Unwanted clarity.

He much prefers to sink down and down into the delirium.

Into forgetting.

But Bestie is right, of course.

Hatsune Miku would be sad if he let his body deteriorate below mortal limits....

But more importantly, so would Bestie.

Before... before it felt like maybe only Hatsune Miku could forgive what he'd done.

Her plastic smile and empty cheer could forgive anything.

Bestie though... Bestie is just so supportive.

Bestie knows that drinking water and eating real food and sleeping for hours at a time won't undo what he's done. What's.... What's been done TO him.

But it's better than how it feels to NOT do those things.

He'd been so certain no one could...

Could...

He didn't think it was allowed. That no one would ALLOW him to take care of his body when his past was so...

Bad.

Bad wasn't the right word.

Of course it wasn't.

It was such a small word.

Crushed under the weight of so much gravel and dirt and dust and...

That's what was so great about Bestie. About Vik. They got it. That sometimes...

Things were too big. Too scary. To look at.

Maybe processing trauma would be helpful. Rip the bandaid off! Walk it off!

He's sure Vik's former Captain would have said so.

But.

He can't.

Any time he tries he just.

It's not.

It's not time.

So he drinks the water and eats the food and sleeps a bit and it's honestly better.

It's honestly SO much better.

He feels more in control. More... HIM.

And not just a pile of misery and watching.

Sometimes he even lets himself almost think about it. About the feeling of Gun-Tan in his hands as...

As...

Everything changed.

And it's okay if that's as deep as he wants to go into that hole right now.

There's no rush.