Summary

It was stupid. That’s what made it camp. Of fucking course David wanted to go hiking. He always wanted to go hiking. So they’d taken a new path. A different route, because who would ever want to stay on a route that was safe, where no one could get lost because they hiked there every goddamn time.

But nooooo, David wanted to go the other way. Like the fucking dunce that he was. “Oooh, but it’s a really pretty route.” Pretty route his ass.

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Max falls down a hole while wandering in the forest and it’s up to David to find him.

Notes

Inspired by the fic where Max gets lost while playing hide and seek. Please do read it, it's very good.

Edit: Ohmygod Sopuliuli made an animatic of this?? Go check it out it's very good: https://youtu.be/h_7-i18_yX0

See the end of the work for more notes

• Inspired by Lost by mama_gucci
It was stupid. That’s what made it camp. Of fucking course David wanted to go hiking. He always wanted to go hiking. So they’d taken a new path. A different route, because who would ever want to stay on a route that was safe, where no one could get lost because they hiked there every goddamn time.

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So Max was stuck. In that stupid hole that was randomly there in the middle of nowhere, where he’d sneaked away to, not wanting to deal with David’s bullshit. He wanted to go back to the camp, steal some snacks from the mess hall, but he'd gotten completely lost. Stupid new route. Stupid fucking David.

He’d fallen on his leg, so climbing out wasn’t an option. It hurt. Nothing too bad, but it was bugging Max while he was trying to shit on David for the situation.

"Shut up," he said to the leg. It didn’t respond. Of course it didn’t. It was just a fucking leg. Wow. He’d already gotten to the stage where he was talking to his leg like some weirdo. It would be weirder if the leg talked back, his head told him. He told his head to shut up as well.

He’d been so busy sulking he didn’t notice it started raining. Great. This was just wonderful. Who didn’t love pouring rain while being stuck in a fucking random hole in the middle of who knows where. He remembered David had told the campers it was going to rain later in the afternoon, but still wanted to hike with them. For the better, probably, because keeping the campers inside all day would be a whole new level of shit.

The rain was cold. It had only been a few minutes and Max was already freezing. Great. So he’d die of hypothermia before even getting a chance to starve to death. He’d be dead before anyone even noticed he was gone.

They’ll be much happier without you. No. Nononono. Shut up. He didn’t need this bullshit right now. Your parents were right. You’re just a waste of time. Always annoying, always bothering people. As much as Max hated it, he knew it was true. He knew his parents didn’t care if he died in a ditch, hell, they even encouraged him to do so. But Gwen and David would care, right? They wouldn’t. Of fucking course they wouldn’t. They’re just doing their fucking jobs. Gwen and David were probably glad they didn’t have to put up with his shit anymore.

He started panicking. He couldn’t breathe properly anymore. He was going to die in there, wasn’t he? No one who cared, no one who’d come looking for him. He’d probably be found weeks later. Max let out a cry. Useless. No one will miss you. You’re just some piece of- “STOP!”

“Max?” Thank goodness. Someone came to get him. “Max, if you’re here, please make a sound!” David was looking for him. David. The one he shitted on every single moment he could, was looking for him. Right, he had to make a sound. He tried to yell, but his breathing wouldn’t allow it. He was shaking really badly.

“Max?” David sounded further away. No. Nonono, he couldn’t leave.

He kept on hyperventilating. Alright. Back up. Panicking wouldn’t help. What did Gwen do when she had panic attacks? Right. Deep breaths. As Max tried to control his breathing, David called again. Good, he was closer than before.
“D-David!” It came out very softly, while he was forcing the words out through his ragged breathing.

“Max? Max, where are you?” He tried again. “David!” It came out louder, thankfully. He heard some twigs snap and suddenly the rain stopped. He heard it tapping against something — an umbrella, probably.

“Max?” he heard softly. David was there. In front of him. He wasn’t going to die. He cried. More than he’d like to admit. “Max? Are you okay?” His breathing was getting worse. “Max? Max!” David sounded panicked. “Shit,” Max heard him mutter.

“Max, I need you to focus on my voice, okay?” Max nodded his head. Focus on David and his weirdly caring voice. “It’s going to be okay, Max. You just need to breathe” Breathe. He took a deep breath and noticed how cold he was. He was shaking.

“Is it okay if I touch you?” Max nodded his head. He suddenly felt a warm fabric draped over his shoulders. A coat? David put a hand on his head, and he was just so warm. Max couldn’t help himself as he leaned towards David, warmth embracing him. He hugged David so tight, and surprisingly, David hugged back.

“I’m scared,” he muffled in David’s chest. “I shouldn’t’ be scared, big boys aren’t scared. Big boys don’t cry.” That’s what his parents told him. Those stupid fucks. He’d learned how to be a proper boy before their ‘special treatment.’ They wouldn’t care if he died in a ditch. But apparently, David did. He cried harder.

“Hey,” David said with a soft tone. “It’s okay. You can be scared. Everyone gets scared. When Gwen and I couldn’t find you, we were so scared. But I found you. And that makes being scared okay. Because I know it’s gonna be okay. I promise.” Max felt a hand — David’s hand — threading through his hair, and he immediately calms down. It’s gonna be okay, David told him. He promised. And David always keeps his promises.

He doesn’t remember falling asleep. All he knows is that he wakes up in a bed, not the stupid bunk the campers have to sleep in. He’s warm and there’s like a million blankets covering him, and somehow it makes him feel warm inside. Maybe because it shows someone actually cares enough to make sure he’s alright. This time he doesn’t want to argue with the voice in his head, because said someone walks into the cabin, looking really glad to see Max awake.

“Oh, great! You’re awake!” David said it with so much enthusiasm Max thought his head was going to explode. His head still hurt from the fall, and the cold, and the entire day in general. David must’ve noticed him cringing to the sound, because he apologized with a soft ‘sorry’.

David walked over to the bed. “Alright,” he said. “Now Gwen and I aren’t professional doctors, so I need to know if there’s something hurting that we haven’t patched up yet.” When David said that, Max noticed his hands were carefully wrapped in bandages, as well as the knee that he injured while falling down. But still, his leg was whining like a little bitch to him.

“My leg hurts.” He doubted he could even stand on it, after the nasty way Max had fallen on it. As David went to take a look, Max noticed that he wasn’t his usual clothes. Instead, he was wearing sweatpants and a camp shirt that was a bit too big.
“Well, it’s not broken” David concluded. “You should probably avoid walking on it though.”

“I’m sorry,” Max said in a small voice. “Please don’t hurt me.” David looked taken aback by that.

“Why… why would I ever hurt you?” David spoke softly, slowly moving towards Max, his face showing concern. All of it screamed home, as much as Max hated to admit it.

Before he could stop it, Max let out a sob, and David was next to the bed in a second, fussing over him. David made shushing sounds, calming him down, and if anyone were to ask Max if that ever happened, he'd lie and say no. Because he doesn't want the overwhelming happiness he feels at that moment to be ruined by some asshole who decides that Max being fussed over is the funniest thing in the goddamn world (talking to you, Nerf).

David must've noticed that there's no way of calming him down at that point because the next thing Max hears is the soft sound of strings being plucked. A sweet melody fills the room, as David plays an unfamiliar song on his guitar, softly humming along.

Gwen joins David, harmonizing along with him. Wait, how the fuck did Gwen get in the cabin without him noticing? Max concluded that he was probably crying too hard to notice, but he doesn't comment on it, too enthralled by the song.

Max' tears quickly dry, and he feels himself drifting off when the song ends. He hears some rushing and then there is a hand on his head, threading through his hair. He's too tired to do something about it, but as soon as he wakes up he'll pay them (probably David) back. His suspicions are confirmed when he hears David's soft voice, right when he falls asleep.

"Goodnight Max"

End Notes

I feel like Max is a little out of character in this fic, but I hope you enjoyed it anyways! Please leave a comment if you liked it, I really love getting those! Don't forget to give kudos and Campe Diem!

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