

# Revelations Between Dreaming And Awake

by scoobygang8

Night after night, I wake up and find him staring at me. Normal human behavior would entail that when I open my eyes to see him staring at me, he would instinctively look away, embarrassed. But he doesn't. He just keeps on staring at me, studying me, and the only thing that changes is that he smiles. His eyes crinkle at the edges, and for whatever reason, the fact that I know he's staring at me amuses him to no end. I open my eyes, and he smiles. Smiles like the sun rising. It makes me nervous as hell.

Among others, the reason this is notable is because as a result, I rarely see him like this. Sleeping. I can't help but stare, at the way his hair settles around his head on the pillow, his lips pouting like he's in a Calvin Klein photoshoot, the sheets near his face twitching gently every time he exhales, his face completely oblivious to this room, the world, not knowing I'm staring at him intently like I never do when he's awake. Not knowing I'm here. Or, maybe he does.

His brow twitches gently, and he looks mildly concerned or confused. I know that as far as sleep faces go, this is him distraught, this is him lost, scared, alone. This is him as a bat connects to the side of his head. Every time his eyebrows move slightly closer together in his sleep, I know what he's dreaming, and it makes me feel like he got hit all over again. I want to take him into my arms, whisper "you're ok, you're ok" to him over and over, as much for my own sake as for his. But I know this would be too much for him right now, disoriented, coming out of sleep to slowly realize that he's safe again. So I flatten my palm against the middle of his exposed back. I edge closer to him. I roll over onto my side, I take his fucked up hand into my own gently. I lay my head near him so he can feel my breath on his arm. I slide my other hand over his back slowly, so he's in my embrace now. He'll wake from his nightmare and find himself surrounded by me. The thought that that's what will make him feel safe, make him feel home makes me feel proud, beautiful, loved and scared shitless. Shit. I'm really in deep now. Fuck.

His eyes open and I pretend to be asleep. He finds his hand in mine, my other hand holding him to me, and without worrying about waking me up (maybe he knows I'm awake, maybe he's a thoughtless twat) he shoves over to me and throws both his arms around my chest and nuzzles his face into my neck. I let my arms fall around him and pretend not to wake up. I feel every muscle in my body relax. I feel loved. I feel love. I know I'm going to fall asleep with this irritating little twink wrapped around me and that nothing could make me happier. I know I'm going to wake up and not want to move. I know I'm in too deep to ever get out now.

Shit.

I'm totally fucked.