~I Fucking Hate You~
SMG4 (Web Series)

Description:
Mr. Puzzles is going to fix this… He'll do anything to fix this. Even if it means submitting to him in ways he never thought he would.

Ship/Relationship Mention:
Mr. Puzzles/Mr. WPNZ (GunShow)

For:
Guns N' Puzzles Movies
The AO3 Mr. Puzzles/Mr. WPNZ tag (it's a crime there's so little fics)

♫IFHY - Tyler, The Creator
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He said he'd fix this. And he definitely wanted to. But he just wasn't sure how… Yet here he was, trying to track down the hitman to attempt to somehow gain his trust back. It had been a few days since the incident and Mr. Puzzles was already feeling incredibly lonely. He knew he fucked up way too late. He doubted Mr. WPNZ would want to take him back, but it was worth a shot. He genuinely missed the gunman. He missed everything about him. His sharp smile, the murderous glare in his eyes, his stupid nicknames he uses… Puzzles wanted all of that back. No, he needed it. He needed Mr. WPNZ, more than he had realized before. He'd betrayed the gunman's trust without even realizing they had such a close relationship, closer than he ever thought he could have with someone.

Mr. Puzzles had finally managed to find the hitman's current hideout. It took him a whole sleepless night to be able to get this address, so he desperately hoped he was correct. The TV host nervously approached the entrance. He was shaking… scared of rejection. He was nervous to see WPNZ again. He had absolutely not idea how he'd react to him suddenly showing up like this. Taking a deep breath, Mr. Puzzles finally gained the strength to knock carefully on the door.

"Hold up-!" WPNZ called from inside. It wasn't long before the door cracked open and… was immediately slammed back in his face.

"WAIT! WPNZ! Please! I can explain!" Mr. Puzzles yelled in reply.

"NO! FUCK OFF!" The gunman shouted.

"Please! Please! Just let me explain myself!! I can explain everything!" Mr. Puzzles pleaded.

"I DON'T WANNA HEAR YOUR BULLSHIT!" WPNZ yelled.

“No! WPNZ! Please! Don’t leave me! I can fix this I swear!!!” Mr. Puzzles pleaded, now on the verge of tears. The door suddenly swung open to reveal the gunman himself. Toomp was sitting on top of his shoulder, glaring harshly down at Mr. Puzzles in anger.

“FIX WHAT?!? The the fuck do you think you can fix!?!” WPNZ questioned. Mr. Puzzles flinched hard, holding his hands up to defend himself in case WPNZ threw a punch at him.

“Fix this!! All of this! I- I- need you back…” Mr. Puzzles said, his voice now becoming choked up with sobs. Mr. WPNZ paused in his yelling, narrowing his eyes at the TV host. He then looked down at Toomp. The little pink glob was slowly shaking its head ‘no’ at WPNZ.

“Let's just hear him out. If he pulls any bullshit I’ll let you throw him outside alright, half pint?” Mr. WPNZ said, bending down next to his kid. Toomp shook its head ‘no’ and rammed itself into WPNZ’s leg, protesting not to allow the TV man in. “Ah I know you’re mad. Just once, ‘Kay? You can stay by my side the whole time if ya need to,”

Toomp rolled its eyes and huffed before looking back to glare at Mr. Puzzles.

“Get in here.” Mr. WPNZ simply said, turning away from the TV host. Mr. Puzzles scrambled to enter the base, closing the door behind him. He had one chance and one chance only to convince WPNZ. Mr. Puzzles hadn’t gone this far in his script making, he had no idea what to even say. He wasn’t expecting to make it this far. At this point all he could really do was beg. He didn’t have any evidence or proof that he’d remain loyal. It was just him and his pleas to stay. That’s all he had left to say.

Mr. Puzzles followed Mr. WPNZ into the base. They ended up in what seemed to be a lounge room of some sort with an open kitchenette. The place was rather nice for someone like a hitman. Puzzles wasn't even sure how he’d managed to find such a nice place. WPNZ simply stopped in the middle of the room and turned to face the TV host, arms crossed in front of him. Toomp took his own place right in front of Mr. WPNZ, wanting to defend him in case Mr. Puzzles ever thought of attacking him.

“Talk.” the hitman said sternly.

“I- I- I- I- uhm- uh- I-“ Mr. Puzzles cleared his voice before attempting to somehow string a coherent sentence together. “I am… sorry for what I did. I- I didn’t realize what I was doing… would… uh- hurt the *both* of us.” He said. Puzzles then suddenly collapsed down onto his knees and began to cry out to the hitman.

“Just *please!* I’d do *anything…* ANYTHING, for you to take me back! Please I’m just- I’m so sorry-! Don’t abandon me please!” Mr. Puzzles begged. WPNZ raised an eyebrow at him meanwhile Toomp didn’t have much of a reaction. The pink blob simply narrowed its eyes at Puzzles, not fond of his begging. The hitman then suddenly crossed his arms and sighed in

frustration as he thought carefully about what to say. He was still not over their huge fight. He couldn't even believe Mr. Puzzles was even begging for forgiveness at this point. He watched as virtual tears streamed down Puzzles' face. He really was desperate, huh? Just what the hell was wrong with this guy, one moment he hates him and then next he's begging for him back? WPNZ had never met a kind of person like this before. There was no one like Mr. Puzzles, he was one of a kind. WPNZ was stuck. He didn't want to be fooled into being betrayed again but at the same exact time he knew Mr. Puzzles was best for him. They happened to be perfect together. The perfect duo… even better than… him and Katana…

"Anything you say?" Mr. WPNZ finally spoke. Toomp huffed in anger and rammed his head against the hitman's foot, angrily warning WPNZ not to fall for Puzzles' non-existent trap. The hitman simply rolled his eyes at Toomp. "Chill out, squirt. I promise I won't get myself hurt again." He said, trying to reassure his kid. Toomp huffed again in frustration and rolled its eyes, not believing a single thing the gunman said. The pink glob was on defense, ready to protect its caretaker if needed. It refuses to take a step back, wanting to remain in front of Mr. WPNZ at all times.

"So. When you mean anything, you absolutely mean *anything?*" WPNZ said, asking for clarification. Mr. Puzzles quickly nodded frantically.

"Yes! I mean it! Anything…" the TV host said, looking Mr. WPNZ right in the eyes. So he was telling the truth. The gunman could tell. After all, he could read the TV man like a damn book. If Puzzles were lying right now, he'd be very defensive with his answer. WPNZ had seen all the tell tale signs of Puzzles whenever he lied about something.

"Well then… if that's the case then. I have something I'd like to do with you." Mr. WPNZ said, finally fully turning to face Mr. Puzzles.

"Please just… take me back… I promise I won't betray you ever again, and I mean that." Mr. Puzzles said, his tone growing sentimental.

"Oh, you'll mean it alright." Mr. WPNZ said. He then neared the TV man, managing to get past Toomp. "Cause I'll force ya to mean it. And you won't ever wanna betray me again." He then muttered in a dark, angry tone.

Shivers of electricity bolted down Mr. Puzzles' entire body as a pink blush rose to his screen. That tone… *Oh god,* that tone. Mr. Puzzles had no clue what the gunman was planning but he knew he was in for it. And it was going to absolutely destroy him. He'll be at WPNZ's mercy.

"Hey, champ. Why don't you go guard the door for me? I've got some business with boxhead over here." Mr. WPNZ said. Toomp narrowed its eyes and shook its head 'no'. It refuses to leave WPNZ alone with someone like Mr. Puzzles.

“Naw, come on. I promise nothing bad will happen… I’ll give you a snacky-wacky later!!” Mr. WPNZ said, his tone growing all soft and childish as he spoke to his basically adopted son. Toomp rolled its eyes sarcastically and headed for the front door. WPNZ watched as the pink glob stationed itself outside and slammed the door shut. Finally. They were alone. This is exactly what WPNZ wanted. The gunman the suddenly grabbed Mr. Puzzles’ wrist and forcefully tugged him to stand on his feet.

“You’ll listen to absolutely everything I fucking say. The moment you try to bitch and whine about it, I will leave you out on the god damn street. Ya hear me?” Mr. WPNZ said.

“Y-yes!” Puzzles stuttered out, afraid that the gunman was going to harm him.

“Yes, what?”

Oh… so that was the direction they were going in…. Puzzles knew exactly how to respond and he hated it. But he had to go through with it. He was desperate. He said he’d do anything, even something like *this.*

“Yes sir…” he mumbled.

“Hah! Good. Exactly what I wanna hear.” Mr. WPNZ said. A snarky smile grew on his lips. He was going to have fun with this. Maybe he could truly blow off some steam with this. Let all his actual anger out on Mr. Puzzles. After all, the TV host did say he could do anything. So anything was on the table. He could beat him till he was just scrap metal if he really wanted to. Mr. Puzzles was just standing there, awaiting instructions. He didn’t dare move an inch or even say anything. The gunman took his time to look him up and down. The TV host was practically cowering under his sharp glare.

Mr. WPNZ finally decided on what to do first. An interrogation was needed. With sudden harsh force, the gunman tugged at Puzzles’ wrist and pulled him over to force him to sit down in a nearby chair.

“Now tell me… why did you betray me? What made you think you could just casually throw me aside like I’m nothing??” Mr. WPNZ asked, Puzzles’ wrist still in his grip.

“I- I- uh- Well… I was using you for my plan… that plan to- to win over Meggy’s trust…” Mr. Puzzles confessed with no hesitation.

“We HAD something. Didn’t you fucking realize that?? We had something more than you and the stupid girl!” WPNZ suddenly yelled. Mr. Puzzles flinched hard, squeezing his eyes shut as he prepared himself to be hit. Yet nothing came about. WPNZ wasn’t going to hit him…? “I ain’t gonna hit ya. Look at me, boxhead.” He then said.

Mr. Puzzles slowly turned to look right at Mr. WPNZ as told. The gunman then approached the chair and leaned right up against it. A hand held on to the back of the chair, almost like he was pinning the TV man right in place. Puzzles and WPNZ were now merely inches apart from each other.

“You make me so pissed off. I can’t even stand to look at you. You ruined everything we have and now are here begging for me back? How fucking pathetic.” Mr. WPNZ spat.

“I’m sorry…” Mr. Puzzles mumbled. WPNZ could only snarl in reaction. “I- just- I-“

“Shut up! You’re such an idiot! I can’t believe you’d lie to me! We fucking had something and you knew it! You knew it yet you decided to try and blow it all up in my face!” Mr. WPNZ shouted.

“I just! I didn’t- I wasn’t- WPNZ please, I’m so sorry!” Mr. Puzzles pleaded

Both of his hands quickly shot out and gripped the front of Puzzles’ shirt. The TV man was partially lifted from the seat.

“You shout shit at me claiming we were never friends, and now you turn around asking for me back?! What kinda fucked up shit are you on?!?” Mr. WPNZ yelled.

“I- I just- I don’t know- I-“

“Make up your fucking mind, boxhead!!”

“I want to be with you! Please! I don’t want to be alone!! I- I can’t live without you!” Mr. Puzzles shouted in return, holding his hands up in surrender.

“I can’t fucking stand you…” WPNZ mumbled. WPNZ’s words seemed to slow down as he stared into Puzzles’ screen.

The tension in the air was so thick. Mr. Puzzles felt like he was holding his breath at this moment. Their faces were so close to each other, Mr. Puzzles could see all the details of Mr. WPNZ’s face from here. Yet there was something about this tension that felt so familiar, the only difference being the added anger and frustration. Mr. Puzzles wasn’t sure but… he’d felt this feeling before. Back when they were escaping prison, those quiet moments on the motorcycle. It felt exactly like that. Puzzles remembered how fondly WPNZ looked at him then. But now? WPNZ was looking at him almost in a similar manner, yet there was betrayal and anger mixed in now.

“I hate you so much.” WPNZ muttered.

Before Puzzles could even react, WPNZ finally leaned in and began to roughly kiss the TV host. Mr. Puzzles melted so easily into the kiss. His entire body just immediately submitted to WPNZ's control. The tension was finally relieved between the two of them. This kiss was all that was needed. WPNZ roughly kissed Puzzles, having absolutely no mercy on him. He'd thought about this for a while… Ever since they had those fond moments together just a few days ago, he'd so easily fallen for him. And it seemed Puzzles had too. The kiss was getting heated real fast. Puzzles' internal fans were starting to kick into overdrive. It was no use as Puzzles and WPNZ were both growing heated now. The kiss was sloppy and rough, Mr. Puzzles could barely keep up. He was less experienced after all but WPNZ was having absolutely no mercy on him at this point. He did say he could do anything to him.

Disconnecting their kiss, Mr. WPNZ began to bite his way down Puzzles' neck. He gnawed at the wires, threatening to snap them with his teeth alone. A simple tug was enough to finally get a sound out of the
TV man.

"Ngh~! O-oh~!" Mr. Puzzles moaned out suddenly. Holy shit that felt good to him!? How did he even think this was all so hot??? Didn't WPNZ just say he hated him?? Puzzles was unsure on how he was supposed to feel but, here he was making out with the gunman like it wasn't a problem.

"You like that? Tch, pathetic bitch." Mr. WPNZ said, tilting Puzzles' head up to get more access to his neck. Again, he tugged at another neck wire with his fang, eliciting another reaction from the TV host. His hand pulled at Puzzles' bow tie, undoing it and tossing it to the ground. He unbuttoned the collar of his white shirt, continuing to pull at the wires. Puzzles was literally melting in WPNZ's grip, still being held up by one hand gripping at his collar. WPNZ could manhandle him with ease. He was so light though freakishly tall. The TV host was trying hard not to lose his composure but he was slowly losing the battle.

"WPNZ~ I- o-oh~" Puzzles moaned out.

"Moaning like a bitch in heat, huh? I'm so excited to tear you apart~" WPNZ whispered in a low, warm tone.

The gunman then pulled Mr. Puzzles up and out of his seat by the collar of his shirt. He roughly slammed him against the nearest counter, bending him over with ease. He then leaned himself over him, pinning his hips to the counter so he wouldn't be able to move.

"Oh~! Shit!!" Mr. Puzzles suddenly moaned out. He could feel WPNZ's hard on rubbing up against his ass. Shit, they were really doing this. WPNZ immediately pulled Puzzles' overalls off his shoulders and shoved down both his pants and his underwear. The TV host was now totally exposed, he shivered as the cold air hit his senses so suddenly.

"Stay right there and be good for me." WPNZ murmured right by Puzzles' head.

“Y-Yes sir…” Puzzles simply responded.

The gunman reached to his pants and hastily took off his belt and pulled down both his pants and underwear. He didn’t give Mr. Puzzles even a second to comprehend what was happening before immediately thrusting himself into the TV host. Puzzles let out a loud drawn out moan in reaction. The stretch was painful as WPNZ was so thick in size and they did zero prep. The gunman couldn’t care though. He totally bottomed out and didn’t wait even a moment before starting a hard yet slow pace. His hands grabbed Puzzles’ waist, almost lifting him off of the counter to control the pace. WPNZ’s hands wrapped perfectly around Puzzles. It was driving the TV man crazy with how easily WPNZ could manhandle him… he didn’t even KNOW he could be pulled and carried so easily.

“Ngh~! Aah~!! WPNZ~!” Mr. Puzzles moaned out.

“*I fucking hate you!* You piss me off! You betray me- then come crawling back-!” Mr. WPNZ said with every sharp thrust. The TV host could hear the gunman’s growls from under his breath. He was extremely pissed now, getting out all of his anger using Puzzles like this.

“Fuck~! O-oh~ my stars! Please~!” Puzzles moaned.

Mr. WPNZ gripped Mr. Puzzles’ waist harder. His grip was sure to leave an impression there… His pace began to speed up. He was using Puzzles for his own pleasure, not caring for the poor TV man below him. Mr. Puzzles was a whining and moaning mess at this point, having lost all composure. His hands were gripping the counter, trying to steady himself at the consistent speed of thrusts but it proved to be useless.

“Hnng~ o-oh- I’m gonna~ I-! Ngh~!” Mr. Puzzles managed to moan out. He was close to release already. WPNZ was not going to let that happen.

“No. Not til’ I say so.” Mr. WPNZ grunted.

“Please-! Aaha~!”

“You’re gonna wait-! Whether you like it or not!”

One harsh thrust right to that sensitive spot in Mr. Puzzles got him to shut up immediately, his screen even starting to fuzz out. The TV host could feel his entire body shaking heavily. Every thrust was a shock of pleasure running up and down his body. He’s never even felt such a sensation before… Not only that but now he was being forced to hold back his release. Puzzles was practically floating in the air at this point. WPNZ was able to lift him further off of the counter. Though Puzzles was way taller than WPNZ, his legs couldn’t even reach the floor. The only thing supporting his entire weight was WPNZ’s own hands.

“WPNZ~! Please~ Ngh-!” Mr. Puzzles was just mindlessly babbling at this point. He couldn’t think at all, absolutely no thoughts were running in his mind as he was fucked relentlessly by Mr. WPNZ. The only thing that Puzzles could even begin to think about was the fact that he wanted *more.*

“Hah-! You’re so fucking- pathetic! You moan my name out beautifully~” Mr. WPNZ teased. The hitman’s thrusts began getting more erratic and sloppy as he now neared his own release.

“God I fucking-! Mnh- I- Ngah~!” Mr. WPNZ couldn’t get another word out as he hit sudden release inside of Mr. Puzzles.

“Aaaahaaa~!” Puzzles moaned out, feeling WPNZ’s thick release suddenly filled him. The gunman continued his sloppy thrusts as he neared the end of his climax.

“Now you can finish.” Mr. WPNZ just barely managed to growl out. In a few short, quick thrusts, Mr. Puzzles immediately hit his climax.

“Hngg~! Oh~ my stars~!”

Finally everything came to a stop. It was quiet, aside from the noise of both Puzzles and WPNZ trying to catch their breath. Mr. Puzzles couldn’t even comprehend what just happened or how they ended up like this in the first place. Mr. WPNZ slowly pulled out of Mr. Puzzles and lifted him up into his arms. There were hand print sized bruises left on his waist now. Puzzles couldn’t help but blush heavily seeing such possessive marks being left on his body. He then whined a little, not enjoying the sudden feeling of being empty and clinged onto WPNZ as he rested his head against his shoulder. The hitman stumbled his way over to the base’s lounge and plopped himself down on a couch. He placed Mr. Puzzles carefully in his lap, assuring the TV host didn’t have to let go of him as he shifted their position. Once comfortable, the two of them finally relaxed. They were silent. Simply enjoying one another’s presence. Finally for once it was quiet between them. Though, WPNZ wasn’t exactly sure how to feel. He was still very upset and hurt over Puzzles’ betrayal. He was even still weary that the TV man would attempt to hurt him again. Yet… something in him was budging him to take Puzzles back in. Something within him knew that Puzzles now understood just how much better their bond was compared to his bond with Leggy…

“Jigsaw… I’ll keep ya here. But… ya gotta prove to me you won’t betray me.” Mr. WPNZ said softly, looking down to see the TV host still resting on top of him.

“I promise… I won’t…” Mr. Puzzles mumbled, shifting slightly to hug Mr. WPNZ tighter.

“I’m counting on you… I know you’re not clear in the head but please take this chance alright? I wanna be able to stay with you.” Mr. WPNZ said.

“Do you… really hate me?” Mr. Puzzles asked quietly.

“Nah no… not literally. Yes I’m upset and angry at you but I don’t actively hate you.” Mr. WPNZ confessed with a sigh. His hand came up to gently fidget with one of Puzzles’ antennas.

“I’m sorry… I’m so sorry…” The TV host said, a small sob managing to escape.

“Hey… boxhead… look at me won’t cha’?” WPNZ then said. Mr. Puzzles slowly lifted his head off of the hitman’s shoulder and leaned back, now looking right at him. “Look, I get it. Yer not right in the head at all. But ya gotta understand that you hurt me bad. I ain’t gonna accept your apology right now. But… I might later ‘Kay?” The Hitman said.

Mr. Puzzles sniffled and simply nodded his head silently in understanding. WPNZ had a right not to accept an apology right now and he fully understood why. Puzzle so desperately wanted to make it up to WPNZ. He’d do anything to do so. The hitman then held out his hands towards him.

“Come’re, Broadway.” He said, a small smile on his lips and he invited Mr. Puzzles once more into his arms. Puzzles gladly accepted and leaned into WPNZ’s strong and warm embrace. “I love ya, alright?”

“I… I love you too…” Puzzles replied.

Mr. WPNZ pressed a loving kiss to the top of Mr. Puzzles head as he held him tightly in his arms. Puzzles really enjoyed the pressure of the hug. It made him feel very secure and comfortable. He would get WPNZ to hug him more often… this was nice… Mr. Puzzles was so relieved to have this all back. He wasn’t sure what he would do without it.

“Want me to clean ya up a little bit?” WPNZ then asked.

“Yeah… If you don’t mind…”

“Pft, why would I mind? I’d even go for a second round if you wanted it.”

Mr. Puzzles couldn’t help but chuckle lightly.

“Perhaps later… there’s plenty of things we could still do.” Puzzles said.

“You better keep your word on that one. I like the sound of that.” WPNZ said with a cheeky grin. The gunman suddenly stood up with Puzzles still within his embrace. He readjusted his position just a little bit before finally starting to make his way over to the washroom.

“Alright, I’ll clean ya up. Oh and I should probably go collect Toomp as well. Don’t wanna leave him out there for too long.” WPNZ said casually.

“…Thank you.” Mr. Puzzles mumbled.

“Anything for you, boxhead.”