Out Of Bounds

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by scoundrellyFeline

Summary

Running was getting her nowhere. But, at the same time, there was no way in hell that she was giving up.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Oob was in a maze. Whichever way she turned, whichever way she ran... it was almost as though she kept going in circles. She bent over, trying to catch her breath. Running was getting her nowhere. But, at the same time, there was no way in hell that she was giving up. Not now, not after everything that had happened. Not after she lost her chance to tell White what she truely thought of her. Oob gritted her teeth. She *would* find the exit. She *would* recieve her name.

The geometry in here made seemingly no sense. You could run one way while leaving something behind (like a mark scratched into the wall), only to end up right back where you started — that mark only serving as a mocking reminder that escape was impossible. But... Oob had nothing more to lose. What more could possibly be taken from her?

Suddenly, she saw something out of the corner of her eye. She tried to focus on it, but by that point, it had seemingly long since disappeared from reality, given that it had existed at all. However, even with its dubious realness up in the air, Oob couldn't help but feel like it reminded her of something. It was a color unlike what she had seen around her for longer than she could remember. Unlike the cyan that consumed her, the cyan that was her biggest shame and regret, the cyan that showed that she was *nothing* and would *never* be anything...

It was Orange.

Orange...

Oob knew that this color should mean something to her. But what? Had she... forgotten something? Someone?

Oob did what she knew best. The only thing she knew best. She ran. Her blood pumped in her ears. Her chest burned. But she didn't stop. She couldn't allow herself to. She *needed* to find that color again.

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"Cyan!" A beautiful mare—no, Supersitional Realism—was shaking her awake from the other side of the bed, "You were screaming! Are you okay???" The look on her lover's face was heartbreaking. Super was looking at her with those pleading eyes, asking, begging that everything was all right. Cyan looked back at her, the nightmare lifting itself from her memories like fog over a lake at dawn.

"I... I think I was having a horrible nightmare, but I don't remember what it was." Cyan looked down, a bit embarassed that she woke her partner up. For a heartbeat, both mares sat on the bed, simply being in each other's presence.

"No matter what it was, I'm here for you Cyan." Cyan felt a hand cup under her chin and turn her head back towards Super, "You're safe now. I promise."

Looking deep into her partner's eyes, Cyan asked Super if she could kiss her; she obliged as they both leaned in towards one another, safe and warm in each other's arms.

End Notes

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