

Thompson and the Ceiling Fan

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Thompson stood in a dark, colorless void. He blinked.

Walls. A bed. A dresser. A nightstand. A lamp. It was all simple, basic, blocky, almost. The lamp was on, gently illuminating the room. He blinked again.

Details appeared around the room. The walls had framed posters and newspapers, the headlines being illegible but featuring a pose of him holding a belt and triumphant in his victory. A window was on the opposite side of the bed, with its thick curtains drawn. The dresser and nightstand had drawers now, and the tops were covered with miscellaneous things his mind did not bother to focus on, not now, at least. The bed was clean and neatly made, a polar opposite of when Thompson sloppily threw the covers back over the pillows. The headboard was scratched and chipped thanks to their horns scratching it when they risked laying down or turning in bed.

Them.

He blinked again.

Beatrice sat upon the bed. She was an Aggron, like him, but was shiny, unlike him. Her dark aqua skin appeared almost black in the dark, but he knew it was her. She was dressed in a simple nightgown, her plump body filling it out nicely. It was a deep red, although nowhere near as vibrant as her eyes, which were peering up at him, half-lidded yet comforting as always. Thompson stepped up to the bed, laying down on the other side as she pulled her legs up and turned to face him, one arm supporting her body in a half-laying, half-sitting position.

Thompson peered into her eyes as she looked down at him, as red as rubies. Gently, oh so gently, she brought her free hand down, tracing around his face and chest. She knew where to scratch, where to touch when he was spent. Her mouth opened as she began to sing softly.

“Hush little aron, don’t say a word, Mama’s gonna buy you a mockingbird...”

Her voice. God, how Thompson yearned for it. It was gentle, as tender as the fingers that touched his face.

“And if that mockingbird don’t sing, Mama’s gonna buy you a diamond ring...”

Thompson hated being treated like a child, but with her, it was different. They were doing it to belittle him, she was doing it to let him put his guard down.

“And if that diamond ring turns brass, Mama’s gonna buy you a looking glass...”

Thompson took his eyes off hers, staring at the ceiling as he listened to her voice. His eyes were naturally drawn to the fan on the ceiling, old but still working well. It was revolving at an average speed, too fast for his eyes to follow, but too slow to create a noticeable draft.

“And if that looking glass gets broke... Mama’s gonna buy you a billy-goat.” Beatrice smiled and shook her head. “I always think that line sounds silly.”

“Maybe it would make a great gift 200 years ago,” Thompson chuckled, and Beatrice’s smile grew a little wider. “Plus, baby, you can buy me anything and I’d be happy. Even if it was a gift card to the PsyDonald’s down the street.” Beatrice laughed, a small, kind laugh that Thompson loved to hear. She began to hum the rest of the lullaby, continuing to touch him. Thompson shut his eyes, feeling the exhaustion from the day and Beatrice’s soft voice pulling his lids down. As she finished the hum, her hands lingering on his chin as she gave the tip of his front horn a small kiss.

“Goodnight, hun.” She said, as she leaned over, switching the lamp off. The room gave way to a colorless void once more. A void of warmth. A void of comfort.

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Thompson awoke. He was in his room, warm with the bright morning sun shining through the thin curtains leading to the balcony. There wasn’t much to his room, just a dresser, a nightstand, a desk and chair for when the bed got uncomfortable, and next to no decor, save for the half-eaten snack or (almost) empty beer can littering the solid surfaces that weren’t the floor. His balcony was plain too, with nothing but a lawn chair and little table for, you guessed it, more alcohol.

It was that dream again. He touched his face, his rough hands unable to replicate her gentle touch. His cheeks were wet, and so was his pillow. Christ, it really was getting to him.

He stared at the ceiling fan of his own room as he tried to take his mind off it. The blades were designed to look like palm leaves to match the Alolan vibe of the condo. He watched one leaf lazily go around in a circle, not stopping as it made another rotation. Around it went. And around it went.

...

His mind was drawn back to his dream.

*Beatrice.*

*Her voice.*

*Her touch.*

*Her love.*

*Goddamn, why. She never deserved it.*

*Why?*

Thompson felt his body shake. Fuck, not again.

*Ozzy. My son. I never got to train him. I never got to see him evolve. I never got to see him become a man.*

Fuckfuckfuckfuck. Focus on the fan.

*The fan like the one we watched in our bedroom. Us. We. Our.*

*I left them.*

*I hurt them.*

Thompson began to sob. He put a hand up to his eye under his good horn, fingers pressing, hands clenching, forearms tensing, eyes squeezing shut, anything to alleviate it, so that Frank and Max didn't hear. It was no use. His body hitched as his cries turned into deep groans, then back to a cry. His face hurt from how tight his eyes were closed.

"I-I'm...*sniff*... I'm sorry...! I... didn't... should have..."

He blubbered to the ceiling fan. He wanted to throw something at it, break it in punishment for bringing him back to them. *To her.*

He let out a bestial cry as he threw his pillow across the room, hitting the corner of his doorframe with a soft *thud* before sliding to the floor. He laid back down, bringing both hands to his face as his good horn scratched the headboard slightly. Every part of him hurt. He wailed into his mattress.

Someone knocked on his door. Dammit, was he too loud? He sat up, wiping his face with his covers, and blowing his nose with a tissue thrown haphazardly upon his nightstand. Just in time for whoever it was to open the door.

It was Max, an incineror that was his co-fighter, his friend, and his caretaker.

“Hey tough guy.” Max said.

“Hey.” Thompson responded. They stood in silence for a moment. Max opened his mouth to say something, but as he opened the door a bit further, it got caught on the pillow he threw. He peered at it before looking at Thompson again.

“You alright?”

“Yep.” Max gave him a long, skeptical look, feeling there was more to that than he was saying. He pursed his lips before continuing.

“Well... Frank’s getting some breakfast going. I don’t want you missing another meal, capiche?”

“Yeah, alright. I’ll be down in a bit.” Max nodded and shut the door. Thompson rubbed his face as he swung his feet off the bed and his feet found the slippers he had kicked off haphazardly the previous night. Guess it was time to start the day.