

Hey, Egbert.

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Characters:	John Egbert , Dave Strider , Dave's Bro Beta Dirk Strider
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Hey, Egbert.

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Dave wants to have a talk with John, a one-on-one, man to man. Dave uses the advice and life lessons he's learnt from his bro to get his way with John, and Dave's not taking no for an answer.

Notes

If you are easily triggered, do not read. This is cope writing.

/Also, comment if I should make a part 2.

“Hey, Egbert.”

Dave opens the apartment door to see an aloof and curious, John Egbert, standing in front of him.

“Hello, Dave! Is your bro home today?”

“Nope, just you and me.”

John smiles and lets himself in. Dave closes and locks the door, walking over to the kitchen. To some, leaving a 13-year-old all by himself in an apartment full of swords and sex-toys is an accident waiting to happen, but Dave knows he’s old enough to not endanger himself while his bro is away at work. Dave offers some apple juice to John, he refuses.

“It’s alright Dave, I ate before I came.”

“Alright.” Dave walks out of the kitchen and leads John to his room.

“So, what did you want to do today? You said in your message you had something ‘special’ planned. Did you get a new game or something?” John exclaimed happily, walking into the strider’s room.

The room was tidy, maybe a few shirts and socks scattered on the floor, but it was expected. John’s room wasn’t the cleanest either.

“Yeah, I do want to talk to you about something.” Dave pushes up his glasses and points John to hit the bed, patting the spot beside him.

“Oh, is everything okay?” John sits beside Dave, concerned. He had never seen Dave act so serious before.

“I want to ask you something. I’m being serious when I say this, so don’t laugh.”

“Um, okay? What is it?”

Dave wraps his hand around John’s, getting a little too close for comfort.

“I want you to be my boyfriend, John.”

Dave goes for a kiss, John falls back onto the bed quickly.

“What? Are you shitting me? Dave, what the fuck? I’m not gay. I’m sorry but, no!” John looks at Dave disgusted, Dave’s eyebrows frown.

“You didn’t even let me finish asshole.” Dave stands and throws John back onto the bed, sitting on top of him, pinning him down.

“I want you to be my boyfriend. I am not asking, because I’m not taking no for an answer. You can’t just lead me on, texting me every day, saying after our ‘hang-outs’ how much fun you had. I need you John, and if you don’t want that, then you’ll have to suck it up.”

John lays helplessly, scared out of his mind. Dave has never used this tone. It’s the same threatening tone his bro used on Dave that day he was over, right after punching Dave to the ground.

And as John feared, Dave punched him. Hard. He could feel his nose bleeding already, smelling the metallic smell.

“I want to make you cum. I can treat you so much better than anyone could because I love you! I think about you everyday John.” Dave gets up to retrieve something from under his

mattress.

Dave presented a binder full of photos. The photos that John had sent him, and others from when he was at the apartment previously. The one with his open mouth was covered in what he only assumes to be semen. John wanted to throw up.

“I spent so many nights thinking about you, and now that you’re here, I’m going to have so much fun with you. And I’m going to make you feel so good, and we’ll be happy together!” Dave pulls out a knife.

“Now, do you want me to undo your belt or can you do it yourself?”

The knife Dave pulled out was one of those professional self-defence ones. Sharp, that it could cut the skin like paper. John was shaking so bad that he couldn’t move an inch.

“I’ll do it for you then. C’mon, don’t be scared.”

“What do you need that knife for…” John looks at Dave with a terrified expression on his face.

“It’s if this doesn’t work out. I’ll kill you if I’m just not satisfied or if you haven’t agreed to date me. Simple really.”

John wanted to scream, kick, punch and run. He couldn’t believe what was coming out of Dave’s mouth, his once poker-face and chill friend is now showing his insane obsession with you, and that if it doesn’t work out he’ll kill you! But John couldn’t move. The blade was on his thigh, and he knew if he tried to run Dave would definitely stab him.

Dave unbuckles John’s belt swiftly, eagerly pulling down his pants and boxers. John’s soft penis lay between his thighs, it was an average size, and Dave was far from being disappointed.

“I’m going to suck it. This isn’t my first time though but do tell me if you’re not feeling anything. I want it to feel amazing.”

Dave gets down to work, not even acknowledging that John’s arms are free. John could pull Dave away, he could stop this, but he can’t. He admits that even if he didn’t want it, it felt really good. Dave was going balls deep into John, it was like he didn’t even have a gag-reflex.

“Oh, fuck Dave, that’s really good.” John places his hand onto Dave’s blonde (almost white) hair and grabs a chunk of hair tightly, pushing himself into Dave more and more. With a pop, Dave releases from John and takes his own pants and underwear off.

“What are you doing?”

“I’ve always wanted to be fucked by you.” Dave giggles.

Dave places his ass-hole over the tip of John’s dick, sliding in slowly.

“Oh, it’s going in! John, It’s going in!” Dave moans.

Dave plops fully into John’s cock, shaking his ass to get used to the feeling of it inside of him.

“Fuck, Dave, your so warm. You’re like a girl, a cunt.” John teases.

“Hey, Egbert.”

A ping of nausea goes through John's heart. That's what Dave said at the door. He was dreading what Dave was about to ask.

"Yeah, Dave?"

Dave hands John the knife and points to his arm.

"You want to carve your name into me? Claim me like a little bitch? Like toy?" Dave starts to laugh harder, pushing his arm closer.

"No! I don't want to hurt you!" John protests.

"No? John, please just cut my stomach or something. Please, John, do it now!"

Dave thrusts his hips up and down John's cock, pleading with John to hurt him with the knife.

"Fuck, Dave okay! Slow down please.." John can feel Dave onto of him, although It felt nice, it hurt. A lot. Dave was slamming onto him way to hard, he felt as though he's going to see some bruises on his thighs tomorrow.

"Yes, John! Cut me!" Dave sticks his skinny stomach out to John.

Although John really didn't want to do this, he knew it would keep Dave from doing something worse, like cutting him. John starts to carve a 'J' into Dave's stomach lightly, hopefully not to break into the organs. He knows it sounds silly, but Dave was so skinny it was like punching him in the ribs would break them.

"John, oh yes John! I can feel it, it feels so good." Dave moans. Grinding his ass on John's dick excitedly.

John finishes and sees how much blood was already pouring out, he got scared and looks around for a rag.

"No, John don't clean it. Let it drip. I want to feel it bleed."

John cringed at the sight of the blood almost falling down to his stomach but complied with Dave's demands.

"What do I do now?" John looked away from the sight of the wound on Dave's stomach.

Dave grabs the knife from John, quickly holding up to John's throat.

"Hm, no that doesn't feel right."

Dave places the knife behind him.

"Please don't kill me, Dave," John said, shaking and terrified, forgetting the blonde is still sitting on his dick.

Dave punches John again, getting the nose bleeding again. His first punch didn't produce much blood, but this one was even better. It was a waterfall of blood, and Dave was very aroused by the sight.

"Please, stop. It hurts, oh god it's coming out a lot, get off me!"

John sat up and pushed Dave off him, cupping his nose, breathing heavily out of his mouth.

"Oh well I'm sorry that your nose can't take any more than a little punch," Dave said in his regular aloof tone.

John looked up hopefully at Dave, hearing that snarky statement made John think this wasn't

real. Dave wouldn't do this, the real Dave just snapped him out of it right?
Wrong, John's flaccid dick was still out, Blood was dripping onto Dave's dick from the wound John inflicted.

"If you want this to get over with, take this."

Dave hands a pill to John, along with a half-drunken apple juice.

"Is this fucking Viagra?"

"You want this to be done? We are done once we both cum. Take it or leave it to your body. I know you not into this, but fuck am I horny right now." Dave giggles.

"Fuck Dave. Are you okay?" John says sympathetically.

Dave scoffs, takes the pill, and shoves it down John's throat, squeezing some AJ into his mouth. He learnt a trick from his bro about forcing pills down, when Dave was little he'd never go to bed when told, so bro would shove a sleeping pill down his throat and press on his throat. He always swallowed.

John chokes, but it, unfortunately, goes down. The trick worked; Dave was pleased.

"Sorry but, it's no fun if I'm the only one getting off on this. Just, go with it okay? I'll be here for a while babe." Dave kisses John's stunned face.

Dave licks his index finger, pushing John down.

"I want to try being the pitcher, okay?"

Dave sticks his finger into John's ass, it's tight. John screeches from the feeling.

"Dave! Take It out!" John demands.

"Don't be a baby, unless you just want me to stick my dick in without any prep."

John groans, he can't feel any of the Viagra working, must take a few minutes to kick in or something he thinks.

Dave pushes in the final third finger, John's still tight but should be about ready. Dave already found John's sweet spot at two fingers, He needs John to cum.

"Alright baby, I'm going in. How are you feeling? Is the pill working?"

It has been about half an hour since John swallowed the pill, he can feel something but he's not sure if it's at its full capacity. Even though John's uncomfortable, he might as well take advantage of a bad situation.

"Can you wait a few more minutes, it hasn't really kicked in yet- Fuck!"

Dave thought this might be the case, so he gets to work on John's dick, again. But Dave's giving a simple hand-job to John now, 'his throat must be tired after the blow-job from earlier John wonders.

"You ready now?"

"Yeah, just get it over with man." John turns over.

"C'mon bro I want you to enjoy yourself as well. Please will you try to enjoy this?"

"I'm trying Dave! But I didn't expect my virginity to be taken by a guy! Let alone my best friend."

Dave groans sadly "I love you, John." Dave puts the tip of his dick on John's ass.

"Trust me, bro, it's going to feel great." Dave smiles.

Dave collects some blood from his recently injured stomach and tries to lube himself up. Unfortunately, most of the blood has been clotted. He instead spits onto his hand and uses that as lube. Dave could use the Vaseline out in the kitchen, but he's not bothered to go now.

"Can you go in slowly?" John pleaded.

"Hm," Dave pushed in swiftly "Nah."

John starts to cry, it hurts, but in a good way. Dave keeps pushing onto the g-spot, making John moan and groan uncontrollably.

"See, I told you it would feel good." Dave slaps John's ass.

"Dave, oh Dave please don't stop, oh YES, oh shit.." John moans.

The Viagra starts to fully impact John, his boner is crazy and so are his thoughts. Dave's pounding isn't going to help calm him down, as much as he doesn't want to admit it, he's loving getting fucked by a man.

"You gonna cum baby? I'm close." Dave starts to speed up.

"nMh! More!" John rocks his hips into Dave.

Crack.

Dave pulls John up and has John laying on his collarbone. His spine starts to make those cracking sounds, like when you pull your finger. Dave knows how a broken bone sounds, He knows John is fine. He might give him a massage after this.

"dfv! Eh cam breef!" John says face smashed into the bed.

"No, this is perfect."

Dave goes harder, faster, rougher. He eventually shoots his load into John, sighing with relief. He lets John down, seeing John spurt with his own seed.

John was basically knocked out, cum pouring out of him and breathing heavily. It was such a beautiful sight.

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Dave takes out the filtered photo and shakes it.

"Hey, Egbert. Tell me when you wake up.

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