TT: Yes, right. I'll install the server while you do that
GG: Neat. I'll do the same with the client while I contact him!

Rose minimizes the chatwindow, feeling anxious for her friend. She inserts the disc into her lunchtop before clicking Johns chumhandle. He's currently online it seems.

John: wake up

There's a loud ringing in his ears, his sight blurry and too bright. The scent of blood is prominent wherever he is. Something cold is pressed to his upper arm, the one he lost the other half of. He blearily looks up at the man attaching the cold metal.

"You awake lil shit?" there's no trace of worry in his bro's voice and if there is it's covered up throughly. "I can't trust you to follow even the simplest instructions can I? What good would it be if you died on me?"

John shudders as the nerves of his new metal arm connects. Bro is waiting for an answer but he's not sure he can get out a word. "I'm sorry" he manages, earning a stern glare.

"I've told you to not apologize." the older man said, fastening some screws. John vinced, feeling his artificial nerves pick up on them. It's tingly and weird. Bro patted his shoulder as he put the screwdriver aside. He tossed a phone to John before disappearing.

John caught it with his metal arm before his other arm even got the time to react. He unlocked it, display almost blinding him. There were six missed messages from his friend. How long had he been out?

He taps Dave's chumhandle first. Better start with the paranoid guy. For all he know's he could think he's dead.

TG: no reason; did you blow up someones computer recently?

--

TT: Not that I am aware of, why?

John lets out a sigh of relief. That looked normal enough, maybe his friend didn't have another crazy vision involving him dying. He starts typing a small response: TG: someone said you did in the future! probably a troll lmao

He taps Rose's handle next. Paragraphs of purple meets his eyes. He sifts through it.

-- grimoireGales [GG] started pestering tregetourGetaway [TG]--

GG: I got some good news: appearently our friends were going to play anyways so there was no convincing to be done.

GG: I must admit that I'm a little dissappointed. There was no poetic rap battle in sight. No pun related banter either. Only this wholesome welcoming speech wich moved my heart.

GG: And before I forget. Do you remember the pumpkins Dave said would dissappear?

GG: They did just that, dissappearafyed into thin air on the hour. Dave freaked out about it when I told him and told me to ask if you were alright.

GG: Are you alright, John?

He rolls his eyes. These worry warts needs to stop doing their job of worrying. Couldn't they see that there was nothing to worry about? There sure isn't anything he deems worthy of worrying about. John's fingers pads across the screen ready to leave one hell of a comment.

TG: yup, i'm peachy.

GG: What a relief!

GG: I was close to a panic. I thought for sure something awful had really happend to you when you didn't answer.

TG: i think i almost died though. or i was sure i did but i woke up again.

TG: rose?

GG: I'm sorry, it's just a lot to digest. Maybe this was what Dave saw.

TG: man, he got another vision?

GG: Something like that.

GG: We've been making some progress in the game while you were unresponsive. I have been living my archetectual dream whilst Lalonde is in a corner sulking. He looks just like I imagined, white as a sheet, bags under his eyes and a scarf that's in no way ironic.

TG: how long was i out?

GG: About one to two hours I'd estimate.

TG: shit.

TG: sorry i kept you waiting! let's start the game already. i've been missing out

GG: Marvelous! Start with downloading the server disc. I'm intrigued as to what you will do about my house.

John gets off the cold metal counter. He takes off his blood drenched shirt, tossing it into the sink. His arm is bandaged where the metal of his new arm meets his skin. It's a relief really, not that he was squeamish. Still the thought of it made him shudder. What a wuss he was.

He walked into his room, shutting the door behind him. The heat makes him groan. Despite all the fans blaring in his room it's still unbearably hot. The beta is laying neatly on his desk. Bro.

John unfolds his laptop and insert the disc of the client player. Almost in an instance the game starts loading, neon colours in a kalleidoscope takes up the whole screen. He shrugs, picking his phone back up. Looks like Dave had sent him a couple messages.

TT: You're alive?

TG: of course! nothing bad happen to me hahahahahahaha!

TT: Sure, so what's this about trolls?

TG: psh nothing special. poor thing sounded angry and shouty, nothing new

TT: Lmao. hilarious.

TT: You should go tend to Rose now. She's growing impatient. Hitting me repeatably in the head with the velvetest of pillows.

--tideripTune [TT] ceased pestering tregetourGetaway [TG]--

What's that supposed to mean he wonder, staring at the flashing loading screen.

TG: wait will i be able to see you?

GG: Yep, my beautiful mug is all for you to see. Wonk ;)

TG: GASP! IM NOT A HETEROSEXUAL!

GG: Don't worry, my paws will be kept to themselves and will only touch you in the most platonic way possible.

TG: i wouldn't mind if you touched me ;)

GG: Oh my freaking flip you're such a player <3

GG: Whatever will I do?

TG: i can see you now, take cover and quit your swooning

GG: We're making this happen, John!

Dave: visualize

--twinArmageddons [TA] started trolling tideripTune [TT]--

TA: there you have iit you iin2ufferable priick

TA: iit wa2 niice doiing buii2ne22 wiith you. let2 never talk agaiin and pretend thii2 never happen

TT: What never happen?

TA: hehe, you got iit

TA: you meat nugget2 aren't a2 2tupiid as ii thought

TT: I understand fuck all everything now. Look at this key I lock this information away with. I throw the fucker into the abyss making sure nobody digs that shit up again.

TA: yep, there2 nothiing more two 2ay about the matter

TT: Fucking peachy.

TA: 2ee ya whenever you need my 2erviice agaiin

TA: WAITT FUCK NO!

--twinArmageddons [TA] banned tideripTune--

TT: Okay.

--twinArmageddons [TA] unbanned tideripTune--

TA: 2orry.

TT: You're forgiven.

TA: you're pretty cool <3

TA: ii'm goiing two go diie now.

--twinArmageddons [TA] ceased trolling tideripTune--

"<3???" Dave stares at the screen for a few moments. Mind blank in what seems to be the first time in forever. A soft pillow pokes his cheek repeatedly. "Rose please" he groans. Rose keeps poking him. He flips open his laptop again.

TT: You're alive?

TG: of course! nothing bad happen to me hahahahahaha!

TT: Sure, so what's this about trolls?

TG: psh nothing special. poor thing sounded angry and shouty, nothing new

TT: Lmao. hilarious.

TT: You should go tend to Rose now. She's growing impatient. Hitting me repeatedly in the head with the velvetest of pillows.

--tideripTune [TT] ceased pestering tregetourGetaway [TG]--

That settles that. The pillow falls down onto the floor. Dave will have to thank him later. Now he has some buisness with his mother.

He picks up one of the many martini glasses scattered throughout his room. Then he heads into the wizzard corridor just outside his room. The portraits have their own scarves wrapped around them. Snuggly and ironically keeping them warm. It's all from the knitting spree he has been on for the past couple months. Who could've known that Johns ironic gift would be this fun.

The whirring of a vacuumcleaner comes closer as he decends the stairs. Mom soon comes into view, sweater and scarf on despite it being way too hot for that. Her expression brightens when she spots him. "Oi Davey, I maed poptarts!" her cheeks are dusted pink and her breath smells strongly of alcohol. It doesn't stop her from giving him a bonecrushing hug and a kiss to his forehead. He hugs her back with a small smile.

"Hella lot of meteors out there" he says. She doesn't look all too worried about it, just nods. "The labs been goin all sorts of cray cray Davey. I don't think its anythin to worry bout though, it's supposed to happen rite about now" she tells him. She puts a lukewarm poptart into his hand. "You've been getting so thin lately, are you eating enough?" she pinches his cheek gently. "Yoink, lol"

He rolls his eyes at her. "I'm fine mom" she gives him another hug. He took a bite out of the poptart. It's soggy and sort of gross. She grins, messing up his hair further.

She goes back to cleaning just as a loud crash is heard and the whole house shakes. Mom looks at him with a startled expression. "Alrighty, looks like I gots to run. Stay here, Davey!" she tells him, unplugging the vacuum cleaner. She then hurries towards the lab.

An unknown object has been placed on top of the stairs, blocking the way in a rather successful manner. He walks up to it prodding the wheel. It's heavy to turn and it takes a couple tries before he does what looks like a pirouette off the handle, turning the fucker with his socked feet. Like a fountain pink cylinders spray out of it, knocking him down the stairs. A couch does a great job at catching him.

He gives no one in particular a thumbs up. Presumably it's Rose though, since she must be the one who caught him. Either way the couch is the real hero here and he's just going to lay down for a while. Just a little bit.

•

Derse's towers are nowhere to be seen as he wakes up in his dream. Soapbubbles surround him as far as his eyes can see. Looks like he's been sleepwalking again. Dave scouts the bubbles for even the smallest glimpse of Derse but it's not there. He knows that he'll be here a long time then.

Something human and dogshaped charges through the bubbles bellow him. He can see crackling neon green around it. Visions of unknown peoples death flood him. He floats up, towards one of the bubbles, the guy haven't spotted him yet. His mind clouds with visions the closer to the bubble he gets. Soon he can't see anything around him anymore, just death.

•

He wakes up again, this time for real. He wants to do nothing but drink now but he promised them and himself not to. So he gets up from the couch, goes to the cylinder spewer, picks up a few cylinders. He notice the countdown. It was really happening wasn't it. He knows exactly what to do thanks to his dreams. Take the cylinder, jam it into the dowel carver. The punchcode is Abbl1eP113, he remembers this because it's like Applepie.

He ascends the stairs in search for the thingy that will make the object the vase is carved to create. Conveniently it blocks the bathroom door. He puts the fucker on it's pedestal; three minutes to go. Heat is coming under him, it's mostly likely a fire from the meteorite that made the house shake earlier. The vase gets scanned and an envelope appears on the platform. Dave picks it up.

"A ferwell melody" it says. He opens it, a poem is written inside. Five pages to be exact. He honestly doesn't know why anyone would write one that long. However it makes a tear fall from his eye when he finishes. Maybe there's more because he miss how everything lights up for a moment before going completely silent, except for the turning of gears.

Land of gears and passing something in his head tells him he is in now. The letter in his hand have vanished. He sneaks a peek outside. Cogs are inbedded in the ground, making the laboratory spin in front of his house. The sky above is pinkish red and cloudfree. A dozen of shapeless imps are in the yard waddling and swaying around. Mom is there too, fending them off with her bare fists. She's got this.

He ejects all of his items from his sylladex, picking out one of the empty cards. The contents make a huge mess on the floor. He brush back his bangs, flipping the card over. He punches in the code into the totemlatcher or whatever it's called. The vase he has placed there shaves thinner. He picks it up under his arm. An imp sneaks up on him, one of his knitting needles fit perfectly between its eyes. It explodes into one gusher like drop. When he touch it he gets one build grist.

Well that was underwhelming...

He walks up to the platform again, placing the totem onto the pedestal. It costs 100 of blue and purple grist each. He better start hunting then. He capchalouges all of his stuff again. All that is necessary that is. The dog in his dreams makes him nervous to say the least. His mind blacks out suddenly.

When he comes to it's because of a few imps whacking him with their palms. He punctures the first with a needle, the second gets strangled by yarn. Dave lay panting heavily on his back. The visions blurr his mind making it impossible to see anything but them. Wasn't it supposed to get better once he entered the game?

He struggles into his room, leaving clawmarks with his dull nails on the wall. Stay grounded, he urges. His laptop sit where he left it.

--tideripTune [TT] began pestering germinateTrillium [GT]--

TT: Egbert, I had a dreadful dream.

GT: the clouds says theres nothing to worry about!

GT: everything will be fine :)

GT: the dogbeast comes in much later!

TT: Uhuh. My visions are all over the place. I can barely see Egbert! When will it pass?

GT: oh nooooo :(

GT: i don't know, sorry :(

TT: It's fine dude. You're not supposed to know everything. The clouds do and if they aren't being co-operative bastards thats on them.

GT: yeah! screw em :)

Karkat: start a shitfest

Jade pockets her phone. She waves her friends off with a smile. "See you tomorrow!" she shouts after them. The two boys grin and promise her that they will. She spins around on the porch, unlocks the door to her home. The scent of sweets hits her as soon as she steps inside. "Dad! I'm home!"

"Welcome home" dad greets from the kitchen. He sounds like he's nose deep into the oven. All muffled and warm. Jade bounces in there to find him bent over a cake. John's birthday cake.

It just happens every year, started way before her and Dave brought their gaming gang together. Dad would always make a cake for John like a broken NPC. She never understood why it was so important to him. Because it is. Almost as important as her.

Rose came up with the theory of dad having a biological child before her named John, whose birthday just so happens to be shared with their John's. Jade personally believes that theory and not Dave's theory that is stupid and makes no sense. How in the world could her loving dad be fake, a program?

"Did you have fun?" Dad asks, placing a strawberry onto the cake. "Yes! It was amazing! Robert Downey Jr really knows how to be himself" she cheerfully says. Dad smiles around his pipe. "You should've brought your friends over"

"I'm going to play a game with Rose, Dave and John today! It's the Sburb Gamma, it's said to be the biggest thing since Tetris!" Jade giggles in excitement.

"Okay, have fun. Just don't stay up too late" Dad tells her gently. She gives him thumbs up as she slinks upstairs. She closes her door and sits down by her computer. Starts it up humming on a song Wallace played on the way home. An unfamiliar chumhandle blinks as she opens pesterchum. ectoBiologist she reads.

"Hehe, what's an ectobiologist?" she chuckles, clicking on the window.

EB: um hi, so karkat told me to contact you. i don't really see why but it's cool to talk to other humans i guess, even though you are us.
EB: i'm john btw!

--germinateTrillium [GT] joined conversation--

GT: hello john! I'm jade :D

GT: i've no idea who karkat is but it's nice to meet you!

EB: it's nice to meet you too. you seem far more approachable than karkat told me you'd be.

GT: pfft i'm always approachable :P

EB: hahaha i guess so. anyway i'm gonna go back to smashing imps. see you soon?

GT: sure :D

--ectoBiologist [EB] ceased pestering germinateTrillium [GT]--

Well that was odd but it leaves a goofy smile on her face. She scrolls up to Rose's chumhandle.

--germinateTrillium [GT] began pestering grimoireGales [GG]--

GT: i'm home now! Let's play :D

GG: Excellent timing as always, Jade. I think I saw my mother and I'm certainly not having any emotional turmoil because of it. Wouldn't that be silly if I did?

GG: I've never met that woman in my life, yet there's this warmth in my chest when I see her punch her way through a wall of living chess pieces. It's peculiar really.

GT: that's not weird at all! i feel the same way about john!

GG: You do?

GT: yes!

GT: i only just talked to him but i feel like we've always known each other! :)

GG: Oh! It's another John! When will I get the pleasure to meet him?

GT: yeah :P

GT: i believe we will soon!

GG: Um. Do you have any idea who gardenGnostic is? Since you know people.

GT: hmm nope! But you should answer them!

GG: Oh my fuck okay. Safety precautions have never been your strongsuit. I suppose it can't hurt to just read the message then nope the fuck away if they're a first degree creep. Then again it would be fun to alienate them.

GT: hehe you're so silly :P

GT: rose? Did you abandon me? :O

Jade pulls a face at the monitor. With a sigh she opens a desk drawer. There she finds the two disks. She opens the server case and plops it into her computer. At first nothing happens. She slouches low on her chair and goes back to her conversation with Dave from earlier.

GT: i gtg now, sorry :(

TT: Right, see you later. I've got this block of text from this other TT. Fuckers are laying it on pretty thick with their lavender text.

GT: i'm back!

Dave doesn't respond to her. Maybe he's still talking to the other "TT". Jade lets out a sigh, settling on watching the loading screen. Why isn't it going faster? she wonder in her bored haze. She scroll through pesterchum. Her John isn't responding either. "Siiiiigh"

○

--turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering tregatourGetaway [TG]--

TG: strider meets strider

TG: the crowd goes fucking wild throwing confetti at our feet. shits spewing out like projectile vomit from canons with asscracks for nozzles

TG: were drowning in confetti. its up to our fucking nostrils, leaking further and further like a dam hit by a wrecking ball. i want you to memorize this moment as the moment of destiny

TG: when your old and wrinkly this is the moment you tell your grandchildren about. were making this happen. oh hell yes we are making this happen!

TG: to bad its because of a stupid reason it comes to this. especially since you are the one shouty pants already talked to. shits embarrassing

TG: are you a friend of carcino?

TG: dude seemed angry and confused. is he ok?

TG: dudes always got his panties in a twist. nothing to worry your pretty little mind over.

TG: anyways youre supposed to be me and also john? hows that working out for ya?

TG: i am doing great, just peachy. everything just go together in a marrige of fear and insecurities. you know the usual.

TG: figures. i guess your johnness amplify your feelings or some shit. not that i feel you ofcourse i never linger on shit like that. when you look back you lose

TG: so you're dave or rose right? you couldn't possibly be jade. she's way too nice to write in red

TG: you saying im not nice wow rude

TG: no, i'm saying red is an agressive colour.

TG: oh damn it is

TG: also you won't shut up just like dave and rose

TG: family trait

TG: right on the money im the og dave strider. the real one not the fake ones that litter dead timelines like a plague

TG: do you live with bro in your universe btw?

TG: yeah man and hes hella sweet being an ironic fuck

TG: his irony has so many layers that an onion would be put to shame

TG: he seems better than my bro. Or i'm just a shittier kid than you or whatever. bottom line is that he hates me.

TG: dude cheer the fuck back up. hes probably doing this to make you stronger in the future. like he did me

TG: well it didn't work. i don't think he even realize how much he's actually broken me down. if it weren't for dave and rose's joined therapy sessions i would've...

TG: well not be me anymore

TG: damn didnt think this would turn into a non ironic feelings jam

TG: cant say im digging it but i guess youre the one to turn to about the puppet situation

TG: make believe takes you a long way ya know. so long in fact that you dont notice how fucked up a situation is until someone points it out

TG: then the denial comes rendering the puppet rumps normal because thats the kind of shit you cling to to stay grounded. then you realize how absolutely stupid youve been for convincing yourself its even remotely normal!

TG: like shitty swords in the fridge

TG: yep thats exactly what i mean by all that

TG: gog why do you have to make me think about shit i dont want to think about!? so rude

TG:i guess i'm just letting off some steam. you know to cope with it all since we come from the same situation

TG: yeah

TG: so any more juicy things i need to hear before i go back to being the cool dude that i am?

TG: i'm gay

TG: sweet

TG: we needed more gay energy up in this bitch. anyways later

TG: later

--turntechGodhead [TG] ceased pestering tregatourGetaway [TG]--

●

--tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering tideripTune [TT]--

TT: To my understanding you did something remarkable. Something big enough to rattle the trolls who have bothered us for years so much so that they come crying for our help.

TT: Is this true or is it another futile attempt at establishing dominance over us?

TT: Are you refering to blowing up computers in the near future? Because that is getting more tempting the more you bother me about it.

TT: I am quite impressed you managed to do it in the first place. Or perhaps they aren't as unreachable as they think they are.

TT: Either way I will do it for some reason.

TT: Maybe it was your way of alerting us of your existence. For one I am thrilled to know there are other humans here in the game.

TT: Is it true that the earth is getting destroyed after we leave it behind?

TT: That's a very curious question that I don't know the answer to. My theory is that the meteorites destroy all civilisation to make room for Skaia.

TT: Got it. I have company brb

●

--gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering grimoireGales [GG]--

GG: do whatever you want as long as you irritate karkat as much as he irritates me!

GG: Ok, will do I suppose.

GG: thanks!

--gardenGnostic [GG] ceased pestering grimoireGales [GG]--

Rose deploys some structures for Dave's house before she return her attention back to Jade.

GG: I didn't abandon you, I had a very brief conversation with gardenGnostic

GG: And by brief I mean a word of encouragement to bother someone named Karkat.

GT: karkat sound like a dick :p

GG: Funny you should say that, I am fairly certain that's what gardenGnostic thought of him as well.

GT: hehehe

GG: By the way have you connected to John yet?

GT: not yet it's taking forever to load :(

GG: Oh, that's a shame. You really need to get a new computer. Yours is beyond salvaging.

GT: yeah...

GT: but it doesn't matter once we get into the game!

GG: That sounds like another excuse but what do I know?

GT: :/

GT: :O !!! i'm in!

Rose lets her hand slip, dragging half of the foundation down from it's cluster of well cordinated ladders. It doesn't matter. The thought of knowing what coolkid John Strider look like overwhelm her senses.

GG: Oups.

GT: ?

GG: Nothing. I got too excited to know what John looks like to focus on building. They fell like dominoes wich makes sense since they're ladders.

GG: Actually, let's not dwell on that anymore. Some scary guy just appeared in front of Dave.

GT: oh noooooooooooooo!!!!

GG: Oh no indeed.

She picks up wizard statue trying to whack the inklike man with it. He's agile, easilly avoiding her attempts. Rose puts the wizard down, afraid to hurt Dave with it. "Fucking damn it!"

Dave: greet Bec Noir

He appears out of nowhere, stabby sword ripped out of his ribcage in seconds. Dave has no choice but to run.

"Don't run!" a voice in his head says. The meaning of which is impossible to hear. "what?" he asks incredulously.

"Stay!" the voice says, quieter. "Listen!" it insists. He feels a familiarity connected to the voice like he's heard it many times before. "Alright, I guess I don't have much of a choice in this situation."

The sudden surge of dark energy makes his hair stand on end. His mind has gone pleasantly blank. The powerful diety currently controlling him draw his needles.

"Go!" the voice says. The sword of Bec Noir swish past his head. A needle discharge a black thread of dark magic. Spitting like a ribbon around the beast who effortlessly teleports behind him. The horror terror residing in him have already forseen it and punctures a hole into the creatures right wing. Bec growls loudly powering up his own energy. Their clash send shockwaves through Daves frail body. Nearly breaking the needles in his hands.

The sword of Bec Noir swish past his head. A needle discharge a black thread of dark magic. Spitting like a ribbon around the beast who effortlessly teleports behind him. The horror terror residing in him have already forseen it and punctures a hole into the creatures right wing. Bec growls loudly powering up his own energy. Their clash send shockwaves through Daves frail body. Nearly breaking the needles in his hands.

With a final surge of power the gods push the almighty Bec Noir away from the timeline. They release Dave in a mostly broken heap. His lungs hurt when he breaths but he's alive at least. The clouds didn't show this to Jade did they?

He picks up his discarded phone from the ground. It hurts to move even a little. "Ow fuck!" the corrupted sound he lets out leaves him confused. He really shouldn't have let them in, but was this inevitable? Was this one of the things that was supposed to happen. He would vaguer yes.

TT: I'm back. Everything hurts.
TT: you seem diffrent
TT: I have several lesser gods dwelling within my body. In other words it feels like I've been mangled by a truck.
TT: Would you reccommend this state?
TT: Hmmm. No, it's ill adviced. Though they only mean well.
TT: Well that answers that question for future references.
TT: Oups there goes the glubbing.
TT: That's pretty adorable actually.
TT: Thank you. I'm sorry to say I must proceed in the game before that thing comes back.
TT: Okay, see you later?
TT: See ya

--tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering tideripTune [TT]--

--tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering tideripTune [TT]--

--tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering tideripTune [TT]--

--tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering tideripTune [TT]--

--tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering tideripTune [TT]--

--tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering tideripTune [TT]--

--tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering tideripTune [TT]--

--tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering tideripTune [TT]--

--tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering tideripTune [TT]--

--tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering tideripTune [TT]--

--tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering tideripTune [TT]--

--tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering tideripTune [TT]--

--tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering tideripTune [TT]--

Dave gets up from his slumping state. He scouts the horizon for any sight of Jack. Something urges him to sleep. That's a stupid idea so he resist it.

-- arachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling tideripTune [TT]--

AG: what the fuuuuuuuuck are y8u d8ing?!!!!!!!

AG: y8ure ruining everythiiiiiiiiing!

AG: all my caaaaaaaareful planning and this is how im treated?

TT: I'm busy, let's talk later.

N8. Y8u aren't getting away. I sh8uld 8e top priority damn it!

TT:

Grip's computer had a meltdown--

--archnids

"Flying fuck no!" he really didn't mean to do that. Oh well when one go grimdark one can't always control ones powers. He walk over to the totem
latcher to make some sweet gear for Jack's return.

Computer: Agitate

Jade groans as the damn game buffers. The freeze frame of John looks pretty sweet though. Especially that hightech robot arm. She laugh in frustration as her screen glitch and the equipment she was about to deploy crash down on the floor. "This is stupid..."

--germinateTrillium [GT] began pestering tregatourGetaway [TG]--

GT: im so sorry john :(

TG: it's fine. just watch the turn tables!

GT: ill try! my computer is so bad that even my shitty old smartphone would play better :(

TG: where did you even find that thing?

GT: um...

GT: ive had it since i was a baby!

TG: no wonder it's so bad!

GT: i know :(

GT: but this is how it was meant to be!

TG: did the clouds tell you?

GT: yep ;p

TG: when's it my turn?

GT: very sojxbzbiqbgsj

TG: what?

GT: lmao your face just freeze framed gigantic compared to your body

TG: lol that's silly

GT: hehe :D

GT: youll wake up soon! then ill take you cloud watching!

TG: sweet :B

GT: <3

TG: <3

He's blushing. She made him blush! The screen freeze, capturing the moment longer. For once it doesn't make her mad. Gosh he's so dorky and cute. Not that she would ever tell him. His cool kid persona is important to him. "Soooo cool, hehe"

She can see John pull the lever until dowels spew out with the intensity of 5000 angry bees. He flails about in glitched slowmotion. A glowing orb drag its way out of the opening. She picks up one of those silly plushes from the floor with the cursor in an attempt to catch it.

TG: holy fuck that smuppet just glitched the fuck out!

GT: i tried grabbing the glowy thing!

TG: the kernelsprite? dude you should totally read tentacleTherapists walkthrough! it's really helpful

GT: okay!

Jade taps away from her chat with John. She opens her trustworthy Echidna web browser and search for the walkthrough. It's not hard to find it. It's like the new hot thing that everyone talks about. She starts skimming through the text. Eyes going wider the more she absorbs. "No!" she yells out loud. "Oh hell to the fuck nooooo!" she clumsily taps on her groupchat with her irl friends.

Woof♡: hey guys? can you still come over? dad made waaaaay too much cake!

ThaBath: cake? sign me up!

Elbowless: k. be there in a minute

She lets out a sigh of relief. Maybe just maybe she can protect them both like this. After all they're her really good friends that she feel like she can tell everything to. They're the bestest of pals there can ever be. She just hope the others will love them as well, wich of course they will. How could they not?

Jade looks up at the monitor. John's robot arm is freezeframed with a smuppet and the kernelsprite. The image flash to another frame. Smuppetsprite is introduced to the world and Jade have no idea what to feel.

John: converse with smuppetsprite

It's eyebleeding really, the ghost thingy in front of him. It shifts colours like some kind of party christmas tree. "um, hello?" he asks carefully. The smuppetsprite make several noises at once. "%^!&#*" John lets out a sigh. "Um I don't understand what you're trying to say... I have to answer Jade... If that's okay..."

GT: what the hell john :(

GT: why didnt you tell me sooner?!

TG: about the walkthrough?

GT: no! about our friends dying because of a stupid game!!!

GT: i wouldve gathered everyone i know :(

TG: sorry jade, i actually found the guide earlier today. i should've told you sooner.

GT: yes you shouldve! im going to bring my real friends john! then when we all eventually meet up im going to show them how awful you are stinkface! :(

--germinateTrillium [GT] blocked tregatourGettaway [TG]--

Johns face drops and the sprite goes batshit crazy with noise. "Shut up!" he tells it, covering his ears. Things are crashing around him as the rest of the stuff is deployed. He reach for the card with the code. It almost spell berrytart he notice. He knows Jade just needs some time, yet he feel worried. He cleanch his fist around the card almost crumpeling it.

He find the dowel latcher in the hallway outside his room. It blocks his door completely. He sighs tapping Jades handle. A message that he's blocked pops up again and again. "aw come on!" he sighs, heading for the window. He captchalogues the card before jumping up on the windowsil. The world spins around him for a moment. The ground is so far down.

John close his eyes before looking up. There's only a few meters to the roof and is that a motherfucking meteor?!

Bro's hoverboard fly past him and he jumps onto it. He flies it to the roof just as the meteor is split in half. The board continues up to Bro and the whole building rattles as the halves land on the ground. John scramble downstairs to the dowel latcher imputting the card. He can't help but smile. Bro didn't hate him after all. He puts a totem into the carver and mash a few buttons. The dowel is made into an interesting shape. He captchalogues it and bolts into the livingroom/kitchen. There the alchemizer is standing in its full glory.

He makes the item. A cermonial knife appears in center of the alchemy pad. He tentatively pick it up. It weighs heavy in his good hand. The kernelsprite supplies him with squeaks. "Am I supposed to kill myself?" he asks. The sprite does nothing to clarify so he decides to make a small cut to test its sharpness. It's so clean it doesn't even hurt when he drags the blade over his palm. The knife sucks up the blood hungrily until it turns crimson, then everything lights up.

John squeeze his eyes shut. When he open them again the room look just like before, nothing out of place. He look down at his phone. Jade still haven't unblocked him. He shakes his head. It doesn't matter anyway, she'll calm down eventually line she always do. He peeks a look outside the window. It almost look like fireworks are going off out there. How had he missed the noise?

•

Dave Lalonde land on the rooftop of John's apartment. Bro stands there, waiting, chuckling. He captchalogues his timetables before charging at the man. The man draws his sword but Dave aims at the puppet, stabbing its eyes out with his expensive as hell Zilly Yawrn + Unbreakable pokey things. From the jujus eyes the glowing souls trapped inside seep out. The horror terrors hungrily go out of his aura to devour them. Bro adjusts his grip on his sword and Dave blocks it with the Zilly Yawrn.

A dead John flash through his vision. He narrowly dodge another swing of the guardians katana. Dave mash his lips to Bro's with a clack. The katana drop to the ground with a clatter and the mans eyes widen behind the stupid anime shades. He feels himself get dipped. Footsteps come from behind them and he force Bro's lips to remain on his until they dissappear in a scramble.

"You..." Bro growls against his lips. They break apart in one swift motion. "I'm going to break your legs and shove them into your windpipe." he continues menacingly. Dave puts up a finger to his lips.

"Wouldn't you want to break free of your shackles?" he asks, removing his finger before he gets bitten. "I've already pissed him off enough. Oh he's furious that he can't enter. He depends on you now, his last puppet. Will you scratch or will you take a walk on the wild side?"

○

--tregatourGettaway [TG] began pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG]--

TG: i'm sorry for picking you as a venting partner but jade has blocked me and rose and other dave is too close to the real thing

TG: i can't believe he did this to me. how could he just make out with bro like that! ugh!

TG: he was my best friend!

CG: THE HELL JOHN 2.0!?

CG: WHY WOULD I EVER WASTE MY TIME WITH TRIVIAL MATTERS YOUR AWFUL KIND NESTLE THEIR SHAME GLOBES INTO.

TG: because you wouldn't want my dave to get out of hand? what if this is the reason he blew up those computers!

CG: HA HA! YOUR LUNATIC HUMAN FRIEND BLACKED OUT AS SOON AS HE ENTERED THE GAME. YOUR LUSUS HAVE NOTHING AND I MEAN NOTHING TO DO WITH HIS BEHAVIOUR!

CG: IT'S PURELY LALONDE SHINANIGANS THAT WE HAVE THE DISSPLEASURE OF BEING THE PUNCHLINE OF.

CG: I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW WHAT THAT BULGELICKERS DEAL IS. IF YOU'RE SMART YOU STAY OUT OF THE WAY.

TG: lalonde shinanigans huh? you know more about my friend than i do appearently

CG: WELL APPEARENTLY HE HAS BEEN CHATTING IT UP WITH MY "BEST" FRIEND AND TOLD HIM EVERY LITTLE SECRET. BOTTOM LINE IS THAT HE'S OUT OF HIS GODDAMN THINKING SPONGE!

TG: fuck if i knew sobering up would make him crazy then i wouldn't have encouraged it!

CG: I DON'T THINK THAT'S THE CAUSE EITHER. DAVE IS THE SEER OF TIME WICH MEANS THAT GUY YOU SAW COULD BE MONTHS OR EVEN YEARS FROM THE FUTURE. ANYWAYS GET FUCKED STRIDER!

TG: thanks carcino

CG: IT'S KARKAT DIPSHIT!

TG: thanks karkat :B

--tregatourGettaway [TG] ceased pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG]--

John swallow hard as his finger hover over Dave's chumhandle. He seems to be online now. Probably done shoving his tongue down bro's throat. He taps it reluctantly, not one to like confrontations.

John: confront friend

--tregatourGettaway [TG] began pestering tideripTune [TT]--

TG: dave we need to talk.

TT: If it's another thing about the trolls I will officially flip my shit.

TG: no dave it's about you snogging with my bro you disgusting piece of shit!

TG: don't think i didn't see you two on the roof just now.

TT: <https://tinyurl.com/y45y5vng>

TT: Funny. I didn't even leave my planet yet.

TG: how did you get down from the rooftop so quickly?

TT: I work in mysterious ways John.

John reascends the stairs in a hurry. Dave and bro is still there kissing. He snaps a photo of them before going back inside. What the hell was going on? He sits down on the futon feeling uncomfortable.

TG: then how do you explain this huh?

TG: <https://tinyurl.com/y4roc4ex>

TT: You're right, that's me. Or at least someone that looks like me.

TT: I suppose I go insane in the future or some shit. It's likely considering my current grimdark state. I'm sorry John.

TG: can't really be mad at you for something you haven't done yet so we're cool.

TG: i will however tell future you off for being disgusting. bro is like 100 years old.

TT: I can't see myself macking on him without a good reason although he is pretty packed in the right places.

TG: EW GROSS!

TT: I was joking.

TG: HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA very funny dave!

TG: literally laughing my ass off here!

TT: Oh hell no.

TG: what's going on?

TG: dave?

TT: I'll talk to you later. Non linear timeshinganigans will catch up to you by then. This is future Dave btw.

TG: wait are you the one who kissed bro?

TT: Yes. I sent past me to start looping. Now Bro and I will defeat Jack Noir. Or get our asses handed to us on a freaking platter wich is what's going to go down.

TG: who?

TT: A fact is that we'll both survive round one. I'll die on round two and he and Jack will die on the third one.

TT: I missed you John and once again I'm sorry for kissing him more than twice.

TG: bro's gonna die?

TT: Does that bother you?

TG: ofcourse it does?

TG: no.

TG: idk

TG: i'm more upset about you dying i guess.

TT: You're sweet, what have I ever done to deserve you?

TG: nothing and that is why you deserve it

TT: $A_w < 3$

TT: Now look behind you. You have some imps wrecking havoc in your kitchen.

--tideripTune [TT] ceased pestering tregatourGettaway [TG]--

John drops his phone into his lap and almost jolts when he notice the smuppet faced imps standing around him. He throw his sword at one of them before he starts hitting them with his fists. It has always worked better. He doesn't even know why bro limited him with shitty swords. As a cherry on top the robot arm is hella strong. He burst his way through the imps like they're butter. He feel powerful enough to break reality itself.

He let out a battle roar as he keeps punching them. All pent up frustration is let lose onto the task at hand. After a few moments the apartment is imp free, leaving a small amount of buildgrist at his disposal. He pumps his robot fist into the air. "HELL YES!" he shouts, scurrying off to pick up the loot.

Just as he does this he can feel the apartment building shake. He looks up wearily. A huge smuppet rump break through the ceiling. It crushes the lesser imps, rockets through its echaladder. John starts punching it rapidly. Not even a dent is put in its healthbar. He runs to the roof. The rump monster is too heavy for the stairs, but it's out of proportion long limbs swats him into the air.

"N'ghw'sp dw'llw'th'nm' b'd'" yarn ensnare the beast. The dark aura in it spikes and the foe bursts into grist. John look up at the smiling Dave above. "Hi John!" Dave says. Bro is standing behind him with an unreadable expression.

John puts a hand up tentatively. "Sup" he flips his hair in a coolkid manner. He can feel the critical eyes of Bro even behind double shades. Before anything can start Dave wrap Bro up in the yarn. "I'm sorry you had to witness that John. I'll borrow this fine ass human douche for a bit"

And there he flies off into the air. Are those rocket boots? John stares at the retreating figures in confusion. He picks up his phone from his sylladex. Jade still has him blocked. He taps Rose's handle.

--tregatourGettaway [TG] began pestering grimoireGales [GG] --

TG: ROSE!!!!

GG: John!

TG: can you tell jade im sorry?

GG: Sure can do.

GG: Did you two have a fight?

TG: i showed her that walkthrough by tentacleTherapist. i suppose it hurt her a lot

GG: I can see why, with how many friends she has besides us. But don't blame yourself John, this was all inevitable. According to Dave at least.

TG: gee that guys so famous lately... he gets all the action!

GG: yeah, he's making all of us swoon <3

TG: haha! don't be fooled he likes older men!

GG: Lmao, what?

GG: Darn she blocked me too :/

TG: oh no! this is starting to get bad!

Rose: keep trying to reach out to friend

She chews on her sunglasses as she poke at her lunchtop. Maybe she could hack her friends computer? No. That'd be rude and absurd! She creates a memo with Jades IRL friends instead. Take that sneak attack! Rose almost giggle at her own plan.

--grimoireGales [GG] Created memo --FRIENDLY CRISIS ROOM-- and added grimyBathwater [GB] & elbowBender [EB]

-- grimoireGales [GG] joined joined memo at 23:10 --

GG: Assemble!

-- elbowBender [EB] joined memo at 18:00 --

-- grimyBathwater [GB] joined memo at 18:01 --

EB: ?

GG: It's great that you're both here to talk about our friend Jade.

GB: Who are you?

GG: Jade's friend, Rose!

GB: chatbuddy Rose or crush Rose?

EB: dunno man

GG: Chatbuddy Rose I think?

GB: stop harrassing Jade.

GG: Does she really think I'm harrassing her?

GG: I just wanted her to go back to talking to John. I didn't think she'd get this mad at me :(

GG: We just wanted to play a fun game together and everything gets fucked over so hard. Our friendship, our homes, our everythings. Can you tell her that we're sorry and that we will continue supporting her anyways?

GB: Slow down crush Rose.

GB: Why is Jade upset with John?

GG: It's this game we're going to play. Turns out it's actually really bad and life changing.

GG: But we didn't know that and now it's too late.

EB: Are you playing spirit in the bottle or something?

GB: Yikes, they all got cursed!

GG: No, but actually yes. The game is SUBRB Gamma.

GB: Ah the Gamma huh?

GB: I read TT's Beta walkthrough and thought it was just a bs urban legend.

GG: I thought so too until we started playing...

GB: We'll talk to Jade about this

EB: She's probably just worried about us!

GG: Thank you

GB: No worries crush Rose.

Rose smiles softly at her screen. Jade seems to have a great judgement of people she thinks. Now she can't wait to meet them.

GB: Let's keep in touch through this memo!

EB: Jade says she'll focus on the game for a while

GG: Okay, I'll make a board of this! Tell Jade we love her!

EB: She says she loves you too

EB: It's cake time! Bye Rose!

-- elbowBender [EB] left memo at 18:12 --

GG: Cake time?

GB: Yes, Jade's dad makes the most legendary cakes.

GB: I'll captchalogue some for you.

GG: Thank you!

GB: No problem, see you later!

GG: Bye!

-- grimyBathwater [GB] left memo at 18:13 --

-- grimoireGales [GG] closed memo at 23:23 --

-- This memo has been added to the board "THE CRISIS ROOM". No further messages can be added --

Dave: crash

Dave feels himself get drowsy as they leave the rooftop. The explosions doesn't seem to keep him from nodding off either, which is pretty freaking fantastic considering how loud they are. He brings himself and the human douche in tow towards the ground. The human douche struggles out of his grip before he sticks a perfect face first landing into the ground. The point of view shifts as he blacks out.

Bro lands on his feet a few meters away from Dave. He slowly walk up to the unconscious boy, kneels down in front of him. The boy sleeps like a baby in front of him. Bro draws his sword. It'd be too easy to strike the kid down right this instance. He angles the blade down to the sleeping boys neck. A shadow pass from above. His blade clash with a twin and he takes a step back. The creature growl at him and Bro grits his teeth in annoyance.

•

He's walking into something hard repeatedly, a grey concrete wall to be specific. He slowly float back to examine the wall. It's just a normal wall with a simple door further away. He doesn't have to look down to know he's in his fancy night walk suit.

He floats over to the panel, because he might as well explore the place until he wakes up. The doors open with a 'pshh' and a baby crawls towards him. "Wow there, space is not baby proof" he says, scooping the little gal up. Now with a closer look he can see that it resembles John quite a bit.

Speaking of John, another John look alike comes running down the hall. He looks bewildered at the sight of Dave. "..." this John cools his expression like there's only one thing to do. John cleanch the bunny plush in his hand and walks towards them.

"???" The bunny is thrust into the baby's arms and she squeals. John starts tearing up as she reach her little hands out for him. Suddenly he has handed the baby over to John. John looks so joyful in that moment that Dave finds it uncanny. "..."

"..." they look at each other in silence. "So that was pretty weird huh?" John says awkwardly. Dave nods his head. "Have you ever seen Con Air?"

"I have not"

"Aw man, that's too bad! I think you'd like it. Nick Cage is great in it"

"I don't know who that is, but I can add it to my watch list I guess"

"You won't regret it!" John side glances towards the corridor he came from. "Do you want to see the lab? I can show you how everything works..."

Dave turns to peek outside. The wintery cold void burns red in his eyes. "Yes please"

John seems relieved to hear that and starts walking towards the lab. He tells Dave about how he created the little lady in his arms with ectobiology while they make their way through the high tech lab. If Dave hadn't been so wasted through his childhood he would've remembered what everything was about from his mothers lab.

There are more children in the lab. They're clambering stuff, clinging onto animals and biting stuff they shouldn't bite. Dave can see Lil Cal with a blond baby. He hates that puppet with passion.

"Are you even listening, because I feel like you aren't listening" John says with a furrowed brow. Dave smiles apologetically.

"I'm sorry, can you explain that again?"

"only if you promise to listen this time."

"I promise"

Before John can say anything one of the control panels light up. It's connected to a rusty machine that looks like it has never been used. Dave floats over to it, pressing a button that feels oddly familiar, like he has done it a thousand times before. John walks up behind him as the machine whirrs to life and some ectoslime fill the containers.

"looks like you don't need my help after all..." John says watching four kids be created at the alchimazation platform. The ectoslime chambers fill up with two ectobiological DNA sludges each. His own DNA is combined with Jades grandpas, Rose's with her moms, Dave with his bro's and Jade with his nanna. The combined ectoDNA is settled in a base mold of him and his friends. It makes the Dave besides him a Rose and Rose's mom shaped like a Dave. Whatever a Dave shape might be.

"Thank you for showing me around John"

Did John tell this Dave his name? He isn't sure he did. "You're welcome. I should probably be sending off these babies now..."

Dave keels over. John rushes towards the still floating body in a starteled manner. Daves body straightens, though still sagging like a beanbag. It starts walking towards the exit with purpose. John follows to open the door. "Uh, see you later I guess... Nice meeting you" John say. "Oh, and don't forget to watch the movie!"

•

Dave is brutally shaken awake. Bro is bent over him, katana clashing with Bec Noirs sword. The beastly dog guy is flashing bright lime light above them. Dave encase the sweaty man in his arms and run time forwards a couple minutes.

Bros heart beats fast with adrenaline when he remove Daves arms from his waist. His stupid anime shades are crooked and his yellow eyes can be seen darting around before landing on Dave. They narrow, his jawline hardening.

"What is really going on?"

Jade: Start your adventure with your best bros

They've just finished eating their cake. Wallace and Dad were still chatting in the kitchen about baking while Jade and Gregory had managed to sneak into Jades bedroom. She couldn't see John on her screen anymore, maybe he was exploring his planet or strifing with his Bro. She turn the monitor off.

Dave had left her a messages on pesterchum; saying that he had taken the liberty of deploying some things so she could start the game when she wanted to. TT: We have all time in the world, Jade. You don't have to hurry. he had ended the messages with. What he stated wasn't even remotely true. If tentacleTherapist was right, they didn't have any time to rest for even a moment!

Gregory pokes at his phone in the corner. Jade takes a deep breath. "So... Um... Do you know about SUBRB?" she ask.

Gregory looks up. "Yeah, it's that infamous game that got roasted by "GamerBros" right?"

"Yeah, that game. I wanted you two to come to my house so I didn't have to lose you. But I didn't think about your families!" Jade frown.

"What do you mean?" Gregory asks. He puts his phone in his pocket, looking over at her with a worried expression. "It obviously can't be true right? A game can't possibly bend reality. Could it?"

"Yes! It's true!" Jade says. She start her computer screen. Gregory look over her shoulder at John's room. "This is my client player, John."

Gregory glance at her, then the screen. "I don't know Jade, maybe they're just tricking you?"

Jade slams her fist into the table, making Gregory jump. "THEY WOULD NEVER LIE TO ME!" she growls. Her eyes widen at her own outburst. "I-I'm so sorry Greg... John and the others aren't that type of people" she fishes out her phone and open pesterchum, gives it to Gregory. "See for yourself"

Gregory tentatively take the phone. "So, he will either walk over to the computer or pick up his phone right?"

Jade nods her head with a sad pout.

--germanateTrillium [GT] unblocked tregatourGettaway [TG]--

GT: hey

TG: omg! jade!

The John on screen look overjoyed when he see Jades chumhandle light up. Jade has moved the glitchy viewpoint so Gregory can see the cracked screen clearly.

TG: i'm sorry for not telling you about the walkthrough

TG: can we be friends again?

Gregory look at Jade. Her face has gone red. "What should I write?"

"Write that the apology is accepted and that; of course we can still be friends"

GT: No worries man, we can still be friends

TG: really?

GT: Absolutely dude

TG: that's great! i love you jade!

TG: not in a straight way though!

Jade leans onto Gregory's shoulder. "Write that I already know that he's gay."

Gregory squint his eyes at the text. "Doesn't he sound suspiciously like a gay guy pretending to be straight? But like reverse?"

"I don't know dude... It's super important to him to be viewed as a gay guy so I never question it"

GT: yeah i know, i love you too <3

TG: hahaha <3

TG: anyways you should probably talk to rose soon, i think she's worried about you

Jade throws herself over the phone, making Gregory's fingers slip.

GT: vxkxjwlanz xjnxqpnx

TG: no really she's upset that you blocked her

Jade takes the phone, while holding her friend down. Wallace comes into the room with a plate of healthy snacks and walks right over the wrestling pair on the floor.

"Haven't you two started yet? I mean that thing does say ten eons, seven days, seven hours and fifty minutes but still" Wallace says, putting the plate on the table next to the cruxtruder.

Greg untangle himself from Jade, letting her have her phone. "We were talking to John, that guy on the screen. I'm like this close to freaking out" he demonstrates how close he is to freaking out with his fingers, squishing his fingertips barely touching.

"I have to talk to Rose..." Jade tells them with a sad frown. She walks out of the room and into the bathroom.

--germanateTrillium [GT] unblocked grimoireGales [GG]--

GT: i'm sorry rose! i was too upset to talk to you so i blocked you :(

GG: It's okay Jade, sometimes people need breaks and what kind of friend would I be to deny you that?

GT: but aren't you at least a little angry that i flew off the handle like that?!

GG: I did get a little worried, but your friends managed to clear up the situation with kind words.

GG: They were very nice, I look forwards to meeting them in the future.

GT: you talked to wallie and greg without me? :O

GG: Yes, I'm sorry if that wasn't cool with you. I was just worried something bad had happen since you blocked John and me.

GT: no its fine if that was the reason :B

GG: Good :)

GG: This might be a little insensitive to ask but...

GG: Are you ready to play now?

GT: yeah

GT: i think i am

GG: I can't wait until I can finally meet you Jade!

GG: My planet is a rainforest! It's so humid and warm, like fuck yeah I drew the best stick out of the bunch!!!

GT: i cant wait to meet you either! were going to have so much fun! :D

GG: Aww hell yeah :)

GT: ill talk to you later!

GG: Okay, later~

--germanateTrillium [GT] ceased pestering grimoireGales [GG]--

Jade leaves the bathroom. Wallace and Greg are sitting on her bed talking in low voices. She stop in front of the doorway, they don't seem to have noticed her.

"Do you really think mom and pa are going to die?" she can hear Gregory whisper. Wallace who has his arms around his friend slowly pat his back.

"If it really is true then everyone we know except Jade and maybe her dad will die. I know you want to protect your parents but staying here is probably the safest..." she hear Wallace reply. Jade balls her hand into a fist. She's going to protect them with her life.

Jade knocks on the doorframe, her two friends look up a little embarrassed. "Ahem, I hope I'm not disturbing anything. Rose said she was fine so we can start playing!" she tries to sound as excited as she usually do. Wallace smiles at her while holding Gregory to his chest.

"We're ready, right Greg?" Wallace says. Gregory takes a deep breath, forces a smile. "Yes we are"

Jade walks over to the cruxtruder and its dowels. There's a pre punctured card on top of one dowel just laying there. She flip it over to the image side. It's empty. "Eh, guys the card that is supposed to make the entry item is empty..." she says.

Gregory and Wallace walk over to her, observing the empty card. "At least we have ten eons to figure this out..."

"Dave did not kid when he said we had all time in the world." she look at the card in her hands. It must be something because it has a code. "I guess we'll just make this nothingness" she takes the totem to where Dave has dumped the carver thingy. Unsurprisingly it doesn't do much to the dowel, but carve barely visible ridges. Now where was that alchemizer? It's not in her room or the floor below, unless it was placed after she left. "Wallie, did you see a platform with weird patterns and things on it?"

"Yes, there was something like that outside" Wallace says, walking over to the window. "Mhmm it's still there"

Jade look out of the window besides him. Right where she used to have a pogo-ride shaped like a dog it stands in it's full glory. "That looks inconvenient, why did he put it there?"

Her friend shrug as they venture towards the stairs. They pass dad, who's on the couch reading a newspaper. He smile when they walk outside, no doubt liking the idea of them playing in fresh air.

Jade puts the totem onto the podium. The alchemizers arm measure it before it starts progressing the item. It takes a while for it to finally start making a tiny chestnut. Jade picks the nut up. She guess she has to eat it. She plop it into her mouth, immediately spitting it back out. "BLUH!"

"Maybe you should plant it?" Greg suggest.

"That would explain the huge time limit"

"Alright, let's do that" Jade says, going over to the shed. She picks up a small planter and her trusty spade. Fills the planter with dirt, compress it a little and place the nut on top before filling it the last bit. Wallace water it. "Now we wait..."

Dave: Chronologically explain everything

"Which truth do you want?" Dave asks.

Bro stands still, tall posture towering over him. "Don't try to be smart with me kid. I know you know why we're here right now"

Dave roll his eyes. "When I was six there was this kid that had a dog. He was the most popular kid in school, but then one day he didn't show up." he says, activating his rocket boots. "His dog had gotten run over by a car and died."

Bro decapchalouges a hoverboard, an awesome thing with flames and rockets. They rocket towards the gates in the sky, through the gate to LOGAP.

"When the kid came back he was mad. He yelled at me and accused me for making the driver kill his dog."

"I don't see what that has to do with the purpose of this place." Bro quips.

"It has everything to do with this game, because that was the first time I had a vision of somebodys death" Dave says. "My role as the Seer of Time has always been prominent in my life. It's just these past days that I can see it with clarity "

"Seer of Time huh?" Bro gives his companion a critical look.

"Seer of Time, Rouge of Space, Prince of Doom and Knight of Rage. All of them necessary for our session to be fruitful." Dave calmly states. "Like any game the main characters are put through several of quests of increasing severity, in which they will ultimately face the final boss and get a hopefully satesfying reward."

They fly over the plated cogs towards a deviation in the landscape. A large peg of rock shoot up from between the clockwork, a path snake around it all the way up to the peak.

"Our reward appears to be the creation of a new universe. A universe we will shape during our session and then later birth upon winning the game. That is all I've been able to see for now but I know there's more details to come"

Bro contemplates this for a moment. "I see. Sounds fun"

"Yeah, it is fun until your friends start dying." Dave admits.

"So, will John survive til the end?" Bro asks, voice a little strained, whatever this has to do with concern or not is hard to tell.

"I don't know. Sometimes I can see him open the door to the new universe other times I'm alone with the girls. I speculate that it has to do with his god role, since he seemingly can cheat his own doom." Dave land on one of the giant cogs.

"Okay, good." Bro land besides him, captchalouging the hoverboard. "Why the hell did you kiss me back there?"

"Because you were going to go on a killingspree and kill John, thus dooming the timeline. I had a bit of a panic and what would be more unexpected than a kiss?"

"There are ways to make a man confused without making him commit a crime."

"Committing a crime as tame as being kissed by a teenager whilst standing stiff as a board without kissing back should be the least of your concerns, Mr. I wanted to kill you moments ago. I could *feel* your lust to shove your shitty katana straight through my abdomen before I fell asleep."

"Aight, you caught me" Bro says evenly, a twitch of his hand brings out his sword. He points its tip at the kid. "Let's finish what we started"

Dave draws his needles with a frown. "If only you could be a little more co-operative..." he sighs, blocking the sword by looping the yawrn around it. He ducks and drags the two needles to the sides and has to juggle them to the other side when bro slices in that direction. Stabs and slices are dodged and countered until it's a dance. A dangerous dance of sharp objects.

Seamlessly they make room for a third fighter that has appeared several times already. This fighter isn't on par with any of them. He's much stronger and ultimately manages to stab the seer right through his chest.

Dave splutters red blood and the horrorterrors once again manage to push Jack away with all of the might their hosts broken body can supply them with. They have no chance to leave the body when it slumps down to the ground with one final breath.

Bro bends down to the kids side looking over at the strange mountain. He lifts the lifeless body into his arms and cruise over to it on the hoverboard. By the stone slab bed he loot the body of its scarf before laying it down on its last resting place.

Bro takes off his shades, gently placing them over the cerise eyes. He then leaves the scene.

•

Dave wakes up in the void once again. This time he's surrounded by tentacles and green flashes. A large gremlin is clubbing the terrors of the veil to death with his cane.

"It's not safe here child" they whisper.

"You need help don't you?" he says, blood is seeping through his fancy nightwalk suit. Large tendrils move closer to him, understanding. The noble circle bore into his ascending body, meld into one with him.

Memories forge into one consciousness. Flashes of colours and feelings flood the Seer of Time as he wakes on his quest bed. He move his hands up to touch the shades on his nose.

"Bro..." he sit up, feeling suckers against his bare legs. His feet has been clad in high heels and the bodice of the god tier dress is a little too tight. Memories of the horrorterrors make everything spin.

Dave: acquire a fashionable friend.

A trench in the void lies before him. Tentacles of millions of terrors reach out. Emotions, relationships that now resides within him. They are one and there is so much he can remember that he himself has never lived.

In front of him he can see his hand reach for the cogs. They're tinted orange from the shades. Why was he wearing shades? "Bro..." he touch the sharp edges of the eyewear. They feel nice to the touch. Why did he save him? Did he know?

He decapthalouges his laptop to take his mind off of the swirling thoughts in his head. Somebody has been trolling him while he was out. It's someone he haven't talked to yet.

--grimAuxiliatrix [GA] started trolling tideripTune [TT]--

GA: I Absolutely Adore Your God Tier Dress. Did You Come Up With It On Your Own Or Is It The Standard Design For Seers?

TT: Thank you, I got to design it myself since fashion is kinda my schtick. I wanted something really soft and elegant.

GA: It's Nice To Know That There's Somebody Out There Who's As Enthusiastic For Fashion As I am.

GA: Where I Come From They Don't Bother With Fancying Up Their Clothes. It Is Usually The Higher Castes That Wear Impracticable Garments For The Sole Purpose Of Looking Good. The Others Are Occupied With Survival.

TT: That sounds rough, we should exchange ideas sometime. My friends aren't keen on fashion either.

GA: That Sounds Like A Splendid Idea.

GA: We Could Exchange Projects Too If You'd Be Up For It.

TT: I would love to sew something you've designed!

GA: I Do Have A Few Concepts That I've Been Meaning To Produce If You'd Like To Try Your Hand At It.

TT: Please send them over, I feel intrigued. Of course I'll give you a design of my own.

GA: Alright! I Must Admit This Is Making Me Quite Giddy.

TT: Yeah same. What kind of clothes are you into? I've got everything from hip hop to weddingdresses.

GA: I Am More Of A Fan Of Elegancy.

TT: Alright, I'll see what I can find!

Dave produce his sketchbook from his sylladex. It's quite big and crafted entirely by hand. Book binding happens to be another of his interests. He flip through the pages. The content is mostly messy, with blotches of alcoholic bevrag fraying the ink but he manage to find a few pages that are clean.

TT: Here's a pattern that is somewhat coherent. [Here's the first pages](#) and the [second set of pages](#).

GA: I Could Make This Work I Think.

GA: For The Piece I'd Like To Give You I Decided To Think Up A New Design.

GA: [Here](#) And [Here](#).

TT: That looks marvelous, I especially like the horns.

GA: Those Are Pretty Standard For A Midblooded Troll. Though I Guess You Would Lean More Towards The Fuchsia Caste.

TT: I see. Could you elaborate on the castes?

GA: Um. Well. I Could.

TT: It's fine if you don't want to, I was just curious.

GA: No, It Is Fine. I Just Don't Know Where To Start.

GA: Blood Is A Symbol Of Ones Societial Role And Predict Who You'll Become.

GA: My Predetermined Role Would Be To Care For The New Mothergrub And Work In The Brooding Caverns. Meaning That I'll Be In Charge Of Giving Life To The Entirety Of My Species Through The Mothergrub.

GA: You On The Other Hand Share Bloodcolours With Our Empress And Her Sole Empress Candidate. Rest Assured That You Are A Human And Therefore Not A Threat To Her Throne.

TT: Hmm. I think I've seen her in a vision.

TT: My hot take is that she will become a problem to us sooner or later.

GA: I See, That Is A Very Troubling Eventual Turn Of Events.

TT: The future foretells that we will all be safe if we take a certain partation in the threads of time.

TT: Wowwie, that's very trippy.

GA: What Happend? I Can See You Leaning Back On The Slab Holding Your head, Which Is Usually An Indication Of Pain.

TT: It's just a couple of visions, don't worry I'm fine.

GA: Alright, I Will Pretend That I Can't See The Rest Of Your Emediate Timeline.

TT: Thank you, that future is very embarrassing to me.

GA: I'll Leave You To It.

TT: No, wait.

TT: I don't need to drink. We can talk instead.

GA: Uh, Okay. What Do You Want To Talk About?

TT: Hmm, what's your name?

GA: My Name Is Kanaya, What About You?

TT: Listen I've never given anyone my full name before, but I'll make an exception for my only fashion buddy.

TT: My name isn't actually Daniel or David. It's Dahlia Lalonde! Like mom absolutely loved those flowers but could never keep them alive because her drunk ass couldn't remember to water them!

GA: That Is A Lovely Name. I Think Your Lusus Sound Very Sweet Expect For All Of The Liquid She Consume.

TT: She is. I just wish we didn't have a certain weakness for substance abuse.

GA: I'm Sorry To Hear That.

TT: It's fine.

TT: So, Kanaya, what got you into fashion?

GA: Well, I Found A Large Abandoned Cavern Filled To The Brim With Lovely Fabrics. The Colours Shone At Me In The Sort Of Alluring Way That Makes Me Feel Awestruck, I Had To Take Them Home With Me.

GA: From Then On I Started Creating Mock Up Designs With Varying Results.

TT: That sounds familiar to how my own intrests manifested.

TT: I can't postpone this any longer can I? The blackout is close now...

TT: Thank you for keeping me company Kanaya.

GA: It's Been My Pleasure To Write With Someone As Fashionable As You. Farewell, Dahlia.

--grimAuxiliatrix [GA] ceased trolling tideripTune [TT]--

Dave captchalouges his phone. He takes a couple deep breaths before he kick off into the sky. He has time, he tells himself. The dog creature isn't going to attack again until tonight. That gives him 7 hours 43 minutes and 29 seconds to work with.

He leap across the cogs, surveying them for any clues as to where his unknowing partner in crime has slid off to. Fortunately a trail of grist leads him in the right direction like bread crumbs to the gingerbread witches house.

Bro has gotten far into the planetary stage. He has slain plenty of the mannequinified smuppet imps with adorable eyepatches. The eyepatches were Rose's prototype. She has a large collection of diffrent eyewear which are all awesome, especially the purple whale ones that she insists are moustaches.

Dave follow the trail until he finally see a broad back on the horizon. He stops, observes the scarf around Bro's neck flowing in the wind. A scarf that he has made himself.

A familiarly unfamiliar feeling tug at his heartstrings. One of the horror terrors dodecagonal sways is taking form, the one called Maniafractutude. It's one of the more abstract types of romances. One that would be considered inheritably bad from both human and troll standards. It's a strange obsessive love that makes his whole body boil. He wants to hollow the older human out, break every single cell in his body and be dessamated in return. The emotion itself takes Dave aback, it's so unreasonably strong.

He push the nerves and emotions to the side when he draws near the other blonde. Humans don't regrow their limbs like horrorterrors, humans aren't apex predator's like horrorterrors.

Bro turn around. His amber eyes gleam in the dim light of the misty atmosphere of the planet. There's only a hint of surprise in the mans face when he sees him.

"Surprise bitch, I've come back from the grave, hotter than ever" Dave says, striking one of the most annoying poses he can think of. It ends up being a classical from sailor fucking moon.

"You're alive." Bro states, his poker face has slid into place again. "Are those tentacles coming out of your arse?"

"Nah, I'm just happy to see you" Dave lands next to him.

"Tantalizing." Bro deadpans. He unwhirls the scarf from his neck, dumping it on Daves head.

"Affirmative" Dave takes off the shitty glasses and put them into their rightful place. He then float back a bit. "So, ready to kick some dog ass?"

The anime glasses gleam as Bro tilts his head slightly. "If you predict his certain death. Shit's starting to get repetative."

"As a matter of fact I do."

The two of them proceed forwards, sticking to flying well above the ground. Dave decaptchalouges his pair of time tabletops. He pokes bro with the tip of one shoe when he spins time forwards a couple hours. Jack appears at the same second as them with a scowl, unhappy to see the Seer of Time reanimated and leveled up. The three of them are tired of this extended fight already.

Bro agitates Jack further by doing a non-committal thumbs down. Jack makes a wretched noise, sticking out his tongue. The two clash twin swords, in a whirlwind of green flames. Tentacles plow the powerful sunbeams away, swiping in between the pair like slippery snakes. Jack growls, loading green energy into his slices. Dave snake his way in front of bro, knowing the man isn't fast enough to be able to dodge the freaking laser beams. His tentacles get decapitated one after another, soon fuchsia blood is pooling out on the ground. Bro pushes his sword straight through Dave into Jacks chest.

"Ffffuck you..." Dave gasps in pain. He feel Bro's breath in his neck and his breath hitch. He loop zilly yawrn around Jacks ringfinger and yanks it off, finger and ring pop into the air. The hole through his body empties from Bro's sword and he's caught by one of the older blonds strong arms. He stares up into his amber eyes as candy red blood splashes in their faces. And holy fuck the Maniafractutude return tenfold.

Jack spits and gurgles in front of them, steadying himself on his sword. He barge forwards, slicing tentacles into pieces and drive the blade through Bro's chest before falling to the ground with a hissing gasp for air.

Bro groans, taking a step back. He clutch his chest, the sword has just barely missed his heart, but has punctured his lung vassals. It's better to leave it in for now he recons.

Dave makes a guttural sound as inky tendrils compress his own wound. He's thankful to the terrors that he has become such a sturdy bitch, this wound won't kill him and if it did it wouldn't be just or heroic. He float over to Bro.

Bro's mouth twitch into a smile. "'m done for ain't I" he says.

Yes he is. Every future from here on ends with Bro bleeding out. "You... a sting of tears welling up hits Dave like a truck. "Yes, you are"

"Hey..." Bro says. He slowly ease the sword out of his body. If he's going to die anyways, better make it quick. The sword clatters to the ground. He rest his hand on Dave's cheek. "Don't cry for me."

Dave decapthalouges a roll of light grey linen. "They're tears of joy, asshole" he rips long strips of it and smaller swabs which he soak with rubbing alcohol. Bro stays still, letting him clean out and dress the wound without necessity. It bleeds right through the fabric and Dave starts over.

Bro sit down on the cog, humoring the teen. "You're gettin' good a this. Should aim to be a nurse" he comments after the third time. He's starting to feel lightheaded and tired, the burning through his chest has dulled to a gentle lull. It's painful to breath. "Hey look at me, lemme see your beautiful eyes"

Dave stops at that. Bro sounds so tired and weak. Dave tilt his head to look at him. He doesn't expect the gentle press of lips to his, much less the older blond slumping back right after. "Don't you dare die on me, you fucking douchebag!" Dave almost yell at him. Bro loops his arms around him weakly.

"Thank you for letting me pretend ta be free" he says, barely audible. Then his whole body go limp.

Dave lets himself slump down to the ground with the now lifeless body, eyes wide and feelings conflicted. Ink drop down from his face onto Bro's chest. It hurts. Everything hurts with emptiness. He push himself up, away from the two bodies and into the clockwork abyss.

Rose: Enjoy the tropical paradise

The sun is bright and warm in the Land of Rainbows and Frogs. Rose's way here was easy and swift like any tutorial part of a game. Her sprite has been prototyped with one of her stylish eyewear, it's the one eyepatch with excessive amounts of lace that she barely use except for those ironic tea parties she sometimes has with Bec.

"..." the sprite is pretty useless without a mouth though. Rose has been contemplating what to prototype next. Ideally something with a mouth but she has been told that the second prototyping will simply make it understandable no matter what she puts in. Either way she wouldn't want anything less than perfect. Though at the moment she just want to relax and maybe shoot some imps to collect some grist. She close her eyes, feeling the warm ocean breeze against her bare legs.

"Aaah this is life" she sighs happily.

Small green monkeys jump from tree to tree along with the frogs. They fly through the air like gracious birds, chirping and communicating amongst themselves in the expansive rainforest. Eyepatchsprite sags in irritation at the human they're supposed to guide. Without a way to communicate they can only watch Rose waste time.

"..." one of the monkeys bump into the sprite, making it prototype. "MONKEY!"

Rose roll out of the hammock and falls to the ground in surprise. Sunglasses askew she brace herself against the tree roots. "Monkey?!"

"FINALLY WE GET TO TALK ROSE! :D" the sprite with the ridiculously frilly eyepatch exclaims loudly. It floats closer to her, tail swaying playfully from side to side. "WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR A LONG LONG TIME FOR YOU TO APPEAR!"

"You have?" Rose asks increadulous. She push her shades up on her nose.

The eyepatched monkey float up and down in childish excitement. "YES! WE'VE ANTICIPATED YOUR ARRIVAL FOR AS LONG AS WE CAN IMAGINE, THE ORACLES HAS SPOKEN OF YOUR FEATS EVER SINCE MY MONKEY MOTHERS MOTHER WAS A LITTLE MONKEY CHILD!"

Rose lets out a small chuckle. "And what has the oracles been telling you about?"

"THEY'VE TOLD US HOW YOU WOULD SHOW UP ONE DAY AND SAVE US FROM THE LADY IN THE CORE WHO KEEPS BIRTHING MONSTERS. THE ORACLES BELIEVE ONLY YOU CAN MAKE A DEAL FOR THEM TO LEAVE US ALONE. HA HE HO!" Eyepatch explains.

"Erm, okay. How do I get to her?" Rose asks curiously. The monkeypatchsprite mischevously look at her. It looks up towards the gates in the sky. "Oh, the gates! Of course!"

Rose ventures into her house with her sprite following her like a tail. She climb the stairs two by two all the way to the attic. She open the cieling window. Monkeypatchsprite zaps up to the gate and dissappear. Rose herself can't reach it.

--grimoireGales [GG] started pestering tregatourGettaway [TG]--

GG: Hey, John. I've found myself in a bit of a pinch.

GG: I acquire some assistance to reach my first gate.

TG: a moment!

GG: Take your time I'm not in a hurry.

Rose open up her laptop. She decide to build on Dave's house while she waits. Though he probably won't need the gates now that he's all weird and distant. Working on the structures is relaxing and her mind goes back to vacation mode.

With the seemingly unlimited grist at her disposal she makes the house ridiculously tall. So tall it has no buisness standing like it does. But screw physics, this house is about to become a majestic beast!

She's so engrossed into building that she almost misses John's message.

TG: okay i'm back!

TG: i was fighting some kind of huge lizzard

TG: shit's getting weirder and weirder

GG: Yeah, I'm currently chasing a monkey.

GG: Which is why I contacted you.

TG: heh, i'll get on building then.

GG: Thank you, John.

TG: no problem

TG: your land looks awesome btw

TG: i'm jealous. my land is so loud!

GG: Oh really?

GG: What kind of land did you get?

TG: it's called land of explosions and reconstruction

TG: i haven't seen any reconstruction though

TG: only explosions!

GG: That sucks
TG: nah it's okay
TG: they're colorful like fireworks
TG: if only they were quieter...
GG: You should make some headphones!
TG: i have a pair but they don't block enough
GG: This sounds like an excellent opportunity to see how the alchemizer works!
GG: I made myself an awesome sword earlier.
GG: Turns out I'm a natural at weilding it!
TG: cool
TG: i've never been good at swordsmanship. it's like you need to have it in your blood or something.
GG: Maybe
GG: I doubt Gramps were good with swords though.
GG: I can't even imagine him holding one.
TG: now i've only seen pictures of him before he died, but you're right
TG: he doesn't look like someone who would weild a sword
GG: What a silly thought
TG: haha, yeah
TG: anywho, i made you some stairs!
GG: Thanks man!
TG: no problem <3
GG: <3
GG: Lets continue questing!
TG: yeah!

--grimoireGales [GG] ceased pestering tregatourGettaway [TG]--

Rose close her laptop and place it in her sylladex. A hoard of busty eyepatched smuppet imps has gathered around her while she was distracted. These imps really know how to sneak around.

She draws her sword and slice them to grist in one swift movement. She collect the grist, walks towards the stairs and start her climb. The green gates glow up there in the sunny skies. The sun gently caress her skin with its warmth. She takes the stairs two by two. The first gate is getting closer. She jumps into it.

Green jungle surround her on all sides. The monkeys jump over her, laughing. She catches glimpses of buildings in the canopies.

Suddenly everyone quiets down. A large basilisk poke its ugly head out from the greenery. The poor frogs who aren't quick enough to jump away gets engulfed by it.

Rose whips out her rifle, aims and shoot. The bullet hits the basilisk between its large eyes. It explodes into a flurry of various grists.

NEW RUNG: FROG DEFENDER!

Rose climbs up one rung on her Echalladder, claiming a new title, a pair of symbolical sunglasses to go with it as well as 21 boonbucks. But there's no time to celebrate, another basilisk is already rearing its head. She reloads her rifle.

A monkeys tail wrap around her waist and she's pulled up to the canopies.

"Hey! Let go!" Rose growl. She's put down on a wooden bridge that's connecting the trees.

"There's no use killing them" one of the monkeys says. "For every monster who dies the mother births two more"

"But they're eating the frogs!" Rose protests.

"Yes. Once our planet was full of them, now there's just a handful you see every day" one of the elders says. "The only thing that can stop it is if somehow the mother decides to stop"

Rose nods her head patiently. "I'll make her stop"

A loud gasp pass through the monkeys. "That's too dangerous..." one mumbles to another. "Is she crazy?" someone sighs.

"I'm just going to do it." she decides.

The elder monkey opens their eyes comically wide. "IT IS HER! THE ONE THE ORACLES HAVE SPOKEN ABOUT!"

The crowd of monkeys scream in happiness. They rush towards her, picking her up with their tails. Rose shrieks when they suddenly lift her and throw her up and down. The monkeys don't seem to notice their prophezised hero's discomfort and merrily continue.

"Will you stop already? I have to go defeat her as quickly as possible right?" Rose speak up.

The monkeys finally let her back down. "It is still too early, hero of space. The ancient oracles has foretold a myrriad of quests you must fullfill before you're ready to face the mother!" the elder says.

Jade: watch tree sprout

Jade and her two friends sit in a circle around the flowerpot. The nut is nestled in the soil slowly sucking in nutrients. The timer on the cruxtruder is idly counting down to what seems like eternity.

"Ugh, this is kinda boring" Gregory sighs. A squirrel run between two trees and birds give off pleasant chirps.

"Tell me about it. This is supposed to be urgent and it takes forever!" Jade flops down on her stomach, rests her head in her hands.

"It's only been ten minutes." Wallace comments. He is typing something on his phone.

The squirrel runs towards them and steal the nut with its clever little hands. The trio throw themselves after it, but the critter climbs a tree quicker than them and hide it in a nook of the tree. It looks at them in suspicion.

Wallace runs to the shed to get a ladder. Jade yells at the squirrel to give it back while Gregory climbs into the tree. The squirrel grabs the nut and jumps higher into the tree. Gregory chase it higher and higher. After a long climb they've reached the top of the tree, where the squirrel has nowhere left to run. The branches protest at Gregory's weight. The squirrel leaps towards a lower branch, but Gregory manage to grab it just as the branch break and they both fall. Jade bolts to catch him but he's falling to quickly.

Jade run up to him and Wallace comes out of the shed with an alarmed expression. "What happen?"

"The branch broke and he fell!" Jade explains with a choked cry, she clasp her hands over her mouth. There's bones piercing her friends skin.

The squirrel is crushed under Gregory's body, it valiantly sails to Valhalla after receiving praise of a new rung on its echaladder. Gregory himself is laying awkwardly on the ground in an unnatural position. Dead, the landing was too rough.

Dad rush out to them having heard the commotion. He takes in the scene slowly, before kneeling down to the body. He start looking for a pulse that's not there.

"I'll call an ambulance..." Wallace says hollowly. He picks up his phone from his pocket, dials 911 just as the kernelsprite swish up to the body. Dad cover his eyes at the sudden light coming from the prototype. "911, what's your emergency?" the operative's professional voice respond. Wallace stays quiet for a while staring at the sprite who has taken the form of both the squirrel and Gregory. "I thought someone had a stroke, but he just fainted. Sorry for taking up your time."

The operative asks him if he needs someone to talk to and that they can totally connect him to someone if he needs to. Wallace declines, but thanks them anyways before he hangs up.

Gregorysprite stare at them all just as chocked as they are. He twist his body to see the lushes squirrel tail connected to his back. "Is this some kind of joke?" he asks.

Dad takes a long drag of his pipe, letting the smoke exit through his nose.

"Uh, it's okay Greg..." Jade says, slowly walking towards him. The sprite float back. "Really, it's not that bad. It could be much worse"

"Did I die?" Gregorysprite asks, eyes widening in realization. He pats his puffy smooth chest hair under his striped shirt. "What happen to my body?! Where's the squirrel?!" he chokes out.

Dad removes his jacket, wraps it around the sprites shoulders. "Lets get you inside for a warm cup of tea" he says calmly. He leads the stammering sprite into the house. Jade and Wallace follow them quietly. Gregorysprite gets bundled up with a couple of blankets in the couch, before Dad walks into the kitchen and get a kettle running.

"Do you want to watch a movie or something?" Jade tentatively ask.

"Do I look like I want to watch a movie?" Gregorysprite asks with a frown. He coils his two tails around himself protectively.

"Okay... But are you like okay?" Jade asks, she sits down next to him. Wallace dump another blanket over Gregorysprite before doing the same.

Gregorysprite glare at her. "No Jade. I'm not okay! I'm the opposite of okay, very unokay!" he says.

"Well yeah we can see that, but can we help you in any way?" Wallace gently asks. He takes one of the blankets and put it around the three of them.

"I... I don't know!" he put the nut on the coffee table. "Just plant this stupid nut and save us, Jade!"

Jade wraps her arms around the bundle of blankets. "You saved us Greg!" she says with a sad smile. "I will plant this seed and make you feel better." She takes the nut and hurry out into the garden.

She brings a new pot out of the shed, fills half of it with dirt. The nut is placed on top of the dirt and then covered with more dirt before she brings out her watering can. The water dampen the dirt, bringing its level down. She take the pot to her greenhouse. She has to push some flowerpots out of the way to make room for it.

"Jade, tea is ready!" Dad called out when Jade was satesfied by her planting. She glance at the cruxtruder. It was still counting down from eternity.

"I'm coming dad!" she shouts, running off towards the house again. She turned once to make sure she had closed the door. Of course she had. She always made sure her plants held an even temperature.

Gregorysprite was sitting inbetween Dad and Wallace with a cup of warm tea when she entered the room. Jade sits down in the armchair. Dad pours her a cup. She worriedly glance at her friends when she reach out to take it.

"..." the sprite glance back at her, opening his mouth as if to say something, then close it again.

Jade give him a look that she hopes conveys encouragement. Wallace and Dad is having a trivial conversation over the sprite, leaving an air of normalness to the situation.

"So... um..." Gregory says. Everyones attention turn to him. "I want to watch a movie after all"

Dad gets off the couch with a small smile, motions for Jade to take his place. Jade leaps at the oppurtunity as Dad brings them her movie box. It doesn't matter what they watch, so the sprite pick one without looking. Dad start up the movie for them before going into the kitchen.

○

The golden city of Prospit is crowded today, is the first thing Jade notice when she slip out of the window of her bedroom. She floats down to where they've all gathered, curious. The crowd let her through without question. In the middle of the body of people stands the monarch of the moon. The white queen.

Jade makes a quick courtsy at the pale chesspiece. The queen lowers her head in greeting, something is diffrent about her. The crowd chatter gibberish around them, anticipating something to happen.

The white queen turn to her underlings, placing a hand on Jades shoulder. She proceed to tell her chesspeople something tear wrenching in their gibberish language. The prince has been slain by Dersite agents. His casket will be carried around the moon today, then it will be put into the tombs in the moons core.

Jade grits her teeth. She wanted to show John so much of Prospit before this happen. Alas Skaaia had other plans for them. She looks up at the clouds.

She see Rose in a rainforest, chasing frogs, John who is helping the locals rebuild houses and her and her friends chopping down a huge tree. She courtsy towards the queen again before taking off to her tower.

○

Jade wakes up by Gregorysprite shaking her. The sprite look very displeased. "You're drooling all over my arm dude."

"Sorry" Jade wipes her cheek with her arm. "The tree is going to sprout soon!"

Wallace leans forwards. "Really?" he asks.

"Yes! I saw it in the clouds while I was asleep!" she tells them. Her friends don't look too convinced. "It's a part of the game actually. Every player is assigned to a moon while we dream, my moon happens to be Prospit. It's the one closest to skaia's fortune telling clouds. Ugh, this game is so weird..."

"Tell me about it" the sprite sighs.

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