

John Egbert x Everyone

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John Egbert x Everyone

by [gallantCreator](#)

Summary

A silly little series of ships (platonic, romantic, and blackrom!) between John and many of his friends. Surely there's nothing deeper under the surface...

...right?

Notes

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

A funny thing happened on the way to the Olive Garden...

John x Everyone

Ch 1: A Funny Thing happened on the way to the Olive Garden

Dave banged on the front door, impatient and cold. In their quest to make this world as reasonable a facsimile to what their home once was, they had included the occasionally brutal winters of the Northernmost pair of the Creator Gods. Specifically, the Washington winters of the God of Breath.

“John, hurry the fuck up dude, I'm freezing my shades off.” He banged again, but there was no answer, “I know I'm not fucking late. I haven't been late a day in my life, not about to start after I got fucking time travel powers.” He went to knock again, but the door opened. John looked like hell.

“You look like hell.”

John furrowed a brow, running a hand through messy black hair, “Thanks. Why aren't you wearing a coat? It's January.”

“Figured I'd test out the Godly Resilience a little bit. Go for a brisk walk in the goddamn Frozen North that is fuck-shit Nowhere, North Cantown. Because I forgot you and Rose missed your frigid hellscape, now let me the fuck in dude.”

John stepped aside to let Dave enter and motioned for him to do so. Dave took no more invite.

“So. Digging the super casual pajama pants and Slimer shirt look, but I think Olive Garden at least requires pants,” Dave closed the door behind him, “Like real pants. Did you forget?”

“No, yeah, I didn't forget. I just...sorry, I slept like shit. A lot on my mind.”

John hurried upstairs, Dave stayed put in the meantime.

“Yeah, like what?”

No response.

“Dude, if I have to come up there, I swear I'm gonna-” He swore, for a second, he heard a small hopeless sob, “I'll uh. I'll see you in a bit.” Dave felt the world around him begin to shift and stretch, and moments later he was shunted into the future.

“Okay, I'm all s-Wait...did you time travel past me getting ready!?”

“I went forward three days, John. It's not my fault you took forever.”

“It was like an hour!”

“I dunno who's the guy with an impeccable sense of time. You think I can't tell the difference between one hour and seventy-two? That's insulting. I'm insulted. Now c'mon even by flight we've gotta rush to make our reservations.”

“Dave it's an OLIVE GARDEN. Are they even open yet?”

“Today is the grand opening. I mean three days ago. Shit, this whole ruse is falling apart on me.”

John couldn't help but laugh. Dave swore he saw the stain of tears on his best bro's cheek, but he knew better than to press him.

The trip was short, but was met with a disappointed groan from Dave as he noticed a lack of familiar imagery on the horizon.

“What the fuck? How are they not done yet?”

John scanned the horizon, eyes focusing in as best they could, “Hm? Oh, yeah. Some big bear lusus decided to bed down in the middle of the construction site til Spring. Jade didn't wanna disturb its' home until it was awake naturally.”

The cool kid rolled his eyes behind the shades, letting out a much longer, much more disappointed groan. “Alright, fine. Fuck it. I guess we'll miss our reservations by about three and a half months.”

“Dave you aren't SERIOUSLY gonna time travel to spring just so you can-”

But it was too late. The two had shunted forward, to sunny days and a substantially warmed, but still kind of chilly, afternoon.

“Yo, happy birthday. Don't get used to it though, I'm snapping us back to the time we left after lunch.”

“Do I get twice the presents?”

“Hell no, I'm not made of money. What do you think we live in; a post-scarcity society where we just magic shit up?”

John chuckled, “Yeah actually.”

“Well too fucking bad.” Dave couldn't help but crack a smile, seeing the brightness of his best friends grin breaking through the cloudy mood.

The were eventually seated by an especially strong-looking waiter, sequestered off from the rest of the restaurant by virtue of being Creator Gods.

“Always feels...weird getting special treatment. I'm nobody special. I'm just some...” John's throat caught, Dave acted fast to save the mood.

“I reserved the special suite for us. Figured opening day would be packed enough, might as well pull some weight.”

The distraction didn't seem to work. He had to pull out the big guns.

“Just two buds. Chilling. Reserved private booth. No homo. Half bisexual though. It's me. I'm the bisexual half.” He was floundering. His best friend seemed to be in a spiral and he could do nothing but ramble. Alright, direct route it is.

“So why are you such a mooney bitch today, dude? This isn't like you. Is it the Roxy thing? He said-”

“No. I mean yeah but...no...”

“Dude, you can't kick your own ass over this. I know I'm biased he's my...Dad...Brother...whatever. But I he says he had your best interests in mind. You're not into guys, he's a guy.”

John shook his head.

“Is it something else?”

“No it's the Roxy thing it just...”

Dave raised a thick brow.

“I think I'm bisexual.”

The glass of water was placed down delicately, almost deliberately so, but Dave heard the

echoing thud of everything suddenly turning on its' head.

"Hold the fuck up," He hopped out of his side of the booth and into Johns, "It's me, I'm the fuck up. Did you just?"

John nodded slowly, pulling away.

"Dude why didn't you tell me? I gotta throw a fucking party! I've gotta call all our friends and tell em Jane is now officially the last Straight person among us without making it all weird and accusatory. I feel like she'd get weird about it though. Do you think your Hot Grandma will get weird about me telling her she's the last heterosexual in her family?"

He shot Dave a concerned look, "I think *anyone* would be weirded out by calling them someone's hot grandma, Dave..."

"Fine, GMILF. Whatever."

"And yes I think Jane would be offended by you telling her she's the last straight person in our friend group."

"Bold choice of words at the end there."

Dave returned to his seat, and sighed.

"Alright, tell me how you figured it out. Let's swap stories. I'll go first, I was 12 years old when I met this dorky guy online..."

John shook his head and laughed.

"You're gonna laugh."

"Does it involve my Dad?"

"A little."

There was an awkward pause before John spoke up.

"I've always kind of known. When Karkat was flirting with me...I dunno."

"The 'Not a Homosexual' incident, yeah I remember."

"Yeah. I think...on some level I kinda knew...'Because you're bisexual, dumb ass'! Like. Maybe I was telling on myself a little. I don't know. When Roxy came out...as..."

"Transmasc?"

"Yeah. When he came out...he dumped me. 'I know you're not into guys and I'm gonna make this easier on both of us and just say it's been great but goodbye'. Kind of like...So long and thanks for all the fish."

Dave leaned back in his chair. The bread sticks had begun. They would never cease. The bread sticks, as the commercial promised, would never stop from keep coming constantly.

"So you're into guys because you got dumped by a guy? Dude, that's not gonna win him back."

"I know! That's not it! That's not..." John took a breath, "That's just like...the match in the gasoline. Like, I'm Nic fucking Cage and him dumping me was the Spirit of Vengeance giving me the rad Ghost Rider powers and my skull explodes into fire and that's me realizing-"

He lost him among the Nic Cage fan-spewing.

"Roxy coming out was the kick in the ass to make me realize I've always kind of, I guess, felt this way. I didn't stop caring about him after he came out. I'm still attracted to him. And I guess...I guess it made me realize there's a reason I like shitty action movies and I can even stomach rom-coms with Karkat. Everyone is so dang attractive."

Dave let out an almost uncharacteristic guffaw. He tried to keep cool, but the absolute irony of all this was just too good to be true. It was like fucking Christmas, and Santa wasn't a fat guy in a red suit but a pudgy guy in a blue t-shirt. John crumpled a bit.

"No no, I...look you're fine. I'm not laughing at you. I mean I totally am, let's be fuckin' real

here. But like...”

Dave wiped a tear from his eye as he laughed. John picked at the lasagna placed in front of him gingerly.

“Like of all the fucking existential crisis breakdowns. Like dude, what are you worried about? That your bisexual best friend or your bisexual polyamorous sister might judge you for realizing you loved your trans pansexual ex boyfriend after all? Dude Rose is married to an alien woman.”

John squirmed uncomfortably, trying to shrink into the chair.

“Alright look I'll level with you. I get it, I went through the same shit. Even with all the queerness and love in my family and our friends I had the same shit constantly in my head. Doesn't matter if you're the first person out, or the fifth, or the hundredth. Shit takes time. Nobody can tell you when you're ready to come out but you, and being safe doesn't make that shit less scary.”

John felt a bit better, and nodded, “Thanks.”

“Now, I gotta go. Happy Birthday-But-Not-Really. I'll be back to get you in...I mean like two hours for you but a fuckin' second or two for me.”

“Wait, you made our reservations why do you have to-”

But he was gone, whisked away into the past once again by a flash of red.

“Typical Dave. Is this seat taken?”

John felt his mood lift.

“Rose!”

John <3 Rose: Even in Death

Chapter Summary

Rose and John have a very...eye-opening talk about their relationship, their shared trauma, and coping with these things.

I cannot stress enough that there is a CW for talks of alcoholism, trauma, death of a family member, abuse, neglect. Like, please PLEASE heed these warnings. Be safe, I love you all.

Chapter Notes

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

Rose slid into her seat gingerly, steeping her hands in front of her.

“Hello, John.”

“Rose, oh man am I glad to see you. Dave just ditched me, on my birthday of all days!”

She rolled her eyes, taking a sip of what was once Dave's water glass, “Didn't he invite you here in the first place?”

John laughed, and nodded slowly, “Yeah. I guess this was his years long plan to finally get us on a date.”

This time, Rose laughed, flashing her beautiful ring, adorned in gems likely native to Alternia at some point in the distant past, “Sorry. Happily married, and I'm a one woman kinda gal.”

“Dang, guess I missed my chance again,” There was only joy for her in his voice.

“I guess so,” She nodded, smiling wryly, “But it's nice to have a quiet moment to catch up my best friend and first crush, where...” She fell silent for a moment, “Where I'm not so wrapped up in whatever the hell the Horrorterrors wanted.”

“Wait, really? Me?” John interrupted the somber pause with genuine shock.

“Yes, John. You. I know, I had weird tastes as a kid. I grew out of it,” She shot a wink across the table, once a signature of the more amicable of her Fathers, now standing as proof of their direct lineage.

“I had the biggest crush on you, too.”

“I know, you coped with it poorly.”

“What do you m-Oh. Roxy. I mean, I don't think-”

Rose leaned forward, cutting him off, “So tell me. Was that the FIRST time you wanted to fuck one of my parents, John?” She could barely keep her grin from spreading as John stammered and muttered.

“No! I mean ye-no I mean...” John was a stammering mess, his face as red as the cheap sauce on his meal.

“Relax, I'm just messing with you. God, you're easier than Dave sometimes. Anyway, you were saying?”

He took in a sharp breath, “I don't think that was really...coping with never getting together with you, y'know? Like. It wasn't like Roxy was a silver medal to you. You were still my best

friend! ARE still my best friend!"

Her smile changed from a wry grin to a sincere smile, "That honestly means a lot to hear. I was afraid I'd have to kill my brother to maintain that highest of honors."

"Haha, Dave is my best bro but like...you've always been there? I dunno. I feel...connected to you."

"Do I need to flash my ring again?" She chuckled. John blushed and turned away, clearly unamused. She pursed her lips, unhappy with herself. "Yeah. I get that. We're the 'Frozen North' kids, after all? Our siblings can't handle real winters. We have a lot in common."

"How do you figure?"

"Well. We're both..." Rose paused, carefully, "We both have dealt with depression. And...y'know..."

"Yeah..." John's shoulders slumped, "You know I never got to say goodbye, to my Dad. Or even...I guess even to mourn him? Or show him the 'new me', y'know?"

Rose blinked a bit at the sudden morbidity, "What do you mean 'new you'...? Dave said you didn't."

"My God Tier duds! I think he'd be really proud of me. Considering I thought I looked like a fucking clown, haha!"

His laugh had always warmed her heart. It was another casualty of the depression that saddled her and her best friend as soon as the game ended. Or rather, they simply had time to be depressed and not die.

"I dunno. Maybe not the pride of like...dying on my Quest Bed, haha. He might be pretty mad at Jack for doing that!"

"Oh, for sure. Can't say the same for my Mother. I mean, Mom-Mom, not..."

"Yeah, I get you. She loved you though, right?"

"Well, of course. I never really wanted for anything. I always had nice clothes, food was..."

Rose winced, "Okay that was usually my responsibility but the online ordering was set up and paid for by her. Probably a company card from SkaiaNet, but..."

"But you wanted your Mother."

"She was getting better. For all my gloom and doom, do you know what I found when rummaging through our old home as soon as I got my bearings in the Land of Light and Rain? A personal schedule book."

John poked at his lasagna. It was starting to get cold, and he'd barely eaten it. Almost on cue, it was replaced by another bowl. John snapped back, "Like, the ones we had for schoolwork?"

"More for scrawling notes about Wizard Divorce Law, including custody of Familiars. But yes, one of those planners. She...the 15th was circled. 'Get better for Rosey.'"

Rose was solemn. John wasn't sure if he should say anything, "So...you-"

"No," Rose snapped, "No I didn't forgive her. It's not...you don't get to fuck up a little girls formative years and then just make a plan to change and get lauded as a hero. It's not that simple."

There was another pause, hanging in the air like a bomb.

"Sorry. I meant for this to be you working out your trauma, and I kind of just took over the conversation to talk about the past decade and a half of my soul-searching my own trauma."

"Oh. Haha. I...didn't have a lot of trauma."

"Mhmm," Rose was wholly unconvinced, "Next you'll tell me you've never had a crush on Vriska. Now I'm not gonna MAKE you talk about trauma, John, but..."

"Alright, alright..." He sighed, "I only think I got over losing my father as quickly as I did

because things didn't stop from keep happening all day. And by the time they did, I was rocketing through space with the girl I just found out was my sister! And then when THAT was over, everything started blowing up and-"

His entire body shuddered as his head sunk into his hands. Rose reached out a gentle hand. "It's okay, I'm here..."

John's entire body convulsed, "Everything fell apart so fast. I didn't have a chance to even stop and think about how my Dad fucking died, Rose! My *Dad* died and all I did was make a pass at you..."

"It was very flattering, if it's any consolation."

He sniffled and gave a terse laugh, "I guess...I guess just everything happening. God, suddenly being thrown into all this, dying, coming back as an immortal. Having to adapt to literally my entire existence changing so drastically. Everything I know..."

"Not to mention, our frame of reference for life going from 'maybe another 80 years if I'm really good' to 'Forever'..."

John nodded, "I guess that's the thing. I lost my Dad, and it sucked and it hurt, but I guess I was quickly coming to grips with the idea...I dunno, I was gonna lose ALL of you. None of you had Ascended, yet. It was just me. I was gonna live forever and you all would die. I didn't really wanna think of it. So I guess...I just kind of didn't. I refused to let myself get sad. Losing my best friends, my sister, my Dad. I just didn't wanna think about it. So. I kind of...repressed it all?"

John shrugged, "Seems to have worked for the most part!"

"John, you have burst into tears at least once a week for the past decade. It's very much not working."

"Hey now only *some* of that is from trauma related to Sburb."

She blinked a bit and went to say something, but decided against it. Best not to ask questions she already knew the answer to. A waste of her Light player potential, at any rate.

"I haven't got much time, Jade should be here soon."

"What? Why? Why didn't Dave just bring you all with us if this-"

"It's complicated. Time bullshit, probably. I hate to rush."

John nodded, a bit sullen, "Oh. Okay. Uh...I dunno what else is there? I miss my Dad. Jane's Dad is nice but...he's not MY Dad. But I always felt so disconnected. And it's the stupidest and most selfish thing."

"What makes you say that?"

Rose waited patiently as John took a far-too-big bite out of another breadstick.

"You all had abusive parents. Or, Jade, who had none at all! I felt like some bratty spoiled child complaining about all the delicious cakes my Father baked for me, or how it was so embarrassing when I tried out for the football team and hew as already waving a giant foam finger for me at try-outs. So I guess, I guess I just feel silly complaining about my Dad. And, I guess I feel ultimately silly about complaining about him. He didn't treat me like shit. Everyone else had missed opportunities to say goodbye or make amends."

"But you're the only one deprived that, John."

"How do you figure?"

"Do you know where I was last night when Dave told me about this surprise for you? I was with my wife, drinking coffee with Roxy. Dirk and Dave free-style rapped on and off all night. Jade and Jake were in their garden all afternoon. The only one without a Guardian to talk to, in some form, is *you*. If anything I'd say you're the only one deprived of the luxury of making amends or connections again. Close as Jane and you are sometimes..."

"I never met my Nana."

“That's true, she was long gone, wasn't she? Even before your Father found you.”

John nodded, “But it's nice having Jane around, y'know?”

Rose smiled, and stood up, “I hate to cut our time short, but I've got to be going. Your sister should be here shortly. You know how she is.”

“Haha, taking advantage of the fact she can just teleport!”

Rose's smile turned down a bit, “Yeah. She does like to show up exactly as soon as it's time.”

“Do you...not like Jade?”

“Don't get me wrong. Your sister is one of my closest and dearest friends. I would lay down my life for her, just as soon as I would for you or my own brother. It's just. She has a habit of forgetting herse-”

There was a flash of green cutting Rose off, and even before the green dots faded, an amazonian form began squeezing the life out of Rose with powerful arms.

“Rose! I thought you would've left by now!”

Rose smiled weakly, nodding as she was released, “I was just headed out. It was nice catching up with you John. Jade, I'll see you tonight?”

“Wouldn't miss it for the world!”

Rose smiled, and made her way out of the restaurant.

“So!” Jade's ears perked up, “What should we talk about first?”

Chapter End Notes

It should go without saying that nothing here is meant to be a serious canon relationship (unless stated otherwise). Rose and John are not dating now. Rose very much is still married to her wife, Kanaya. So if you HC Rose as a Lesbian and not Bisexual, please don't misunderstand. Unlike the HS^2 writers, I don't revel in hurting Rosemary.

End Notes

Welcome to an overly-fluffy little fun fic that definitely will not be a deep dive into a character OR the authors own personal hang-ups, psyche, and the like! Just regular fluffy pairings.

Some clarifications:

1. Moirails (<>) are STRICTLY platonic and represented by X & Y. So John & Jade or John & Kanaya is NOT romantic, and should (hopefully) not be received poorly. Don't worry, I'm not shipping a cis man and a lesbian romantically.
2. These are not breaking established canon relationships. Even Romantic (represented as X/Y or X+Y) ships are just discussions that veer more towards romantic. Two characters who are just friends (like John and Rose, who I HC as bisexual) are not suddenly dating.
3. Think of this as like...Earth C-Slightly to the Left. Transmasc Roxy yes, Fascist Jane no.
4. Limited Quirks, based on pronunciation. So Kanaya Has Her Lilt, KARKAT HIS SHOUTINESS, but Vriska pronounces her 8s as Bs. This is for accessibility and to help make it easier for screen readers!

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