Summary

Trapped in a cave by accident, Wander and Hater have to wait out the time until their partners get help. Makeouts and s'mores ensue.

Notes

YADDA YADDA IM A FILTHY SINNER BUT SO ARE YOU SO HA

See the end of the work for more notes.

“Wander, are you sure this is worth it?” Sylvia asked. She and her nomadic companion stood outside the dark and frightening cave entrance. Wander adjusted his hat and smiled.

“Sylvia, just think! That crown could help so many people! And you know, you get a wish too! How’s about once we find it, I can use my wish to get you a big piece of jellyfish pie! Then we can do whatever you wanna do with your wish!” He chirped merrily while rummaging through his hat. He pulled out a pair of flashlights and handed one to Sylvia.

She took it in her hand and flicked it on, casting a ray of light into the inky blackness of the cave. “Aw, Wander, buddy, but then you wouldn’t get a wish! That’s not fair. I’ll use my wish for some pie and you use yours for whatever it is you want, okay pal?”

“Alright, if you’re sure! Now, let’s go! Who knows what kind of mysterious wonders await us!” He announced as Sylvia slowly walked into the cave.

“I still don’t have a good feeling about this…” She whispered as the darkness slowly covered them, leaving only the glowing light of their flashlights to guide them.
After a while of just walking forward, the pair came across a heavy stone door with strange text written on it.

Wander blew gently across the , sending dust across the air that was visible in the column of light.

Wander clears his throat and read aloud.

“Those seeking power Need look no further But beware of the things That bad intentions bring.”

There was a long pause.

“Is that want that says? I didn’t know you could read dusty old hieroglyphics. And besides, we’ve got all the kindness we need right here!” Sylvia said, picking Wander up and spinning him around.

“Well, that was just a rough translation, seeing as my’ dusty old hieroglyphics’ Is a bit rusty. I’m sure it rhymed in the actual language it was written in! It sounded like a song a little bit!”

Sylvia shrugged and opened the door, but before she could respond there was a very ominous click as the floor dropped from underneath them. Sylvia jumped out of the way in time, but it took her a moment too long to realize Wander was nowhere to be found.

The zbornak felt panic wash over her. She called her companions name down the trap door.

“Sylvia!” Came a quiet voice after a few seconds.

“WANDER! Stay put buddy! I’ll go get a rope or something! Are you hurt?!” She shouted.

Again, he responded in an echo tone. “I’m fine! But there’s nowhere else to go down here! Its just a room with nothing in it! Oh well, it’s pretty big, though! You go get help! I’ll stay down here and wait!”

The stone was already moving back into place when Sylvia heard his response.

“Y-You got it buddy!” Sylvia shouted before taking a reluctant step back. The panel of stone slid back into place over the hole with a scraping sound. That’s when Sylvia started running back.

Unfortunately, about half way to the exit, the floor gave way from underneath her feet, sending her plunging into, you guessed it, a different room.

She hoped either Wander or her could find a way out of this mess. And fast.

""20 minutes later \"\\\"

Hater had found it. The one way to finally take over the ENTIRE UNIVERSE and RID HIMSELF of his MOST HATED ENEMIES.

Somewhere in the Eta Carinae star system was a small planet orbiting a dying star. On that planet was a cave with a temple built inside of it. Hidden within that temple is a chamber. In that chamber is a crown.

Now this wasn’t just any crown. This crown had the power to grant a single wish to each person who touched it. And, of course, that would bring Hater just another step closer to being THE GREATEST IN THE GALAXY!
And there was NOTHING that could get in his way, he was going to make SURE of that.

He decided just to take Peepers along with him, claiming that the Watchdogs would mess things up.

It hadn’t taken them long to find the cave. It was small, but so was the planet.
Peeper hesitated. “Sir, this cave doesn’t look too safe. Maybe we should call for back up just in ca-”

“DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO, PEEPERS! I’VE GOT EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL!” Hater bellowed as he stormed into the cave, jumping over an odd hole in the side of the path without a second thought. Peepers followed close behind.

After exploring for a few minutes they came across the door. Peepers noted the hieroglyphs, but neither knew how to translate them.

Peepers stepped back as his boss opened the door, expecting something to fly towards him. What he didn’t expect was for Lord Hater to go down into a trap door, screaming and flailing wildly.

“Sir? Sir?! Oh, man! I knew it. I knew we should have called for backup,” the panicked commander ranted, pacing quickly back and forth. “Stay right there, sir! I’ll go get something to get you out of there!!”

\\\\\\\ meanwhile \\\\\\\\n
Wander sat on the farthest corner of the cave, sleeping soundly until Sylvia came back. He rested snugly inside his hat, trying to let his eyes adjust to the darkness. His flashlight had been damaged in the fall and he didn’t feel like getting a new one.

Suddenly there was a loud crashing sound from the cave opening. Wander shot up. “Sylvia?” He said, quietly.

There was a distinctly not-Sylvia groan. Wander stiffened at the large figure That rise up from the floor, flattening himself against the wall.

“Ughhhhh. I KNEW I should have called for backup. Stupid Peepers, stupid crown, stu-”

Wander snapped up, an overjoyed grin spreading across his face.

“Hater! I’m so happy you’re here! I thought I’d be stuck here a really long time all alone until Sylvia got back, but now you are here and we can tell stories and play games in this will be so much fun!” The preppy little nomad shouted, jumping up onto Haters shoulders and hugging him tightly.

Hater was practically frothing with rage.

“Of all the people I could have been stuck with down here it just HAD TO BE YOU, DIDNT IT?!” Hater shouted, kicking the cave wall roughly. He snapped back to his senses and threw Wander off of him.

Wander landed roughly, stunned for a moment, before sitting back up and clinging to him like an
infant holding its mother's hair.

“OH, but I’m just so happy! Here, let me start a fire so we can see! My flashlight seems to have stopped working…” he rambled while digging through his hat, eventually pulling out some matches and a pile of smokeless wood. Wander had a fire going in a matter of minutes, rambling on all the while. Hater blinked in the light, his eyes quickly adjusting. He backed up, frowning when he hit a wall. “Shouldn’t we be more concerned with, Oh, I don’t know, GETTING OUT OF HERE?!” Hater bellowed, waving his arms angrily.

Wander chuckled. “Well, Sylvias gonna be back any minute now, and if she isn’t then the Watchdogs will find us eventually, right?”

“Ugh… I GUESS so…” Hater sighed, eyeing the peaceful grin upon his enemy’s face as he watched the fire quietly.

“And how are you so calm?! You’re trapped in a cave with no way to escape with YOUR GREATEST ENEMY! I could kill you right now!”

Wander looked up, surprised at first. His expression quickly faded to that of an understanding smile. “You’re not my worst enemy, you’re one of my best friends! Besides, I know you wouldn’t REALLY hurt me!”

The next thing Wander knew he was being held over the fire by the back of his neck. “Wanna bet?”

Wander smiled and pressed his cheek against Hater’s forehead, then leaned down and said, “I know you wouldn’t hurt me, and I trust you.”

Hater’s eyes widened and he tossed Wander to the other side of the fire before sitting down quickly, dusting his cloak off and wiping his forehead where Wander had touched him.

After a few minutes of silence, Wander said, “I’m gettin kinda hungry, wanna make s’mores?”

Hater snapped out of his trance. “What?”

“I asked if you wanted to make s’mores with me.” Wander said smiling.

“What.. What are s’mores?” Hater asked, refusing to make eye contact.

“You’ve never had s’mores? Oh, this is gonna be AMAZING!!! I’ll teach you!”

Wander chirped, hugging him and then running to his hat to fish out the ingredients.

“Uh, teach me what exactly?” Hater said worriedly.

“Well, s’mores taste best when we make them ourselves, but then again that’s almost as much fun as eating them in my opinion!” Wander chirped. He walked back over with two sticks, a bag of marshmallows, and a box of chocolate coated Graham crackers. He said a quick thank you to the hat before he left, at which Hater rolled his eyes.

“I’m not going to just sit here and cook my own food like some sort of peasant! Don’t they come premade? Check the hat again!”

Wander shook his head and tsked. “Hater, making the s’mores is the best part! Trust me, it’ll be fun!”
“Need I remind you we have very different definitions of ‘fun’. I would destroy you in an instant if I wasn’t…” Hater trailed off, grunting angrily.

“If what?” Hater glanced up at Wander, the only sounds the crackling of the fire and the sound of a heartbeat that could have been his own, if he had a heart anymore.

Wander had a look on his face that clearly read a mixture between “I told you so,” and something almost hopeful. It made Hater feel like someone had electrocuted him, dizzying and numbing but the opposite at the same time.
Hater cleared his throat awkwardly.

“I…. uh….UGH, just teach me how to make them already. Might as well learn. Because there’s nothing else to do. And you’re being difficult.” Hater said, breaking the almost-silence.

Wander’s typical perky grin returned and he handed Hater a stick and a marshmallow. “First, you put the marshmallow on the stick like this!,” Wander said, demonstrating. Hater didn’t take his eyes off of him until he looked back up, meeting the overlords gaze.

Hater frowned and put the marshmallow on the stick, only he did it sideways instead of normally.
Wander shrugged. “Alright, now the fun part! You just put the marshmallow into the fire until It’s cooked to your liking! I like them light brown, but that’s just me!”

Wander held his marshmallow over the golden flames, watching Hater as he did the same. Hater glanced at Wander briefly, face heating up (from the fire, of course) and tightening his grip on the stick. He kept his eyes on the marshmallow, not noticing any difference.

“So how long is this gonna take?” Hater grumbles, glancing down.
“Oh, usually about two or so minutes. It all depends on how you like it cooked.”
Hater grunted, looking over at Wander from the corner of his eye. He noticed how the flames made Wander’s eyes look a deep but warm green, and his fur seem to glow as if they were flames as well. How the fur on hid head stuck up without his hat to cover them. How he seemed happily mesmerized by the flames curling around the morsel of food.

Wander took his marshmallow out of the flames and put it between two crackers. Wander smiled and looked at Hater. His smile quickly changed to a concerned yet sympathetic expression.

“Uh, Hater? Your marshmallows on fire.”

Hater snapped out of his trance and pulled the burning blob of sugar out of the flames, blowing the thin layer of flames off and frowning angrily.
There was a moment of awkward silence.

“Not too bad for a beginner!”

“Not bad? NOT BAD?! I burnt it! It caught on fire! HOW IS THAT NOT BAD?” Hater snapped, scowling at the nomad.

“Lots of people like it like that! Thats how Sylvia eats them, and I’ve seen people eat them much more burnt up than that! Here, let me show you!” Wander said, taking Haters wrist gently and pulling a pair of Gharam crackers out of the box, setting his smore on top.

He pushed the crackers together around the marshmallow and pulled it off the stick. Hater noticed how it only flaked slightly and cracks formed along the sides. Liquid marshmallow seeped out of it.
“Here you go! Try it!” Wander said happily, holding the smore out for Hater. He took it hesitantly, like it could bite him.

Hater slowly took a bite, while Wander watched intensely. His eyes lit up at the sweet taste and he took another bite quickly. He looked at Wander, who was literally bouncing up and down in excitement.

“What?” Hater said, his voice muffled by the food.

“You smiiiiiled~” Wander said, leaning onto Hater and wrapping his arms around him, nuzzling him like a cat. Hater choked.

“No I didn’t! It tasted like dirt!”

“Then why’d you take a second bite?”

Hater groaned loudly as Wander hugged him, stuffing the rest of the smore into his mouth while he was distracted.

Suddenly Wander jumped up and wrapped his arms around Haters shoulders, pressing his face against Haters shoulder. Hater felt like someone was choking him even though Wander wasn’t touching his neck.

“Why do you keep touching me?” Hater mumbled angrily, Not making an effort to remove the ball of orange fur from his shoulders.

“’Cus you’re adorable when you’re happy and I know that being touched makes you happy.”

“No. It. Doesn’t. ESPECIALLY when it’s YOU who’s touching me.”

“Well, there’s two reasons, anyway.”

There was a second reason. Of course. Hater didn’t wanna know the answer. It was probably something dumb or... stupid. Or something.

....

“...What is it?”

Wander shifted slightly, suddenly a lot closer. Hater felt the warmth radiating off of him.

“Because I like you a lot. And I like touching you.”

Wanders fur stood on end from all the static electricity that suddenly filled the air. He smiled as he reached up and ran his hand along one of Haters horns. He felt the other immediately relax underneath him. The air actually crackled slightly green electricity sparked through it like creamer through coffee.

Hater turned his head. His face was barely an inch away from Wanders. He smelled like pumpkin spice and vanilla ice cream. His gaze locked with the others, the glowing green reflection of his eyes glittering like fish in the warm blue oceans he was looking into. There was a brief moment where everything was completely silent.

They both moved forward at the same time, and it felt like fireworks.

No, that wasn’t a feeling. There were sparks literally flowing through the ground like fireworks.
The two stayed liplocked for what felt like eternity. Wander eventually had been picked up, Hater panting despite not needing to breathe. When had the fire gone out? Neither of them knew. They saw by the light of the embers that remained and the glowing green aura that surrounded them both.

Hater layed down with his head tilted up against the cave wall and sat Wander onto his chest.

Wander climbed up and leaned close to his face, stopping when he was only a fraction of an inch away.

“Hater?” Wander whispered. There was another crackle of sparks as Hater suppressed a shudder.

“Huh?”

“Is this okay?” Came a gentle voice. It was borderline hypnotic and extremely comforting. How had he found that annoying before? It was like warm honey, but audible.

He nodded a bit too eagerly.

Wander leaned forward and kissed him gently on the forehead, then on his mouth again, reaching up and running his hand along Haters jawline. They both smiled through the kiss (though Hater would deny this later, Wander knew).

“W-wait,” Hater said quietly when they took a breath. Wander immediately stopped, pulling his hands back quickly.

“What is it? If you want to stop-”

“No, It’s not-,” Hater laughed nervously. “I just….”

He took a deep breath and nervously scratched the back of his neck. “I… for the longest time I…. UGH this is why I never wanted to…. whenever I get near you it makes me feel like….. I cant-” he looked up at Wander and felt his face flush at the sympathetic smile on his face.

Wander pressed a finger to his mouth, then gently holding the side of Haters face he pressed another kiss to the space above his nose. He pressed their foreheads together lightly.

“I think I get it.”

He looked down and back up. “I feel the same.”

He didn’t know whether to laugh or just kiss him.

He settled for both.

The pair kissed passionately, Hater wrapping his arms around Wander and holding him tightly. It was odd to hold someone who wasn’t even the size of your arm but it was all the more reason to hold him more, to kiss him more. Wander tilted his head and moved down slightly, kissing Haters neck softly. Hater sighed loudly, eyes crossing a little at the sensation.

“You okay?” Wander said quietly, pulling away for a moment.

“’M fine.. k-keep going.”

Hater leaned back as Wander kept going, feeling wonderfully overstimulated. Wander knew he wouldn’t leave marks but he still was gentle.
Hater leaned back, elbow hitting a crack in the wall. The wall somehow moved back and suddenly there was a shifting noise. They both froze as a panel opened up in the wall.

There were voices from the other side. Wander coughed. “We should probably put this on hold and investigate the mysterious doorway.”


Wander kissed him quickly, effectively cutting him off. Hater blushed and rolled his eyes. “Whatever. Just don’t think I’m going soft or anything. We’re still enemies….”

Wander smirked.

They stood up and Wander slid off of Hater’s chest, taking one of Hater’s fingers in his hand and leading him down the winding hall. The voices got clearer as they went.

“Well maybe if you hadn’t decided to punch me when I fell down here my communicator wouldn’t be broken!”

“Maybe if you hadn’t tried to shoot me I wouldn’t have tried to punch you!”

“SYLVIA!”“PEEPERS!”

“Wander?!” “Sir?!”

End Notes

THIS WAS SO SELF INDULGENT I REFUSE TO EDIT IT OR REVISE IT BECAUSE I’LL JUST DELETE IT OUT OF SHAME SO THERE’S PROBABLY TEN MILLION ERRORS …
3k words of regret
Also you’re shitting if you think I’m EVER finishing this lmaooo, but message me at deathgarden69.tumblr.com if you’re interested in finishing it yourself!

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