nightmare

Von CruxisLyrica

nightmare

Sans awoke from yet another nightmare.

No, this wasn't a mere nightmare, it was much more. A memory, maybe a vision of a timeline Sans had no recollection of. Never before during one of the resets had he encountered this *place*, these *monsters*.

In this *dream* the Underground had been a very, very different place. And so had been its inhabitants, Papyrus and himself included; a violent and merciless image of the skeletons, particularly aggressive towards *them*. It made Sans sick.

There was no warning as the door to his bedroom suddenly flew open. He saw the silhouette of the human, Frisk, sniffling and shaking from what he'd guess was fright. Their eyes were probably already red and swollen from all the tears the kid had shed. Sans didn't need to ask. He couldn't explain why but he was immediately able to tell that they saw the same images he did in his dream.

No words were needed between them. In one swift motion Sans pulled his blanket aside and Frisk crawled in the skeleton's bed, hugging him with all the strength their little body could muster. He knew the kid was occasionally hunted by similar nightmares he had seen, but never called them out. Nights like these were usually shared together, words unspoken, until either of them fell asleep.

Sans couldn't technically feel warmth, at the same time however he was convinced what his soul felt right now was indeed their presence; Frisk's warm and gentle being. The kid's breathing had calm down significantly and slumber already got the better of them. Shortly before his consciousness too was taken over by sleep, he could hear those words that hunted him in the nightmare over and over once again.

„Sometimes kindness is enough. Sometimes kindness is all we can give."

He squeezed Frisk's hand a little bit tighter.