

How much money would it take to make you spend the night in a cemetery?

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/719) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/719>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Star Trek: Picard
Relationship:	Deanna Troi/William Riker
Character:	William Riker , Deanna Troi
Additional Tags:	Grief , Canonical Character Death , Emotional Manipulation , Telepathic Bonds , Double Drabble
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of Beyond Belief: Riker Drabbles
Stats:	Published: 2023-04-07 Words: 200 Chapters: 1/1

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by [jamaharon](#)

Summary

Every day, he's numb.

Every night, he sees Thad in his dreams.

Notes

Based on [this video compilation](#) from Beyond Belief.

Every day, he's numb.

Every night, he sees Thad in his dreams.

Some days he wakes up to Deanna's fingers running through his hair, his distress bleeding into her mind. The golden light of their Imzadi bond smooths his rough edges and takes the pain away. It fades a little bit at a time, every day, until it becomes a little easier to fake a smile for Kestra, to find the energy to teach her how to fly and play the games that she and Thad invented years ago, when Thad could still play. It fades until when Deanna kisses his palm, he actually feels it. Until his smiles become genuine; until he starts walking past Thad's bedroom door like it's not there.

Until there's no pain left at all, no dreams of Thad. No chance to see his dead son's smiling face, to hear his clear, familiar voice again.

So Will *doesn't* sleep.

He goes to the woods, to Thad's grave, his favorite flowers poking through the still-mounded earth. Here, Will sits, his hands knotted loosely around his knees, the night sky twinkling overhead. He waits for the sun to come up in the morning.

He waits, with Thad.

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