



Sympathy

Wild Kratts · Not Rated · 1493 words

by Arukir

Contents

Sympathy 3

 Chapter 1: Sympathy 3

 Chapter 2: Who Drew It Better? 8

Sympathy

Fandom: Wild Kratts Rating: Not Rated Category: Multi

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: Chris Kratt, Zach Varmitech, Zachbot (Wild Kratts)

Tags: Kidnapping, Nicknames, Panic Attacks, Tasmanian Devil Chris Kratt, mentioned - Freeform, Cute Chris Kratt, Cleaning, Closets, Boredom, As in the Zachbots think Boredom is the worst possible state of being, because they were raised/programmed by Zach, Pigeons, Team as Family, Crew as Family, Trauma, Nightmares, Couches, Threats, Chris is an engineering prodigy but doesn't realize it, Zach has a heart (not that he'll admit it), Flirting, sorta - Freeform, it's really more mild banter, Can be read as pre-relationship or platonic, Banter, Cleaning and organizing as stress relief, Stress Relief, There's a Tag for That, ??? - Freeform, My 148th fic over all :)

Words: 1493 Chapters: 2 chapters Status: Complete Published: 2024-10-07

When Chris is captured by Zach, the two discover they have a lot more in common than they thought.

Can be seen as either pre-relationship or potential enemies-to-friends.

Second chapter is art.

My second fic to ever breach 100 kudos 😊

Chapter 1: Sympathy

So, uh, weak ending. Maybe I should write an epilogue where he actually gets rescued or something? Thoughts?

Quincy explanation: I headcanon that someone compared Zach to a pigeon, he got offended and tried to gather proof that he was nothing like a pigeon, but then discovered they come in black. Quincy is his secret pet, much to his villainous shame. And I will actually write that story someday, for now I'm just going to include Quincy anyways.

If anyone wants to use the name 'Varmijet' for Zach's jet, feel free.

When Chris was captured by Zach, a part of him felt very relieved. Another, smaller part of him felt incredibly guilty. The rest of him was too tired to care about any of this shit and just wanted a nap.

After several sleepless weeks dismantling one of Donita's operations, Chris had been more than willing to just ignore the alert telling the Tortuga that Zach was stealing machine parts. It wasn't as if any animals were even at risk this time, so why not?

But the Crew hadn't seen things that way, and he'd had to drag himself into battle against the Zachbots. But at least he'd been captured quickly and now could just rest in a cell aboard Zach's jet while the others handled everything.

And if he was 'forgetting' that he knew how to pick the cell locks? Well, hence the guilt.

"Are you even listening to me?" Zach squawked mid-monologue, scowling and crossing his arms. "This is a brilliant plan, Green Guy, you should be in awe of it!"

"Sorry." Chris shrugged, yawning. He glanced over at the machine Zach had been telling him about, trying to remember a single word the villain had said. "Hey, I'm not an expert or anything, but shouldn't those wires be connected?"

"What?" Zach blinked, turning around. His eyes went wide when he saw what Chris was talking about, scrambling in a panic to reconnect them. After a moment of deep breaths, he turned on his Zachbots, screeching. "What kinda idiot forgets—" one of his Zachbots pointed at him, and he deflated. "Oh, right, I wired it myself this time. Uh..."

Deciding to save the guy from the awkwardness of trying to spin this into a mark of intelligence instead of a mistake, Chris piped up, pointing at the wires. "How bad was that almost?"

"...pretty bad." Zach admitted, shuddering at the thought. He glanced at Chris, suddenly wary. "Why?"

"Bad enough to earn a tiny little favor?" Chris grinned, holding up two fingers close together as a visual aid. "I am the one that caught it, after all."

"I would've seen it eventually!" Zach snapped. He glanced between the wires and Chris, sighing. "Though I suppose I might as well hear what this 'favor' is."

"Let me take a nap on the couch in your mainroom." Chris said immediately, remembering fights that had taken place there. When Zach just balked at him, he added "The Zachbots will be watching me, it'll be the same as being in the cell! And I promise I will at least try to be sufficiently awed at your 'genius' after I'm rested."

Zach stared at him for a few more seconds before snapping his fingers. "Zachbots! Take him to the living room!"

"Really?" Chris hadn't actually expected that to work, yet the cell door opened and a Zachbot picked him up. He considered struggling, but was too tired to walk that far anyways. "Thanks, Zach."

"I cannot believe I'm indulging a Rat." Zach muttered, tapping at his electric tablet. Louder, he shouted "If you tell anyone about this, I will hack your suit and leave you as a stinky-bug-thing for a week, Chris!"

Not wanting to push his luck, Chris just stifled his laughter behind a hand and let the Zachbots carry him out of the room.

When Chris woke up to a panic attack, he was more annoyed than anything else (besides panicked). He wasn't even entirely sure what the nightmare had been about, but it must have been a bad one to wake him when he was this exhausted.

Was it a memory? Koki nearly drowning, an animal friend dying, one of the times his brother had come too close to messing up some stunt or other? Maybe it was the time he'd become Tazzy Chris...

Nope, he definitely couldn't lay and think anymore, not without getting sucked into memories he'd rather avoid. He sat up, looking around blankly at the hard edges and dark greys that marked the Varmijet, trying to find something to distract himself.

Normally, he'd go to Martin if he was having a panic attack, and Martin would get the rest of the Crew. Jimmy would always have the perfect calming-down snacks on hand, Koki would always be able to tell which animal sounds would make it worse and which would make it better, and Aviva would turn all the lights down but not too much. Sometimes it was something he just had to wait out, other times Martin could talk him through it.

Now, he didn't have the Crew, and he needed to try to remember what he did before he had them. Well, he'd always had Martin, but that wasn't the point. He couldn't go sit under a tree, and he doubted Zach had many old fans for him to take apart, so that only left one option.

"Do you guys need any help?" He asked a couple of Zachbots that were dusting and wiping things down. They turned their red gaze towards him, and he held up his hands placatingly. "I'm really bored."

Luckily, he knew Zach well enough to guess that 'bored' was a red-alert word for his AI. Every Zachbot in the room started beeping, calculating, then he was handed a broom and watched closely as he was escorted through different rooms.

Zach was very much *not* panicking, thank you. He was reacting in a *perfectly normal* way to the grease stain on his shirt, and it wasn't his fault if a normal reaction included tears and screaming.

He practically leapt off the Zachbot once he was in his room, dashing towards his closet door to get a new shirt, his old one pulled off and thrown in the hamper before he was halfway across the room.

He halted when he heard an annoyingly familiar voice coming from his closet. *What the..?*

"I can't believe he doesn't sort his shirts by country of origin." Chris laughed. "Size, lack of color, weather — but not country? Ah well, at least it actually gives me something to organize in this *freakishly clean* place. Hand me that hanger, would you?"

A metallic sound that Zach knew as well as his own heartbeat told him that one of his Zachbots was in there. Helping Chris. His Zachbots were helping Chris Kratt reorganize his closet. *Without his permission.*

Zach flung the closet door open, forgetting his state of half-undress, fully intending to screech like he'd never screeched before. He stopped when he actually saw Chris, before the green Wild Rat saw him.

Eyes too wide, smile too strained, breathing too controlled. Zach was not going to admit it out loud, but he knew exactly what that meant from way too much personal experience.

"What are you doing in my closet?" Zach asked, his tone soft and confused rather than angry. Shouting always made his attacks worse, after all.

Despite the surprisingly gentle quietness to it, Chris still startled at the sound of a voice, whipping around to face the other. "Zach, I—"

Then he realized that Zach had his shirt off, and suddenly his voice wasn't working anymore. He blinked and looked away, grabbing a shirt to toss at the other.

Zach caught the shirt, making a very strangled squeak that Chris assumed meant he was just remembering that he was topless. *Why was he topless?!*

"Z-Zachbots!" Zach snapped, once his shirt was back on, green eyes narrowing. Chris sighed, waiting to be brought back to his boring cell where he'd be left alone with his *thoughts*. "Access Panic Program Five. Open new subprogram. Assign to Subject: Green_Guy. Search memories for stress decreases in new subject, use them to replace the data for Subject: Zach in subprogram only. Modify subprogram further to not violate Guard Program Nine. Apply modified subprogram to assigned subject."

The Zachbots beeped, lights flashing as they absorbed their new orders and wrote the specified program. A minute later, Chris found himself herded onto Zach's bed, wrapped in a blanket, holding a cup of tea.

The lights were dimmed (but not too much), there were soft animals noises coming from *somewhere*, and the Zachbots had managed to find a pigeon for him to pet. This was... Extremely bizarre, but exactly what he needed — he already felt calmer. The pigeon nipped at him, and he looked up to find Zach frowning at it.

"Quincy, no biting! I just fed you." Zach rolled his eyes, only for them to catch on brown ones that looked almost Zachbot-red in the room's lighting. "You tell anyone about this, Rat, and I'm telling your little team that you organized a villain's closet *without being threatened*."

Chris smirked. "Deal."

Chapter 2: Who Drew It Better?

ChatGPT vs me.

Featuring Toodles!

Edited 25th of December, 2025, with new fanart at the very end. Because I have gotten much better at art. Though I actually drew the new art back in April, I'm just sharing it now.

So? Who did it better? Leave your vote in the comments below!

↓NEW↓

— end of "Sympathy" —