

why can't you let me get over you?

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why can't you let me get over you?

by [shxdes](#)

Summary

giving your best friend and crush advice over a breakup would be so much easier if it meant he realised he had feelings for you;
instead of it being the exact opposite and you are left trying to get over him again.

Notes

YEAH i know i write a lot of one-sided love please let me BE
oh yeah i post once every few months
this was like iunno way bits back??? so it probably isnt my best work lol
also its like really bad i apologise
fun fact: the idea for this was that it was going to be an actual story, and john realises he has feelings for dave but its too late because hes with roxy and got married with her and daves trying to get over him but cant (thus the title)
but in the end the two get together but it never exactly happened so sorry lmao
also i was like really scared on posting this aaah
i talk so MUCH fgfdhfj
enjoy <3

you want to slap john.

not because of how naive he is, or how much a complete airhead he gets or how much he looks at every goddamn positive notation in his brain about every single situation he is implemented in, no; you want to slap him because you see the expression of someone who's not hurt over the fact roxy broke up with him for who knows what reason. if you were him, you'd be in shambles of a huge heartbreak, shambles to know something like that would never come to you. yet, here is john, explaining you how it happened and how calm he is about the situation makes you want to slap that fucking face right off.

he's explaining it, and giving out words of saying: 'i understand why she did it' to 'i don't think we were the best match either'. yeah, no shit. john decided to go out with your mom, and do you know how weird it is to see your *best friend* talk about your mom in a way you'd feel so weirded out by? not that roxy is *your* mom, a habit. a stupid habit.

a dumb habit that turned out to be your worst nightmare, because sometimes when you, john and roxy are in the same place, you blurt out mom and the two snicker like hyenas. you hate it. not as much as hating the fact that john is oblivious to look deep in your eyes, figure out the pattern of sudden love and realise what it looks like. he doesn't.

his glasses don't match the fact he can't see how he hurts you.

he hurts you bad and all you can do is give your pitiful advice. you hate it. you hate yourself for giving in to listen to john's sob story that wasn't even a sob story in the first place. you hate how he looks calm under the most impactful moment of his life; yet he is looking at you with the flattest emotion you'd wish you knew how to pull off - telling you words that you weren't registering, then immediately seems ok within seconds upon the exposure of sudden heartbreak.

you want to slap him.

but you don't.

so, you do what any good friend does. you listen. words don't register in your brain, because all your focused on is how his lips move when he speaks and how each word that comes from it sounds angelic but haunting at all once. for a while you wanted to kiss them, you still do. yet, that doesn't seem like the best choice of action, but oh god, how they move and how sometimes his teeth overbite the bottom lip. it makes you go crazy. but you behave and look at johns eyes.

oceans. complete, utter, ocean. blue's such a pretty colour, but it hurts to look at. yet, you look at it anyway, and decide whether or not to blurt every thought you've prohibited yourself from saying. only for john to snap you out of you daze.

"we sorted it out, actually! she was saying that she needs some time to think," john says, his words felt enchanting and how he sounds so happy about that. like as if he sucked every bit of hope you had left in your body, to bring it for himself.

john's selfish. so selfish.

maybe that's why you are so head over heels for him, you two share a common trait. selfishness. that sounds stupid, john has not been selfish once in his entire life. if he was, you'd see it with your eyes closed. your eyes are wide open and he looks ready to embark on his selfish journey to fulfill his desires. not yours. why would he think about you?

he doesn't. you need to get that through your thick skull. for once. it's the only thought that orbits your mind, mentioning itself to you that john maybe once thought about you romantically, but that's such a silly fairytale.

"so, something's good is coming my way!" john exclaims, smiling so bright that you wish night would risen upon his face.

"happy to know it all worked out," you hear yourself say, mentally sawing your tongue off for words that felt like daggers stabbing your chest continuously. yet, you want to appear as a good friend, a good best bro. you learned to hate that phrase.

sometimes the thought 'best *boyfriend*' comes to mind and you constantly think about john in that sense. yet, the thoughts hurt you, so you stop. then, when you're trying your hardest to get over him, he comes back. with only the most welcoming but saddening news all at once, and then every emotion throws itself upon you like a tsunami. he knows how to make you remember him, he knows how to make each heart string sting. he knows what buttons to press to get you to hate everything about him, but fall for them all at once.

he knows exactly what to do to make your heart ache for him, to make you ache for him, that this conversation was all john's idea to get himself to talk to you again, just to burn every inch of your body with words.

you hate him so much.

but you love him, you love him so much.

it physically pains you.

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