The Yellow Scarf

by Sleepily

Summary

When Max disappears from the present, he finds himself 15 years in the past, when David was just a camper. Unbeknownst as to why he's in the past, Max takes it into his own hands to find out.

Notes

Story contains both romance with past David and present David. Starts off slow with just introduction, will take a bit to set the plot up.

(Ignore typos please.)

** 12/27/17

I'm adding a couple more chapters in the past so it's not so empty. If you appear in the middle of my editing and are confused as to what's going on, that's all that's going on. lol.
Will take awhile to set up plot, be patient.

Both romance with past and present David.

I got the idea from a speed paint I saw online. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ik7uVFwqJaM

If Max felt as comfortable outdoors as he felt in his hoodie, maybe he'd smile like David. Because, if there was one thing Max had never done, it's smile. A smirk, sure. A smile, no. The view was pretty, definitely much better than what he had seen from his bedroom window. Always staring from his apartment window at the trees in the distance. Now, he was living in the scenery, but he didn't really like it anymore. You only want the things you can't have, apparently.

It wasn't really that, though. It was the bugs and the animals. Their eyes were always on you, watching you, preying on you. Max didn't like feeling vulnerable, he liked feeling closed off--something he was highly used to. This experience was all to new to him. Summer camp is not Max's thing.

So, he hates it when people try to make it his thing. Like David, for example. Always nagging Max to join in activities, never listening to what the younger boy had to say. Max was used to being ignored, but David took it to a whole new level. Instead of the 'out of sight, out of mind' type of neglect where they're not there, leaving you to feel like a ghost in an abandoned home, David took the 'ignoring you to your face' approach.

Just the other day, Max tried to explain to David why he didn't want to join the daily activities, and David dropped him mid-sentence when someone else needed help. So, Max slipped away and leaned against a tree. He watched the scenery, the form of the campers and counselors running around in the distance. Always looking at the scenery, whether it be from his window or in person. Max wouldn't say he longed for it, per se, he just wished he could be that carefree too.

He wasn't social. Silently watching was something Max was good at, studying with a cold, calculating gaze. But when he was, it was for all the wrong reason. If David imagined everyone loved camp, Max would speak up to say otherwise. If Neil was lying, he'd confront him only because he was annoyed. He'd always imagine the other party yelling, "I would've gotten away with it if it weren't for you meddling kids"-- kid, in this instance.

But, Max's greatest unsolved feat was David. His whole existence. He wanted to crack the secret of David's apparent happiness. Max refused to believe a positive person such as David could exist. David could smile, but that didn't mean he was happy. Max could sniff out a liar without even batting an eye, and David reeked of filth. He was too suspicious, not genuine enough. He always appeared to be gritting his teeth. Max narrowed his eyes, trying to think of something to reveal David's real personality.

"Smile, David." The counselor mutters to himself, looking at his reflection in the dirty mirror. He tries his best to smile, but it doesn't look right. He reaches up and uses his fingers to bring the corners
of his mouth up. "Too forced, um—"

A loud knock on the door echoes around the bathroom. "David, for the love of god, hurry up!"

David drops his hand, glancing in the mirror once more, before pulling on his best smile. He opens the door and comes face to face with an annoyed Gwen. He moves out of the way and allows her to enter. On mornings where she wasn’t in the spirits, it was best not to bother her. The most David can do in such a situation is to cheer her up. He just hopes the rest of the campers got the memo and were on their best behavior.

But... Max never gets the memo.

"Are you stupid? Tilt it to the right- that's not the right, that's the left."

"You're facing opposite of me, your right is my left." Max replied.

"Then do the other right."

Max sighed loudly, frustrated with his nerdy friend's nagging. He turned the magnifying glass to Neil's face to blind him, which would've worked if the sunlight was coming from the horizon.

"Give it here." Neil said, snatching the magnifying glass out of Max's hand.

Max rolled his eyes, but he was hot under the boiling sun. He just wanted to go someplace with AC, which isn't going to happen here. Swimming in the muggy lake seemed nice, but the offer to burn ants was too tempting to turn away.

"Hyah!" A voice cried followed by a shriek.

Max turned towards his friend, who was running away from Nikki at full speed. The green haired girl had this crazy look in her eye as she sprinted full force with her hand sticking out. Max watched with an amused smirk on his face. He doesn't understand her- he never has. Every day, she wakes up as a different person.

Take Friday for instance. She woke up and came back with a beehive in her hand, muttering about how she was going to be a beekeeper. Everything went well for .5 seconds before Space Kid ran into her and the hive began to attack him. He was mostly safe from the bees due to his weird outfit choice.

Then yesterday, a Saturday, she woke everyone up by karate chopping them, screaming about how she was going to be a karate master. She even kicked David in the shin on the docks, which caused him to tumble straight into the water. That made Max snort, though he would've preferred if it was him who beat David up and not Nikki.

"Wasn't yesterday karate day?" Max called to her, but his attention was quickly drawn away from her and towards a nasty smell in the air.

He turned his head when he smelt smoke. It was horrid like burning rubber, but he began chuckling when he saw the magnifying glass had fell at a perfect angle onto the ant hill. He imagined the ants screams as they attempted to scuttle away from the powerful beam, but they went up into a blaze.

"Heh. Look at them burn." He squatted down and pointed at individual ants as they went up in flames and turned to ash.

"Mhm, fried ants."
Max looked up at Nikki, who was standing where Neil was once sitting before she scared him away to god knows where. He raised an eyebrow at a fake mustache drawn onto her face but said nothing.

"I'm a chef."

Uh oh. Max has had his fair share of food poisoning from the Quarter Master's delectable dishes, but Nikki was definitely going to take 'puking your guts out' to a whole new level.

"Are you going to use that?" She asked, pointing at the crispy anthill.

"Nope- hey, wait!" Nikki was already on the other side of the clearing which a handful of dead ants in hand. She was quick.

Max watched her move with ease, a little jealous that she was faster than him. He opened his mouth to tell her to come back, but a thought came to mind. He quickly voiced it before she was out of earshot, "I bet David would enjoy a gourmet meal."

"Okay! I'll make him ant and cheese soufflé."

Max had no idea how she was going to make that, seeing as she'd need eggs-- oh god, the platypus. Max pursed his lips, it's not like a little food poisoning would kill anyone.
Chapter Notes

A little shorter than I thought, but whatever.

He stared at David as he entered the mess hall. He looked tired but grinned. Ugh, it bothered Max. Did Nikki not give him her creation? He went to shovel a spoonful of mashed potatoes in his mouth but got an empty spoonful. He bit the plastic utensil in half, frustrated.

He turned his gaze to Neil, who was rambling to Space Kid once again about the moon landings. He wanted to say the same line he always did-- the moon landings were a hoax, yada, yada --but didn't. He was thinking. He moved the broken spoon around in mouth like a farmer would a toothpick. The sharp edge of the broken plastic spoon ripped into his cheek and he began bleeding. He opened his mouth and let the plastic spoon chunks fall. A drop of bloody saliva fell onto the styrofoam plate. He shut his mouth and trying to wipe the blood dribbling down his lip away, but it only smeared.

"Are you alright?" Neil stopped in the middle of his argument with Space Kid to whisper the question to Max.

The fluffy haired boy stared at the blood on his tray before meeting eyes with his geeky friend.

"Yeah. I'll be right back." He stood up, bringing his tray with him, which he threw away as he passed a trash can.

"Max?" Nikki was also looking at him as he approached the doors and pushed them open.

He offered a small, bloodied smile to them before he left, the door slamming shut behind him, leaving them sitting in eerie silence.

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"Have you seen Max?" Neil asked Nikki hours later, the latter was calmer than usual.

"Hmm..." She hummed rhythmically, hinting to Neil that she was meditating.

He didn't get the hint. "Have. you. seen. Max?" He reiterated, enunciating each syllable.

"I have," she sing-songed, cracking one eye open to glare at Neil for breaking her concentration. "He was near the bathrooms last time I checked."

"Oh."

Nikki sighed, giving up. She leaned back and sprawled herself across the floor. There was no way she was going to focus on her 'inner chi'- as some unnamed camper had put it. She heard it would help enhance both her ability to communicate with animals and help her get better at her karate chops. She was confused when she heard it, but she's a hopeful person.

Neil sat down across from her and stared at her figure expectantly. It took some time for her to feel his gaze, but when she did, she lifted her head and raised an eyebrow.
"What?" She sighed.

"You're... not doing anything right now."

She quickly shot up from her position, her eyes wide with excitement when she got the hint he was dropping.

"This is the first time you've wanted to go on an adventure!"

"I'm bored. Max isn't here to burn ants with me again, so..." He trailed off.

She grabbed him by the wrist, tugging him up and out the tent door. After so much relaxing and doing nothing all day, a good adventure is all she needed. The two of them ran past a very depressed looking David. His hair was flopped down and unruly. His posture was slumped, an imaginary tail tucked between his legs. He looked so ashamed. She slowed a little when she neared David, but he didn't look at her.

David wasn't in a good mood. He couldn't see a way to get over this thing on his mind. He walked like a ghost to the door of the counselor cabins, his face pale. He haunted the cabin in wails of sorrow, breaking a lamp out of frustration. He immediately regretted it, but he couldn't contain it. He wobbled to his room through tears and barely made it to his bed before he sobbed his heart out.
"David."
No reply.

"David, for fucks sake."

The door slammed open and the sleeping counselor jumped to his feet. Gwen looked at him, angry but also worried.

"While you were too busy destroying the cabin, I took a warm body count. Max, Neil, and Nikki are missing." She walked over to David and reached over his head to rip the curtains open.

David turned around as she backed off and he saw that it was night time. He turned towards the clock on his dresser and his mouth fell open when he realized camper curfew had passed 3 hours ago.

"They're gone?"

She nodded.

"Did you check the mess hall?"

She nodded.

"The tents?"

A nod.

"The docks-?"

"Shut the fuck up David, I checked everywhere."

The two of them stood in silence, not daring to look at each other. Their feet seemed more interesting than the fearful gaze on their coworker's face.

"Then..." He didn't know what to say.

He took a few moments to get a grasp on what was happening. There was still a chance that they were hanging out in the woods, not knowing what time it was. It wasn't anything major, of course. So, get ahold of yourself, David. He thought to himself. He quickly shook the bad feeling in his gut away and walked out the door of his room. He walked down the trashed hall and out the entrance.

He just has to wait for them to show up, scold them a little, then go back to moping. No big deal. He could do that with his eyes closed. He sat down on the front porch, staring through through the darkness with a sharp gaze, searching for the kids.

David always wanted everything to be perfect, it could make up for some things. Or, lack of some things. His self esteem, for example. That was gone. And the joy camp was filled with when he was a child-- those nature loving kids he grew up with were no longer there. His boss, the person he always looked up to, was gone. And the person who supposedly shaped him to be who he was today, Jasper, was gone.
David had lost many things over the years, but it was nothing the counselor couldn't fix with a smile. It was better to be liked for something he was not than hated for being his broken little self.

It took awhile for the sound of rustling bushes to cut through the natural silence of the night, but it happened eventually. David immediately stood to his feet and moved towards the sound. He pulled his best angry face on as he stormed over.

"Nikki, Neil, Ma-- where's Max?" David paused.

He looked between the two of them, waiting for one to answer.

"What do you mean?" Nikki responded.

David leaned over the two kids and pulled the bush behind them to pieces, looking for the grumpy one. He wasn't there.

"Max-- where is he?"

"He didn't come with us."

David's eyes widened. He turned around and looked at the camp. He scanned his eyes across every single detail, half expecting the little boy to appear out of thin air and laugh at him for getting scared. He was so filled with dread, he didn't even salute at the flag when his eyes went over it.

The situation had just gotten much worse.

He immediately ran to find Gwen, bringing the two little ones with him. He slammed the cabin door open, scaring her to death. From the look on his face, she knew exactly what he was going to say next. She dropped her dirty magazine on the ground without a second thought, pulling her jacket on. They needed to round everyone up for a search party.

Max was simply gone.

No. David didn't want to believe it. Once again, Max had disappeared before his eyes.
Max stared wide eyed into the bathroom mirror. His mouth was wide open as he stared at the shiny, clean object. Either he had suffered extreme blood loss, or the mirror had magically fixed itself before his eyes. It looked brand new, not cloudy and smudged from dirty kid fingers and years of water damage. In fact, he could see the wall reflected in the mirror, which didn’t look nearly as neglected as it should have.

Maybe... he’s in the girl's room?

His face turned bright red at the thought. There was no way, right? He walked in the left side as always, even looked at the sign even though he knew it was the correct bathroom. Max turned around and checked. There was a urinal right there, it was definitely the boy's room. His head became even more cluttered. This is the boy's room, but it's not the one he knows. It looked so much cleaner.

Ugh, it's obvious that the blood is getting to his head. He dropped the bloody paper towel in the trashcan and wandered to the door, pushing it open. He made a movement to the right to go to the tents but stopped mid-jerk. There was a bunch of strangers standing in the trimmed clearing, tossing a baseball back and forth.

His eye twitched.

"What the fuck?"

The strangers were smiling from ear to ear, eyes wide and filled with happiness. Did Daniel come back? There is no way someone would be this happy while being abandoned at a summer camp.

But, that's not what bothered Max as much.

"Did I walk through a fucking portal to Coraline or something?" The whole landscape looked so much cleaner and fresher-- a happier looking version of Camp Campbell. But, there was obviously something darker lurking here.

Surely, there was no way that this was true. Someone must've been playing a prank on him.

"Haha, very funny asshats, now bring me back." The joke didn't end. "NIKKI! NEIL!"

The strangers stopped their game of baseball and turned to look at the kid who was screaming his head off. One of the counselors, who was watching the kids play their match, rushed over to Max immediately to calm him down. When the guy reached his hand out to comfort Max, the fluffy haired boy swatted the man's hand away.

"Don't touch me, creep." Max snapped, backing away from the stranger with an angry look in his eye.

"Please calm down and tell me what's wrong.... who are you?" The man asked, realization hitting him.

"Who am I? Who are YOU? What are you doing at my camp?"

The counselor looked deathly confused, Max equally as confused. Neither of them had any idea what was going on. Though, the initial confusion on the counselor turned to worry. He looked at
Max like... he thought Max was insane.

"Your camp? That's a load of hooey." Max jerked around at the high pitched voice and his narrowed his eyes in disbelief.

What the hell was going on? What is with this cluster fuck?
It took 30 minutes for everyone to calm down and everything to settle into place. The counselor, convinced Max wasn't a camper and just a random runaway who had wandered onto the ground, brought Max to the one and only Cameron Campbell. He looked much younger, just starting to grey, but he smelt of bullshit, so when he tried to call the police to come and get Max, Max threatened to reveal the evil secrets of the older man, who was just as shady as ever. Cameron Campbell promised to let Max stay there, so long as he kept his mouth shut and made up his own story as to why he magically appeared out of nowhere. That was easy, nothing more than a sob story about being sick and in the hospital could clear up the situation.

But, that's not the thing Max worried about-- it was David. But, it wasn't David, it was a younger, rebellious David. He was much shorter and had unruly hair and a bad attitude to match his badboy appearance. He had freckles scattered across his sunburnt face and an ugly frown on it. As much as Max wanted to see David's true, nasty personality, this was just too much. The boy was loud and overly obnoxious, always acting out. But, even as a brat, David was still chirpy, voice grating to ears.

Max just didn't understand. Time travel isn't real, or at least as Neil had said. But, Max had thrown up cloth and toys before, so he couldn't say magic wasn't real. Would this even be considered magic? And why is he even questioning this? He should just stop caring over such small details as always and just focus on getting back.

15 years. That's how much he went back. For once in his life, he was older than David, who was just 9 years old.

Ugh, his mind was going a mile a minute. Max couldn't focus. The second he tried to think of one thing, his mind went to another.

He closed his eyes, lying down on the nurse's bed, which is temporarily his until he gets a tent partner, seeing as they were out of tents for him to have his own like everyone else.

He took a deep breath to calm him. Focus on one thing, he told himself.

So, continuing, 15 years in the past. How does he get back-- no, too far ahead. Start earlier. First, how did he get here?

He was in the cafeteria when he bit a plastic spoon and started bleeding. He rushed to the bathrooms to compress the wound and stop the bleeding and... The lights flickered, which was normal seeing as they barely even had power in the bathrooms half the time. And...

That's it. The power had flickered and boom, he was back in time. He was missing something, definitely. Why did it happen today and why to him? What's so special about today?

Oh! Today--

"Who are you?"

Max sat up, looking to his right. An impatient redhead stood there, tapping his foot with his arms crossed. His face adorned a half frown on it, one lip curled down while the other sat straight. He looked disgusted if anything.

"What do you want?" Max spat at the kid, giving him a one up and looked away as if David's bad
attitude wasn't even worth the effort.

If Max could deal with the consistent, stubborn older version of David, he damn well could deal with the younger one too.

"I think your story is hooey."

Max had seen many action movies with dates set in the past. So, when Max thought of the past, he thought of war, fighting, bloodshed, and betrayal—not lame terminology and little technology. Like if Max were to just say—

"IPhone's are cool."

David would say "what's an IPhone?"

"Nevermind, you'll find out later."

David tilted his head at Max, confused. Then, he immediately popped right back into his intimidating stance. "Don't try to distract me! Why are you really here?"

The redhead looked rather annoyed at Max, all the while suspicious. Thinking of future David, Max wouldn't even begin to tell that they were the same person based on personality alone. This is his real personality, right? Defensive and loud and angry. Then, what changed David to be the way he is today—or 15 years from today? Maybe the world sent him back in time just so he could find out. Or, maybe David was just a loudmouth brat like every other kid.

"Relax, it's not like I want to be here."

David looked stunned to say the least. His bitter and cold facade crumbled a little as he looked at Max with interest in his eyes. The strange boy was definitely an even weirder sight to the young lad, but he found himself become excited to speak to Max.

"Really! You hate camp too?"

What? Max's eyes widened a little. David hated camping when he was younger? Something really did change in David.

"Hell yeah. I wish this camp would file bankruptcy and close down like Blockbuster."

"... Blockbuster isn't closed." He paused and Max snorted a little. Right, it's early 2000's currently. "But Camp Campbell closing would definitely be nice."

Imagine if future-David heard himself say that, he'd flip out. And if Max told Cameron, David could be fired. Blackmail material.

Max laughed out loud and threw himself back down on the nurse's cot.

"Hey," Max snickered, a thought coming to mind. "Davey." It felt weird calling the little boy 'David,' so he settled for something similar.

"What?"

"Can I room with you?"
Max actually really liked the cot. The one he sleeps on 15 years in the future is worn and fraying at all ends. It even has a couple holes in it. Though, this cot is brand new and much comfier, it's still a cot and still pretty uncomfortable. Max readjusted himself and hummed in pleasure as he found the perfect arrangement. He could definitely get used to this, though he'd prefer not to because getting back is top priority.

...But, it got him wondering. If David was similar to Max when he was younger, would Max be like David when he was older? Probably not, but if he slept like a king in his new cot instead of what future-him has, maybe he'd come to like it more. It wasn't just the cots though, it was the food too. Dinner was absolutely delicious, far from the garbage he is used to being served. Not only was it not moldy, but it actually tasted fresh.

David wasn't the only thing who changed in the 15 years.

And once again it posed the question: if Max were to never be able to go back to his time, would he change too?

He rubbed his face and turned away from the tent wall to face the far side, where David's cot sat, stuffed with the sleeping rascal.

It was highly unlikely that Max would stay long, seeing as future David never said anything about this time travelling incident. Like, if Max were to head back in time just to change David's future so he'll become a counselor so he could meet Max so Max could travel back, etc. But, maybe this was the first time it ever happened. Maybe it wasn't supposed to happen. If that were the case, then wouldn't the world fix itself and bring Max back?

There's so much he's unsure of. This is new territory to him. He wasn't even born 15 years ago, yet he still exists. It's freaky. And there was always the possibility that if he went out in public, he could meet his own parents before they even had him. Had his parents even moved here yet?

He groaned and closed his eyes. Now was not the time to question his own existence-- now is the time to sleep.

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"Wake up."

No response.

"Max."

"Shut the fuck up, Davey." Max muttered, voice muffled from the pillow.

"But... breakfast."

Those two words were enough to get Max jumping out of bed before David even had the time to register what was happening. He reached around a flustered David who stood at his bedside and pulled on his hoodie.

"Come on." Max rushed the younger boy, never having felt this excited for anything ever in his life.
David brushed his hair with his finger tips, straightening it out before following after his tent mate. He never really had someone to eat breakfast with or walk with before now. This was all new to him. Having a sort-of friend was uncharted territory. What if Max didn't like him?

Max turned around and shot a glare at David for being too slow.

David quickly came to realize that Max probably didn't like him but was only tolerating him. Being the only one who hated camp in his time frame, David felt a little depressed that the only other person who hated camp just as much as him also hated him just as much as he hated camp.

It's a little lonesome. And, people do weird things so they're never alone. They changed themselves into someone they're not and fear being themselves-- being hated.

"Coming." David called, sprinting towards Max.

He tried to keep himself at the same pace as Max and to walk like Max, a confident sway in each step. When Max took a step, David took a step with the same foot. They walked synchronized towards the mess hall. Max threw the door open and called out his order, which the same male counselor who approached when Max first arrived, Greg, quickly ran to fetch for him. The female counselor, Darla, was too busy talking to the spooky island ghost to pay attention to Max.

"I hate Jasper." David whispered under his breath to Max, pointing at the ghost kid who had yet to die. Max remembered the totally censored bear story and didn't say anything. David was young when it happened, and trauma is hard for certain individuals to deal with, so he tried to force himself to be understanding.

Was Jasper the one that changed him? That's what David had said at least, but for some reason, Max felt it was more than that.

He took the black coffee and delicious pancakes from Greg, giving him a nod of approval as the counselor ran off to join Darla in fawning over Jasper. Max pulled his eyes away from the scene. In the instance where Max's time travel was supposed to happen, he knew he would be gone before any of the Jasper drama went down. After all, he wasn't in David's story nor camp group photo.

There was so much for Max to be unsure of, and it made him feel awkward and even more out of place than he already was. He took a deep breath and sat down, David following suit with his own tray of food in his hand. Once David set his tray down on the table, he turned to a random blonde kid who had been occupying the table and kicked him out of his seat. The kid scrambled off, leaving his full tray of food behind. Max smirked, glad that he got extra food. David sat in the now empty chair, feeling good about himself.

"We're going to get along just fine." Max said, a smug look on his face.

And they did.
“Good morning, everyone!” Greg was beaming at everyone from his spot besides Jasper. “Breakfast is going to end in just a few moments, then you’ll have an hour to freshen up. Meet up back here once you’re finished so we can begin camp activities, alright? Alright!”

The camper burst into cheers and stood up to dump their scraps. They stood in a single file line behind one another, all orderly and polite, apologizing for the smallest of bumps or for standing too close. Jasper stood at the front of the line, dumping his food first before bringing his tray to stack in front of the cook to be washed. The others followed him like a lost dog, crowding yet not standing besides him out of respect.

Max and Davey sat in silence, eating and ignoring the other campers as they left to the bathrooms. The volume in the room had dropped, but there was still noise and movement coming from across the room. Max stared in annoyance at the people creating the noise, and after a moment or two, one of them stared back. The adult’s eye squinted and his features twisted into the expression of fear and distaste. Greg and Darla made their way to the door, Greg never breaking eye contact.

After the counselors left, Darla pausing by a jukebox in the corner to turn off the music they put on halfway through breakfast, Max stood up and stretched, narrowing his catlike eyes as Davey followed suit. The two of them dragged their feet as they exited the building, leaving their dirty trays and trash on the table for someone else to clean up later.

Max walked with a sour expression on his face as he took in the sight of the major differences in the campgrounds, Davey instead focusing on Max’s feet, stumbling to mimic him. The air was so much cleaner and Max didn’t feel like he was drowning in the smell of mold. God, the camp was beautiful now, what happened?

“Uh, so where are you from?” Davey was trying to start a conversation.

“Hell.” (It wasn’t that bad but Max wouldn’t ever admit it.)

“Sounds lonely.”

“It is— was.” Will be, it’s the future after all.

Yes, he had Nikki and Neil, but even they didn’t know anything about him. They were camp friends, not real friends. Maybe they weren’t even friends, just acquaintances.

“What do you like to do for fun?”

“Nothing.”

Davey fell silent, understanding Max wasn’t in the mood to talk. The fluffy haired boy was glad
redhead shut up, letting nature speak instead. If Max closed his eyes and listened, it was almost like he was in the future again. Except there weren’t battle cries as the Woodscouts invaded, nor was there the screams of Space Kid as he did something stupid again; there was just the sound of the forest breathing and the sounds of showers running in the distance.

Davey broke Max’s illusion by clearing his throat, but he didn’t speak, only gestured. His finger was pointed at the showers, as if to say ‘let’s go get ready.’ Max shook his head and Davey sighed, beginning to follow Max again, but Max narrowed his eyes. He wanted to be alone.

Davey looked sadly at the ground, turning on his heel. He walked slowly towards the building, sending some glances over his shoulder to let Max know that he wanted him to follow him and not wander off to wherever. Max ignored his pleading looks and the way Davey’s face looked strained as if he was listening intently for Max to call him back so they could go together. Max didn’t need anyone, he never did.

Once Davey disappeared behind the door of the shower house, Max turned and continued his walk down to the docks for a nap. He loved to lay in the grass and stare at the sky over the lake, though he usually did that together with Nikki and Neil, but they weren’t here.

He was emotional and alone, a perfect combination.

The clouds were jumbled overhead, spinning in circles to form patterns for entertainment. Instead of pointing out shapes like he normally would’ve, he found himself being hypnotized by the sight. His head was spinning just as much.

Go to sleep, the sky seemed to whisper.

Max closed his eyes.

He was engulfed by a nightmare. His eyes seemed to open back up again almost immediately after shutting, but the clouds were different than before so he knew time passed, just not how much. His nightmare was already forgotten, but the fear and sadness he felt captivating his mind was still fresh. The alluring lull of sleep was long lost in his stirring emotions.

Once his heart settled, he laughed. A nightmare— when was the last time he had one of those? Maybe a month or two? He stopped having them after camp started up. They must’ve started up again because he wasn’t at camp anymore, or at least his camp. This was past-camp, a whole different world.

He just wanted to go home.
The camp activities were worse, if that was possible. Max thought he had it bad in the future, but this was much worse. A friendship circle? Seriously?

When Max had shown up late to join in on camp activities, bored of sleeping in the grass, he had ran into Davey, who expressed his worry. According to the redhead, activities had already started, but when Max hadn’t come back, he became worried that something had happened to his only friend. He waited outside the mess hall for fifteen minutes before Max finally showed up.

The two of them walked in together, both equally as late with the same bored expressions on their faces. A silence fell across the room as the two of them made their way over to the others, who sat in a circle on the floor. The two counselors shared a look, expressing what Max believed to be relief and fear. Was everyone worried that something had happened to Max? In the future, if someone goes missing for more than a week, it’s a big deal. At least, it normally is.

Max always went missing with Nikki and Neil, but they only left when David did, usually trying to dig some dirt up on him. They always came back in the end though, no matter how much they expressed their desire to leave the camp. But now, in the past, fifteen minutes was enough to make people worry.

“Welcome back, kids, you’re late! We were in the middle of doing our Friendship Circle.” Darla gestured around at the circle that they were a part of. “Open up some so they can join, kids.”

No one moved. Max got the message: they weren’t invited. The counselors cleared their throats and after another moment, the campers scooted back to make the circle wider. Max and Davey grudgingly joined, sitting besides each other. Only besides each other. The others seemed to scoot away from them, so there was a big gap in the circle, big enough for Max to lay down in.

“Ok, then! All we’re doing is sharing stuff about ourselves—“

“Like our grandma’s maiden name and our mom’s first pet’s name and where your grandparents met,” Cameron Campbell said from his spot in the corner of the room.

The Quartermaster, looking eerily the same age he did fifteen years in the future, was standing besides him. In his hooked hand was a notepad, which the sharp metal hook was stabbed through. In his other hand was a pencil to jot down the camper’s answers.

Max had to hold in his laugh, Cameron Campbell was a snake, a not very sneaky one. The questions he was asking were very typical security questions for parents’ credit cards and emails.

“No comment,” Max responded, refusing to answer.

Davey wasn’t as clever. He opened his mouth and began answering before Max decided to cut the
boy off with a hand. David was a prick, but Davey was nice to Max, so Max was going to return the favor. No identity theft was going to happen today, at least not for the two of them.

After they got over the ‘first round’ of questions, as the con had said, the counselors took over from there. Cameron Campbell ran off with the Quartermaster somewhere, probably to run the answers through some illegal machine and rob innocent parents blind.

Darla and Greg settled for normal questions: what’s your name? What’s your favorite color? Favorite hobby and ice cream flavor?

The other campers answered them cheerfully and were able to relate their answers to one another, friendship blooming between all of them. There was a beautiful little garden inside the circle, growing larger each time a bond was formed between two of the kids. Max and Davey didn’t answer any of the questions, staying silently. The campers didn’t seem to care, sending disgusted glances at the two of them as if their answers would poison their garden and cause their friendships to wilt.

Max silently pitied Davey. He had lived through most the summer like this, all alone. The whole hazing situation seemed awfully lonely. After Max returned to his timeline, Davey would be all alone once again. If Max returned, that is.
**12/27/2017**

Third and last new chapter. The rest will be just as before.

The stars were pretty. With the lack of light, they were bright. Of course, Max couldn’t stargaze like he wanted to, instead he was sitting around a bonfire with the other campers, stuck listening to all of the campers perform their talents like this was some sort of talent show.

Some emo kid was singing, dressed up in a frilly purple, pink, and zebra striped skirt. She wore a black lacy top and pink mad black striped gloves with the fingers cut off. This was 2002, which meant the emo MySpace era was coming up soon, and Max was glad he wasn’t alive during its popularity years.

“I'm still playing
Playing
A game to keep my mouth shut
Stop myself from spilling my guts out
Cause it's my secret
And not nobody else

Though when you look at me like that
It's hard to keep it all trapped inside
My mind is a cluttered mess
And I stress my secret”

Max didn’t even get what the actual fuck the girl was singing so horribly about, but he understood she wrote the song herself by the way everyone’s faces was contorted into unrecognition. A lot of them seemed proud of her, but Max was ready to take the ukulele out of her hand and bash her over the head with it like Gwen did with David’s guitar.

Max had no talents other than maybe knot tying and trap setting. Really, he was like Fred Jones from Scooby Doo when it came to trap setting, he was so ridiculously extra. None of those talents were something Max was willing to show off, so he skipped his turn and was stuck listening to some emo girl sing.

After suffering through a five minute song, Max stood up and left without a word, heading back to his tent. Davey was the only one who noticed Max was gone, and he followed after him, jogging to catch up.

“Are you tired?” Davey was looking at Max.

Tired off all of this bullshit maybe. “No.”

“Oh, then why did you leave?”

Max glanced at Davey, who seemed like he wanted to go back to the bonfire. Max was confused as
to why Davey had even followed him in the first place when it was so obvious he wanted to stay. The bonfire was yet another chance to make friends, something that Davey didn’t have but so obviously craved. He never had the chance though, everyone already feared and hated him.

Max bit his lip. “Go back.”

“Huh? What about you?”

“I’m tired.”

“But you just sai—”

“I lied, I’m tired. Go back and join the bonfire. Tell them I yelled at you or something, just leave.”

Max was willing to make himself the criminal if it meant Davey wasn’t going to be the victim of the other camper’s hazing.

Davey deserves a chance. David craved friendship, meaning he never got the chance as a kid. Max wanted to give Davey a chance so David wouldn’t be so damn annoying in the future. Yes, that’s the reason why he was doing this. Totally all because of that. Nothing else.

Max watched Davey turn around and make his way back to the glow of the fire in the distance. Davey only shot a single glance back at Max as he walked, and Max saw a ghost of a smile on his face. Davey knew what Max was doing.

Davey appeared in front of the other campers, who turned to look at him. He stood for a few moments, gesturing dramatically with his arms as he made up some story to which the others took pity on him for. Someone patted the spot of the log besides them and Davey took a seat. The two of them exchanged words.

Max watched as Davey made a friend and realized something: he was holding Davey back.

He sauntered away, walking numbly to their shared tent. Instead of entering it, he settled in the grass outside of it and looked up at the sky, stargazing. He felt at peace.
Chapter 10

A week had already passed and Max was starting to get used to the slang. He knew that 'totally tubular' and 'radical' was just the dumb way of saying cool or fucking amazing. He also started getting used to the fearful look in the counselor's' eyes whenever they saw Davey and Max strutting nearby. It was the appropriate reaction to two little bastards raising hell, which David could really learn for future reference. He's supposed to be afraid of Max and his friends, not chirpy and annoying and oblivious. To Max, David and Davey were two different people. Never would they ever be one person in his mind, they were just so different.

And, maybe Max noticed a difference in himself as well. He'd never really thought his actions through, nor had he ever worried what his actions would trigger. The consequences of his actions had never weighed in on him as much as it did now. For all he knows, sneezing could somehow cause a hurricane and kill his parents, deeming himself nonexistent. He had matured a little- just a little -from how he was before.

But, there was another thing that he was worried about. What if he did something that changed David forever? What would happen to the future them? Would David be a stoner in jail and Max be in an orphanage because of neglect?

He was scared. Terrified, actually. He just wanted to go back to the present and lay in his broken cot and eat gross food and throw said-gross-food at David and Gwen. He wanted to hang out with Nikki and Neil and not have to worry about the future because he's just a kid who shouldn't have to worry about such a thing.

He woke up that morning feeling ill. He told Davey to eat breakfast alone or with his new friend, and try to sneak him something back if he could. He just needed a day of rest to calm his mind. He worried what this would do to further the damage his parents had already inflicted on his mental state.

But, when Davey left the tent to go to breakfast, Max immediately regretted his decision. Being alone right now wasn’t going to help him get any better. He kept his mouth shut though, didn’t call the redhead back. He turned around and faced the tent wall closest to him. He felt his heart ache. He never did like being alone. At least future him had his two lovely bastards by his side, but Davey had no one with the same interests with him as a kid.

No wonder David tried to be a good person and tried to relate with others-- he was afraid of being alone.

Max closed his eyes.

He opened them again at 10:00pm, a fancy way of saying late as fuck. He had no idea how he slept the whole day away, but he woke up feeling different. He felt changed. He felt ill. And for fuck sakes, he needed to talk to Davey. He stood up with a sturdy resolve burned into his heart. He had to tell Davey, even if the boy wouldn’t believe him.

He took his yellow camp shirt off and pulled his blue hoodie onto his bare top. He grabbed the yellow shirt off the floor and held it tightly in his hand.

He stormed around the campground, looking in every nook and cranny for Davey. Each time he failed to find Davey, his resolve would crumble just a little. It’s not like he had to tell Davey, right? He nibbled his lip and took a few deep breaths to regain his confidence. He was worried though,
what would Davey think of him? Would he think Max was crazy-- just as crazy as Max felt?

Then, his resolved completely crumbled, turning to dust. There sat Davey at the end of the dock, feet dangling over the edge, tips of his toes brushing against the cold water. If Max saw this scene at a time other than this exact moment, he would’ve pushed Davey straight in. But, this isn’t just any moment-- this is now.

He took cautious steps towards the 9 year old, giving himself a pep talk to regain his courage, which stuttered like an engine that failed to start.

“Uh, Davey.”

The boy in question jumped a little at the sudden sound of his name and glance back over his shoulder at his approaching friend.

“Max.” He greeted, looking forward at Spooky Island once again, feet still playing with the lapping waves of the lake, which was much less polluted than it is 15 years in the future.

Max sat down besides Davey but kept his feet out of the water. Though, he rolled the bottom of his jeans up just in case a large wave came unexpectedly. He settled himself into the most comfortable position he could on the solid wood and turned his head to face Davey. Davey looked at him back. Max pulled his gaze away and looked down at his lap. His fingers played with the yellow camp shirt hem.

“Can I tell you something?”

There was a long silence. Max hadn’t told Davey a thing about himself since they met.

“Of course you can.”

Max took a few breaths to steel his resolve.

“It’s about me…” He trailed off, trying to find a way to bring it up casually. “Remember when we first met?”

Max didn’t look at Davey, knowing he’d lose courage if doing so, but he knew Davey nodded.

“And you asked me who I was.”

The sound of fabric sliding on Davey’s neck let him know the 9 year old had nodded again.

“My name is Max.”

Davey gave him the ‘duh’ face.

“And, I’m not supposed to exist right now, so I don’t know why I do. I just… know I’m leaving very soon and the day I appeared here-” it was my birthday.

Davey cut him off.

“You’re talking crazy, Max.”

“Please,” Max pleaded, his own words surprising himself. “Listen, I-”

He stopped. His body started shutting down on himself.
I have to tell him about me.

Max stood up, feeling his body tingle, shirt still in his right hand. Davey looked up at him weirdly.

“I-” He couldn’t speak for some reason. He looked down at his legs, then he realized that he didn’t have legs. He was disappearing whether it be for good or just from this time frame.

His right hand disappeared first, the yellow camp shirt falling onto the deck.

“Wait! Max!” Davey cried, picking up the yellow shirt, not believing his eyes.

It was now or never, Davey thought, standing up as well.

“Max… I like you.” A beat. “Like ‘like like’ you… and wow that’s an actual sentence.”

Max, the only person who understood him, made him feel important. The only person who wasn’t afraid of anyone but himself. The person who took the hateful eyes from the counselors so Davey wouldn’t have to.

Max’s right arm was almost entirely gone.

Max felt a pang in his heart. He realized something too. He had to respond but, he struggled to even get his words out.

And Davey leaned in and their lips touched. Both of their hearts were beating out of their chest at their pathetic attempt at a first kiss.

“When can I see you again?” Davey asked, taking Max’s camp shirt that he clutched in his hand and quickly looping it around his neck.

Max felt his heart pang. The shirt future-David had been wearing all this time had been Max’s, not his own. They really were the same person. Both Davey and David were David.

Max lifted his left hand up and in a one quick movement, he scratched his neck with his nails, drawing blood.

“When this scratch appears on my neck.”

And Max faded.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

This will be the end of the INNOCENT, FLUFFY content. The next will be sexual. I'm just posting this for now because it's night time and I'm tired. Will write last chapter later.

It took 5 hours to find him. David heard Nikki's shrieks coming from his right and he ran towards them. Her cries were neither scared nor sad, just shocked, like she was caught off guard. He pushes aside a branch and saw her. She towered over his limp figure. He looked like a ragdoll, all bent out of shape and pale. His skin was cold, but he was still alive and shivering. There were tears in his hoodie and blood stains from both his red nose and icy ears.

David picked the frail boy up gently, holding him with fingers like feathers, afraid he'd break him like a porcelain doll. He rounded up all the Campbell campers, who were all tired, but equally as relieved. They made their way back to their designated areas, craving sleep. David walked through branches, using his own body to shield Max from getting hurt anymore than he already was. David wanted to bring Max to the hospital, but the car engine wasn't working, nor could he get any service.

His only sense of relief towards the unfortunate situation was that Max's fever broke at daybreak and his heavy, uneven breathing began to slow. Only then could David set his forehead against the nurse’s cot, holding Max’s hand as he fell asleep. Max first stirred at 3am. He continued to wiggle in his sleep before his eyes finally opened at 5am, immediately waking David with his loud, pained gasps.

Max reached up, rubbing his hand on his neck, staring a very tired David in the eyes as doing so. His fingers brushed up against his sensitive skin. His hissed. The scratch was there.

“It was real?” He whispered, his voice no more than a whisper.

David’s eyes traced the wound on Max’s neck, his mind calmed down for the first time in years.

“It was real,” David voiced Max’s thoughts as his own. “I thought… I made it all up. Oh my god…”

His eyes burned with tears and he did his best to wipe them away with the yellow shirt on his neck.

“After you disappeared, it was like everyone else forgot you existed except me. All I had was your shirt and a promise which I had no idea when it would be fulfilled.” He whispered, squeezing the fabric of the shirt on his neck. “I thought I made the whole thing up, but then the things you said started happening. The IPhone came out and then Blockbuster shut down-- why are you laughing?”

His face went bright red.

“It’s just, I can’t believe you remembered that.” Max choked out through giggles, actual giggles. It’s crazy to think how much a week could change him.

“... That’s when hope filled me and I grew up, waiting. Then it happened, you showed up at my
work. I tried to drop a hint to you, but you had no idea what I was talking about.”

Max remembered. When he first arrived at Camp, David had asked, “Have we met before?” To which Max responded with a simple “Shut the fuck up, cocksucker.”

“Then I remembered your words and the scratch. Every single day I waited for the scratch to appear, but it never did. The first year of camp passed by, and you were still as scary as you were back then.” He paused. “And I lost hope and-”

Bonquisha.

"I was tired of continuously thinking about you, who were no longer here. I thought that if I were with her, I’d forget about you." He took a shaky breath. “But my childhood crush was too strong and she dumped me because I talked too much about ‘someone who doesn’t exist.’ Though she said my affection towards my first love was touching, but just not her style.”

Max hand up his hand and pressed his finger to David’s lips to shush him. He was still sick, so a simple finger was all he could do to silence the older boy-- man.

“Hey, Davey.” Max whispered. “I never gave you my reply 15 years ago.”

David felt his nervous heart flutter in his chest.

“I like you too,” he stated the undeniable truth, then cracked a quick joke, “Like ‘like like.’”
Max found it difficult after his disappearance and reappearance to get in contact with David again. Once again, the older man had taken to ignoring him, which annoyed him deeply. He didn't understand why the counselor didn't want the camper near him, but he was determined to find out why, after all this time, had he ignored him.

And his answer came early saturday morning, a day meant for sleeping in. Max may have been young, but he wasn't dumb. Time. That was his answer. Max had been lucky enough to meet David in the past then instantly meet him again upon returning back to his normal time. But, David had seen Max disappear before his eyes 15 years ago. He waited 15 years for Max to return to him while Max had only waited mere seconds to meet David once again.

He felt stupid. Sure, he hadn't changed at all since he had met Davey, but David had 15 years to change. Maybe, he was doubting his own feelings, the scratch on Max's neck rekindling the long burned out candle. The more Max thought about it, the more he realized that David had never once made any indication beforehand that he was apparently in love with the camper. There were no weirdly long stares nor singling out in a desperate attempt to get Max's attention.

No, David made no flirty gestures. Even after Max's disappearance and reappearance he did nothing more than hold the sick boy's hand. Even though David said he liked Max, his body language said otherwise. In this time frame, they hadn't even kissed. Was it the age gap? Max didn't mind, though. Full well knowing that David was over a decade older than him, Max still fell for him.

He groaned and slammed his face into his pillow. He let out a muffled scream of frustration and gripped the edge of his worn cot. The same cot he had used 15 years ago, having initialed the tag as evidence. Had David given him this cot on purpose? He sure hoped so and that it wasn't just some crazy coincidence. It would be proof that David was still as interested in Max as Davey was, right? Or maybe he's just reading too far into this?

No, no guessing! Max told himself in his mind, standing up miserably. He was going to get answers. He deserved them after all.

He pushed the tent flap open and felt the hot sun hit his face. A gently breeze rolled in with the shallow waves of lake Lilac, bringing along more courage. The courage was much needed. Though, his courage wouldn't affect the outcome if David didn't feel the same way.

His clumsy feet and disheveled thoughts brought his to the counselor's' cabin before even another soul had wakened. He opened the front door which was always unlocked and shuffled around the building to find David's room. Despite the counselor's' cabin being a zone the kids weren't supposed to enter, Max never had any interest in entering them before. He wanted nothing to do with neither Gwen nor David before his little time travel adventure. So, he was lost.

A closet, the pantry, a storage room, Gwen's room, then finally the last room in the cabin left--
David's.

He tried to open it, but it was understandably locked. He knocked, trying to be as nice as possible, yet he still got no response. He chewed on his bottom lip, looking around the area. He didn't want to wake Gwen, so he couldn't knock any louder.

His eyes fell upon the mat outside his door. He mentally prepared himself as he grabbed the corner of the rug and lifted it up, letting out a breath of relief when he sees a rusty key hidden under it. He picked it up, dropping the rug back onto the floor, which shot dust up. He let out a soft sneeze before sticking the key in the hole. It didn't fit.

He furrowed his eyebrows, confused. Then what did this key go to?--

"Hello?"

Max flinched at the voice which came through the door. Of course David was awakened by something as gentle as a sneeze yet not a harsh knock.

"Uhh..." Max thought long and hard about what to say before just letting the words slip out of his mouth. "Open the door."

And David did. It was as simple as that.

And... now what? Max was expecting David to put up more of a fight where'd he'd end up having to bribe David to open the door. He was avoiding Max, right?

"Can I come in?" Max asked, yet slid in through the gap in the door before David even replied.

He didn't say anything, just allowed the camper to wander silently around the room before deciding to get on the bed to sit awkwardly. The tension was weird in the room. Once again, what had Max been expecting?

15 years was a long time.

"What's up Max, are you sick? I heard you sneeze."

Of course, David wasn't expecting anything out of Max while the latter was expecting so much from the counselor.

"You like me, don't you?" Max asked out of the blue, causing the older man to flush from the question.

"Of course."

"Then why aren't you doing anything?"

Silence.

"Do you want me to do something, Max?" He choked out a nervous laugh, but Max could hear another emotion in it. Like... desperation, maybe.

"I mean..." he didn't know how to continue his sentence.

David stepped away from the relocked door and towards Max. The boy watched in interest, still silent, until David was standing right there in front of him.
"Did I read this wrong? Did your 'like' mean something else?" Max asked, staring David in the eye.

Maybe the idiot had meant something else-- like, he's a good friend and he likes him. But, you don't kiss-- or attempt to --your friends, but this is David. And he was 9 at the time.

"No! no... of course not. Why? Did yours mean something else?"

Of course not. Max may be a little of a sadist, but he would never lie about such a thing.

He took a chance. He stood up on the tall bed, towering over David's figure. The counselor watched as Max's hand reached down to grab a tuft of David's red hair. He tugged gently to bring David's head closer to his, the counselor having to stand on his tippy toes, guiding the older man close enough to where their noses were touching.

Max moved his mouth down and their lips met once again, 15 years later.

David is startled at first. He hesitated into the clumsy kiss before finally pushing back into Max's lips.

Neither of them had gotten it wrong, their 'likes' were very much the same.

Confidence regained, Max gave another tug to David's hair, stronger this time, pulling him forward. Max stumbled backwards, falling onto the bed, bringing David's head into a very odd angle. To fix the uncomfortable position, he brought his knees up onto the bed, then his other.

Max sat on his knees, sliding his hand down from David's hair to the yellow scarf on his neck. He tugged. David fell onto his hands, on all fours, leaning over Max. David paused when the sloppy kiss broke, looking Max in the eyes.

Max had the same look on his face he had the first time they kissed 15 years ago. He wondered if Max was even aware of making such a desperate expression back then, or even now. Max never liked to show any sort of sensitive side of himself ever. But, staring into his eyes, David felt that his defenses were down. Max trusts him.

Max's legs reached down like a snake. He hooked his ankles around the day dreamer's knees. In one swift movement, he yanked his ankles towards him, causing David to lose his balance and fall forward. Their touching noses brought David right back down to reality. To Max, this wasn't about the past-- this was about now; what he want's right now.

David took initiative this time, leaning down to press another kiss onto Max's lips before breaking the small peck to shift his weight to one elbow. There are 3 layers between them: David's shirt, Max's hoodie, and Max's shirt. He used his other arm to fumble with Max's hoodie, which was pinned under Max's back. Max lifted up as best as he could to allow better access for David to pull the fabric off.

2 layers to go. He threw the hoodie to the headboard as gently as he could, nervous that the silent plop would somehow wake the whole camp up.

Before David could move his arm again, Max pushed on David's chest, hinting for David to sit up. The older man complied. Max reached his nimble fingers out towards David. His fingertips grazed the older man's hips before reaching under the fabric of the pine tree shirt and up his chest. His pulled David's shirt off.

1 layer.

David once again made a motion to touch Max, but the camper swatted the hand away and pulled his
camp shirt off quickly. Then, he paused. Was he feeling regret? David wondered. Should he stop this before it goes any farther?

But Max took the shirt and slid it around David neck for a mere moment.

"Here," he whispered. "Another shirt for you to make into a scarf."

He then took the shirt of David’s neck and tossed it with reckless abandon in whatever direction. The rest of the motions went by relatively quickly: David undoing his buckle, taking his shorts and boxers off with the help of Max’s foot, and David helping tug Max's tight jeans down. Max had went commando, stating he hated the underwear creases from the tightness of his skinny jeans.

0 layers.

Both of them were still, panting and sweating hot, not knowing what they were going to do next and neither having the courage to speak up. And finally, it hit Max in the face, harsh and sharp like a slap. He was going to have sex with David.

"Oh." He simply muttered, breaking the silence.

And that word was enough to get David sputtering to life. He pulled Max onto his lap, letting the younger boy be in charge, to which he responded with a sigh. Max had no idea what he was doing, only pretending to be confident in whatever seduction skills he had. Yet, now, his confidence had drained.

"Oh, right." David muttered awkwardly, some things clicking into place. He reached into his side drawer, sliding it open. There in all of its glory was a bottle of lube he had received from Bonquisha as a gift. Unused, of course.

He cracked it open. David pulled Max closer, his hands sliding down his hips straight to his butt and went to work. He fumbled about, having no clear idea what his fingers were supposed to be doing, but he was pretty sure he was doing it right. After all, Max was making all these weird noises which were definitely turning the older man on, not that he'd ever say that out loud. He always tried to speak innocently, mostly around children. But, Max had heard his foul mouth before—multiple times actually.

"David, damn it." Max hissed, snapping the older man back into reality. "You've been at this forever. Just fuck me."

David was flustered and failed to function properly. He stuttered some random gibberish out, the cluttered words blending into a bunch of random vowels. Max would have to take over. He took a deep breath and tried to be confident— or at least appear so.

He took the lube bottle into his hands, fumbling a little because of how weird his whole body felt. He was flushed and gaspy. He hated being this vulnerable in front of others. He calmed himself down enough to open the lube once again. He looked at the opened lid, staring with interest. He was embarrassed to have to take over.

And, Max being his vengeful self, tipped the bottle over and poured it everywhere. He knew damn well David would be the one cleaning this up, and that this bottle was enough to make the older man have to spend a whole day doing the laundry. He laughed in his mind at David's shocked face, but never let the snicker pass his lips.

David finally realized just how undeniably confused Max was and took over again. His mind was going a mile a minute as he lifted Max up, hands slipping from the mess Max created, and positioned
Max to what he hoped would be the most comfortable position for the camper. Then, Max slowly lowered himself onto David's hard on, which was practically throbbing in anticipation.

And fuck. Max was tight.

"F-fuck." Max spat out, immediately slumping over the rest his head on David's shoulder.

And everything happened so quickly. David began to move, grunting and moaning. Max's body quiverered, but he tried his best to rock his hips simultaneous to that of each of David's thrust. And as quickly as it began, it ended. Both, inexperienced and never having felt this way before.

"Ugh." Max groaned.

"Sorry. I will do research so next time is better- for both of us."

Next time... Max smiled a true smile at the idea.

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