

Cerberus looked down, to only see his bloodied torso, tattered hoodie, and the piece of the blast door lodged in his chest. His vision was blurry. It was a horrible time. Even more horrible was the fact his closest friend died in the incident and he was the reason for it. At least, that's what he tells himself. That is what he tells himself **EVERY. SINGLE. DAY.**

-He struggled to breathe. He struggled to move. Yet, under the pain he was in, he stood up with all his strength, and walked through the ruins of the bunker. Cerberus limped through the hallway, hand on the wall, and another on his chest. This went on for a few more minutes, until he saw him. He saw his friend. Lying lifeless on the bloodied floor, on top of him a big piece of the roof. Cerberus fell on his knees, shaking, and trembling in fear, pain, and sorrow, all at the same time. He didn't know what to do. He didn't have anyone to blame it on. Just- **himself. He was devastated with the sheer guilt and sadness. He was the reason his friend stepped out the blast door. It was for his safety. But that begs the question...**

**...Why not me? Why- Why wasn't I there to help him.
WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY**

But then he woke up. Woke up from the same nightmare that has haunted him many years before. It was a very bright day, yet he wasn't the same. Now this sentence can go both ways. He wasn't bright like the day, nor was he the same after the accident.

After he woke up, he was breathing really fast and very much ahead of his alarm clock. A few tears ran down his face as he proceeded to wipe it with the bed sheets. He got out of bed, changed into his clothes, and decided to take a stroll to take the nightmare off his mind...

...But to no avail...

A few minutes went by as he was walking down the sidewalk beside the ca-
...

Beside the cafe they- **WE** -used to go to. The thoughts flooded his head, his hands still shivering as his vision flicked from now to then. It took a while for him to shake it off and walk away from the cafe. But it seems that everywhere he went, the memories followed; That time when they were playing at the beach as kids, the moment they had first met, and many, many more. He couldn't handle it anymore. Cerberus decided to walk back to his home, taking the route he usually didn't take, to get away from those memories... Oh how the years have passed...

...Eventually, after walking back to his apartment, he shut the door as he entered, and took a deep breath, trying his best not to break down in tears. He looked at the picture he took with his original squad from years ago. "...It- The memories still haunt me. The *guilt* still haunts me.." He said to himself, trying to hold back the tears. But the attempts were in vain, as he broke down in tears, his hands over his face as he was sobbing uncontrollably. "Why..." He repeatedly muttered to himself, still thinking he was the cause, and his friend's death was the effect. He took another deep -yet shaky breath, before wiping his tears away. He looked at the pistol on top of his nightstand, gripping it with full force, eyes closed. He opened his eyes again, and noticed he accidentally turned the gun towards himself. Cerberus pushed the gun away to prevent scaling things up.

He decided he needed some rest, and a cup of coffee. Cerberus went straight to work to brew one for himself with his coffee machine. After he drank the coffee, he laid on the bed, wide awake, thinking of anything to get his mind off the... *dilemma* he was having. Yet, it seems to be every single thought he was having was just about his friend, and the body, and the corpses... He didn't know what to do. It couldn't be his fault right? But *there was no one else to blame. Every single one he could blame are dead. So he- I was the only one to blame for it.*

Cerberus was having a big problem. So he decided to take a short nap, and proceeded to drift off to sleep, wherever his ~~thoughts~~, memories may take him.

As he drifted off, he woke up in his apartment, his vision was fuzzy, but it was clear to him that whatever *this* was, felt off, *very off*. As he got out of his bed, he opened the door, thinking it was the living room. But it was a labyrinth, a labyrinth of his memories that he didn't want to revisit anymore. But he still decided to go through it anyway...

...As he walked down the first corridor, he was faced with a choice of left and right. He noticed he could hear a really familiar sound coming from the left, so he decided to go towards it. As he walked down, he saw him, his friend, still alive, breathing, and standing in front of him, in the flesh. Seeing this, he ran towards him, embracing him in his arms as tears flowed down his face. "I- I missed you! Wh- Where have you been??" Cerberus asked in joy.

"..." His friend didn't reply. As Cerberus suspected, something is off. But before he could ask another time, his 'friend' replied. "...You really think I miss you? **YOU REALLY THINK I MISSED THE ONE WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR MY DEATH???**" His 'friend' pushed Cerberus away, causing him to fall to the ground. Cerberus was met with a mix of emotions, whether to be sad, confused, mad. He responded in tears. "B- But I thought-"

"THOUGHT WHAT? THAT / OUT OF ALL PEOPLE WOULD BE WANTING TO SEE YOUR FACE?"

And at that moment, all of a sudden, Cerberus was hit like a moving truck. He was hearing something he knew his friend wouldn't flat out say to him, the problem was; His friend- **Had all the reason to do so.**

He woke up from the nightmare once again, breathing heavily, covered in sweat, face covered in tears. He didn't want this to occur anymore, so he wiped his tears, and decided to take a visit at the cafe to try and face his fears. He walked down the street, until he reached the cafe. He reluctantly stepped in, to say the least, and took a deep breath as he walked to the cashier.

“Hello sir, may I take your order?” The cashier said enthusiastically.

“Y- Yeah, could I have a large double chocolate frappe?” He asked shyly.

“Anything else sir?” The cashier asked.

“Nothing else.”

“That would be...” The cashier types some stuff on his monitor. “...5.99 sir. Cash or credit?” He asked

“Cash.” Cerberus said, before handing the cashier 6 dollars.

The cashier took the 6 dollars and gave Cerberus his change, handing the receipt also. He headed to take a seat at the chair in the corner, and waited for his order. As he waited, he looked around the cafe, and behold, the seat he and his friend always sat on. They would joke about life, about their deaths and such, but now that his friend actually died. It's not jokes and games anymore. Just guilt. He shook his head, and realized his number was already being called by the same cashier who greeted him earlier. He stood up and quickly took his order, giving a 1 dollar tip to the waiter.

Cerberus left the cafe and quickly headed home, not wanting to get caught in the web of memories (and the lies he tells himself). As he was walking home, he had a strange feeling, akin to feeling sick with the common cold, or that of the flu. He ignored the feeling and hastily went back. Cerberus shut the door of his apartment as he entered, laying the beverage on his coffee table.

As he took a few sips of it, he was feeling dizzy, not really knowing what it was, so he decided to take a rest, and put the frappe in the refrigerator. As he lay awake on his bed, he had no idea on how to remove this guilt. But when he drifted off to sleep, he woke up, in the exact same place, in the exact same labyrinth he was in before. Except, the entrance he took was nowhere to be found, now the only way he could take, is to the right, where

he would hopefully find some answers. As he walked down, the only thing that could be heard was the silence, and his footsteps. He was broken. His only thoughts that haunt him were the lies. The lies he still didn't realize were false to this day. He walked, he walked, and he walked. Until his footsteps ended as he heard the same familiar voice behind him.

"I- I'm sorry! I didn't mean to hurt you... Please..." The voice called.

Cerberus took a quick moment of thinking, and he turned around, only for his friend to lunge at him and embrace him. "I- I promise I won't do that to you ever again..." He said. "J- just know... ***I'm already dead. There is nothing you can do. I- It wasn't your fault. Stop telling those lies to yourself, just please...***" He tried to push away from Cerberus, as their hands are still holding.

"Just please... ***Know how to let go.***"

At that moment, Cerberus still couldn't let go, although his friend already has, Cerberus refused.

He woke up in his bed, this time a bit more relieved. But he thought about the words in his dream. "Know how to let go."

Present time

He still lives with the guilt, yet his mind is now a little bit at ease. He still lives with the sorrow, but those moments of happiness still count. He still lives with the pain, and he could live with it. He still has those dreams, yet the familiar figure he called his friend was not there anymore. He still thinks of his thoughts, what the figure has said, or if he should do it. And in another dream, he hears those words again in a different order:

Let. Him. Go.

Written by CyanSus2.0/LOLZERS/Axel1611

Mildly/Heavily inspired by "Let Him Go." in Roblox by the Amicitia Devs