

So what

Von Seke

SO WHAT [oneshot]

TITLE: So what

FANDOM: Kateikyoushi Hitman Reborn

PAIRING: Byaken, indicated? :D

WORDCOUNT: 850

COMMENT: Dedicated to Fuujin. ☐ I had finally some time on my hands and I dunno, I felt the urge to write it. Feel better soon~ <3 Sorry for any typos, mistakes whatever.
ajflaksfä

„Tche!“

Ken let his cellphone snap shut and threw it onto the blankets of his messy bed. „The HELL!“ The force was too much and it jumped back off as if the mattress was a trampoline, the phone flying through the air and crashing onto the cold floor. He didn't care. Not the slightest bit. So what if they hadn't been in contact for several weeks and then, when Ken finally decided to show some good will and actually called him; he just – he just excused himself and *hung up*? He stomped his foot onto the ground, one of the few loose signs maybe indicating the start of one of his infamous tantrums.

The blond kneeled down, a tanned hand grabbing the cellphone off the floor. Selfish bastard. Ken got up and straightened his back, taking a deep breath. So what if this was something unusual. So what if this was the first time in forever he had actually been *rejected* by him. So what. „SO WHAT.“ He didn't care. Absolutely not. Ken blinked and stared at the silent cellphone in his palm. The display had gone black.

Weeks passed and in between his work at the zoo and meeting up with friends and going to stupid drinking parties – Ken actually had bothered to send him two text mails. And one email. He had even bothered to take the train, ride over to his friggin' apartment – just to find that no one was at home. Or at least *someone* wasn't answering the door. So what. He didn't care. He didn't need to. He didn't actually miss anything. He threw the front door of his own apartment shut with such force that the door shook in its frame.

His muscular body slumped onto the couch and he lazily reached for the remote to turn on the TV without actually watching anything. Colourful lights danced along his walls as he leaned back and sighed. He was bored. He was just bored. So bored. Ken looked around his small living room. He was alone. So what. So what. So what if he still felt kind of lonely despite those stupid drinking parties that left him waking up on the floor of his apartment, with mushy memories and a terrible hangover. He took the remote and violently pressed the tip of his finger onto a button. So what. He didn't care. Absolutely not. Ken blinked and stared at the silent TV. The screen had gone black.

Ken strolled through the supermarket, a fist clenched around the grip of the shopping bag he carried. It was not like he cared for him or anything. He just hated being left out. He hated being abandoned. He didn't agree to this. Was this supposed to mean that he was 'free' now? He hadn't asked for it. And it wasn't like they had been bound. It just had been ... something mutual, usual, carefree. Suddenly the feral boyman nearly stumbled over his own feet when a familiar scent floated his nostrils and shook his senses awake. His body tensed as he turned – but no one was there. Ken smacked his lips and stared, frowning.

The bags rustled as he placed them in front of the doorstep. He got up, smacked his fist onto the doorbell button a few times before he turned on his heels and hurried down the stairs. The gigantic marshmallow bags let out an alluring scent. On top of them was a small paper laying, reading: I HATE YOU. And then in smaller letters: TAKE THESE AND GET BETTER SOON.

Outside Ken took deep breaths of the cold January air, ducking his head and watching the smokey clouds of hot breath descending into the night sky. So what. So what. So what. So what if they had been spending *time* together. So what if he was used to being around him. So what if he had been together with him that often that he had lost count of it a long time ago. So what if he was used to his willful actions. So what if he was used to that quirky voice, that trailing hands and these smirking lips. So what if he was used to being persuaded and seduced into doing something he claimed to despise. So what if he was used to it.

That didn't mean he liked it. That didn't mean he had grown fond of it. That didn't mean he had started miss it when it stopped. That didn't mean he missed him. He didn't miss the sound of his voice or the softness of his skin or the tight grip of his big hands or the taste of his lips. He didn't miss the twists in his personality and behaviour. He didn't miss anything. Ken shuddered as a cold breeze drove under his clothes. He didn't miss the heat of his body. No.

He was free now. Had always been.

So what.

He didn't care.

His fingers closed around the cellphone in his pocket, waiting. Wanting.

„Hurry up, Byakuran ... bastard.“