

For the Days I Can't Remember

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/33726412>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	D.Gray-man
Relationship:	Kanda Yuu/Allen Walker
Characters:	Allen Walker , Kanda Yuu
Additional Tags:	Post-Canon , Reincarnation , Romance , Hurt/Comfort , Angst and Humor , Fluff and Angst
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-11-01 Words: 10,402 Chapters: 1/1

For the Days I Can't Remember

by [Nherizu](#)

Summary

Allen has no idea about what Kanda does, but the guy sure is weird. He always shows up here and there, carrying his wooden sword and wearing a grumpy face. Allen doesn't even remember when and how they met the first time. Just that by now, Allen realizes Kanda is someone who doesn't belong to this place either.

Notes

Betareader: a1y_puff

Artist: Korotora

Happy reading!

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

Title: For the Days I Can't Remember

Fandom: D.Gray-man

Pairing: Kanda Yuu/Allen Walker

Rating: PG-13

Genre: Romance, Hurt/Comfort

Summary:

Allen has no idea about what Kanda does, but the guy sure is weird. He always shows up here and there, carrying his wooden sword and wearing a grumpy face. Allen doesn't even remember when and how they met the first time. Just that by now, Allen realizes Kanda is someone who doesn't belong to this place either.



Sometimes, Allen thinks he isn't supposed to be here.

He comes from a warm family. His mother owns a music school and his father's a fashion designer who came from London to establish a line in Japan. Allen won several awards in piano as a child, and now he enrolls in one of the most prestigious music universities in Tokyo. Even his father's friend, one of the rising composers in England, recognized his playing. His life is perfect, really. He shouldn't ask for more.

But he doesn't. He just knows that this is not how his life is supposed to be.

It's in the way people chatter on the street. The way his classmate, Kazuki, laughs and drags him to karaoke. Or how his parents pat his head with smiles so big and full of love. It's different, he thinks.

Allen remembers an empty street. He remembers walking in various places, sometimes into the deep of a forest, other times inside old churches in small villages. He remembers being alert all the time, although he has no idea what he should be afraid of. It is as if something was lurking in the dark and now his left arm hurts, hurts, *hurts*—

Allen sighs. He massages his arm and tries to move the fingers. He doesn't feel pain, he knows for sure he can play the piano as usual, but why does it always feel like it hurts?

"Allen!" His mother knocks on the door and he startles. He doesn't lock his room, he never does, and soon he sees his mother frowning at him. "What are you doing? It's past eight."

"Oh, *bloody* —," he bites his tongue as his mother's eyes narrow, "uh, I'll get ready now."

Allen hurries to the bathroom. As he brushes his teeth, he stops in front of the mirror above the sink and stares at the dark circle under his eyes.

Another sleepless night. Maybe he needs to go to the hospital and ask for some sleeping pills.

Allen bends down and rinses his mouth. At that moment he sees something weird in the mirror. He straightens up and his reflection changes. Allen frowns. The one in the mirror is still... him, but it isn't really *him*. His platinum blond hair is a little longer, and a red tattoo lines the left side of his face—from the forehead down to the chin. Allen moves closer to the mirror. He raises his hand to touch, sees his reflection do the same, and knocks a cup off the sink.

"Oh shoot." He catches the cup before it clatters to the floor. Once he looks up again, he is staring at the usual him. There's no tattoo, just his pale face and puffy eyes.

"Allen, you'll miss your classes," his mother's voice comes again.

Allen takes a deep breath. Now he even falls into delusions.

"Allen!"

"Yes, I'm ready, I'm ready!"

He rushes outside, grabs his satchel, and runs down the stairs after checking he has everything he needs inside. Then he pauses, climbs up again, and kisses his mother.

“Don’t forget you need to teach the children in the evening.”

“I know, Mom,” he says.

As he dashes off the house, Allen presses his lips together and makes a mental note to visit the hospital soon.

It’s just a lack of sleep. There is no point in thinking too deeply about it.

Every morning, Allen meets him in the park a few blocks away from home. He doesn’t know what Kanda does, aside from the fact that he enrolls at a nearby university. He sure is weird, though— always showing up here and there, carrying his wooden sword. Allen doesn’t even remember when and how they met the first time. Just that by now, Allen realizes Kanda is someone who doesn’t belong either.

Today Kanda wears his hair in a ponytail as always, dons a black shirt and jeans, and a scowl seems to be permanently etched on his face. He doesn’t even bother wearing a jacket, despite the autumn air being chilly. It isn’t his appearance that makes him so out of place, though. There is just something—in the way he talks, the way he looks—that makes Allen think of a faraway place. It’s borderline funny, if only Allen can laugh about it. But he can’t. Not when he feels a strong sense of comradeship with him.

“I know you miss me, but I’m gonna be late, so I can only grace you with my presence for a few minutes,” Allen says.

Kanda snorts. He puts down the sword he was swinging around just a few seconds prior and says, “You’re already late, dumbass.”

“Well, it’s true. It’s surprising to know you have my schedules memorized.”

Kanda rolls his eyes, but then he stares. Again, like always, he stares with those eyes that cause goosebumps on Allen’s skin. So intense, searching, like Allen isn’t there, even though it makes little sense. Because Allen is there, isn’t he? Allen is there, but Kanda doesn’t seem to stop looking at him that way.

“You know, I might skip the first period,” Allen says. “Since you look like you’re skipping, too, wanna go somewhere?”

Kanda frowns. “Where to?”

“Well, I don’t know. Have any suggestions? Places you go with your friends?”

“No.”

“Oh, sorry!” Allen gasps. “Bold of me for assuming you have friends.”

Kanda cuts their distance and glares with all his might. “You wanna die, Beansprout?”

Allen laughs. Yes, like this. It’s always easy with Kanda.

“All right, all right, I know a place. And the name is Allen, Bakanda.”

Kanda says nothing, but he doesn’t seem to object either. He slides his wooden sword into its scabbard and waits.

Allen smiles and grabs his hand. “Come on! We only have two hours before my second period starts.”

Kanda gazes around with narrowed eyes. Occasionally Allen sees his left eye twitch and Allen fights the urge to snicker. An orange fur ball jumps and lands on Kanda’s lap, then makes itself comfortable there. Kanda’s hands freeze in the air, not knowing what to do.

Allen has lost it.

“You know it’s common sense to pet cats when they snuggle with you.” He wipes a tear away.

Kanda hisses, “Why the fuck did you pick a cat cafe, of all the cafes on this street?”

Allen caresses the white cat that has taken residence in his own lap. It gives a contented purr and rubs its nose to Allen’s palm.

Kanda tries to shoo the orange cat away, but with the way he just glares silently with his hands in the air, it is futile. A few more cats meow under their table. One tabby cat even sleeps on the windowsill next to them. The air in the cafe is warm, a perfect place for cats to nap all day.

“How about you order something? I’ll call the server,” Allen says. “And wow, you really are bad with cats.”

“Shut up. I don’t need cats. Who needs cats anyway?”

Allen shrugs. “I mean, they are cute. For stress relief.”

“Working out is stress relief,” Kanda objects. “With a sword.”

“Do you want me to swing a sword around like you? No, thank you.” Allen beams. “Now be a dear and pick something from the menu.”

Kanda grumbles under his breath but complies anyway. He orders black coffee after glaring at the menu for not listing green tea. Allen calls the server, smiles, and asks for a large-sized

parfait, macaroons, a strawberry shortcake, and a glass of orange juice. Once the server's out of earshot, he realizes Kanda is staring at him.

"What?" Allen feels oddly defensive. This is the first time they go to eat together and though Allen never cares how people see him, now he feels like he needs to speak up. "I eat a lot. Does that bother you?"

"No," Kanda says. "No one gives a damn about what you eat."

"Then what? Why are you staring?"

Allen wants to say that Kanda *always* stares. It is already on the tip of his tongue, but Kanda just stays silent before glaring back at the orange fur ball in his lap.

"Kanda...."

Kanda looks up, opens his mouth, and the server comes with their orders. Allen clenches his fist as Kanda seems to have lost the will to say whatever it was he wanted to say.

"Well," Allen says, giving up, "bon appétit."

"Tell me about you," Kanda says out of the blue. "How are you, Beansprout?"

Wow, that *is* weird. "How am I?"

"Just...." Kanda searches for words, poking at his cup of coffee as though it offends him. "Your school. Tell me about uni."

"You do realize I should be the one to ask you? I always tell you about my life, but you just sit and listen. I feel like I'm talking to a statue!"

Kanda takes offense to that. "You never fucking asked!"

"Fine then, I'll ask. How old are you? Where do you live? What's your major? Why do you always train in the park? Why—"

"One by one!"

"—do you care so much about me?"

Kanda stops. He regards Allen in silence, looking as if Allen is being unfair. Like Allen has just hurt him. But has Allen really? Why? Why does it feel like Allen is the one in the wrong?

Kanda looks away. His gaze falls on whatever it is outside the window. Allen has a feeling that Kanda isn't actually seeing anything.

"Fine," Kanda says. "It's not like I have to hide anything." He shrugs, then takes a sip of his coffee. "I'm twenty-one, a junior. I study History. I rarely go to classes, though. They make me sleepy."

“Okay,” says Allen, just because he feels weird if he doesn’t say anything. “Go on.”

“My apartment is just a couple of blocks away from the park, that’s why I always train there.” He pauses, looks at Allen. “Why do you think I care about you?”

Allen blinks. “What—“

Kanda frowns, and Allen notices he is genuinely confused. It can’t be—does he seriously not realize? The way he sees Allen all this time?

“You... don’t know why I think so?”

“Fuck, Beansprout, I don’t know what I’m supposed to know!”

Allen leans back in his chair. He should have known. Allen doesn’t know him for long, and even then, they are not exactly close. But Kanda is perhaps the most oblivious, yet honest guy alive. One doesn’t need to be extremely perceptive to see that. Allen thinks as he watches Kanda grunt at his coffee, that beneath his rude exterior, Kanda is pure like a child. And maybe it’s not that Kanda doesn’t belong here. Maybe Allen is the one who wants him to be that way.

Allen refuses to think why.

“You know, for all that talk about you hating cats, you still keep it in your lap,” Allen says.

Kanda’s brow furrows. Like he has just remembered a cat is snuggling close to him. “I never said I *hate* cats,” he says. “I just don’t need them.”

“Whatever you say, Kanda. Whatever you say.”

Kanda looks like he’s struggling not to flip the table to Allen’s face. “Shithead.”

The cat stays until they decide to leave.

“Bye, Allen-*sensei*!”

Allen smiles as his students file out of the room. They converse happily, mentioning some anime Allen never bothers to watch. Children sure are energetic. He doesn’t particularly like children per se, but teaching piano to them in his mother’s music school is refreshing. His piano lessons at university aren’t bad, he can follow them just fine. However, he still appreciates the chance to enjoy music without having to be burdened by rules or expectations.

Allen sits on the bench and faces the upright. It is brown, polished like new, proof of how much his mother loves it. He glances at the large window to his left and sees the orange hue of the sky. Allen always loves the view from this room. The school is in the heart of a suburban area, it’s not exactly a perfect place to enjoy the scenery. But if Allen looks up, the

sky is always painted in brilliant colors. The sunset looks especially beautiful, and Allen's heart clenches.

There is, always, something in his chest whenever he sees the sunset. It feels nostalgic, a little sad but not to the point of making him shed a tear. In fact, sometimes he smiles and lets his heart swell with longing. He misses it, misses the sunset, misses something that came with it. He has no idea what it was, though.

Like this, the ghost of his past washes over him again. No, he doesn't know if what he remembers is really from a previous life. It sounds ridiculous even to his ears. But he doesn't know how else to explain the feelings that bombard him constantly. He wants to go back. Wants a home that he knows he can no longer see. Sometimes he misses it so much it pains him.

Allen takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, and plays. His fingers dance over the keys, the melody he creates slow and gentle. The music he composed when he was seventeen but has never been heard by anyone else. It is something precious, something he has poured his whole heart into. Akin to a secret, and he fears of letting anyone hear. It will be like stripping himself bare, with nothing that can shield him from view.

Allen finishes the melody in pianissimo. His hands tremble and the silence that follows is so loud. It weighs on him, making him hard to breathe. Until his cell phone goes off, pulling him back to reality.

Allen sighs. Seems like whoever messages him has sent him so many texts. Afraid it is something urgent, Allen stalks to his backpack that sits at the back of the room.

Allen frowns. The sender is unknown. On his screen are several pictures of something... blurry and black. The backgrounds are sand and a plastic shovel, which Allen guesses from the sandpit at a park. But the black thing, the supposedly primary focus of the photographs, blurs so much Allen has no idea what it is. Until his phone goes off again and the newest photo makes his breath hitch.

Kanda is scowling at the camera. One hand is pinching the nape of a cat, its expression shows murder at Kanda, and his other hand is holding the phone to take a selfie.

Allen bursts out laughing until his stomach hurts. What the bloody hell? He just remembers that they exchanged numbers that morning, albeit Allen forgot to save it. But—he never thought Kanda would be the one who texted first. And did something like this. *Especially* something like this.

He quickly sends a text.

[What are you doing??? I crying (; ʔʔʔ)]

There is an icon of Kanda typing a reply, while Allen tries hard to stop laughing.

[You said you like cats]

[For stress relief]

Allen exhales. His heart beats just a bit faster and he just—

Kanda did this for *Allen*. He somehow knows that Allen... is struggling. He hasn't realized he cares so much about Allen, but he did this. Allen swears Kanda will be the death of him someday.

[You need to learn to take proper photos! I had no idea what that thing was.]

[...stfu]

Allen chuckles. He types another reply.

[Do you know Walker Music School near that park? In front of the Seven-Eleven?]

[Yeah. Why?]

[That's my mom's school. Come here. I'm alone now.]

There is no reply for a minute or two. But Allen can see the icon of Kanda typing at the bottom. Allen shakes his head, smiling. He imagines how Kanda is right now—flustered, confused, not sure what to say to Allen. But he still tries to reply, anyway.

[OK.]

[Wow, you took 2 minutes to type OK!]

[ㄱㄴ (▲_▲) ㄱㄴ]

Allen laughs again.

[I'm waiting.]

Kanda doesn't reply. Allen saves all the pictures Kanda sent him in a special folder, then goes back to his upright. This time, he plays something more cheerful.

Kanda arrives when Allen finishes the third song. Or perhaps he has come earlier, standing outside, waiting for Allen to notice him. Allen grins and opens the window. He inhales the gentle scent of autumn as the breeze caresses his skin.

"You could have knocked on the window. Or just come through the door like a normal person."

Kanda shoves his hands into his jacket pockets. "You were the one who told me to come. But you *forgot*."

"I didn't!" Allen said. "I played the piano. How was I supposed to know you had arrived if you just watched me." Allen then grins. "I thought you were a stalker hiding in the dark, to be honest."

Kanda smirks. "You want me to stalk you?"

Allen raises an eyebrow. Truthfully, a few months prior, Allen thought Kanda was a stalker. He kept appearing whenever Allen was alone, in the park, or at a nearby *konbini*. Allen had revised that opinion ever since he learned Kanda is enrolled at a university in his neighborhood, though. Still, that doesn't explain why Kanda likes to stare at Allen.

"So, you want to come in?" Allen asks. He steps back and gestures with his hand to invite Kanda in.

Kanda eyes Allen for a few seconds, before he sighs and climbs onto the windowsill. He lands gracefully, like a cat—which is ironic, considering Kanda is adamant about not needing cats in his life.

"Well," Allen says. Now that Kanda is in front of him, the awkwardness of the situation hits him. Why did he ask Kanda to come? What should he do now? He scratches his cheek and observes the guy before him.

"Why didn't you turn on the lights?" Kanda asks when Allen takes too long to do anything.

"I was too into my playing. I'll turn them on now," Allen says, and stops hesitantly.

Like this, Kanda looks different. In broad daylight, he is a cool guy, all right. He has a prominent nose and cheekbones that can put an idol to shame. But now, showered by the

moonlight from the window, he looks *almost* ethereal. Like a fairy, beautiful, but with the masculinity of a knight. A *samurai*, Allen adds in his mind.

Kanda raises an eyebrow.

“On second thought,” Allen says, “have you ever heard Moonlight Sonata?”

“No...?”

“Want to hear me play it?”

“No—“

“Great, take a seat and I’ll play it for you!” Allen beams. Kanda’s brow furrows at that. Before he can retaliate, though, Allen pushes Kanda’s back to the sofa next to the wall. “I said, take a seat! And put down that sword. You’re ruining the mood.”

“Beansprout, what the hell?” Kanda says, but he still sits anyway.

“Let’s keep the lights off. The moonlight is bright enough.”

Allen walks back to the piano. The room itself is not that big, and the sofa is just around two meters away from the piano. He plops down on the bench, cracks his fingers, and plays.

It is the first time he volunteers to play for someone, without hidden intentions. He has played for countless people, his teachers and music critics, his mom and dad, and the people in the orchestra he helped when he was in high school. But not like this. This is easy. He plays just because he *wants* to. Kanda and his stupid face in the moonlight cause this.

Allen chances a glance at Kanda—who is looking so focused like he is plotting murders—and chuckles. He closes his eyes, pictures the place he often sees in his dreams. Kanda is there, Allen has no troubles imagining him in that place. Somehow, Kanda suits that place. Standing proudly with a black coat and a sword on his hip. The moonlight caresses his features, softening the otherwise hard exterior. Allen misses this. He doesn’t know why, just that he does.

His fingers dance over the keys one last time as the last verse ends. Then he exhales, feeling oddly excited.

“How was it?”

Kanda is silent. His head tilts to the side, resting against the wall.

Allen laughs. “I can’t believe this....”

Of course Kanda is asleep. He never strikes Allen as the type who enjoys classical music. Still, Allen has never encountered someone who falls asleep from listening to it. In movies or books, yeah, he has read them. But in real life, never.

Allen rises and approaches him. Kanda looks so peaceful this way. His forehead doesn't crease from a frown, his lips slightly open. His soft breathing calms Allen for some reason.

Allen touches Kanda's hair, then catches himself. He takes back his hand as his mind wanders again.

What is it about Kanda that draws him so much?

He is just a *kendo* freak, who is beyond lazy with his studies. Someone who has too much time on his hands and likes to loiter around Allen's neighborhood. Someone who, apparently, tries to cheer him up by taking cat photos, and wills to follow whatever Allen asks no matter how absurd it is.

Allen sits beside him and leans back on the wall. The moonlight is visible through the window. Allen does love the view from this room. Slowly, carefully, Allen tilts his head and rests it on Kanda's shoulder.

He falls asleep shortly after.

At this time of the day, the park isn't as lively as usual. Some mothers are accompanying their toddlers and babies, but most of the children are at school. It is, Allen thinks, quite peaceful. Allen crouches in front of the sandpit and lifts a black cat to his face.

"Weren't you the one in the pictures?"

The cat meows and dips its head, licking the tip of Allen's nose. Behind Allen, Kanda makes a protesting noise.

Allen laughs. "He likes me." He shoots Kanda a winning smile.

"How do you know it's a he?" Kanda says.

"Because," Allen stands and brings the cat to face Kanda, "he has balls."

Kanda looks mortified to know that cats have balls.

"What? You think they procreate with their tails or something?"

Kanda frowns. "I just never thought about how they procreate."

The cat hisses and scratches his claws at Kanda's face. Well, almost, since Kanda jumps backward and even brings his sword to protect him, hissing back.

"You can't expect him to like you if you act that way!" Allen says.

"I repeat, I don't need it—him—whatever it is to like me!"

Allen rolls his eyes and releases the cat. “Bye, Kuroo. I’ll miss you.”

“You even named it....”

“Of course! He’s special. His pictures lift my mood,” says Allen with a wide smile. That shuts Kanda up. Wait, are his cheeks pink? Pretty sure it isn’t because of the cold wind—

Kanda puts his sword back in its place and looks away.

“Kanda, it isn’t like you—“

“So, did you get enough sleep?”

Allen raises his eyebrows. “What?”

“Your eyes,” Kanda gestures at his own eyes, “don’t look as dark as before.”

“Oh.”

Allen looks down. To be honest, ever since that night in the music school, Allen finds himself easily drifting off if he just thinks about music or anything that’s not his past. Allen also knows Kanda always stares at him, knows Kanda cares. But hearing this still catches him off guard....

It seems Kanda notices Allen’s discomfort and changes the subject. “What made you skip classes again this time?”

Allen looks up. Kanda’s eyeing him, but Allen can’t read what it is Kanda is hiding behind that straight face.

“I’m not skipping! Don’t put me on the same level as you,” Allen says.

Kanda snorts. “Yeah, right.”

“They chose me to perform in the winter recital. Today I just had to get the music sheets and practice.” Allen shrugs. “I can do that at my mom’s school. It’s better that way.”

Kanda raises an eyebrow. “Why?”

Why indeed. Allen sighs and stands up, dusting his knees. Allen loves his university. The lessons, the life as a student, everything is nice. He especially loves his friends. They sometimes make him forget about his past, grounding him to the present. It is just—he can’t help but feel the feelings are one-sided. That he is an outsider amongst his Japanese friends. Even though Allen is only half British and can’t speak English to save his life.

In the end, he is even more sure he doesn’t belong.

There is always that sensation, the feeling that he misses the people he trusted. Though he doesn’t know them, he is certain that once upon a time, he had people he could call ‘home’. The gaping hole in his chest constantly reminds him of it.

Allen sighs again. He wants to drop the subject, but finds Kanda is waiting.

“I just feel more relaxed if I practice at a place that I’m familiar with,” Allen says. “By the way, aren’t you hungry?”

Kanda seems to notice that Allen doesn’t want to talk about it further. He says nothing, though.

“What’s your favorite food?” Allen asks, smiling as wide as he can afford. “I’m curious. Should we eat your favorites this time?”

“My favorites?”

“Yes! I imagine you like something traditional. Am I right?”

Kanda stares.

“Why? Are you afraid I’d laugh? I’d never laugh about food! I can eat anything, even the weirdest thing like cockroaches—“

“Disgusting!” Kanda holds his hand in front of Allen. “I get it, I’ll tell you!” He then mumbles to himself, “Stupid Beansprout and his weird appetite....”

Allen grins. “All right, show the way!”

“Right....”

Kanda sighs, looking like he is praying for more patience to whatever deity above. He stalks away and Allen smiles, following Kanda in silence.

Twenty minutes later, Allen finds himself seated on a *tatami*. The table before him looks like it was made with ancient wood. Two cups of green tea sit on top of it. It is amazing, Allen thinks, how Kanda knows a place that Allen didn’t. He quite prides himself for having visited various eating places. This place, even though located in Tokyo, is hidden behind other bigger stores. From the looks of it, it’s also not that famous that people would talk about it. It is no wonder Allen never came across it.

“This is wonderful,” Allen says. “It feels as if I’m in a historical drama.”

Kanda smirks. “Yeah, way better place than that cat hole.”

“I’ve always wondered how you can be so rude with a straight face.”

“I’ve always wondered how you can be an ass with such an innocent smile.”

Allen snorts a laugh. “Oh, I didn’t see that coming.”

A server approaches them then, placing five plates in front of Allen and one for Kanda.

“This looks good!” Allen claps his hands. He doesn’t wait any longer to take a bite. “*Mm!*”

Kanda studies the sweet before him and takes a tentative bite. He quickly swallows and gulps down the green tea.

“What’s wrong?” Allen asks. “I thought this was your favorite?”

“It is,” Kanda says. He fidgets with the stick on his plate. “It just... tastes too sweet today.”

“Really? I’ve always loved *dangos* , but this one is especially perfect to me!”

Allen bites into his *dango* again and almost closes his eyes to savor the sweetness of it. It is then that he sees Kanda.

Allen is used to Kanda staring at him. He really is. But right now, Kanda is resting his chin on his palm, his other hand on the table, and his eyes....

Allen never saw Kanda gazing at him so... softly before. He isn’t smiling, but his demeanor relaxes as if he is content just by staring at Allen. And there it is again, something in his eyes. Something that reminds Allen that Kanda is searching for someone in him. Someone who seems far away even though *Allen* is here—

Allen ducks his head. He nibbles on his lip and senses something bloom in his chest. Something nostalgic, full of sorrow and helplessness. It is also the feeling he weirdly wants to hang onto.

Kanda’s eyes feel heavier than before.

“You don’t like it?” Kanda asks, startling Allen.

“What? No, no, I like it, I do.” Allen pauses and smiles. “That’s the thing though, it seems this is more like my favorite food than yours.”

Kanda is silent, before he looks away and shrugs. “Who knows,” he says.

Allen takes a deep breath and tries to control his feelings.

Yes, it must have been a coincidence.

Right?

Allen can’t find Kanda.

Every day, Allen sees him in the park. Even when he doesn’t want to, Kanda is there, practicing his sword, as if he is waiting for Allen to come back from school. Sometimes,

Allen sees him lurking in a nearby convenience store, looking for onigiri and a can of green tea. In other words, Allen is spoiled by Kanda's constant presence, to the point he thinks he can see Kanda whenever he wants to. But today, Allen is reminded of the fact that Kanda has a life of his own, too.

How selfish of Allen to think Kanda's life revolves around him.

It's been a week. Allen goes to the park and plays with Kuroo. Every time he goes to and comes back from the university, he visits the park. But there isn't Kanda.

Allen sighs. He sits on the bench, stroking Kuroo's nape.

"You know, maybe I should call him. Just to see if he's okay," he says.

Allen can't bring himself to do it, though. He feels awkward. Especially since that time they ate *dangos*. He has no idea how he should face Kanda. But not seeing him this long makes Allen feel even more nervous.

Did Allen say something wrong? Did Kanda find him annoying? Or worse, did something happen to Kanda?

Allen fidgets in his seat. Kuroo, annoyed with Allen's movements, jumps off his lap.

"Sheesh, what should I do? Tell me, Kuroo!" Allen stands and whines.

Kuroo gives Allen a judging look before he sprints off the park.

"Ah," Allen says, scratching his cheek. He supposes he already knew the answer.

He resigns and grabs his phone.

Once he unlocks the screen, he changes his mind to text Kanda instead of calling. His heart's just not ready for a call.

[Are you alive?]

He sends it and holds his breath.

Kanda isn't a fast texter. And Allen understands that there might be things that can hold Kanda up. Like his classes (but, doesn't he always skip?), or his friends (does he even have a friend?). Still, Allen agonizes over the fact that Kanda doesn't answer immediately.

And that's why, when he hears someone approaching him from behind, he jumps.

"Beansprout?"

"Bloody hell!" Allen's heart skips a beat. "K-Kanda!"

Kanda raises an eyebrow.

“Gosh, you surprised me,” Allen says. Kanda is before him, looking at him with the same expression that Kuroo gave him earlier. “You should have told me you were coming!”

“Why were you so surprised? Did you do something bad?” Kanda walks past him to drop his backpack on the bench. He fishes out his phone and stills as he unlocks it. “Huh,” he says. “I thought which idiot dared to text me after I threatened them, but it turned out to be you.”

“What? Well, you were missing and I—“ Allen pauses, tilting his head. “Did you say *threaten*?”

“They wanted me to take part in a play.”

“Oh wow! You are going to act in a play?”

“Of course not, Dumbass,” Kanda says. “I’ve skipped too many times this semester. I can’t skip anymore and I have to get points from other stuff too. To make up for all the assignments I missed.”

Ah, that makes sense. Kanda indeed has to attend his classes now if he doesn’t want to repeat the year.

“I still don’t see the connection. What about the play?” Allen asks.

“My uni has an annual culture festival.” Kanda shrugs. “The kendo club wants to perform a play. They don’t have enough men, though. Not that it’s any of my business.”

“If you’re part of the club, then it *is* your business.” Allen grins. “So, what’s your role?”

“I *won’t* take part.”

“Oh, come on! At least tell me what your club’s gonna play!”

Kanda narrows his eyes.

“I’ll go to the festival if you don’t tell me.”

“Beansprout,” Kanda hisses. “Fuck, you’re enjoying this, aren’t you?”

“I mean, Kanda in a play, who doesn’t want to see it?”

“I repeat, I won’t take part!”

“*Title*, please,” Allen says, beaming.

Kanda looks as if he wants to strangle Allen.

“Let me guess. If you refuse the play, that means they need you for a role you hate. Like a girl role?”

Kanda freezes. His expression makes Allen grin wider.

“It’s easy to guess, with your appearance. You will look amazing as a princess, actually.”

“Bean—!”

“And because you don’t look that smart, they must have given you a role that doesn’t require a lot of talking,” Allen continues and beams. “They must have asked you to play Sleeping Beauty!”

Kanda flushes so hard, Allen didn’t know that was possible. Kanda looks cute, though, and that makes all the awkwardness Allen felt earlier disappear.

“Are you impressed with my genius?”

“That—that’s an unnecessary skill, Dumbass!”

Allen tuts. It seems Kanda is praying for the earth to swallow him right at that moment. He laughs, and finally, after enjoying Kanda’s reaction a bit more, Allen takes pity on him.

“You just need to sleep. What’s the big deal, Bakanda?”

“It’s a kendo team! They should have chosen a historical drama or something!”

“That’s a good point. Except the audience will find it boring. Seriously, a festival like this targets the youngsters! How many of them do you think will come to watch a historical drama?”

“Who cares? The beauty of the sword art itself will call those who are worthy.”

“You’re not thinking that piece of wood you’re carrying is Excalibur or something, right?” Allen rolls his eyes. “What’s the point of calling those who are worthy? Cultural festivals are all about money. You need money for the club, you try to attract customers. That’s all.”

“That club can disband for all I care.”

Allen smiles. “Yeah, you prefer to practice here, after all.”

Kanda looks surprised. He opens his mouth, but closes it again in the end.

“Let’s sit,” Allen says.

He flops down the bench and stares expectantly at Kanda.

“Okay,” says Kanda at last. He seems baffled by Allen’s sudden change, but chooses not to comment on it.

“Honestly, I want to know more about you. Not just the you who haunts this park every day,” Allen raises his hand when Kanda is about to protest, “but the real you. I want to know about your life, your family, your friends. I just want to know about *you*.”

Kanda doesn't say anything, his brow furrows.

"I already said I want to go to the festival, in return I want you to come to my recital."

"Uh," Kanda says. "Okay...? But I still won't be in the play...."

"That's fine, I just want to see you."

Allen smiles awkwardly. He still isn't certain if what he is about to do is the right thing. But his heart screams for this—this chance to be with Kanda. Allen is alone. He has lived nineteen years feeling desolated, knowing he has no place in the life he's living. This is the first time he volunteers to do something with someone. Without obligations.

"Okay," Kanda says again. It tempts Allen to make fun of Kanda's limited vocabulary, if not because of Kanda's expression. He gazes into Allen's eyes, searching, looking as if he is afraid Allen is going somewhere. "Beansprout, are you...."

Allen's phone goes off.

"Oh, sorry." Allen reaches for his phone and curses the bad timing. Seeing his mother's picture on the screen makes him swallow his complaints, though. "Mom?"

"Allen, you're not forgetting that today's your turn to teach the kids, are you?"

"I'm not!"

"That's great, honey. I hope you also haven't forgotten that today's class is at three."

Oh shit. That, he totally forgot. He has changed the schedule himself so he can have more time to practice before the recital, but this whole thing with Kanda has taken his mind completely.

"I'll be there in fifteen!"

His mother, luckily, doesn't nag at him anymore and ends the call. Allen sighs. He has to rush to the school now if he doesn't want to be late.

"That was your mom?"

Allen startles. Kanda's eyes are on the screen of Allen's phone, even though right now it is already pitch black.

"Uh, yeah. Yeah, that was my mom."

Kanda hums. He doesn't take his eyes off Allen's phone, however.

Something tugs at Allen's chest. There it is again, the weird things Kanda does regarding Allen.

“Do you want to see?” Allen unlocks his screen and thumbs on the tiny square icon. He browses through several albums until he taps on the one named Family. “My mom and dad.”

Kanda's eyes widen. He flushes and says, “Why?”

“What do you mean?”

“Why are you showing me this?”

“Because it looks like you want to know about this.”

Kanda bites his lower lip.

“In return, can I know more about you?” Allen asks.

Kanda keeps silent. But he shifts in his seat to get closer. His arm brushes against Allen, the fabrics of their autumn coats rustle.

Allen smiles. “See, I got this platinum hair from my dad.” He points at the man on the screen, who is winking at the camera and sporting a peace sign. In all honesty, his dad is a good man. He cherishes his family more than anything. Though, Allen often forgets that he is supposed to be an adult. He is playful, and more often than not, childish to the point Allen’s mother is exasperated—that leads to small arguments. “He’s a fashion designer. My clothes are all from him.”

Kanda gives him a once-over. Allen is wearing a navy blue coat over a khaki shirt and black trousers. He silently curls under Kanda’s scrutiny.

“Okay,” Kanda says.

Allen snorts a laugh, his nerves easing into something more comfortable. “I swear if you say ‘okay’ once more....”

Kanda growls.

“Anyway!” Allen continues, showing off his phone to Kanda. “This is my mom. She’s a piano teacher. She used to do concerts before she retired to have me.”

In the picture, his mother is smiling. Her eyes are warm, and her black hair is pulled into a tight bun. And in between his winking father and smiling mother, stands Allen in his high school uniform glory.

“That’s... awesome,” Kanda says.

“Oh, I know. So many people said the same. That I’m a special *breed* or something—“

“But, are you?”

Allen’s smile falls. Kanda is examining him, waiting. It differs from his usual gaze—this Kanda is looking for an answer. Digging and wanting, hoping to listen to what lies inside

Allen.

“Yes, they’re amazing people,” Allen says. “They’re nice, I’m blessed, really. But...”

“But?”

Allen sighs. He looks up to the sky, his mind wanders how he should tell Kanda about this. Or if he should tell him at all.

“What I feel is a bit different,” Allen settles with that. He shifts to meet Kanda’s eyes. “Do you ever wonder, if the life you are living is... really your life?”

Kanda’s eyebrows curl. In this proximity, Allen can see the lights reflected in his eyes, the slight redness across his cheeks from the cold, the tiny pores around his nose that make him look human instead of a perfect sculpture. Allen swallows, and his stomach churns with dread.

He already decides not to run away from Kanda, he reminds himself.

“I keep feeling that this life is a dream,” Allen says. “Like one day I will wake up and find myself in a totally different world.” Allen takes a deep breath, and whispers, “the world that reeks of war and deaths...”

Kanda’s hand flies to cover Allen’s. He is still silent, but Allen can see his worries, and probably something like surprise and disbelief are also there.

Allen smiles ruefully. “I know it sounds crazy.” It really does, but Kanda doesn’t laugh. It’s enough for Allen. “I keep on longing for something that is probably only a delusion. A long-time delusion. So, it’s hard for me to... be with my family. It’s frightening to think that someday this all may vanish.”

“... Do you think me being here is also a dream?” Kanda asks.

Allen bites his lip. “I don’t know.”

“You’re not wearing your gloves,” Kanda says. He pulls his glove off and laces his fingers with Allen’s carefully. “You’re cold. Isn’t my hand warm enough to tell you that this isn’t a dream?”

Allen’s breath hitches. He pries his eyes from Kanda and, despite himself, feels his heart swell when Kanda squeezes his hand lightly.

It’s warm, Allen thinks.

“I really don’t know,” he answers honestly.

He slumps against Kanda and breathes in the scent of the upcoming winter.

“It’s going to snow soon,” Kanda says.

Yes, yes it will.

Winter comes and the day of his recital is getting closer. Allen doesn't know how, but he is certain something has changed in his relationship with Kanda. He couldn't go to the park for a while because his mom punished him for not coming to the music school that day. It was lucky that his mom had the foresight to stand by at school, and took over the class when Allen didn't show up. But that means she forbids Allen to go anywhere that wasn't his university for a week.

And, between his university life, piano tutoring, and practices for his recital, Allen continues to talk with Kanda. Sometimes, they exchange texts. And if Kanda is too lazy to type, he calls Allen only to listen to Allen's whining about his practices. Allen is satisfied only by hearing Kanda's grunts at the end of each story.

Sometimes, when Allen is too tired to do anything else but lie on his bed, Kanda tells him about his family. He is the only son of an ordinary businessman and an equally ordinary housewife. They both live in Miyagi, and Kanda is here by himself. He originally refused to go to university, wanting to focus on his kendo, but his parents did everything they could to coax Kanda into going. When he tells him these things, Allen can hear the softness in his voice. That these are something he truly cherishes.

To Allen, Kanda's life is far from ordinary. He loves his life, that is a special thing in itself.

"If you wanted to focus on your kendo, why aren't you active in your club now?" Allen asks.

"My goal changed," Kanda says.

"Why?"

"I don't regret coming here," Kanda tells him. "I liked it in Miyagi, but... I guess Miyagi doesn't have you."

Allen's face warms. He has to stare at his phone to check that it is really Kanda that said those words, and not his friends doing some kind of prank. It really is Kanda, though. When Allen puts his phone on his ear again, he laughs nervously and changes the subject. If Kanda notices it, he doesn't comment on it.

"I want to give you something," Allen says after he went into details about the latest album by his favorite band.

"Okay?"

"I'll see you tomorrow then? At the park?"

"Sure," Kanda says, and then he curses. "Uh, actually, I have an assignment due in two days. I don't think I can go to the park until late."

“Well, do you think we can meet up somewhere closer to your house?”

“Sure?”

“Why is that a question?” Allen laughs. “Tell me your address. I’m just gonna drop by for a moment. I won’t disturb your studies!”

“You know I don’t care about my studies, right....”

“Well, you must! Aren’t you gonna fail if you ignore that assignment?”

Kanda sighs. “Right. I’ll text you the address.”

“I’ll be there around seven in the evening. That’s okay?”

Kanda grunts in affirmative.

“Amazing, can’t wait to see you,” Allen says and bites his tongue when he realizes what he just said. Can’t wait to see you? Oh God, what the hell is happening to him?

“Beansprout?”

“See you tomorrow!” Allen quickly ends the call. He can picture how Kanda must be glaring at his phone now. But Allen’s heart is too noisy right now and God, what is this feeling?

Allen throws his back onto the bed and groans. He covers his eyes with an arm and bites his lip.

It’s strange. On one hand, he feels alive for the first time in his life now. On the other hand, his heart aches. It is as if something has forced its way and punched a hole in his chest. He feels everything is wrong, that he shouldn’t be like this with Kanda at all. But....

He can’t stop.

Allen looks at the ticket he is holding. Honestly, he never cared about inviting anyone to his recitals. His mother and father would come without a doubt, but that was it. He didn’t bother to ask for his friends to come—he knew they would anyway, if they wanted to beat him to get the spot in the next school recital. Now, though, he wants Kanda to come.

He takes a deep breath and reminds himself not to run away anymore. It takes all of his might to stop himself from turning around and racing back to his home.

Kanda’s apartment is just a few blocks away from where he was standing, which is not that far from the park. The street is not too wide, but pretty busy with cars, probably because Kanda stays near an expensive neighborhood. He has asked Allen to wait in front of the *konbini* since he needs to buy his dinner there.

Well, Allen isn't surprised to know Kanda lives off *konbini* food.

Speaking of the devil, Kanda is walking towards him. He is clad in a dark blue bomber jacket, his frown visible even from the distance. Allen can't help but smile.

"Kanda!" Allen waves and forgets that he is holding the ticket. He curses as it flies off his hands.

Allen catches it before it falls, but at that moment, the sound of horn startles him. A car runs towards him, and Allen knows, in his head, he can avoid it. He is confident with his athletic ability, and the car is still pretty far away.

Instead, he stays rooted to the ground and stares at the car.

He isn't scared. He doesn't even want to move. The image of forests and old churches and the smell of ruins hit him. Allen stares, calmly, and thinks....

Is it time to wake up?

"Beansprout!"

Someone pulls him, knocking air off his lungs. The chilly wind slaps Allen in the face. He opens his eyes wide. He didn't even realize that at some point, he had closed his eyes. His body hurts from the force, but at the back of his mind, he can feel the warmth that envelopes him.

"Fuck!" The surrounding arms tighten. "*Fuck* ! Are you mad?" Kanda shouts in Allen's ear and Allen winces.

"K-Kanda—"

"What the fuck did you do? You want to die?" Kanda keeps shouting. He moves his hands to spin Allen to face him. His fingers that clutch at Allen's shoulders shake. When Allen lifts his head, what he sees makes him swallow.

Kanda is pale, his eyes angry, but his whole body trembles. He is scared, Allen realizes. Frightened. It is as if he doesn't want to lose Allen. And maybe he really doesn't. But why? Why is he *this* frightened?

And that's when he hears Kanda say, "You're leaving again."

Allen's breath hitches. "Kan—"

Kanda releases him, turning around so Allen can't see his face. Allen quickly catches Kanda's arms.

"Sorry," Allen says. He doesn't know why he sounds desperate, but Kanda.... "I didn't mean to."

Kanda stills, but he flattens his lips and refuses to speak.

“Thanks for saving me,” Allen continues. “I really appreciate it—“

“I don’t care!” Kanda says. “You are always like this. Even before. You were—you left—“ Kanda cuts himself, looking as if he realizes what he just said. He grits his teeth instead. “Fuck it, I don’t fucking care anymore!”

He walks off, wrenching his arm away from Allen’s grab.

Allen opens his mouth to call him, but—

What did Kanda mean by that? What is it that Allen has done to him?

“Even before...?” Allen whispers.

Kanda keeps walking with steady steps. From behind, Allen can see the width of Kanda’s shoulders. The way he walks with his back straight and proud, like a soldier with a real *katana* . But Allen still can feel the trembles on his hands as he caught Allen, the expression he wore as he shouted at Allen.

Allen remembers... that behind the hard exterior, Kanda is hiding a fragile emotion that can explode at any time. That he holds a secret that costs him everything.

Allen takes a deep breath and feels the winter wind prick at his skin.

Damn it !

He rushes and tries to catch Kanda. But Kanda seems to have predicted it, as he dodges his arm and makes Allen almost stumble.

“Why?” Kanda asks, his voice hard and his expression blank.

Allen swallows. “I... I don’t know.”

He really doesn’t. He swears he is the one who is most confused by this. Why did he do what he did? Why didn’t he run from the car? Why does Kanda look like Allen has betrayed him? What the *fuck* is happening now?

“I don’t know what makes you angry, but if it was the thing... with the car, I’m sorry. I don’t know what happened to me. And... and if it isn’t because of that, I...” Allen searches Kanda’s eyes. “I’ll still apologize to you.”

Kanda bites his lip. Something changes in his visage. He looks softer, his eyes shake.

“Kanda, please....”

Kanda spins around and keeps walking. This time, though, he doesn’t shake off Allen’s hand when Allen grabs him.

“Can I come with you?”

Kanda shrugs. "Do as you wish."

Snow falls. Allen squints as the sun drenches the sky in brilliant orange.

Sunset , Allen thinks as he follows Kanda.

The building of Kanda's apartment looks brand new. Allen remembers that only two years ago, a vacant house stood in the same place. One that had been gossiped about being haunted for years. Allen supposes it is a good thing that the abandoned house is no longer here, but... he can't help but think there was something sad about it, too.

Allen holds back a sigh and watches Kanda input his room number. He slides in when the automatic door opens.

Allen follows, noticing that the building itself has only three stories. Something that resembles a mini canteen was near the front door, next to the elevator. Allen purses his lips as Kanda taps the number three and waits for the elevator to open.

"It's a nice place," Allen says when they have entered the elevator.

Kanda grunts, but otherwise seems to focus on ignoring Allen. His wrist is still in Allen's hand, though, so Allen considers it a minor victory.

They traverse the narrow hallway in silence. Kanda's door is the second from the last, and Allen reads 'Kanda Yuu' on the nameplate.

Yuu . It sounds familiar. Perhaps Kanda has told him his first name before?

"Are you gonna stay there?"

Allen jolts, finding Kanda observing him from the foyer.

"Uh. Sorry to intrude," Allen says. He slips off his shoes to change into a pair of slippers. "So, uh, you live here."

Kanda only raises an eyebrow, not bothering to reply to the stupid statement. Allen resists slapping his forehead for being an idiot.

Kanda throws his bomber jacket on top of the tiny, one-seat couch, and sits on a single bed. Allen supposes, for someone who lives alone, the room is pretty spacey. But having a guest will make it too cramped. There is no kitchen, only a table and two chairs located in front of the TV, and Allen can make out a bathroom on the opposite side.

Allen puts his coat and gloves on the couch before he stands in front of Kanda.

"What?" Kanda asks.

“Aren’t you going to tell me anything?”

Kanda doesn’t answer for a moment. He studies Allen’s expression, as if he is trying to read what’s inside of Allen’s mind.

And suddenly, he reaches for Allen’s hands and bows his head. Allen can’t see what kind of face he is making from where he stands.

“Can you tell me? Please?” Allen says.

Instead of answering, Kanda pulls Allen and maneuvers him towards the bed. Allen lets out a silent ‘oomph’, his back slams into the soft, cotton bed covers.

“Stay,” Kanda says.

Allen opens his lips to retort, but stops himself when he realizes Kanda isn’t talking about this place. No, he doesn’t ask Allen to sleep over. He just... asks him to *stay*.

“I...,” Allen says. “Kanda...?”

“Stay,” Kanda repeats, and for once Allen doesn’t see a frown on Kanda’s face. His eyebrows curl and his lips tremble, but no, Kanda isn’t frowning....

He also doesn’t say ‘please’, he just cries inwardly.

Allen brings his hand to cup Kanda’s face.

“If I closed my eyes, I could see you in a black coat, standing with your sword....”

Kanda’s breath stutters.

“Is that you?” Allen asks, pleading. “Is this real? Are we real?”

“Beansprout....”

“Am I not dreaming everything? This world, this life, and....” Allen takes a deep breath and whispers, “... You.”

Kanda touches Allen’s hand on his cheek and smiles bitterly. His voice cracks when he says, “Stop trying to run away. Stop trying to leave me.”

A tear rolls down Allen’s cheek. His chest hurts, every breath he takes feels like torture... and yet, it feels liberating at the same time. Like a heavy weight has just taken off his shoulders.

Kanda stares at Allen’s eyes. This time, Allen understands. His stares, his touches, every little thing he makes to follow Allen’s whims.

“I’m sorry,” Allen says, “I’m so, so sorry—“

“Beansprout,” Kanda says, “shut up.”

And then he kisses Allen. Slowly, gently. He kisses like he has longed for it, like Allen is precious, and maybe he *is* .

Maybe it's time for him to accept. It's been so long. The bubble he lives in had burst out the moment he met Kanda. The proof that he exists, that Kanda is real and warm and Allen won't be able to resist him even if he tries.

Kanda interlaces their fingers on the bed, his lips trail on the sensitive skin of Allen's neck. Allen raises his head, giving Kanda more access to his collarbone, when he sees outside the window.

The moon shines so brightly. It reminds Allen of when Kanda visits him at his mom's school.

Allen takes a deep breath.

It isn't just the sunset. Every moment, day or night, is a treasure. This life is a treasure. Why did it take him this long to accept?

Allen hugs Kanda's neck, bringing him closer to once again kiss him.

Allen decides that from now on, he just has to believe.

"Allen!"

Allen looks up to find his mother peeks at his room door. He has been rummaging through his backpack to make sure he has everything packed. It's especially bad if he ever forgets his tuxedo.

"How are you today?" his mom asks.

"Great," Allen says. "Actually, never been better!"

"That's good to hear, honey," Mom says and reaches for Allen. She brings his head down to touch her forehead on his. "Just remember, whatever happens, mom and dad are here."

Allen bites his lip and squeezes his mother's hands. His heart swells, and he has to fight back the tears that suddenly threaten to fall.

All this time, he has wasted everything. His family, his friends....

"Thanks, Mom," Allen says. "The recital is at four in the evening, please don't be late." He winks.

His mother laughs. "Of course. Dad will pick me up at two." Her eyes soften. "Good luck."

Allen hugs his mom and kisses her. He thanks her again before taking his backpack.

On his cellphone, Kazuki bombards him with emoticons, from an anime girl who cheers with pom-poms, to a yakuza posing and saying ‘do it perfectly or die’. Allen stifles a laugh. Kazuki has been his friend ever since he was a freshman. Allen never actually cared about him because of the sense of detachment he often felt at his university, but it seems Kazuki genuinely thinks of him as a friend. And maybe there are others, if Allen bothers to look now....

He pockets his phone and sees straight ahead. His feet move in steady steps.

This world is different. This isn’t the place he longed for. This isn’t the world where his mind kept on calling him to. This isn’t his home.

But... he will make a new home. Until he can proudly say that he, indeed, belongs here.

Allen squints and smiles. Kanda is waiting in front of the park, and Allen takes off towards him.

For now, Kanda *is* his home.

•
•
•
•
•

“There is no other way,” Allen said, grim and missing his usual smile. “I’ve got to go.”

The urge to smash everything in this tiny hotel room was so profound that Kanda gritted his teeth and tasted blood.

“Fuck no! Are you insane? That’s suicide!”

“No, I wouldn’t call it suicide. It’s a strategy. It’s the only way to distract the Earl. I *am* the only existence that can distract him.”

Kanda shook his head. “I’ll go with you.” He sounded desperate to his own ears, but fuck it all, he couldn’t care less now.

Allen smiled, bitter and knowing. He stroked Kanda’s cheek. “You’ve been following me all this time. It’s time for you to do something else.”

“Like *what*,” Kanda said through gritted teeth.

“Save Lavi, save Lenalee,” Allen said sharply. “Save everyone in this world.” He then looked down to where Kanda’s waist was. Kanda was sure he had bandaged his wound tightly, but the smell of blood still permeated the air. “Save them while you still can.”

It was crazy. If Kanda could, he wished to wake up and find this was all just a dream. But the screams and the explosions were too real to be a dream. The shrieks of Level 4s and the laughter of those fucking Noahs filled the air. The frantic footsteps of people trying to save themselves. And inwardly... Kanda knew.

He knew the world was going to an end. He knew no one could save anyone. The monsters had taken everything. There was no future. And with his deteriorating life, what was it that Allen expected of him?

But Allen fucking Walker still *believed* .

He believed in the future. In what could be if they win.

“Why are you always sacrificing yourself?” Kanda said, not really asking.

“But aren’t we all?” Allen smiled and patted Kanda’s cheek. “Let’s make a bet. You know I’m unbeatable in betting, right?”

“What the *fuck* are you—“

“I’m willing to bet that we’re gonna win. That there is a future ahead of us,” Allen said, “and that we can meet again.”

Kanda couldn’t say anything. He wanted to yell, to lash out at the unbelievable person before him, but...

But Kanda *was* hoping. To win. To save everyone, even if that meant throwing away his life. And Allen understood that.

“Beansprout,” Kanda said, “listen, I—“

An explosion cut him off, the scorching wave sent him flying to the farthest wall. Through the gaping hole, Kanda saw the horde of Level 4s, and the Earl floating and laughing like a madman.

“It’s time,” Allen said, snapping Kanda back to reality. He smiled softly for a moment, before taking off through the hole with his sword in his hand.

“ *Beansprout* !”

Kanda attempted to follow, but a Level 4 threw fireballs at him. The explosions blurred his eyesight as he coughed and covered his nose with his arm.

Allen and the Earl were no longer there.

“Damn it!” Kanda shouted, swinging his sword almost frantically.

He slashed through countless Level 4s, but it was never-ending. His blood from the wound on his waist soaked his clothes.

It *hurt* . Everything was painful and his lungs felt as if it was being ripped off his chest.

But—

“Save them while you still can.”

Kanda tightened his grip on his sword and smirked.

This was it. Even if the world ended now, he wouldn't let it end without a fight.

“Fucking beansprout,” he said. “I wouldn't be able to face you if I didn't win and save the world, would I?”

And with that, he ran through the Level 4s, right towards one of the Noahs who kept on destroying the place with madness in his eyes. Kanda's blood left trails as he moved. His breathing ragged, his fingers around his sword hurt like they were going to fall off anytime. He dodged fireballs after fireballs until he noticed that the Level 4s no longer moved in sync, and all the Noahs' movements faltered.

The Beansprout had *succeeded* .

Kanda wore a feral grin. He readied his sword above his head and jumped into the air.

“I'll see you again, Allen Walker.”

Fin

STORY BY NHERIZU
ART BY KOROTORA



*For the Days
I Can't Remember*

A D.GRAY-MAN FANFICTION

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! Hope you enjoyed. Comments will be greatly appreciated.^^

Find me on **Twitter** [@_nherizu](#) and **Tumblr** [nherizu](#).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!