

## Familiarity

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# Familiarity

by [Princely29](#)

## Summary

Emma loathes the thought of forever forgetting her beloved family, but now she's living it, and it was painful. She needs a shoulder or two to cry on.

AKA

I'm not over the damn ending ;-;

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

She didn't have many memoirs of them, let alone anything that visibly connects her to all of them, the horrid truth hurts very much. She looks into her bag that she had hung on her shoulders when she woke up in that winter wasteland, looking for anything, *anything*, to find who she was once before. A photo was dragged out, it wasn't that old and it seemed to have been through a lot considering it was wrinkled and has a few cuts on it. Emma finds herself in the photo. Judging by her appearance in the photograph, she can already tell this was taken a few years ago when she was just as young as she used to be in the photo. But there was something wrong.

Her hand drifts near it, fingers running across the rough paper, across the odd smudge that was next to her in the photo. Her eyes narrowed at the sight as her brows furrow at the frustration, unable to remember how the smudge got there in the first place. The photo looked like that it can fit two people, considering how it was positioned and how far the camera had to be when it was taken. If that was the case then who the heck was with her in that damn picture? The frame can definitely fit two people, there's a possibility that a person in question is around the same or around her height, and that she knows who it is. But who can freaking tell? She can't remember a single thing.

The next thing was a rifle. It isn't actually in the bag, to begin with. But when holding it, despite the kind old man telling her that she's far too young to handle such a weapon in her age, an overly familiar feeling immediately ignited inside of her, so abrupt that she almost pulled the trigger. Emma's hands began to waver from her grip on the rifle, realizing that she might not be able to handle the weight of the weapon, but holding it in her hands...she felt as though she held the gun before.

No...

It was more than that...

Much more...

Nowadays, she would find herself walking through the halls at night, or on the day when the old man is not in the house like he's out buying groceries or something, her feet would bring her to the storage room and eyes drop down in front to see the rifle. Her grip on it is firm, handling it like she was a professional made her think that maybe she used it before. The old man did comment one day that the gun had fewer bullets in the barrels, indicating that it was used, even the gash marks and slightly visible handprints further supported this. She tried shooting with it before. Yeah, she tried. Of course, she was fully aware she can't do that if the old man is at home, or when he just walked out the door and is about to come home. So the most obvious thing that Emma did was go to a place where the house is still seen from a distance and where she can shoot freely without harming anybody. And so she began to practice shooting. The more she did so, however, that Emma began to see herself already getting the hang of it, maybe she really did use the gun herself before. But why would she? Where in this entire world would be so dangerous to the extent of having a teenager handle a rifle meant for professionals for survival? An excellent question she would ask for no one, in particular, she called herself an idiot for asking such a dumb question when she knows nobody is here to answer it.

Her head raised up, her eyes widened with the sense of something coming to her at a rapid pace. It was strong the first time, fast and very impactful. Strange feeling, a strange feeling indeed. It was almost like... Someone called her that before. Huh. Was she always such a blockhead? Never had Emma thought that maybe she wasn't a badass proficient gunslinger or a cool sniper like the ones she had read in books from the house, she was probably a dunce? Well, she can identify that she acts more optimistic than most, even in the midst of her identity crisis she can tell that it's true. Not to mention she once had the strange urge to say she wants to ride a giraffe when she saw a picture of one in a book she was reading, she didn't keep it to herself though so her new guardian listened to her blabbering on and on about how cool it would be to ride the tall-necked animals.

But who was she kidding? She doesn't remember. All those sensations gave her was a sense of familiarity.

And that damn necklace... What was up with that thing anyway? One time she tries to put it away for good, to live a new life and stop trying to cling to her old one, and the next thing she knew she sees herself wearing it to the bustling marketplace. She just can't seem to let it go for some reason, and her lovable personality is making it really hard for her to forget about it, the eye-shaped pendant rested around her neck for a while... Until the old man pointed out it was no longer there. Initially, Emma was glad the necklace was no longer there to haunt her with more vague and blurry images or dreams while she sleeps, but then there's



that clinging feeling again. Emma can't let it go so she went off to look for it and here she was, surrounded by a group of travelers wearing winter clothing appropriate for the cold environment they were in.

Who are they?

What do they want?

Why are they calling me "Emma"?

*Is Emma who I used to be?*

Those were the questions that bombarded her when she ultimately decided to go with the strangers even though she doesn't know or remember them in the slightest, but to her, it didn't matter, because they were people who wanted to see and be with her for so long. Two long years they have tried to look for her in the large world they are in, all of them treated her with kindness, some also called her by the old name that she decided to abandon, Emma. That name rang in her ears for weeks in the times she's spent with them in their surprisingly huge mansion. So... Familiar... And she wanted to kick herself for not remembering an ounce of them. But their actions towards her made her feel the nostalgia a lot more than the objects she had when she first woke up. A hug from the girl with the glasses who had beautiful green hair and the most worrisome that Emma has ever met. A boy who is tall and enthusiastic who played with her using a toy bow with plastic arrows for them to shoot targets at, though the bow and arrows were more real and practical than toys to be perfectly honest.

Many of them brought more of these feelings to her, and she craved it even more as time went on, but yet she isn't satisfied.

Why?

Why can't she feel complete?

Why does she still crave their love and attention like it was the most important thing in the world to her, the pinnacle of her existence? She cared for them from the bottom of her heart and they shared the same feeling for her back, but why is she still like this then? Why can't she move on? The stress pounded in her head, threatening to burst open and kill her on the spot. Tears rolled down her cheeks as her hands gripped tighter on her bedsheets, her legs kneeled down next to her bed and felt as though both were being left with bruises as soon as Emma lifts herself up from the ground. But she didn't. The tears on the bed have long dried all around the area where she has been crying, the wet teardrops on the covers just made her wanna cry more.

Her hands were beginning to lose their grip on the sheets, sleep soon looming over her head as her heavy eyes began to droop down, but her eyes didn't stop leaking those pitiful tears of her disappointment and sorrow. She tried to suck it up and go back to bed, get some shuteye, and hopefully forget this ever happened, but her mouth didn't stop frowning. Flashes of memories of her family still being nice to her despite her not remembering who they are forced Emma to sob more. But the feeling of hands, both different from touch alone, held onto her shoulders as her eyes widened, tears still falling down her cheeks as she turns her head to whoever it was.

Two boys, both different in personality and appearance looks at her with a worried look in their eyes, asking her if she was alright, or why she was crying. The boy with hair as dark as the night sky and eyes really sharp that can see right through you. He looked at her with furrowed brows.

"Are you okay?"

I'm obviously not okay, she said in her head.

But the warmth she's feeling from his hand seeped into her skin and into her heart, giving her a sensation so soft and fuzzy that she couldn't help but release all the tension building up inside of her, letting the two boys hold onto her fast when she was about to collapse. The stress that coursed through her during her breakdown now dissipated quickly as her body felt the pressure of arms wrapped around her, and being carried up and towards her bed. Her entire body relished at the softness of the pillows and the clean and unbelievably comfortable mattress beneath her, letting herself relax as her breathing that was going out of control leaving her already. She felt the boys' hands on her own, gripping her hands hard but thoughtfully, respecting her if she didn't like it. But she did. Those two...

She doesn't know why but whenever she gets a chance to see them or talk to them, the feeling of familiarity was much stronger than before, than the rest. Now she knows that's putting it quite rudely to the others, but she can't lie about what she's feeling now. It was a special connection she can't help but describe as warm, comfortable, and most of all, what she was looking for. The boy to her left, Ray, raven hair covering one side of his face but his one visible eye comforted her. She looked back at him lovingly and then shifts them to the boy with the snow-white hair and the softest baby blue eyes that she admires, Emma looked at them with the eyes of that who just saw the most precious thing in their entire life.

"Are you okay now, Emma?" Ray asked, leaning closer to Emma that it unknowingly made her blush. But in her mind, she figured that she may know why.

"Do you need anything? We're here if you need something." Norman smiled softly as he tightens his grip on Emma's hand, she does so back at him and smiles at the two best friends she ever had.

They are precious to her, "I need you two right now..." She says, forcing herself to sit up from her bed and hugs both Ray and Norman into a hug that sends tons of emotions through her. The boys, surprised at first that she's still able to get up even after feeling so tired and stressed, returned her hug even stronger. The three sending their gratitude and love for one another in that one moment.

This is what Emma was looking for...

A sense of familiarity that can finally bring that door that she left open in her life to a close.

## End Notes

Imma give Emma all the hugs she needs, cuz seriously, she deserves it.

So I opted for a more trio fic than the usual RayEmma one, these three needs more friendship moments damn it. Though I did sneak in a little RayEmma in here cuz I feel like it -w-

I initially planned for this to be a longer fic, but hey, it can't be helped.

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