All worked up for something dead

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/726.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Slash (M/M), Femslash (F/F), Hetero (F/M)
Fandom:	Homestuck
Relationships:	Terezi Pyrope/Karkat Vantas, Nepeta Leijon/Terezi Pyrope - Unrequited, Dave Strider/Karkat Vantas - Unrequited
Characters:	Nepeta Leijon, Dave Strider, Terezi Pyrope, Karkat Vantas
Additional Tags:	Unrequited Love, Unrequited Crush, Hopeful Ending, Angst, Pining, Trolls On Earth (Homestuck), Flushed Romance | Matesprits (Homestuck), Caligious Romance | Kismessises (Homestuck)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-08-05 Words: 2,162 Chapters: 1/1

All worked up for something dead

by Sushipillar

Summary

Nepeta and Dave love and lose, but maybe thats for the better.

You had been friends with Dave for awhile.
In fact, you two had been friends for so long that you can't remember what it was like to not be his friend.

You two would sit together in math, passing each other little slips of paper with either shitty drawings (courtesy of Dave) or the latest updates on the relationships of the school, (provided by you). Sometimes, it'd be a comment on how particularly boring a lesson would be, or how silly the teacher looked.

You and Dave were great friends. You had each other's backs, trusted each other to be there when the other needed them the most. So far, you two had a pretty good track record on that.

Although you had one secret that you kept guarded with your life. Nobody could know about it, not even Dave.

You had been in love with Terezi Pyrope for awhile. In fact, you had been in love with her for so long that you can't remember what it was like to not be in love with her.

It all started back in elementary school, when you were being bullied for your little obsession with cats. Nowadays, people tend to ignore you, but children are ruthless, especially when they don't like something.

Terezi had noticed you being picked on by some older kids, and had managed to scare them away from you. When asked if you were alright, you felt your cheeks burn, and you could hear your heart beating in your chest.

You would discover years later that the reason your breath would hitch whenever she entered the room was because you had a crush on her. Everything she did took your breath away. Her drawings, her laugh, the way her cheeks tinted whenever she was embarrassed. She was even a roleplayer too! How could you not love her?

Unfortunately, by the time you managed to put all the pieces together, Karkat Vantas had entered your life.

He wasn't your enemy, but you wouldn't go as far as to call yourselves friends. He was simply an acquaintance that just so happened to be dating the girl you loved so deeply, that was all.

You weren't mad at him, really. You were more angry at yourself, because you could've sworn that before Karkat came around, Terezi had been flirting with you.

Or was it simply wishful thinking?

Well, it was too late for you to do anything about it. Even if Terezi had loved you, she had moved on, and you should too. The best you could do was bask in the fabricated memories of your youth, and wonder what might have happened if you had noticed the possible signs earlier.

You and Dave have a lot in common, it's why your such great friends. You both like drawing, you both love watching shitty movies, and you both wanted something you could not have.

When Dave told you that he and Karkat had decided to try out black romance, you were surprised, but happy for him. A kismesis would do him good, you thought, someone to help him deal with the issues that his brother had forced upon him all those years ago.

The first week was fine, but it was the next three that really put you off.

Dave started acting weird, not responding to you or Jade's messages, and could only be reached by either Rose, Dirk or Karkat.

Whenever you would see Dave in public, he would be clinging on to the troll as if his life depended on it. You would see him in math class too, but even then he seemed to be out of it. His eyes would be trailed off to some random piece of carpet, and would seemingly jump anytime he was called. It was like he was off in his own little world, you knew the feeling.

Despite this, it was still a surprise when Dave came knocking on your door in the middle of the night, glasses in hand, his eyes red and puffy from crying.

You let him in, and without a word you both curled up on your bed with blankets and the fluffiest of pillows you could find. It was something you both did whenever the other was upset. Get them comfortable, and find out what was troubling them.

Dave cried it out, and you let him, it was the most you could do. When he had managed to cry out his feelings, he explained to you why he came here in the first place.

"I'm- i'm in love with Karkat."

That told you everything you needed to know. "You want to date him flushed, don't you?" you offered him a small smile.

He nodded his head. "Yeah." and continued with his explanation, "I thought black romance was like- normal human dating but with a twist. Or something"

You shrugged, "it kind of is." That was a lie, blackrom had a lot of anger, fighting, and pure hate. It was something you weren't interested in, if only for your matchmaking.

"Normal human romance doesn't involve your partner telling you that everything you hate about yourself is true." He curled the blanket tighter around him, and stared out the window, as if he was remembering something.

You didn't know what to do. What could you do? Quadrants were complicated thing for humans, and although it was common for trolls to switch from black to red, it didn't seem like Karkat would be doing that any time soon, especially not with Terezi as his matesprit.

The best you could do was make Dave feel less alone.

"If it helps, i'm in a similar boat to yours."

He perked his head up at that, turning from the window to look at you, “You are?”

With a pause you exhaled, “Yeah. I’ve been in love with Terezi ever since we were kids.”

It felt weird to say it out loud, like you were finally fully accepting the fact that you were in love with Pyrope. It hit hard, obviously, waves of emotions came crashing down, and you didn’t think you could process it all.

But you did, and without spilling any tears, you kept a straight face on for Dave.

“Oh.” Was all he could manage to say before awkwardly looking to the side, “Funny, ain’t it.”

At the time, you didn’t think it was a good joke. Now that you think about it, he was right, it was kind of funny. You both were in love with one half of the same couple, and you both had each other to cry about it with.

You changed the topic. “You can stay the night, if you want.” It was one in the morning by then, making it a horrible idea to let Dave wander around out in the dark, especially in his state.

He nodded, perhaps too tired to speak. Wordlessly, you prepared the couch for him, and by the time you were back in your own bed, you could hear his snoring coming from the living room.

You ate breakfast with him the next day, a nice meal of eggs and toast. He told you that he’s was gonna stay black with Karkat, since it was the only way he would probably ever get to be with him. You didn’t say anything, awkwardly looking off to the side and wondering if you could get away with lying about being pale for Terezi.

Romance is complicated. Thats why quadrants were made, to be able to describe how you feel and place your feelings all in a neat little chart. Romance is also based on trust, you need to tell your partner how and what you feel in order for a romance in any quadrant to truly thrive.

It is this knowledge that prevents you from lying about your feelings for Terezi, but regrettably, you don’t stop Dave. You don’t know why, your a matchmaker, after all.

Communication is your number 1 go to advice, and yet, there are simply no words to put together the pain you both felt at that moment. Maybe that’s why you kept quiet, so that you wouldn’t have to keep confronting what you had already known for so long.

Dave leaves your apartment, and you don’t speak about any of this for a week.

When you do, it’s in your car. You were both coming back from from a party Feferi held, which conveniently Terezi had also attended.

Dave was driving because you felt tired. You had blamed it on the party and the alcohol, but deep down you knew why you were really tired.

You were tired of not being able to hold Terezi, tired of not being the one she looks at with such fondness. You wanted her to kiss you the way she did Karkat whenever you were all out together. You wanted to curl up with her at night and have her whisper the sweetest of nothings within your ear. But you couldn't have any of that.

And you were so damn tired of it.

The next thing you knew, Dave had pulled over, and was leaning over to try and comfort you.

"Nep? What's wrong?" As you pulled your hands away from your eyes, you noticed that both they and your face felt wet, which brought you to the conclusion that you were crying, which, really, wasn't much of a surprise.

Dave wasn't good at comfort. He was more of a 'let people handle it themselves' kind of person, but he cared about his friends enough to try, and that thought alone brought you a little comfort.

"I'm tired, Dave." Admitting it felt like a weight off your shoulder, but you still felt sick with love and jealousy, your stomach starting to twist and pinch to the point that you were afraid of making a mess in your own car.

It took him a moment to realize just what you were referring to, "This is about Terezi, isn't it."

And there it was, the final push that broke the dam. Only he would be here to watch you crumble now. Fitting, you think.

As you screamed and cried leaned your head out the window for fresh air, he stayed with you, resting his hand on your back and not daring to speak a word, worried that he might say something to make the situation worse.

Part of you wished he would say something, but another part was glad that you had the space to cry and scream about everything, with no-one being able to interrupt you.

Once your throat was sore and your sobs had turned to sniffles, Dave found the courage to speak.

"I think i'm tired too, Nep." You rubbed your eye for what felt like the eleventh time that night, "I want to hold him. I want to be the one he kisses softly to bed, I want him to tell me that he loves me I-" Strider paused, "I want him to love me."

You were a matchmaker, and that job involved giving advice. Sometimes the advice was something the reciprocating party did not want to hear, but it was always what they needed.

"Leave him, Dave." His glasses didn't stop you from seeing the sadness in his face. "I know Karkat, and yeah, trolls may switch quadrants sometimes, but he's stubborn, and troll Hate is the same as a human Crush." To put it simply, if Karkat had a hate-crush on someone, it would be hard for him to let it go.

Dave understood this, and sighed, backing away from you a bit. “It would be healthier for the both of you, Karkat cannot give you what you want, and you cannot give him what he wants.”

You were a matchmaker, yet only then did it occur to you that the advice you have been giving to others for so long may also apply to you.

You needed to let her go. No matter how much she meant to you, and no matter how many nights you spent crying your eyes out, wishing that the next day she would text you and tell you she loved you, she wasn’t yours, and she was never going to be yours.

It took Dave two days to break it off with Karkat, and even then you had to drive over to his house and help him with it. Karkat wasn’t as pissed off as much as you thought he would be. Sure, he was upset at loosing a kismesis, but he knew Dave was a human, and probably wasn’t equipped to handle troll romance.

As for you, your not sure how long it will take you to get over Terezi. Now and then you’ll catch yourself glancing over at her, slowly taking in her features until you manage to pull yourself away and focus on something else. Your getting there, though, and thats the important part.

You think you’re proud of yourself.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!