Sleepless

by Dragon_MoonX

Summary

A collection of two-shots, each focusing on characters in less than perfect sleeping conditions. Contains everything from stuffed animals and lame Halloween costumes to an excessive amount of kitty litter. Enjoy.
It Reminds Me Of Mother part 1

The rains began early in the evening, drumming out a steady rhythm on the rooftops. Slivers of moonlight could be seen through a thin scattering of clouds, the city lights reflected in puddles that formed on the streets. By the time midnight approached the clouds had thickened enough to obscure the moon, darkening the skies as a lone figure lay in his bed, listening to the rain outside his window.

Zack was unable to sleep and had spent the past hour lying on his back, gazing up at the ceiling. Every now and then he heard an odd crinkling sound coming from the bed on the other side of the room. Other times it sounded like dry beans rattling against the inside of an empty soup can. It was puzzling, and after a while he sat up in bed, looking around and wondering what was making that strange sound.

The noise grew louder, mingling with the squeak of bedsprings as Sephiroth rolled over, his long, silvery hair spilling past his shoulders and trailing over the side of the bed. Then all at once silence returned to the room, with nothing but the sound of rain filling the late hours of the night.

Curious, Zack cocked his head to the side, and saw that Sephiroth was holding something against his chest. Though it was too dark to make out what he was seeing, he thought that maybe he could get a better look if he moved a little closer, perhaps using his sense of touch to identify the mystery object. Not that sneaking up on Sephiroth was a good idea. But maybe the first class SOLDIER wouldn’t notice. Maybe he’d continue sleeping and everything would be fine. Or at least he hoped it would be.

He slowly crept across the room, trying not to make a sound. He was able to make it halfway across the room when suddenly the floorboard creaked, and Zack nearly wet himself as Sephiroth snorted, snuffling and mumbling before rolling over and continuing to sleep.

For a moment he felt sure his heart was going to leap out of his chest. Why was he doing this anyway? Surely, whatever Sephiroth had wasn’t any of his business.

"Ha, curiosity killed the cat," he muttered, taking another step forward, then another, until he was crouched beside Sephiroth's bed.

He was just able to make out the shape of a small animal nestled in Sephiroth's arms, its dark, furry little head poking out from beneath the covers. Zack reached for it, giving it a gentle poke with his index finger, and heard the familiar crinkling noise coming from the animal's left ear.

"What is that?" he whispered, his pale eyes shining faintly in the dark. He looked from Sephiroth to the stuffed animal then back again, then gave the plush toy another poke.

Sephiroth's eyes opened wide, his fierce glare causing the SOLDIER to wilt under the intensity of his gaze. The next thing he knew Zack was sitting on the floor beside the bed, the tip of Sephiroth's sword against his throat, threatening to pierce his windpipe.

"What do you think you're doing?" Sephiroth snarled, one hand clutching the hilt of his sword, the other holding his stuffed animal against his chest.

Zack held up his hands, showing that he was unarmed. "Sephiroth, it's only me. Relax, buddy. I was just..." His voice trailed off into silence as he realized that Sephiroth was holding a plush bear. "Is that a teddy bear?" he asked, pointing at the furry object.

Sephiroth visibly relaxed, his shoulders sinking as he sheathed his sword and set it aside. "Yes," he said simply, the toy rattling as he adjusted his hold on the furry creature.
Good heavens, this thing had a rattle in it like some kind of baby toy. And if that weren't enough, its ears were filled with a crinkly material that made noise every time Sephiroth rolled over in bed.

"Why do you have a teddy bear?" asked Zack, who was still trying to wrap his mind around the idea of Sephiroth sleeping with a stuffed animal.

A small smile formed on Sephiroth's lips. "It reminds me of mother," he said, giving the bear a gentle squeeze.

Zack fell over backwards when he heard the bear squeak in response to Sephiroth squeezing it. Not that Sephiroth seemed to care. He simply rolled over and went back to sleep.
Zack placed his hands behind his head, laid down on the mattress and sighed. He'd been awake for almost an hour, listening to the driving winds pelting the rain against the window. The clock on the wall said that it was half past one in the morning, with nothing but the sound of rain and Sephiroth’s crinkly toy filling the long hours of the night.

He had just started to doze off when the bedsprings squeaked, followed by Sephiroth muttering in his sleep. The grumbling and mumbling continued, growing more and more frequent as Sephiroth tossed and turned. Was the silver haired SOLDIER having a bad dream? Or was something else disturbing his sleep?

The minutes dragged on until finally Zack sat up in bed. "Sephiroth," he whispered, keeping his voice down so as not to startle the other man. "Psst, Sephiroth. Is something wrong?"

Sephiroth came awake in an instant, his eyes glazed, sitting bolt upright in bed with a line of drool running from the corner of his mouth. He was clutching his teddy bear and staring off in the distance, looking very much like he was half asleep and dreaming.

"Cookies," he muttered sleepily. "Mother's milk 'n cookies."

"What?" Zack raised an eyebrow, looking at him in confusion.

The bedsprings squeaked as Sephiroth eased the covers off and padded barefoot across the room, still holding his teddy bear and muttering about cookies. He left the room, returning a short while later with a plate of cookies and a glass milk, his crinkly toy tucked under his arm for safe keeping.

Smiling in contentment, Sephiroth sat down in bed and started munching on his cookies. He even held up Admiral Zorgrot, his teddy bear, pretending to let him drink from his glass after "feeding" him some cookies.

"Sephiroth, what are you doing?" asked Zack, hesitating before he spoke.

" Hmm?" Sephiroth's eyes narrowed, glaring at him from over his shoulder. His hand froze, halfway the bear's mouth, holding a cookie in front of Admiral Zorgrot's face.

"Why are you pretending to feed that thing? And why have you got cookies in the middle of the night?"

Sephiroth looked down at the chocolate chip cookie in his hand. "It reminds me of mother," he said, repeating the answer he'd given him last week. "I'll have you know that my goal in life is to eat all the cookies in the universe, just as my mother did long ago." He said all of this in a serious tone, despite being a little groggy and still half asleep.

A moment passed. Zack eyed the plate of cookies hungrily, his stomach growling as Sephiroth continued eating his snack.

"Can I have one?"

"No." Sephiroth didn't even bother looking at him when he spoke.

Zack scooted towards the edge of the mattress, thinking that maybe, just maybe, he could sneak off with a cookie while Sephiroth was busy pretending to feed his bear.
He reached towards the plate of cookies, feeling a sudden gust of wind as something silver glinted in the moonlight. A tuft of Zack’s hair landed on the floor, and when he looked over at his companion he saw Sephiroth gripping his sword in his left hand.

His eyes traveled upwards, seeing the empty space where Sephiroth had sliced off a lock of his hair. “Okay then,” he said at length, realizing that now was not the time to sneak a taste of Sephiroth’s cookies. Because even though he was half asleep while he sat with his teddy bear in his lap, Sephiroth was just as dangerous and formidable as when he was fully awake.
The hour was late, the hands of the clock approaching midnight as a young man made his way downstairs. There was a rustle of fabric as his scarlet cloak brushed against the wall, stirring up dust that rose in silver shafts of moonlight.

Shadows moved across the floor as he lifted the lid of the coffin and carefully set it aside. He would sleep for however long he needed to atone, but as he laid down against its plush interior he noticed something odd.

"What is this?" he whispered, one lone voice in the dark.

Vincent tried to settle himself comfortably. But no matter where he moved or what position he laid down in, he kept noticing something hard and gritty digging into his legs. Finally, he lifted the lid of the coffin, sat up straight and exclaimed, "Kitty litter?"

It came out sounding more like a question rather than a statement. But yes, that's what was in his coffin. Apparently the mansion was home to a number of stray cats that were being looked after by the locals. Cats that paraded around the basement, sleeping on tables and leaping onto bookshelves, their litter boxes hidden in out of the way corners.

A frown creased the corners of his lips. Surely this was some form of punishment for his sins, one which brought back memories of the cat Lucrecia owned.

He tried running his hand over the plush lining of the coffin, sending up a flurry of litter which each swipe across the soft material. His frustration grew when the sweeping motion did nothing but stir up the litter, causing the pieces to bounce around between his legs. He thought that maybe, if he could sweep the litter off to the side, he wouldn't notice it when he laid down. But no, the blasted litter remained right where it was, determined not to move an inch.

A snarl pierced the silence of the basement as he battled with the tenacious kitty litter. When all else failed he tried picking up the pieces and tossing them aside, a task made even more difficult due to the poor lighting. And all the while a robotic cat sat perched atop the roof of Shinra Mansion, grinning and giggling at the thought of Vincent struggling to clean the litter out of his sleeping space.
When I Lay Down Not To Sleep part 2

It took a while, but Vincent finally managed to clear away the last of the kitty litter. Sure, he could have curled up in one of the other coffins and went to sleep. But this was his coffin, dammit. And after he removed the litter and cleaned the paw prints off the lid, he laid down and closed his eyes, hoping that sleep wasn't far away.

He lay still for several minutes, letting his mind wander as he awaited the depths of sleep. He had just started to doze off when a low, rumbling noise twisted in the pit of his stomach.

Vincent groaned, trying to ignore the cries of protest sounding in his abdomen. "I knew I shouldn't have had the chili before climbing in here," he muttered, doubling over and wrapping his arms around his torso. "It was good, though. Turks secret recipe. Probably the only good thing that ever came out of that organiza -"

His sentence was cut short by an enormous blast trumpeting in the silence of the basement.

The lid of the coffin was thrown halfway across the room, with poor Vincent coughing and choking on his own noxious fumes. Moments later he went running up the stairs, hoping to reach the bathroom on the second floor before chaos erupted in his pants.
Seeing Double part 1

Some called it karma for going in Tifa's bedroom and swiping one of her bras to go with the pair of panties he stole. Cloud called it curiosity. He always wondered what her bra size was, and it's not like he kept her bra afterwards. But the fates were not so kind to the thieving SOLDIER, and decided to pay him back in the form of a horrific nightmare.

It began like any other dream, one where he was sitting on the couch reading a book. The midmorning sunshine was warm and soothing, when suddenly it got dark, and Cloud looked up to see two great mounds blocking the sunlight.

"Cloud!" Tifa thundered, roaring like Bahamut and spewing flames a mile high. "You were going through my personal items and now you must pay!"

The swell of her breasts rose and fell like the ocean, heaving waves that surged forward and threatened to suffocate him. Cloud took one look at them and screamed, dropping his book and running from the room with Tifa chasing him throughout the house.

Tifa ran down the hall, turning the corner too fast and knocking over a wall with her enormous boobs. Wood and plaster scattered across the floor, the air thick with swirling clouds of dust and debris. Cloud looked back and felt his heart leap into his throat, panicking when he realized that he couldn't see her through the dust that filled the hallway. She could be anywhere, ready to pounce at a moment's notice. Although maybe this was a good thing, because if he couldn't see her, then maybe she didn't know where he was either.

He flattened himself against the wall, creeping along, wondering if Tifa had bruised her bazooms when she knocked the wall down. He was just starting to think he might survive this horrific encounter when the wall on his left came crashing down.

Tifa's breasts proceeded her down the hallway, almost as though they were alive and scenting the air. Cloud tried to run, but she was surprisingly quick for someone who was so top heavy. He was almost at the end of the hallway when she whipped around, her breasts colliding with him and knocking his head clean off his shoulders.

~oOo~

Cloud came awake with a start, his sheets drenched in perspiration, clinging to his muscular frame. He reached up in a panic, breathing heavily as his fingers found the tufts of blond hair that stuck out at odd angles atop his head.

"Oh dear God," he whispered, grateful that his head was still attached to his neck and shoulders. "What a horrible dream!"
Unable to sleep after the horrifying images he'd witnessed, Cloud got out of bed and went down to the chocobo stable. He decided to play a joke on Tifa, one that would hopefully make her realize the dangers of her killer boobs. And for that he would need a chocobo, one that was capable of flight if he wanted to get the full effect. He then sped off into the night, riding his feathered steed through the layer of fog that had settled against the earth.

Cloud arrived at Tifa's house at half past one in the morning, his sword gleaming in the moonlight as he approached her bedroom window. He tried calling her name, unaware that her sleeping position made it nearly impossible for her to hear anything. This was because she often slept on her belly with those outrageous knockers smashed against her face, one on either side, plugging her ears. It was a wonder she didn't suffocate in those things. But they were soft and comfy and served as extra pillows, so she didn't mind.

Before long Cloud started getting frustrated, his calls going unheard thanks to Tifa's built in earmuffs. In a desperate attempt to get her attention, he tried picking up a handful of rocks and throwing them at the window. He continued screaming and throwing rocks until he was nearly blue in the face, and all the while his chocobo was absentmindedly pecking at the ground, gobbling up spiders and crickets it found in the grass.

After a couple minutes the chocobo decided it was full and wanted a nap. The bird then flopped down in the grass and instantly fell asleep, with Cloud sitting on its back, waving his arms and spewing enough filth to curl the hair on Cid's toes. It was beginning to look like he'd have to go home, until he accidentally smacked the chocobo in the back of the head, startling the poor bird and causing it to run at the house in a panic.

The sound of the bird slamming against the wall was enough to wake Tifa, and she gasped, rolling over and falling from her bed as the chocobo reared up and started squawking.

The sound of the bird slamming against the wall was enough to wake her from her slumber, and she gasped, rolling over and falling from her bed as the chocobo reared up and started squawking.

At first she didn't know what to make of the awful racket, her heart racing as she crawled towards the window and looked outside. There she saw a golden chocobo screeching and honking on her front lawn. A headless figure was perched atop the frightened bird, laughing and brandishing an oversized sword.

"Tifa!" Cloud roared, the chocobo performing a furious on-the-spot tap dance with feathers flying in all directions. "You murdered me with your boobs! They knocked my head clean off my shoulders, and now I have come for my revenge!" And with that he hurled a melon through her bedroom window, shattering the glass with a cantaloupe that had been disguised to look like Cloud's severed head.

In the darkness of her bedroom, Tifa saw what appeared to be blood dripping from the melon and soaking into the carpet. Although in reality it was nothing more than strawberry flavored syrup. There was also a large amount of straw stapled to the melon, creating a poorly made blond wig. And if it weren't for his old headless horseman costume, along with a spare cloak he swiped from a slumbering Vincent, he might not have been able to fool Tifa into thinking he was dead.

Tifa screamed as the melon rolled across the floor, her mind lost in a sleep muddled haze, unable to tell dream from reality. When she looked up the chocobo was hovering in the air outside her
window, its rider cackling as though he were possessed by the devil. It was enough to teach her a lesson, and from that day on Tifa never wore a push-up bra ever again.

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