

arms tonite

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Summary

if you really love someone, promises aren't hard to keep.

OR

dsmp!george is forgotten by dsmp!dream.

arms tonite by mother mother

"dream?"

"yeah, george?"

"promise we'll stick together forever?"

the taller man chuckled and pulled george closer into his chest, one hand rubbing his back soothingly while the other stroked the back of his head. his palm traveled from the crown of his head to the nape of his neck in a smooth rhythm.

dream's eyes were focused on the setting sun and rising stars, while george's eyes were closed as he drifted into sleep, not bothering to stay awake for dream's answer. he already knew it, anyway.

"forever."

--

but it wasn't forever. or at least, it wasn't george's version of forever.

"where's dream?"

sapnap shrugged lazily, laying back against the elevated wooden path that ran through the dense area. his eyes scanned the horizon line, but colorful streamers and tall wooden docks blocked his view.

"seeing tommy, i think."

"and where's tommy?"

"i don't know. why are you asking so many questions? do you miss daddy dream?" sapnap stuck his tongue out at george as he towered over him, still surveying the area for any sign of dream's dark armor.

"shut up." george usually played nice with sapnap when he said things like that, but his tone was cold and painfully annoyed.

"jeez, i'm sorry," sapnap scoffed, getting up slowly to look at his friend in the eyes. every time he tried to make eye contact, george's eyes would dart away, but sapnap saw his enlarged pupils. they were so big that they made his eyes look black. sapnap felt an uneasy turn in his stomach. he'd never seen george like this before.

"i think he's with tommy in exile. b-but he left a while ago, so he should be back soon."

george sighed and rolled his eyes. he still refused to look at his friend and instead started moving down the path into the city. his boots made heavy thuds on the wooden planks beneath him as he stomped through l'manberg to exit the populated area.

george didn't even like to look at the surrounding buildings. l'manberg, pogtopia, schlatt, wilbur, tommy; it all meant nothing to him. this all watered down to a petty argument that he hated to be involved in. when tommy destroyed his house, he was more annoyed that he was being dragged into their drama than he was at the actual property damages.

the house was fixed in under an hour. this stupid tension between dream and tommy had been going on for months.

dream promised that he'd be with george forever. he told him that no matter what, no matter who they met or who came into their circle, that he always cared more about george. always.

where was that promise now? dream hadn't come to see george in almost a full week. the older man chocked it up to some sort of important business that dream had to deal with, something he would take care of quickly so that he could come see george in the evening.

six days. for six days, george sat at his front door as the sun went down, waiting for dream to come see him.

on the first day, he sat so patiently. he looked out of his windows for hours at the sky's changing colors. while he waited, he took everything out of his chests only to put them right back in a different order.

on the second day, he sat patiently again. he ran his fingers over the design engraved on his shield, thinking about how dream had the same one on his arm at all times. he pressed his palms down on the cool metal edges as he watched the sun go down again. he watched idly as a groaning zombie bumped into a skeleton in the dark, agitating each other. he would make little bets with himself on who would win each time it happened, filing the information in his brain for later. to tell dream.

on the third day, he started fidgeting. his feet bounced against the smooth stone flooring and he stared again out into the plains in front of his home, looking into the distance to try to find a figure crossing his field of vision. he started a journal to pass the time. every few letters, he would stop writing and look out of the window, hoping that that shadow he saw out of the corner of his eye was dream. that that arrow that whizzed across his area was meant to hit dream as he made his way to george. as the sun crept up from behind george's home, he realized that the only thing he had managed to write in the book was, "dream, green."

on the fourth day, he slipped his armor on. he opened his door and waited for stray creatures to come to him. he leaned gently back against the plush mushroom walls that arched over his doorway and lazily pushed back spiders in the dark. every time one came up to him, he would stare into its brownish-red eyes and cut at it until the glow in the eight orbs dimmed and it died at his feet. when the night became quiet, he would look into the distance in the direction of the community house. he remembered when it was just him, dream, and sapnap there. as he reminisced, a skeleton, with its bones pressed against a tree, shot an arrow in george's direction. it struck his upper arm. it hurt.

on the fifth day, george changed his bandages. he tried not to focus on the blood that never seemed to stop flowing from the area. those were the fifth bandages he had gone through in that day alone. a pile of stained fabric collected next to him, smudging a red film on the

windows he'd looked through for days now. he winced at the pain of open air stinging his wound as he quickly reached for a new set of gauze. as intense as the pain was in his bicep, it felt like nothing compared to the feeling in his chest that was growing with every sleepless night. it had been five days since dream had seen him last. had dream been there last night, george wouldn't be wrapping these bandages. had dream been there on the first night, none of this would have happened at all. had dream kept his promise, george wouldn't be harboring the warmth of uncharacteristic anger rising in his chest.

on the sixth day, george grew tired of waiting. dream had been in his consciousness while he slept. for a moment, the warmth of his deep-colored blanket in his bed felt like dream's arms on that first night together, when dream promised him that he'd always be there. the gentle memory now left a bitter aftertaste on his tongue.

sapnap was still behind him, trying to match george's rushed pace to catch up to him.

"george, i don't think you're gonna find dream at this rate. tommy's tent is, like, hundreds of miles from here."

george ignored him and paced through the aquarium tunnel. he desperately wanted to smash the glass to pieces in his anger. he wanted to leave translucent shards all over the path for everyone to step on. he wanted the blue water to spill onto the wooden path and ruin it. he wanted to watch the fish gasp uselessly for water until their flopping bodies stopped moving and they started to rot in the sunlight.

but he didn't.

"why are you so hellbent on finding dream? why don't you just tell me what you wanna say to him and i'll tell him as soon as he gets back?"

george turned sharply to face the man on his coattails, and sapnap bumped into him accidentally.

"look, you wouldn't understand, okay? he's been acting so fucking weird lately. he-- he made me a promise. he made me a fucking promise, but ever since him and tommy have been fighting, he's changed. he doesn't give a fuck about me anymore. he doesn't give a fuck about you, either. all he cares about is his fucking reputation."

sapnap stared at him in stunned silence. the passion and anger in george's voice was so uncharacteristic. sapnap had never seen him like this before. he never yelled, never swore, never spoke ill of dream.

"j-jeez," he murmured, the full weight of george's anger falling on his shoulders. "w-well, he's coming back right now. behind you."

george turned quickly, spying two figures walking down the path towards george and sapnap. the one on the right was dream. he was turned, talking to someone else. every once in a while, dream would gesture to himself and the area around them. george couldn't hear the conversation, but dream's laugh bounced off of the buildings around them until it rang in his ears.

the other person eventually broke off from the path and then it was dream. alone. he looked forward and saw george's still figure.

"hey george," he called. the shorter man wanted to puke at how nonchalant dream sounded. like he didn't even know what he'd done.

"hi," he managed to get out, trying to force a smile as dream stood with him face-to-face. his hands were behind his back and george looked at his stance in confusion.

with a flourish, dream pulled flowers out from behind him. a handful of daisies, tulips, and cornflowers sprouted from within his hands. their petals were untouched, as if they had never left the soil they were once in. dream had a sheepish smile on his face, a pink tint highlighting the apples of his cheeks. george felt himself soften in the moment. suddenly, doing what he had to do felt so much harder now that dream was really in front of him.

but he had to go through with it.

george also had something behind his back.

the polished metal shone in the midday sun as george's sword pointed up to the sky. the moment was over before it began, and the last thing george remembered was the shift in dream's eyes and the way his face fell as the metal was jammed into his abdomen.

"i'm sorry," george whispered as he caught dream's form when it fell limply onto the pale wood. the red liquid oozing from dream's chest stained the path underneath them and slicked george's hands and clothes as he held him in his arms.

the flowers had dropped from the other man's hands, their fresh petals now crushed and dampened in blood underneath his elevated chest.

george was afraid to look into dream's fading eyes. he knew they were watching him, he felt them burning his skin.

some time during the fifth night, george sat on his bed with his journal in his lap. his trembling hands had gripped the base of his pen tightly, but he didn't know what to write.

he had so much to say, but the hardest part of telling a story was the beginning.

dream,

do you remember that first day we got here? when you pulled me down into the thick grass to lay with you? you plucked individual little blades until you had a fistful of green and you threw them on me like confetti. some of them got into my mouth and you laughed at me as i tried to spit out the sweet blades. sapnap yelled at you for not helping him chop down trees for supplies. you stood up grumpily, messing up my hair with your hand before you went to join him.

or when you made me king? i'll never forget the sparkle in your eyes as you put the heavy metal on my head. i was crying and you used your thumbs to wipe the tears from my cheeks. i wanted to kiss you so badly in that moment, but i got too nervous. everyone was watching,

and you know how i hate being stared at. you pulled me into another room after my inauguration and pressed me against a wall. your hands were holding my jaw and i'd never felt more safe than when you were towering over me.

your lips ghosted over my neck, and you told me how beautiful i was. my skin screamed only for you. you knew that. do you still know that?

george's breath was ragged and shaky. he read over the words again and again in his head. his throat closed around his sob, but tears fell from his eyes anyway. the water soaked into the thin paper underneath his writing and he watched it curiously.

he wasn't ready to say goodbye.

you told me to hold you accountable if you ever broke a promise to me. is this what you meant? is this what i have to do?

when i get to those white gates, i hope you're waiting for me with your arms as open as they were that first night. i just hope you can forgive me.

he spent the night crafting a new sword. the letter he wrote was ripped out of his book, laying on the leather binding. every few minutes, he would look up from the blinding furnace to check the page was still there.

one of his bloodied hands reached into his back pocket. it was never his intention to give the letter to dream. in fact, he was never supposed to see it at all. but for some reason he brought it with him.

dream was almost gone. his eyes weren't the same green that they were when he handed george the flowers. his lips were chapped and painfully dry. the usual pink they held had become a sickly pale, parallel to the color of the whites of his eyes.

the dying man had an almost blissful look on his face as he continued to stare at george. he wanted to say something, but he had lost feeling in his face due to the blood loss. he wasn't sure if he was even still alive. a red mist was covering his eyes and he didn't feel like a person anymore. he was simply a floating consciousness. he had no life anymore; it was all in george's hands, seeping through his fingers into the dehydrated grass and his dampened clothes.

and it was a beautiful way to die.

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