### Third Time's The Charm

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**Third Time's The Charm**

by [erisolshipper](http://archiveofourown.org/users/erisolshipper)

**Summary**

-Story Also On Wattpad (Updates Faster)-

Plane Crash/Survival AU: DikJake ' 

After boarding a plane for a family event, Dirk and Jake reunite awkwardly after a rocky past when they realize they have to sit beside each other on a plane. However, the two must put aside their problems in order to survive together after the plane debris leads them to an island. The real question that remains in their minds, is if they'll ever be rescued.

Homestuck and its characters belong to Andrew Hussie.

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**Notes**

See the end of the work for notes.
Prepare For Take-Off

Jake handed in his ticket for his flight with his carry-on luggage by his side. Once the female flight attendant said to 'Have A Nice Flight,' Jake thanked her and made his way onto the plane he was boarding.

The second flight attendant walked up to Jake, "Good morning, Sir. Do you need help finding your seat?"

"Oh, yes, thank you." He smiled. Looking around, he only spotted a few people on the plane so far. He was grateful that he was one of the first to board the plane.

The attendant looked at what seat he was assigned, "Ah, okay. Your seat is right over here." The attendant motioned towards the back of the plane, "The last row to the left. You'll be lucky if we don't have a fully booked flight to California. You could have that whole row to yourself."

"Splendid. Thank you."

"Don't forget to put your carry-on luggage underneath the seat in front of you or in the overhead bin. There will be a reminder for it during the end of boarding."

Jake sat down in the window seat. He placed his carry-on down in the seat in front of him rather than the overhead bin. If someone were to sit with him, he didn't want to make things awkward with trying to get out and retrieve his things during the flight.

Jake sat back comfortably in his seat, watching the passengers board one by one. He prayed as they all were seated that no one would have to sit in the row with him. He didn't mind if someone had to, but he didn't want to be stuck with a person who would make him aggravated. He recalled several flights where he had been stuck with a woman and an annoying toddler. The mother didn't control the screaming child at all. Everyone on that flight might have been annoyed, but Jake thought the screaming would make him go deaf. In another flight, a man was being extremely rude to Jake after he wished to exit the row to use the restroom.

Jake sighed and waited patiently on the plane. He listened to the sound of rain outside and thunder. He looked up and saw the fasten seat belt sign light up. One of the flight attendants walked to a speaker and spoke.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the Captain has turned on the Fasten Seat Belt sign. If you haven't already done so, please stow your carry-on luggage underneath the seat in front of you or in an overhead bin. Please take your seat and fasten your seat belt. And also make sure your seat back and folding trays are in their full upright position. If you are seated next to an emergency exit, please read carefully the special instructions card located by your seat. If you do not wish to perform the functions described in the event of an emergency, please ask a flight attendant to reseat you. We remind you that this is a non-smoking flight. Smoking is prohibited on the entire aircraft, including the lavatories. Tampering with, disabling or destroying the lavatory smoke detectors is prohibited by law. If you have any questions about our flight today, please don't hesitate to ask one of our flight attendants. Thank you."

Jake watched the last few remaining people get on the plane, and yet, still no one was coming to the row he was sitting in. He was grateful that things were turning out okay. It seemed like he always had bad luck on flights.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is..." The chief flight attendant spoke into the intercom. Jake wasn't paying much attention to the details about how high they were flying or the time it would take for the
travel. " At this time, make sure your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position and that your seat belt is correctly fastened. Also, your portable **electronic devices** must be set to 'airplane' mode until an announcement is made upon arrival. Thank you."

One of the flight attendants walked into the plane. Another approached, "Is there anyone else?"
"Doesn't seem like it. I'll shut the door and we should be good to go."
"You do that."

When they were about to shut the door, someone came running and shouting, "Wait!"

The flight attendant looked up, "Are you on this flight?"
"Yes, I am." The blond male handed his ticket over.
Upon inspection, the attendant smiled, "Just in time, Mr. Dirk Strider. I was about to shut the door. Come on inside and I'll take you to your seat."

"Thank you." He sighed with relief, tightly clutching to some carry-on as he walked through the aisles of the plane with the flight attendant.

"This is the captain speaking, will the Cabin Crew please prepare for gate departure. The doors on automatic, cross-check and report. Thank you."

"Oh," The attendant pointed to the back row of the plane, "You're seated in the back row next to that young man staring out the window. Have a nice flight, sir."
Dirk looked at the back and his heart nearly stopped when he saw Jake gazing out the window. He didn't know how he was supposed to approach him. The last time they spoke to each other was about three years ago after a very rocky breakup.

Oh shit... He thought to himself. He bit his lip then took a deep breath, approaching the male in green.
Jake wasn't paying any attention at all. He just wanted the plane to take off already. However, his attention was captured by the familiar scent of fresh citrus fruits and a dash of a metallic smell. He turned his head, gasping when he saw Dirk sitting beside him.

"What the bloody hell- What are you doing here?!"
"Uh, traveling to California?"
"Why?!"

"To see Dave graduate from high school. What about you?"

"I-" Jake flushed, "Uh... Actually... The same thing for John and Jade..."

The awkwardly sat beside each other, but thankfully, one of the flight attendants spoke up to the passengers, "Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to direct your attention to the television monitors. We will be showing our safety demonstration and would like the next few minutes of your complete attention."

Dirk and Jake turned their heads to small screens on the seats in front of them. The screen lit up, welcoming the passengers onto the flight. "When the seat belt sign illuminates, you must fasten your seat belt. Insert the metal fittings one into the other, and tighten by pulling on the loose end of the strap. To release your seat belt, lift the upper portion of the buckle. We suggest that you keep your seat belt fastened throughout the flight, as we may experience turbulence..."
Jake and Dirk turned out the video, making awkward glances at the other as the video continued for
some time, "There are several emergency exits on this aircraft," The video lit up the different exits, "Please take a few moments now to locate your nearest exit. In some cases, your nearest exit may be behind you. If we need to evacuate the aircraft, floor-level lighting will guide you towards the exit. Doors can be opened by moving the handle in the direction of the arrow..."

It seems like I do have bad luck on airplanes, Jake thought. Of all people, it just had to be him?

"-Keep your mask on until a uniformed crew member advises you to remove it. In the event of an emergency, please assume the bracing position. Lean forward with your hands on top of your head and your elbows against your thighs. Ensure your feet are flat on the floor," The video showed an example of a woman demonstrating what to do.

Jake sighed and glanced out the window, seeing Dirk’s reflection in it. He tried not to visibly show how distressed he was. He wanted to try to be the bigger person in the situation they were in.

"At this time, your portable electronic devices must be set to 'airplane' mode until an announcement is made upon arrival. We remind you that this is a non-smoking flight. Tampering with, disabling, or destroying the smoke detectors located in the lavatories is prohibited by law. You will find this and all the other safety information in the card located in the seat pocket in front of you. We strongly suggest you read it before take-off. If you have any questions, please don't hesitate to ask one of our crew members. We wish you all an enjoyable flight." The video ended.

"This is your captain speaking." The announcement sounded through the aircraft, "Passengers, please make sure you have your seatbelts fastened. Cabin crew, please take your seats for prepare for take-off."

Dirk looked to his ex, "Listen, I know we're gonna be stuck here together for a few hours; but it doesn't have to be awkward."

"Awkward?" Jake barely looked at him, "I'm not the one making this awkward. You are."

"Jake, you won't even look at me." "That's not my problem." Jake crossed his arms as the plane was preparing to take off.

"Jake, you seriously still can't be mad about what happened all that time ago?"
"I'm not!" Jake nearly shouted then gravity pushed him back into his seat. He looked out the window, seeing the plane depart from the ground.

"Okay, fine..." Dirk mumbled, leaning back in his seat. He closed his eyes as the plane departed, taking a deep breath. Jake raised an eyebrow, "Dirk, are you scared of planes?"

"No! I've just... I've never flown before. Whenever I travel to California to see Dave, I usually just take a car a few days ahead. I couldn't though because Dave told me super last minute about the date he was graduating."

"Oh..." Jake looked out the window again, seeing them fly farther from the ground, "Anyways, why were you even in the UK to begin with?"

"Oh, I was just meeting up with an old friend. That's why I'm taking the plane last minute. I would have driven if I was back home in Texas."

Soon enough after being in the air, the seatbelt sign turned off. Some people got up and went to the bathroom. The attendants started to get the snack cart in order for the others.
Jake looked out the window again, seeing the ocean through some slightly parted clouds.

"Jake," Dirk nudged Jake's arm, "Do you want anything to snack on? The cart's coming our way."
"Oh," Jake bit his lip, "Yeah, I guess. Something sweet would be nice."

"Sure thing." Dirk nodded and turned his head. The scent of citrus and metal hit Jake's nostrils again. He remembered that smell like he had been with it forever. Jake smiled a little, "I can tell you're still using that shampoo?"

"Huh?"
"Your shampoo. It's the citrus one, isn't it?"

"You remember?"

"Well, duh. I'm the one who showed it to you. I got tired of how much you used to smell like oil and metal; but why do you still use it?"

"You just answered your own question. It's because-"

There was a sudden crackling sound that caught everyone's attention. Jake looked outside and saw the turbines sparking. He gasped and looked at the rest of the wind, seeing it start to shake and soon enough, it completely came off.
"Oh god!" Jake cried.

"What is it??!!" Dirk tried looking, but the emergency masks came down in front of everyone's faces. Children started to cry as parents tried to frantically put it over their faces. Others raced back to their seats to put on their seatbelts. The lights in the plane started to flicker. It was only a matter of time before the situation became worse. The plane began to descend, and it began to literally fall apart.

"What's happening?!" Someone on the plane shouted.

"The plane must have been hit by lightning.." Jake mumbled under his breath, tears starting to form in his eyes. He shut them tightly.

*Just my fucking luck! I always get bad luck on planes!!!* He thought to himself, fear completely taking over his body. *We're over the Atlantic Ocean! How are we supposed to survive the crash?!*

"Jake!" Dirk yelled and grabbed Jake's hand when the front half of the plane detached from their half. The atmosphere was filled with screams and terror as their part of the plane crashed into the freezing water.

Jake opened his eyes when he felt the water and quickly tried to release himself from the seatbelt. He looked to the side and saw Dirk setting himself free. Dirk turned to help Jake with his, then grabbed his hand, swimming out of the plane into the actual ocean. The both broke the surface and gasped for air.

"Jake! Are you okay?!" Dirk helped Jake up onto a piece of debris from the plane.

Jake coughed and panted, trying to catch his breath, "I-I'm okay... Get up here..." Jake grabbed his hand and helped him get up onto the debris with him. They looked around for any sign of others.

"There!" Dirk pointed far off from where they were. The sounds of splashing and frantic cries for help echoed to them. Dirk raised his hand to wave to them, but gasped when he saw the second half of the plane falling. He yelled to the others, "Look out-"
He was disturbed by the waves rushing to the surrounding area, splashing Dirk and Jake. After wiping their eyes, they looked back to the others, only to see lifeless bodies floating after being hit with the second half.

Jake put his hands over his eyes, sobbing. Dirk's eyes were filled with tears as well, well hidden by the rain pouring down. Dirk wanted to hug Jake, but didn't want to step over any boundaries. He just sighed and stared down at the ocean, "Well... I'm never getting on a plane ever again..."

"M-Me either..." Jake mumbled, "And now I don't have my stupid glasses..."

"We don't have anything, anymore..." Dirk said in a quiet voice, "But we'll figure this out. There's sure to be some sort of helicopters or search teams once people figure out that our plane crashed..." "Yeah..." Jake crossed his arms and hugged himself, closing his eyes.

Time passed, and the rain stopped. Eventually, the pair got tired and laid down on the debris. They looked up at the stars, slowly falling asleep with each other. In the morning, they both woke up on hot sand. When Jake looked up, he realized the debris took them to an island.
I groaned and sat up, dusting the sand off of my face. I looked up and saw the giant trees before me. I looked to the side and saw Jake sitting up, staring in awe at the greenery before us. "Well..." He sighed, "It's better than being stuck in the middle of the ocean."
"It's one hundred times better." I mumbled, standing up. "I know we shouldn't think of the negatives, but if we're going be stuck here for a while, it's a good thing we're on an island. We can hunt and make a shelter or some shit."

Jake looked down, "I guess," He sighed, "Dirk, do you even know anything about this type of stuff? I'm the one that used to hunt down animals and go out into the wild out on my own."
"I know a thing or two." I grabbed a stick and dug around in my pocket. That's when I realized I didn't have my pocket knife. Airport security... No metal objects or weapons... Shit...

Jake stood up and looked around. He tapped my shoulder to get my attention. When I turned, I saw him pointing along the shore. We saw what must have been debris from the plane, except it wasn't. It was luggage from the plane. We both gave each other a look and ran to go through all of the luggage. We dragged everything into one giant pile.

We sat down around the pile and began to go through each one.

"Hey!" Jake grabbed a suitcase, smiling, "This is mine!" He opened the suitcase and found an extra pair of glasses.
"Well damn. Must be good luck." I smiled and began separating clothes into one like and the other things into stuff we could use.

Jake opened a black suitcase and his eyes lit up, "Dirk..."
"What is it?" I looked up from a bag filled with women's clothing. My eyes widened when I saw the case he was holding filled with knives. "Whoa..."
"I'm wondering how this person was allowed to bring this into the plane."
"Maybe they are-" I sighed, "Maybe they were a chef or something..."
"Wow, way to make the mood depressing." Jake glared at me and put the knives aside.

It took us about an hour to go through everything. The best things we found were the knives, a lighter, and some water bottles. At least now we were stocked up with clothes.
"Maybe we can use the clothing to use as bedding for our shelter. And since there's no blanket, we can just dress in layers and layers of clothes to keep warm. It's great too if we can't get a fire going, but we will."

"We're probably the luckiest people to have all of these resources while stranded," Jake started placing things back into some of the cases, "Let's go carry these to wherever we're building a shelter. I was thinking we can go to an elevated bed. The trees here seem pretty easy to take down without an ax or whatever. Maybe we can use the knives or maybe even the tougher suitcases to hit the trunk and we can possibly use physical force to take them down."

"Slow down. I don't think it's gonna be that easy. We have KITCHEN knives. Not even a machete. I think we're just gonna have to stick to the ground. We can gather branches, big leaves and maybe cut a few vines if we can find them. Can we make a teepee? Or something similar to a triangular tent?"
"No!"
"Jake, you have to look at the situation we're in! We can't waste energy trying to chop shit down.
Our main goal right now is just to make a simple shelter and fire. That's it. Tomorrow we focus on food and exploring for a way out of here. Just because you're the 'survival' expert or whatever, doesn't mean you know the best thing to do. I know stuff."
"You do your way and I'll do mine."

And with that, Jake marched off into the wilderness.

"Jake! Come on!" I ran after him.

"Leave me alone, Dirk. I'll make my own shelter!" He dragged his foot across the floor, "You stay to that side and I'll stay on this one!" He walked off again. I groaned and rubbed my hands over my face, trying not to lose my cool. *Was he always this stubborn?*

Jake

I marched off, cursing at him under my breath. I'm capable of making a shelter! I'm a grown-ass man! *Sorta...*
I was looking around for a bamboo tree when I realized that I didn't have anything with me. I had dropped the suitcases on his side and went off without taking anything. I'm an idiot. I can't go back now. He's going to think I can't do anything!

"Damn it..." I groaned. I guess it was pretty stupid to think that I can make a big shelter. It's already almost dark. Maybe I should just go back?
"No, no way. You got yourself into this mess, you have to prove it now." I mumbled to myself and started climbing up trees to get branches and gathering fallen ones.
I actually never even made a shelter before... I just went in the wild and went straight home after. *Fuuuuuuuck. Why does my smart mouth always have to get me into trouble?*

*I guess that's why we broke up, isn't it? Well, it was mostly his fault, but I guess I had a role to play in it too...*

With what I gathered, I made a poor teepee.

"There, that's not so bad I suppose... I can fit in it."
I go on my knees and crawled inside, but only a few seconds after sitting in, it completely toppled over.
"For fuck's sake."

I got up and saw the world around me get dark. I looked over to the area Dirk was supposed to be in and saw a glow. It must be a fire...
Feeling ashamed, I made my way over to where the fire was, and my eyes widened when I saw the shelter that he had built.

I stared in awe and didn't even notice Dirk come up behind me.

"What are you doing?" He asked. I jumped and turned around, seeing him stand there with branches and twigs in his arms, "I went looking for you cause I was worried. I didn't expect to find you back here."
"Um..." I looked down, "I couldn't... Build a shelter... I'm sorry for lashing out at you about it. I should have known better."

"It's fine." He dropped the items in his arms.
"How did you make this so fast?"

"I just got a bunch of big branches I found on the ground and leaned them up against this big ol' rock." he patted the boulder that held the structure together, "I got vines and tied everything together to hold them in place. I even found long bamboo trunks animals or nature must have knocked down or whatever. That helped a lot."

"Well, it looks good..." I looked down, "Sorry, again... Um... I can make it up to you tomorrow. I can find food or something."

Dirk smiled, "Sounds good to me. Come on, let's get some sleep..."
Emotions and Exploring

Dirk

"Whoa! You just found it walking by the fire?!
"Yup," I smiled, holding the large turtle. Or is it a tortoise? You don't know the difference, honestly.
"We got food!"

Jake looked away, a look of defeat and sadness flashing over his eyes, "Yeah... Great..."

"Hey," I set the little guy down on its shell so it wouldn't crawl away. I placed my hand on Jake's shoulder, feeling him flinch slightly by my touch, "What's wrong? Are you not happy about it?"
"N-No! I am!" He crossed his arms, "It's just, I-" He hesitated then sighed. He put his hand over mine, removing it from his shoulder, "I'm fine. Just a little tired is all. We've been here for two days and I was stuck trying to re-start the fire earlier. I just need some rest."

He's always been a bad liar, but I know not to push him for the truth until it's serious.

I put on a smile, "Yeah, you should. Lay down and I'll go out to find more stuff. You can watch the little shell dude while I'm out."
"Oh, okay..."

I walked away from our camp and walked along the shore, looking for crabs in washed up seaweed.

He's probably still upset about the shelter thing. He probably feels embarrassed. Why is he still like this? He gets proven wrong and it's like the whole world is looking down on him. He has such a sensitive ego...

"Dirk!" Jake ran up to me in the bedroom, knocking me over. I fell back on the bed, "I have a question for you!"
"What is it?" I smiled and wrapped my arms around him.

He started explaining a situation he had at a part-time job with an employee. They had gotten into a fight, which made him end getting fired. He wasn't really upset (which was surprising), but he was upset about the argument he had.

"So, which one of us do you think was right?! I want your honest opinion!"
"Uh... Honestly, I have to side with the employee dude. It sounds like you were the problem, babe."
"What?! How could you say that?!"
"You asked for my opinion!"

And he started ignoring me for a few days, hurt that I didn't agree with him. Because he was wrong...

"Yup, he's still the same even after three years." I sighed and picked up a stick, poking seaweed. I continued walking along the shore, finding crabs, but they quickly scattered before I could do anything.

Jake

Why am I so fucking useless? Seriously?! He found this stupid turtle just WALKING BY? I said I'd find us food for being such a douche the first night here, and I haven't found anything! I couldn't even make a teepee to prove myself!
I looked at the turtle, seeing it on its back. "You little shit..." I glared, "You're making him look like my hero. I don't need that, thank you very much! I was supposed to find food! Why couldn't I find you?"

Dirk came walking back to the shelter. "Damn crabs are fast."

"You were looking for crabs all this time? You were gone for like an hour."

"Crabs weren't all I found. I wanna show you something." He held his hand out to me. "Right now?" I hugged myself, "How far? It'll get dark soon."

Dirk looked up at the sky, estimating time, "Yeah, you're right. It'll get dark by the time we're there. I'll show you tomorrow then first thing in the morning. For now, let's grub!" He held up two giant crabs in his hands. "These suckers were hard to catch! They're as fast as spiders- Hey, what's with the long face?"

I wasn't looking at him anymore, I was staring at the fire. I hate this. "Dirk," I sighed, closing my eyes, "Tell me the truth... Do you think I'm weak?"

"What?" He set down the crabs and an opened suitcase. "Do. You. Think. I'm. Weak." I hugged my legs, "You're doing all of this amazing stuff like you're some kind of expert and I haven't done a single thing except being a nuisance to you-"

"Jake, you're not-"

"Shut up!" I stood up, "You're just trying to show off, aren't you? You're doing exactly what you did before!"

"What the hell are you talking about-" He stopped talked when I grabbed him by his shirt. "Don't play dumb, Strider!" I teared up, "You're doing the same exact showing off shit as you did before when we broke up!"

"Is that was this is about? Our break up?" Dirk pushed my hands away, "Are you fucking serious? That was three years ago-"

"No! It's about what you did after!"

"I didn't do shit after-"

I slapped him.

Everything fell silent, and Dirk held his cheek. He stared at me in disbelief as I explained.

"You're a show-off... Every single time we've bumped into each other all these years, it's like you're trying to shove it in my face. Like all this time you've been trying to say, 'Look at what you lost.' You've been trying to make me look like the bad guy the whole time, trying to make it seem like I'm the one who did something wrong. Don't you have a fucking heart?"

"Hey, isn't that your ex over there?" My friend pointed off across the street from the Cafe we were dining at. We sat at a table outside and Dirk was at a flower shop, buying a bouquet. "Y-Yeah, it's him." I looked down at my cup of tea, "I have no clue what he's doing. Please don't draw attention-"

"He's crossing the street this way!" My friend whispered and started making fake conversation with me. I played along, and I stared at Dirk from the corner of my eye, he pulled out his phone and put it to his ear.

"Oh, hey babe. What's up?" Dirk spoke as he walked past our table, "Sorry, I had to make a quick
I stared at Dirk and saw him press his thumb against the screen to 'hang up' the call. The screen remained black, it never was even on. As soon as he was gone, I spoke to my friend, "That asshole. He did that fake conversation on purpose!"

"Fake? How do you know it was fake?"

"That screen wasn't even turned on. He was probably doing that to make me jealous." I angrily stuffed a piece of my muffin into my mouth, "He probably noticed me when he was crossing the street and decided to be an asshole. There's no way he's already seeing another guy."

"Wow, how low can a person get? Well, don't worry about him, Jake. He must be pretty sad if he has to do something like that to make himself feel something."

"Yeah, but... Why was he buying a bouquet?"

"Who knows?"

Later that day, I saw a picture on Instagram of Roxy holding the same bouquet with Dirk at a party. I zoomed in, and the card with the roses read 'Happy Birthday'.

"You've done it to me every time I've ever seen you in public!" I cried and stepped back, "Why do you have to be such an ass and prove yourself to be something that you're not?!"

Dirk let his hand fall from holding his cheek, "Jake, I didn't... I couldn't stand seeing you look so... Happy..."

"Happy?"

Dirk

I looked down, "Every time I saw you, you looked so happy without me."

I was looking at myself in a reflection of a store window and saw Jake behind me. I turned around and saw him sitting down at a cafe with some guy. Is that a new boyfriend?

I saw the both of them smiling and laughing. I felt hurt, but happy at the same time. Hurt that he found someone new, but happy for him too.

"I thought to myself, 'Hey, show him that you're just as happy too.' And so I tried to make it out like I was just as happy as you looked." I looked at Jake, seeing him stare at me. I glanced down and saw the crabs crawling away, but I didn't care.

Instead of just going over and seeing how he was doing, I decided to show him 'how I was doing'. In reality, not so great. I quickly went to the flower shop next store. I was on my way to Roxy's birthday party, and I didn't really have much time to think of an actual gift to get her, so flowers will have to do.

After I bought them, I walked across the street and started making a fake phone conversation without even thinking as I passed their table. They were still smiling and laughing. And I hated it.

"You were jealous because you thought I was happy without you?" Jake asked.

I turned away, putting my hand on the slapped cheek again, "Not because you weren't with me. Because you were happy."

"You were jealous of my happiness?"

"I guess you can say that..." I sighed, "Listen, Jake. I'm sorry if I ever made you feel like shit. The
truth is, I think I was just trying to find a way to make myself feel less like shit."

The world was silent, except for the soothing crash of the ocean against the shore. The crabs had completely crawled away. We still had the turtle, though.

"It's fine," Jake rubbed his arm and sat back down.

We left it at that, and we spent the rest of the day tending the fire, eating a turtle and sleeping.

In the morning, I woke him up early. I gently shook him awake. "Psssssst! Jake, wake up. I gotta show you the thing I gotta show ya!"

"Right now?" He groaned and rubbed his eyes, "Do we have to?"

"Yeah!" I grabbed his glasses, "Come on!" I stood up and ran.

"Hey! Give those back!" Jake got u and followed me.
I gave him his glasses back and I walked down the shore with him. We reached a rock cliff and I walked with him alongside the rock into the forest. A few minutes in, I stopped at a giant hole in the rock.

"Voila!" I grinned, "I found a cave!"

End Notes

Lol, I have big thumbs and I type on a small iPod. If you spot any spelling errors on here or in the Wattpad Version, please let me know! Thank you! :D

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!