Sweet Dreams

by 1FrozenRutabaga

Summary

Mikey has a bad nightmare. His dads are there with cocoa and cuddles with to make everything better.

Notes

**Evil laughter** My precious Frexy!

Yeah, I'm a Frexy shipper. I'm happy in this hole I've dug myself in and I won't come out. Y'all can take these dorks from my cold dead hands even then I'll come back as a zombie to keep them.

Real quick: Foxy is just a nickname, Flint is his human name.

See the end of the work for more notes

It was a sharp scream that woke them up.

Freddy and Flint jerked up from their bed with sharp gasps. The room was dark, just barely lit with the dim moonlight that reached through the curtains. The sound of a child’s sobbing echoed down
the hallway through their open door, high and stuttered with hiccups. The boy’s door, always open just so, suddenly made their stomachs twist.

Freddy grabbed the bat that was under their bed and rushed down the hall. Flint ripped open the nightstand drawer and grabbed his pocket knife before going after his husband. Freddy had size and a swing that could break bones, but Flint felt more comfortable knowing he could permanently maim an intruder who hurt their baby.

“Michael!” Freddy shouted, shoving the door open.

Mikey was in bed, sobbing and his little fists clenched. The teary blues peered open at the sound of Freddy’s voice. His sobs only grew in volume at the sight of his parents, his arms reaching for them.

The two let out a sigh of relief. They should have known that no one had gotten in, not with all the locks and security. Freddy set the bat against the dresser and moved towards the bed. Freddy sat on the bed and pulled the boy into his arms. “Oh, it’s alright, pumpkin,” he murmured, patting the small back. “It was just a bad dream.”

Flint had sheathed the knife and hidden it behind his back. He held back a sigh at the sight of Freddy comforting Mikey, the boy clinging to the plain nightshirt and soaking it with his tears. It was a near nightly thing now, but they still weren’t used to Mikey waking up with a scream in the middle of the night. Amanda, Mikey’s therapist, had said that Mikey would grow out of this like all kids did. The only time either of them were okay with Mikey growing up was for that reason.

“I’ll make cocoa,” Flint said quietly.

The other man eyed him, the icy blues playful. “You sure you can handle it?”

The redhead scoffed. “I’ll make the best damn cocoa ye’ve ever seen.”

Mikey peered up from Freddy’s chest. “Daddy said a swear,” he mumbled through his slowing hiccups.

He needs a trim, the man absently thought from seeing the strands of black in the boy's face. Flint sighed. “I did,” he concurred grudgingly. It didn’t matter that Mikey had been in their life for nearly six years, he still couldn’t fully control his mouth. “I’ll add extra whip cream ta yer cocoa fer that, okay?”

The boy nodded. His whole body shook with a hiccup.

Flint bit his lip. My poor baby. He would get the cocoa, but he’d get his cuddles with Mikey if it was the last thing he did.

He turned up the light for the kitchen so it was enough to see, but dim enough to be easy on his eyes. Flint grabbed a hair-tie from a drawer, always around because he broke so many, and tied his long hair into a loose ponytail.

Mikey loved to play with it. He always boasted about how “my daddy has the reddest hair ever” and said he knew all kinds of shades of red because of it. He used the word crimson for every red crayon he colored with for weeks. He always said how he wanted long hair “just like daddy” and that he would play with it all day long.

“Shit,” Flint groaned quietly. His eyes stung faintly. He always got emotional when thinking about how Mikey wanted to be like him. He sighed. “Cocoa, I’m makin’ cocoa.”
Mikey’s “big kid” mug was a bright blue and transparent plastic mug with a top on it. It had his name on the side and was dotted with waterproof stickers. It was really just a big sippy cup, but it made Mikey feel extra special. He was good with drinking from cups without lids, but cocoa wasn’t something they wanted to risk spilling on Mikey. Flint got out Freddy’s favorite mug, an infuriating one with a pun on the side and a cartoon bear in a sweater, and his favorite, a red one dotted with white strawberries.

Mikey had picked them out Christmas time with Celeste when he was three. The “1#” mugs made second place over them.

He got the cocoa ready. Mikey’s was first, just in case it needed time to cool if it was too hot. Flint hummed a little under his breath, though he stayed attentive to the slowly quieting sobs upstairs.

The sunny eyes glanced at his right hand. Against his topaz skin, it stuck out enough to where he got lots of stares; or maybe it was the rough scar over his right eye. He barely had any feeling in it. He used to let Mikey gnaw on it as a baby when the teething rings were being washed and when Freddy had become paranoid about the child choking on ice cubes, the tiny teeth barely making him wince. It worked like a charm, Mikey falling into a deep enough sleep where Flint would swap the side of his palm for a teething ring. There were perks of having severe nerve damage after all.

Just the thought of Mikey as a baby again, the thought of the little booties and Mikey's happy coos from his bassinet and crib whenever they went to wake him up in the morning, had Flint's eyes watering. *Fuck.* Freddy really had turned him into a giant sap.

He couldn’t hear Mikey crying anymore, though an occasional sniffle reached his ears.

They didn’t know why, but Mikey had always had nightmares for some reason. He started having them earlier than when most children had them. Amanda suggested that it could be an overactive imagination and maybe, just maybe, some trauma he had experienced as a baby, but Mikey had been only a month old when they found him, nearly two by the time they adopted him. Mikey’s nightmares were vivid from what they could tell, strange ones that didn’t make sense. It was recommended that Mikey drew what he remembered. It was hard sometimes with Mikey being a little boy, but it was a lifesaver that Goldie was a fantastic artist.

Whenever Mikey parroted them to Goldie for him to draw, they were incredibly detailed. Far too detailed for a child to explain. They figured out that the giant animals were just animatronics from the openings on the bodies and “throat teeth”, but they had never taken Mikey to a place with animatronics.

What scared them was that the animatronics had names. The big brown bear with the top hat was Freddy, the big purple bunny was Bonnie, the big chicken with a bib and cupcake was Chica, the torn up and broken fox was named Foxy—something Flint had actually been stung by at the revelation that the thing based on him was broken—and the eyeless yellow bear suit that giggled was Goldie. Mikey had cried that he wasn’t being mean, but that those really were their names.

And there were more. There was so much to unpack with each set of nightmares. Just the thought of all the other ones, all with the same base theme, had Flint’s throat tight. Their baby was so scared to sleep that some nights that had to give him a pill. It was prescribed, none of their friends or doctors judged them, but the fact that Mikey would actually cry when it was bedtime because of his nightmares and not because he wasn’t tired was something that shouldn’t be happening. Sometimes Mikey would take it and then sleep like a baby without it for a few days, but then he’d suddenly have them again and need the medicine.

They were incredibly lucky that Amanda was a close friend, or else CPS would be called in by a
suspicious therapist who believed there was abuse. Amanda knew none of them would ever hurt Mikey, that Mikey wasn’t being hurt, but it just added more questions. Mikey wasn’t scared of them, he promised, but they just didn’t get where these things were coming from. They just didn’t understand, and all they could do was be there for Mikey while trying to think of what could possibly be triggering these fears.

Whatever it was, they hadn’t found and neutralized it yet. Flint swore he was going to shove whatever it was into the wood chipper at work.

The creaking of the stairs had Flint looking back. Freddy was holding Mikey close to his chest, petting the wild black locks of hair and humming softly. Mikey’s eyes were rimmed with red and his cheeks were blotchy, but the crying had stopped. His thumb was in his mouth, a habit they were trying to break, but neither of them wanted to test the waters with that right now. Apple was in his arms, along with his toy flashlight that was on its highest setting.

“Just in time,” Flint said, smiling. “Livin’ room?”

“Yes,” Freddy answered. He bounced Mikey a little. “What do you want in your cocoa, pumpkin?”

“Sprink’es,” the boy got out past his thumb. “Crea’.”

Flint knew it had to be bitten raw by now. The biting had always been a problem. He would forever be thankful that Mikey had taken formula from a bottle and hadn’t needed breastfeeding. They didn’t want to cost Celeste any of her carrying friends in her yoga class. “Alright. Ye want yer rainbow ones?”

Mikey nodded.

Flint came out of the kitchen a few minutes later. Freddy was on the couch with Mikey, the boy holding Apple close while he chattered on about something he learned from school. The light was on, the flashlight’s now off. Getting him distracted was a good way to make the fear less prominent. The redhead handed Freddy his cup, Mikey’s in the other hand next to his own.

Freddy glanced at his cup. He looked at Flint and mouthed not coffee?

Flint gave him a glare. No, he mouthed back.

The dejected look on Freddy face wasn’t making him budge. Hey, if Flint had to cut back on caffeine, then so did his husband who ate coffee beans right out of the fuckin’ jar, I had ta buy another one this week, ye weird prick. Besides, he had a hunch that Mikey would be able to sleep. He already planned for the boy to sleep in their bed for the rest of the night.

Mikey reached for his mug. Flint noticed and chuckled. “Here ye go, sweet pea,” he said, handing it to the boy.

Mikey took his mug and sipped from the opening. They never brewed it hot, but just right. They had become experts at that. He let out a happy hum. Freddy and Flint held back their squealing; it didn’t really matter what Mikey was doing, he was just so cute. Flint had known the second they had seen Mikey’s little face, even when it was pinched up and crying, that he would be theirs. Freddy had been more than happy to agree.

“Is that better?” Flint asked, sitting down next to him.

The boy managed a small nod. He was drinking like a champ.
“Drink slowly, Michael, you’ll get a tummy ache,” Freddy said.

They drank their cocoa slowly. Flint glanced from time to time to find whipped cream getting stuck in Freddy’s goatee. Mikey would look up and giggle, Freddy always raising a comical brow and asking the boy if he was getting a Santa beard.

It was always a question they heard from others; if Mikey was Freddy’s by blood. The reason was for the eyes, Mikey’s darker than his papa’s, but it was all people needed to start brewing a storm. Freddy’s skin was a smooth copper, Mikey’s was only fairly tan because they were paranoid about sunburn and the boy burned easily. Freddy had freckles and dimples, but Mikey only had dimples. There was the rumor among the PTA Flint was going to murder Karen one day if she kept up her shit that Mikey was from an affair Freddy had.

They had heard every rumor a million times. They just held their heads high and told Mikey that some people were just really nosy and rude. If it was in front of those people, so be it.

“Papa, you have a sprinkle on your lip,” Mikey said.

Freddy raised a brow. “Do I?” He stuck out his tongue and tapped it against his lip, purposely missing it. “Here?” he got out.

The boy giggled. “No.”

“Here?”

“No, papa!” Mikey pointed. “There!”

Freddy got it off. “Oh, there!” he exclaimed, feigning surprise. “Thank you for pointing that out, pumpkin.”

Flint couldn’t hide his grin. Sap.

Freddy was amazing with kids. He just had a certain charm to him and the air of being a parent. He always wanted children of his own, by blood or not, and Flint knew he hadn’t been too supportive of the idea at first. Freddy was a family man and Flint hadn’t imagined ever having kids, but the little dream had rubbed off on him. Now they had Mikey, neither could imagine life without him.

“I’m okay now,” Mikey suddenly declared. He went back for another gulp of cocoa.

“Do you remember what it was about?” Freddy asked.

Mikey popped his mouth off of his cup. It was a little over halfway gone. “’bout the big ones with the teeth.”

The ones that scared Mikey the most. There wasn’t really one that didn’t scare Mikey, but the giant beasts with mouths on their stomachs and rows of teeth scared him the most.

“The monster bunny ate me,” Mikey said, like he was talking about his toys. “I thought he was gone.”

Mikey said that he had to listen to their breathing and wait until they walked away from the door. They had no clue where the mechanics had come from.

“Well he’s certainly gone now,” Freddy said cheerfully, smiling. He settled a hand on the boy’s head and gently ruffled the wild black hair. “The big bad monsters are all gone.”
“Just a bad dream,” Mikey mumbled. It was something they always recited to help him calm down.

“Just a bad dream,” the two said in near unison. Hopefully Mikey would believe it someday and would no longer shine a flashlight into the hallway whenever he grew paranoid at night.

Mikey looked down at his cup, then up at Flint. “Can I sleep with you and papa?” he asked.

As if Flint could ever say no to that face. But… “What do ye think, Freddy?” he asked, looking at the other man with a playful grin. “Should we let a stowaway into the captain’s quarters?”

“He’s quite a little one,” Freddy said. He reached and gave Mikey a small tickle. The child let out a high giggle. “I’m sure we have room for just one.”

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“Apple and I are a package deal!” the child proclaimed.

A phrase Mikey had heard and loved to use, especially when he felt sassy. It was downright adorable. Flint let out a fake sigh. “Fine. I guess we can make a little more room fer another.”

Flint carried Mikey up to their room while Freddy set the mugs in the sink. It was certainly big enough for Mikey and his doll. Freddy was a big guy and Flint happened to be an octopus when it came to sleeping with someone else. Flint took the left side and Freddy took the right, but they always met somewhere else.

The second Flint set him down, Mikey was crawling to the pillows. He grabbed the blanket and dragged it with him, snuggling into the bed. He sent Flint a bright smile.

No. No, I’m not turnin’ into the parent that drinks wine at three in the morning and sobs over baby pictures and old videos. I’m not.

He was.

By the time Freddy came up, Flint was in his spot and Mikey was in the middle of the bed.

“I hope there’s still room for me,” he chuckled, moving to his side.

Flint had to remind himself that Mikey was here despite the boy being right next to him after thinking how hot it would be for Freddy to take off his shirt. That was something they had to give up most of the time, walking around half or completely naked, but Mikey was worth it. Besides, it wasn’t like Mikey was home all the time.

Freddy settled in under the covers. He smelled like cocoa and fresh books underlined with coffee. The coffee smell came a little stronger even with the lack of it before.

If I see that the jar’s even slightly out of place, I’m killin’ the man.

Mikey liked to sleep on his belly a lot, though the side was more popular when he wanted to suck his thumb. It seemed that they were past that habit at the moment, because he rolled onto his tummy and snuggled into the pillows. Apple was in the crook of his elbow. Mikey looked at them both, his blue eyes wondering, and then giggled.

“What’s so funny?” Freddy asked, grinning slyly. “Is it because of…the kissing monster?!” he exclaimed, diving in and giving Mikey’s face a quick peppering of kisses.

The boy let out squealing giggles. “Kisses!” he cried.

“An attack from behind!” Flint proclaimed, snatching Mikey to his chest.
The boy gave a cute little smirk. “You saved me from the kissing monster!” he said, almost smug.

“But now ye have ta deal with me: the cuddle monster!” He let out a small roar and squeezed Mikey to his chest.

When Freddy joined in to kiss them both, Flint realized not for the first time what absolute bunch of dorks he and his husbands were. Here they were, late twenties and married, in bed after midnight pretending to be kissing and cuddle monsters for their son.

Yep. Absolute saps.

When Mikey let out a yawn and rubbed his face after a few minutes of playing, they both had to let out quiet croons before settling the boy between them and covering him with the blanket. Freddy made sure to get Apple into Mikey’s arms.

“Sleepy,” the boy mumbled.

“After all that kissing and cuddling, I would imagine.” Freddy chuckled. He kissed Mikey’s cheek. “Goodnight, pumpkin.”

Flint kissed the other one. “Night, sweet pea.”


If Mikey wasn’t reprimanding them for not saying goodnight to Apple, he must have been exhausted.

It was within minutes that Mikey fell asleep. He always fell asleep fast in their bed. The nightmares rarely got to him there. It was cute, and neither of them wanted to admit it but they knew Mikey couldn’t sleep in their bed forever. Still, at the moment Mikey was fast asleep and with them, and that was all both of them cared about right now. No nightmares would sneak in and scare him on their watch, not in here.

“Good thing I didn’t give ye coffee,” Flint whispered, managing to tear his eyes off of the sleeping child.

“Still a little sad about that,” Freddy responded, just as quiet. He pouted slightly.

“Oh, stop poutin’, I gave ye extra cream and everythin’!” the redhead hissed.

Freddy stared for a moment. Then gave a sly smirk. “Extra cream, huh?”

Flint’s cheeks heated. “Ye prick,” he grumbled.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you; Celeste’s taking Michael tomorrow to her class so he can play with the other children and then out for ice cream.”

“…Our son is right here.”

“I didn’t say anything.”

“I hate ye, ye know.”

“Yes.” Freddy leaned in and kissed his forehead. “Of course.”
Flint’s lips quivered slightly, his cheeks red. “I really do,” he grumbled.

“I know.”

“Sap.”

“Love.”

 “…Ye’re such a teddy bear.” Flint finally smiled. “My teddy bear that I like ta squeeze.”

Freddy raised a brow. “Oh, so you don’t hate me anymore?” he asked, that sly smile on his face.


“I love you too.” Freddy brought up the blanket a little more and moved a little closer to Mikey.

“Goodnight, love.”

“Night, sappy bastard,” Flint responded, spirited.

 “…Flint, I swear, if he wakes up because you swore.”

“Oh, shut yer mouth and save it fer kissin’.”

“I wasn’t aware my kisses ran out.”

“Go ta sleep, smartass.”

End Notes

My dorks ;U;

To clarify, Freddy and Flint are married and Mikey is their adopted son.

It's no longer 3 am, but I'm still tired. I want toast.

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