Unfortunate Encounters (Dreamtale/Dreamswap)

by OneBizarreKai

Summary

He blinked, realizing his surroundings. His eyes darted back in forth, concern growing in his expression, but it soon turned to confusion.

His gaze slowly shifted to outside the bars, seeing the overlord Nightmare standing outside of them, head slightly turned and eyes narrow.

“… what is this…?” he asked. “Who… are… what.”

“I might ask the same, my presumed counterpart,” Nightmare said, hands behind his back. “I have some questions I would like to ask you.”

Notes

Now you guys can't ask me about what would happen if they met anymore, ha.

I think I might just warn you again that some dodgy stuff goes on in this, just as a fair warning.

It was a fairly normal day. Nightmare was sitting on his throne feeling self-important as usual, waiting for his cronies to report back on their work. He was too lazy to do any work himself that
day, so he was just sitting on his ass. The last time he had taken a break was so long ago he’d forgotten when it was, so he was able get away with it.

He was just relaxing and sorting through his thoughts. He let out a yawn, slowly blinking. Man, he really had to fix those college student sleeping patterns.

Right as he was zoning out, the sound of footsteps greeted his ears. He snapped back up, wondering what low-level asshole had something to say to him.

“M-my lord,” the servant started. Nightmare didn’t even remember what role this guy had, but he was pretty sure he was one of the head guards or something.

“What,” Nightmare replied, irritation already coating his tone.

“My lord, someone was… found limp at the gates.”

Nightmare blinked again. He furrowed his brow, sitting up and placing his hands on his knees.

“Who the hell passes out in front of an isolated evil castle?” he asked. “Bring this dumbass in.” He brushed his hair back, clearly exposing his bright cyan eyes.

He watched warily as the unconscious individual was carried into the room. He had a tanner skin tone and was fairly short, his black hair sticking up in a mess above a strikingly familiar circlet. He was dressed in all black, save for the small, jagged purple cape sitting on his shoulders and the purple boots on his feet.

The guards were dragging him on his feet, his head hanging down in his condition.

Nightmare stared.

There was no doubt about it. Their skin tone was the same, their hairstyle was almost the same, and the circlet—that was most definitely the same. This had to be an alternate version of him.

… an alternate version that strikingly reminded him of Dream.

“Would you fucking look at that,” Nightmare said, letting out a disbelieving laugh as a grin rose on his face. It was partially in disgust, but very much more in interest. “Guards. Put him in the dungeon.”

Calling it that was so fun.

“I’ll be interrogating him myself,” Nightmare added. He hopped off his throne, following the nervous guards as they pulled this strange intruder along. They stepped through the halls in silence, Nightmare staring them down all the way until they had gone down the stairs and put the unconscious man inside a cell. Nightmare stood outside of it as the guards locked it. He shooed them off once they had finished and they handed him the key.

The overlord let out a curious hum, pulling a chair forward and planting himself on it as he stared at the one inside the cell, who was set against a wall.

Perhaps he was familiar with being imprisoned, if Nightmare was comparing him to Dream. Of course, he had yet to ask any questions; he would hopefully be finding out soon enough.
“Wake up, you little trainwreck…” Nightmare said under his breath, extending a tendril through the bars and poking the man on the cheek a few times. He didn’t stir. “God dammit, wake up!”

The tendril curled around the pin of his cape and shook him rather violently. The alternate version fell over, face planting on the hard ground.

Nightmare let out a groan. Why was this version of him even here? How? And why was he unconscious? Did he accidentally travel through multiverses and use up all his energy or something?

It was still beyond Nightmare how people could figure out how to do that. It seemed to be entirely by chance; there was no strategy or pattern to it. It simply happened, and the unsuspecting user would be horribly weakened.

Nightmare furrowed his brow, feeling his impatience multiply. He glared down at the unconscious version of him as he lifted him back up with his tendrils and promptly shoved a tendril in his shirt. The intruder’s body twitched for just a moment, then twitched again as the tendril curled around his waist and prodded at a very specific place that Nightmare knew he was sensitive at.

Nightmare squinted as his lookalike let out a small moan. He made the tendril withdraw and smacked the caped one in the face with it. The lookalike hissed in pain.

“Fuck!” he swore, bringing a hand up to his face as Nightmare brought all the tendrils to his sides on the other side of the bars. “What the fuck was—“

He blinked, realizing his surroundings. His eyes darted back in forth, concern growing in his expression, but it soon turned to confusion.

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“… what is this…?” he asked. “Who… are… what.”

“I might ask the same, my presumed counterpart,” Nightmare said, hands behind his back. “I have some questions I would like to ask you.”

“And I’ve gotta be in jail? Look, I have bad experiences with jail cells,” the alternate version commented, crossing his arms. He rose to his feet somewhat shakily, realizing that he still felt weak.

He also felt tingly for some reason, but he ignored the feeling.

“Do you now? And why would that be?” Nightmare asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Uh…” the imprisoned version of him started, looking away for a moment. “My brother keeps trying to arrest me.”

“And I’ve gotta be in jail? Look, I have bad experiences with jail cells,” the alternate version commented, crossing his arms. He rose to his feet somewhat shakily, realizing that he still felt weak.

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“Uh…” the imprisoned version of him started, looking away for a moment. “My brother keeps trying to arrest me.”

“Really? And why would that be?”

The lookalike made a face, unsure of where this conversation was supposed to go. “He, um… wants to destroy me because my existence alone is apparently influencing bad shit in the
“multiverse.”

Now both of Nightmare’s eyebrows were raised, his eyes glowing brightly with how wide they were opened. How interesting was that?

Perhaps it was some swap version after all.

“But he can’t, because your fates are tied?” Nightmare asked.

“Well… yeah,” the alternate version answered with a shrug. “So like. Why am I here again?”

“You tell me, rogue,” Nightmare replied. “How did you get into an isolated evil castle in another multiverse?”

“Isolated evil ca–“ the lookalike started, raising a finger. “Wait a second. Wait a second!” He stormed forward, gripping the bars, staring the overlord version of him right in the glowing eyes. “Is this your castle?”

Nightmare smiled. “Why yes, is there a problem?”

“And the tentacle things–oh god. The apples. The black ones. You ate them all.”

“You catch on so fast!” Nightmare said. “Well, I suppose I shouldn’t have expected any less from a version of me.”

The lookalike narrowed his eyes. “The book made the results look a lot more horrifying. There was like, melting faces galore.”

“Writer bias,” Nightmare said with a shrug. “So what, you just sat back in your world and let your brother eat them all?”

“How was I supposed to know he would do that?” the caped version of him asked. “Suddenly he was all like 'I must justice!’ and proceeded to be a traitorous dickwad. Also, can you literally let me out of here? I have zero intention of attacking you.”

“I hope that’s because you know how powerful I am,” Nightmare said. “Did you study properly?”

“Yeah, sure, whatever,” the lookalike mumbled. He stumbled and fell backwards as a pointed tendril stopped right in front of his face.

“I might be a version of you, but you better respect my position,” Nightmare told him, glaring down at him. “I’m a king.”

“Good for you,” the alternate version grumbled.

Nightmare turned a bit, meandering a few steps away as he withdrew the tendril. “Or I could just leave you in there for a while…” The lookalike rolled his eyes.

“Oh, god,” he said, getting back on his feet. “I’m sorry for disrespecting your greatness, O magnificent goop lord.”

Nightmare’s eye twitched.
What was he expecting? This was literally a version of him.

“You really want to be left in there, don’t you?” Nightmare asked. “You must think you can get out with whatever world travel abilities you have. Well, I regret to inform you that these cells are obviously rigged to prevent that.”

The lookalike let out a huff, crossing his arms. “Fine. Sorry for denting your fragile pride.”

“You’re really bad at apologizing, aren’t you?”

“I can’t imagine you’re any better.”

Nightmare let out a scoff. The alternate version of him was an undeniable pile of sass. If it hadn’t been a version of himself, he probably would’ve killed him by then. No, his curiosity still overpowered his impatience and irritation.

Just how much did they have in common, and how much didn’t they?

Nightmare thought that swap versions exchanged many aspects of their personalities with another, but this did not seem to be the case. Maybe he wasn’t a swap, and his seemingly exchanged role with his brother was a coincidence.

“What say we… be a bit reasonable for a change,” Nightmare said. He grabbed the key from his pocket and opened up the door. His lookalike’s head lowered, gazing at him cautiously. “Why not come out? I’m certainly curious about how your life has gone to bring you where you are, rogue.”

Before the non-corrupted version of him could take a step, one of Nightmare’s tendrils flung out and forced him out by his wrist. The lookalike’s gaze was stuck to it, his hand twitching at the weird sensation of the solid substance clinging to his arm.

“What is this?” he asked. Nightmare continued to walk towards the stairs at the end of the dimly lit hall, pulling the alternate version’s arm behind him. He was walking too slowly for Nightmare’s tastes, so the tendril snakes further up his arm and pulled, causing him to stumble. He shuddered as the lifelike tendril wrapped around his whole arm, including in his shirt sleeve, and continued to pull.

Nightmare wasn’t answering his question. The lookalike let out a huff of air, staring at the back of his captor, where multiple tendrils were sourced and slowly shifting randomly like they were all alive.

Eating the black apples gave you those…

How did that work?

It wasn’t like his own brother’s golden wings that were simply made of magic. These seemed so… real. Like actual body parts, not just magic.

He just watched them twitch about, not really sure whether he was intrigued or disturbed.

He jolted as the tendril poked at his underarm. His gaze shot up to the one walking in front of him, who was now glancing back at him, a smirk on his face.
He furrowed his brow, still not entirely sure what was going on.

“I really hope we can make this quick,” the lookalike said, raising his hand to his face and wiping a bit of blood off it, realizing it felt scraped. “I really have to get back home.”

“Well, how did you get here?” Nightmare asked him. “It’s not so easy to cross multiverses.”

“I… think it was an accident,” his alternate version said. “Um… I was panicking. I was being chased by my brother’s soldiers and made a portal and I stumbled through and just kinda… fainted.”

“An accident, of course it was,” Nightmare grumbled, letting out a sigh. “So how do you expect to return.”

His lookalike’s eyes widened a bit. He looked down. “… I can figure it out,” he answered. “I did it once, I can do it again.”

Nightmare chuckled under his breath.

“What are you laughing at?”

“Oh, nothing…” Nightmare replied. He started making his way up the stairs, and his lookalike warily followed behind him. The alternate looked down at his hand, and back at the one dragging him along.

No, it would be better to stay on this version’s good side for now. He didn’t have time to run away and try to accidentally teleport again. He dropped his hand, walking as he was pulled forward.

Nightmare set him on a couch and sat on another oriented the opposite way, a table set between them. He crossed his legs, gazing at the lookalike before him, who was bouncing a bit nervously.

“So. What do you want,” he asked.

“I just have some questions, that’s all,” Nightmare said, setting his arm along the back of the couch. “Like one thing, for example. You’re set in a very bizarre condition, aren’t you?”

“And you mean what by that?” his alternate inquired.

“Your magic, rogue,” Nightmare elaborated. “You didn’t eat a black apple, did you.”

“No, of course not. There was no way I was eating one of those things. I may not have done nearly as much research as my brother but I understood some consequences.”

“Do you have a weapon?”

“Oh… yeah…?”

“Summon it.”

His lookalike warily complied and held his hand out. A flash of blue light appeared before
transforming into his staff, crescent moons sitting on both ends.

“How interesting is that…?” Nightmare commented. “Let me see your magic.”

“Why do you care?” his alternate asked.


The alternate version of him furrowed his brow, looking down at his staff. He held it up, energy gathering into it. One of the crescent moons started glowing, growing in size about three times the original.

“Whoa, that didn’t even take that much effort,” he said without thinking about it.

“You channel negative energy, don’t you?” Nightmare asked. “In spite of eating a positive apple. How intriguing. I guess there still are some things I don’t understand about our nature.”

His alternate glanced over at him, promptly raising his arms to swing the staff and make a portal. Nightmare simply watched as the light sparked in the air and yielded no results.

“Trying to go back, aren’t you?” Nightmare asked. “Sorry, that’s not gonna be so easy.”

“I… You know I have to go back,” his alternate version said. “I have to. I’m not supposed to be here.”

“Why not?” Nightmare asked. “You could stick around for a while… can’t you?”

“My friends are probably flipping their shit,” his lookalike said. “Disappearing for too long does not lead to good things in my lifestyle, man.”

“Your friends?”

“Yeah, and uh… my roommates I guess. The three of us live together.” He plopped back down on the couch, his staff disappearing. “So like… I was wondering. This is a different multiverse, right? What’s it like here?”

“Well, as you can see…” Nightmare started confidently, raising his palms. “I gained ultimate power and got myself a castle.”

“What about… Dream?”

Nightmare’s hands fell to his sides and his eyes narrowed. “Nothing important. No…” He leaned forward. “I might be much more interested in the conditions of yours. Tell me.”

The threat in the air seemed to be growing with the passing time. Feeling it, his lookalike caved.

“He… runs an organization called Justice Reigns. He ate almost all the gold fruit and gained ultimate power. Basically an angel now, wings and everything. His organization kills criminals and ‘saves’ the innocent. And is, uh… also trying to capture me.”

“Well, why in such a rush to return? I’m sure your little friends will be fine.”
“Because… I have to, okay? They won’t be fine. They’re gonna think I got arrested and go to bust me out and find me not there and then they’re gonna get captured and I’ll have to bust them out but I can’t do that if I’m not there!”

“Ah. Truly a predicament,” Nightmare said, rolling his eyes. “So much reliability on each other.”

“Reliability–? I could bust myself out before they upped the fucking security. Now Error is the only one who can get us through the world shield.”

Nightmare choked a bit. “Error?”

His lookalike raised an eyebrow. “What, do you know an Error here?”

“You’re friends with Error?” Nightmare asked disbelievingly. “The immature as all hell universe destroyer with the anger management capabilities of a four year-old?”

The alternate version squinted.

“I think we’re talking about different people,” he said.

“Oh, do tell me who your other friend is, I’m interested,” Nightmare stated.

His lookalike took a deep breath, eyes narrowed in some lack of amusement. “… Cross,” he said reluctantly.

Nightmare burst out laughing. His alternate version let out a bit of a groan, partially expecting it by that point.

“Him??” Nightmare asked.

“What, what kind of person is he here?” his lookalike asked.

“He works for me,” Nightmare answered. “Well, most of the time. He has a habit of disobeying my fucking orders. I only keep him around because of how strong he is.”

“Wow, good to know my best friend is one of your underlings here,” his alternate version grumbled. “Geez, it’s like we’re all fucked up here. What about Ink and Blue?”

“Pff, the artist one? He used to be friends with my brother but got bored. It was hilarious. I don’t know who you mean when you say Blue. Is that the one from Underswap?”

“… Wait, Blue is from an Underswap? Man, I thought he just appropriated the style or something.”

Nightmare’s eyes darted around a bit, not entirely sure how to respond.

“Is he still a manipulative asshole?” his lookalike asked.

“Well, according to Error, I suppose,” Nightmare replied with a shrug. “That Sans is fun to toy with, however. He clings to this concept of ‘good’, but it’s so fragile.”

The alternate version let out a hum. “Sounds nothing like the Blue I know. He’ll do anything to get what he wants and is always plotting something. So basically ‘my’ Error is right. Though I don’t
think Blue is a ‘Sans’, he doesn’t look like one.”

“Sounds like you’re from some really convoluted swap multiverse,” Nightmare commented.

“I’m from a swap multiverse?” the lookalike asked. “What if you’re the one from the swap multiverse?”

Nightmare squinted.

“Or maybe it’s just an egocentricity thing. Anyway, I have to go home. I understand you’re probably a demanding overlord of some kind who wants to always get what you want but if we’re alternate versions, we should be responsible and casually not cross paths. I think it’s not easy to multiverse jump for a reason.”

“Really?” Nightmare asked. “Who makes the rules? Don’t you find it unfair that others get to easily meet their alternate versions, but people like us never do?”

The alternate version shrugged. “That’s probably for the better, honestly.”

Nightmare raised an eyebrow, gazing at his lookalike. He looks him up and down for a moment. “But, y’know… I don’t think I’m quite done with you, yet.” He slowly got to his feet. “No, most definitely not.”

His lookalike furrowed his brow. “What’s that supposed to mean–?”

He jolted and cut himself off as a few tendrils zipped over, wrapped around his torso and yanked him into close proximity with the overlord. Nightmare was staring him down, eyes glowing brightly.

“I still can’t believe a version of me would be so passive as to let a chance for power slip by so easily,” he said. “What could be so different that this happened?”

His alternate version was fidgeting, trying to edge away from Nightmare, but it wasn’t working very well. “Passive? Maybe I just didn’t have an interest in gaining power! There are more important things than that!”

“Everyone wants power, rogue. Perhaps you were just too cowardice to take it, after what, that bit you read about it? It was sitting right in front of you, and didn’t stop to think that your brother might do the same.”

“Well it’s a little late for that, isn’t it?” his lookalike asked, the hostility in his tone increasing.

“You know I’m not convinced,” Nightmare said, tightening his grip on the alternate version. “You might as well be a version of Dream, not me.”

His lookalike’s eyes narrowed.

“Maybe you just have more in common with him than you realize,” he said.

Nightmare’s eye twitched. He let out a loud growl, throwing his alternate version across the room and into a wall. “Do NOT compare me to that INSUFFERABLE WEAKLING!” he shouted.
His lookalike was steadily pushing himself to his feet. “What’s the matter, you got bad blood?” he asked. “God, grow up already. It’s not like you have the fate of the multiverse and the potential happiness of everyone in it sitting between you. Unless, of course, I’m somehow mistaken.”

“Shut up,” Nightmare said. “You don’t have any jurisdiction over this.”

His lookalike scoffed. “What’s wrong? Are you angry now that you realize I made better choices than you? By the way, you ask for my input by keeping me here.”

“You didn’t do ANYTHING!” Nightmare hissed. “You just sat back and tried to ‘fulfill’ your fucking destiny as a guardian of the tree, and even your Dream got sick of that!”

“Pff, you think I was interested in that job?” his lookalike asked, taking steps forward. “I hated living there. Dream was the only thing that made it manageable.”

“And then he turned against you, didn’t he?” Nightmare asked. “So much for a bond. That must’ve hurt a lot, didn’t it? You should’ve just stopped caring when you had the chance. Then you wouldn’t have ended up in this pitiful position.”

“You really think you’re in any position to be telling me I did something wrong?” his alternate version asked him. “Number one, like I said, too late. Number two, look what happened to you. If your Dream is anything like me, you destroyed him the day you turned on him.”

Tendrils flung out again and pulled the lookalike right up into Nightmare’s face.

“I never turned on him, rogue. I realized that I didn’t need him after I got stronger.”

“Well I think you do.”

“You know, I didn’t bring you out of that cell to tell me what to do.”

“Letting me leave is always an option.”

“I suppose it is. But I’ve been bored lately, to be perfectly honest. I think I’d rather… take some time to fix you.”

“I don’t fucking need to be fixed. At least I have a sense of morality.”

“Thanks to what, rogue?” Nightmare asked. “The positive fruit you ate?”

“I still can’t believe you were dumb enough to eat the black ones, even knowing what they could do.”

Nightmare glared. “It’s funny how I could crush you to death like this, yet you persist in trying to irritate me.”

“What can I say? I’m not afraid of myself,” the lookalike replied. “Besides, if you were going to kill me, you probably would’ve done it by now. After all, you have the power right under your fingertips, don’t you?”

“Well then,” Nightmare started, “I ought to teach you to be afraid of me.” His lookalike flinched as Nightmare ran a hand over his head, through his hair. “You’ve probably spent so much of your life
at this point surrounded by nothing but positive energy. You probably don’t even understand what real negative energy feels like. And that energy…” He leaned forward. “… is precisely what we were made for.”

His tendrils swiveled around the lookalike, curling up over his face and around his legs.

“Hey, the hell are you–“ the alternate version started, his arms twitching. One of the tendrils swept over the back of his neck, caressing it slightly. “Stop that!”

“You sense it, can’t you?” Nightmare asked. A smile was forming on his face. A tendril rose up and covered the eyes of his lookalike. He tried to move away, but it was snug behind his head.

“What the fuck are you doing?” the lookalike hissed. “There’s a thing, and it’s called knock it off!”

The tendrils tightened around him in an attempt to prevent further struggling, but that hardly stopped him.

“Stop struggling,” Nightmare ordered. “You might make me want to make this worse. And you wouldn’t want that, now would you? All I’m doing is trying to expose you to a new feeling… you’ll thank me later.”

“No, I won’t! Stop!” his lookalike declared. His entire body tensed up at the sudden sensation of a tendril slipping under his shirt. Nightmare brought him even closer, to the point where their faces were inches apart.

“And you just made it worse,” Nightmare said under his breath. The alternate version couldn’t see, but he could feel the other’s breath on his face.

“No, no–! Stop, let–me go–!” He could feel himself getting weaker, his body twitching as the tendril slowly moved over his body, almost intentionally in spots where he had sensitivities. He clenched his teeth, willing himself into not making any unnecessary noises.

Nightmare realized all too soon than he was starting to enjoy this himself.

“Tell me you sense it…” he said. “The negative energy all around you. That’s what real power feels like.”

His lookalike grunted slightly. “It must also be what sexual harassment feels like–“ he choked out, before gasping for air as another tendril slipped under his shirt. “A-ah–“ He breathed unsteadily. “Shit,” he cursed, realizing he’d moaned.

Nightmare chuckled quietly. His urges were growing stronger as the natural negative energy increased, and they were pushing him to make more.

“You know, breaking you could be really fun,” he hummed in the other’s ear.

The lookalike tried to turn his head away. “No, no, no–“

“Just think of it as a bad dream…” Nightmare said.

He took hold of the other’s chin, forcing it towards him. Lifting the tendril from his eyes, he leaned in and kissed him hungrily. The lookalike attempted to recoil with little success. He turned his head
slightly away, and Nightmare’s eyes narrowed.

“Stop,” his lookalike said. “Stop this, NOW.”

Nightmare brought his head forward again, leaning in for another kiss. The lookalike backed away the small amount he was able to.

“You’re disgusting,” he spat.

Nightmare let out a huff of air, tossing the alternate version onto the couch and climbing on top of him, holding his wrists down. “I’ll see you call me that once I’m done with you.”

“Are you actually fucking doing this?” his lookalike asked. “This isn’t necessary! Are you even thinking this through?!”

“Maybe you’d rather I cover your eyes again,” Nightmare said.

“I’d rather you let me the fuck go–!”

His lookalike’s hands sparked, blue light flashing in them, but nothing appeared.

“Welp, this is how I fucking die. Getting raped by an evil overlord version of myself.”

A burst of light near them interrupted the moment. Nightmare recoiled away from the source, covering his face as he got off his lookalike and backed away. The lookalike immediately sat up, spinning around towards the light.

A tall, angelic figure stood at the room’s entrance, carrying a sword. He stormed in rather angrily, Nightmare hissing and backing away more as he drew closer.

“Get the hell away from my brother,” he declared. Nightmare backed all the way up to the wall as the glowing winged one continued to walk forward.

“Dream–!” the caped ‘Nightmare’ exclaimed, stumbling off the couch. “How did you get here?!”

“It’s a long story,” the winged ‘Dream’ replied. He aggressively made his way towards him, grabbing his Nightmare by the back of his shirt and pulling him closer to him, the other stumbling as his feet barely touched the ground. “By the way, you’re under arrest, you impudent lunatic.”

“Noooo…” his brother whined, slumping his head forward as his Dream dragged him along.

The lookalike glanced back at the overlord Nightmare who was still shrunk into a corner, barely glancing up and looking angrier than ever before. The alternate version promptly flipped him off before his brother dragged him out of sight, another flash of light following it.

Their presences that Nightmare could formerly sense had vanished.

“… it’s been what,” he started, mumbling to himself. He still felt like he was on fire. “A half hour, at most?”

He slowly pushed himself to his feet, breath heavy.
It BURNED.

“A FUCKING HALF HOUR?!” he screamed. “GAAHHHHH!!”

He spun around, punching a hole in the wall and cursing loudly.

What the hell was it about that glowing bastard? His lookalike’s brother, of course? The one that had eaten all the positive apples?

Why did his light hurt so *damn much*? And how was he able to break in so easily and quickly?

Nightmare ran around the corner, still wincing from the remains of the light that were apparently still there.

There was nothing left. No trace of any spacial disturbance, as he had been slightly hoping for. Cursing silently, he clenched his fists, already wanting to get out of that hallway. He could still feel the light on his skin, and he wanted to get as far away from that feeling as possible.

“I need to go find someone to torment,” Nightmare grumbled.

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