

## Sleep Talks

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# Sleep Talks

by [Lena\\_Bean](#)

## Summary

In which Seven needs a good cry and should really go to bed, Unknown is in a bit of a bad mood, and MC is blissfully unaware because 4 a.m. is a ludicrous time to be awake. Unless you are Seven.

## Notes

I love this man too much, I literally dropped birthday money for his jacket on Amazon, send help-

I was iffy on that Romance tag but I put it anyway, because Seven obviously has hearts in his eyes but he's trying to kill them at the same time and nobody kisses.

Also, if I'm being completely truthful, I wrote this at 4 a.m. and spellchecked it at, like, 6 a.m. so I'm really just a big hypocrite.

Micha talks in her sleep.

She doesn't weave grand stories of success and woe with her unconscious speaking like a dead-to-the-world Yoosung, but instead sighs through snippets of words and mumbles phrases and questions. She doesn't toss and turn either; rather, she twitches and shifts around minutely- though that may be just because she is sleeping on the couch even after he had told her to go to bed an hour ago.

Luciel sighed as he took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes, squinting at the time on the analog clock perched on the small table next to the couch. It was nearly four in the morning. Four was an awkward hour, he thought- it was either too late to still be awake, or too early to be getting up. But it was also a peaceful hour where none of the other members of the RFA were (usually) awake, perfect for getting work done without Zen blowing up the messenger with selfies. Or Jaehee ranting about work while simultaneously fangirling over Zen. Or Jumin denying his homosexuality while attempting to crack Jumin-esque jokes. Or Yoosung bemoaning his lack of a girlfriend, or lack of LOLOL, or alternatively, both at the same time. Or-

The couch cushion springs creaked slightly. He looked back at her. She breathed something incoherent, the rush of air disturbing the bangs on her forehead as her fingers twitched over the blanket she had wrapped around herself. Her face was tilted in his general direction, having watched him work (again) before passing out (again).

He stared. After what he thought was only a moment, he glanced at the clock again, only to groan when he found out that "a moment" had turned into a solid two minutes.

This was it, Luciel thought. He was finally losing his mind.

He hadn't left the apartment since the breach into the special security system and Saeran's attempted kidnapping. That had been almost thirty-six hours ago. In those almost thirty-six hours he had not ate and had not slept, opting instead to take up residence in a corner of the living room and type until the breach was fixed or his fingers fell off, whichever came first. And if his fingers fell off, he'd type with his toes. He knew how.

He'd also snapped off at Micha more times than he could count. From the moment he'd arrived she'd fluttered around him, trying to chat, offering him food and drinks, or (when he declined both) staring at him, frowning slightly with worry. Luciel knew she was simply being courteous (right?) but the point was she was a distraction, and he'd told her so. He couldn't afford distractions considering the situation they were both in.

And to him, her very presence tended to be a major distraction. And he knew why.

And he hated himself for it.

He rubbed his hand over his face before standing up, wincing as his legs prickled from the blood rushing back into them after sitting for so long. He stretched, his whole body

shuddering, and paused to glance at her again before putting his glasses back on and padding barefoot into the kitchen.

A distant car horn honked as he rummaged through the fridge looking for some Ph.D Pepper. He found it near the back and noted with a frown that the supply Micha had was already dwindling, and that he'd probably have to make a run to the convenience store when it opened. He pulled the can out and closed the fridge, setting it on the counter, where it was quickly joined by a bag of Honey Budda Chips. He found himself searching for a pair of scissors so he could open the chips quietly. After a moment he found a black pair that would do the job, but after cutting into the bag he found himself grimacing at the soda can. Opening that would make a fair bit of noise, and the scissors would be of little help there.

He didn't want to wake up Micha, that much he would admit to himself. But it was only because if she woke up, she'd start talking and being a distraction again- not because he actually wanted her to get some rest and because he legitimately cared about her wellbeing, no. And definitely not because she looked cute while sleeping.

Luciel groaned internally. "Dammit, definitely losing my mind," he muttered, cringing as he opened the can with a pop. The hiss that followed scraped on his ears.

Thankfully he heard no movement from the living room in the pause afterwards, so he leaned back against the kitchen counter, sipping his drink while unlocking his phone. His eyes lit upon the RFA Messenger app, and he hesitated before clicking on it. He had purposely put it on silent after arriving at the apartment, and he was expecting the wrath of all the other members to come crashing down upon him. Sure enough, nearly forty missed calls and many more messages greeted him. Most were from Yoosung and Zen, but Jaehee and even Mr. Trust Fund kid himself had left behind a few words. A common pattern made itself known as he scrolled through the texts- the more recent the messages, the more angry and/or worried they sounded.

"God..." He shook his head and grabbed a handful of chips, shoving them in his mouth. He moved onto the list of calls and ended up regretting the action almost instantly, as one particular missed call hidden amongst the hoard caused him to nearly choke on his food.

*Missed call: Unknown, 2:16 a.m.*

"What the hell...?" he whispered harshly, fingers shaking as they hovered over the dimly glowing screen.

His brother had even left him a voicemail.

He clicked on it, his hand moving on autopilot. At first, all he could hear in the recording was silence. As the quiet stretched on, he risked a glance in the direction of the living room.

And nearly dropped his phone when the laughter started.

It was loud and near-maniacal, definitely loud enough to wake up Micha in the other room, but Luciel's fingers weren't listening to him as they gripped the phone so hard he wondered briefly if he was going to crush it.

"Ahahahahaha! I hope I scared you. That's what you get for not answering me, Luciel." The vehemence in Saeran's voice turned his name into a curse. Luciel flinched.

"You're probably wondering why I called." His brother's voice had shifted instantly from a toxic hiss to a darkly amused purr, one that made the little red hairs on the back of Luciel's neck stand on end. "In truth, I wanted to... Check up on you. You've been clicking away oh so tirelessly at the security breach since you shooed me away from the apartment, after all." There was a pause; the older twin could hear the tapping of fingers on a keyboard from the other end. "I find it somewhat funny, Luciel. First you abandon me to our devil of a mother, then you force me away after all these years, and after I've been trying so hard to contact you and the rest of the RFA. It just goes to prove that my Savior has been right all this time." The loud *clack of one key being struck much harder than all the others echoed over the line.*

"Savior...?" Luciel stared down at the white tile of the kitchen floor, eyebrows furrowed in thought as he absentmindedly rubbed the cross around his neck between his fingers. He was devoutly religious, had been ever since childhood, but something told him his brother wasn't talking about Catholicism, or any known religion at all. The way Saeran said "my Savior" sounded borderline obsessive, and it twisted his stomach in uneasy knots.

"But of course she was right. She has never been wrong. She has always had my best interests at heart. She cares about me, unlike you." Luciel squeezed his eyes shut tight as they stung. The venom was back, along with an undertone that brought up the image of his brother coming apart at the seams in Luciel's mind. "No matter! She will show the RFA, and the rest of the world, what true happiness is, and the beauty of a world without pain by her guidance. She and I will succeed in bringing the RFA to Magenta, to Paradise, and there will be no room for you there, Luciel." Saeran giggled, a sound so distorted from what Luciel could faintly remember hearing from back when they were kids, when he would bring his brother ice cream and Saeran would laugh as he ate it as quickly as he could, before it melted under a warm and gentle sun.

"Oh, and of course, the girl will be allowed in our Paradise as well. I would have brought her sooner, had you not come to the apartment and interfered. She could have been much happier than she is now, had you simply let me lead her here." Saeran sounded genuinely agitated, and Luciel shot a pained look in the direction of the living room, his shoulders slumping.

Was his brother right? Probably. Luciel didn't exist to make people happy. He existed to do his job, to hack and do dirty work that stained his hands, then leave and fade out of the minds of those he had met, like he was never there at all.

But God, he wanted to make Micha happy.

Faintly, in the back of his head, he could hear the smile in her voice as they chatted over the phone in the middle of the night, while she worked on party preparations and he chugged Ph.D Peppers and soared on a caffeine high and something else. He could hear her laugh, a warm and melodic sound that seemed to sparkle and fill him with more energy than any of those lukewarm sodas. He could see the peeks she took at the security cameras when she thought he wasn't looking, her bangs partially obscuring her big, mischievous amber eyes.

He wanted to hear that laugh again. He wanted to see that playful grin again.

He wanted to see that smile, not just hear it.

And there was a part of him, a part that he knew he couldn't hide or suppress forever but he tried to do so anyway so she would be safe-

That wanted to taste that smile.

Luciel dimly realized that his brother's voice was no longer in his ear and the voicemail was over, and with a heavy sigh he leaned backwards, against the kitchen sink. He shut off his phone and laid it face down on the countertop, shoving his chips to the side even though he had only eaten a few. It was almost five in the morning by now, and the pitch black sky outside was starting to show hints of dark blue, with a smudge of red on the eastern horizon. The stars were still hanging on, twinkling one last time before they vanished to the sunrise.

Jumin and Jaehee would be waking up soon for work, if they hadn't already. Micha snored lightly from the living room. Luciel hesitated, then tilted his head so that he could listen to it better.

His eyes were heavy, but he fought against their pull. The breach wasn't fixed, and Saeran's call had showed his brother was watching, and waiting, and if given an opportunity, he would strike again. It gave Luciel a renewed sense of urgency. Sleep could wait. It had waited before.

And besides... Micha wasn't the only one that talked in her sleep.

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