Summary

As President of the Literature Club, you can bet Sayori knows what's best for it.

(Even if you only need four people to make a club official, sometimes it's much better off with five.)

Notes

hi! i'm gay and this game slam-dunked my heart into a blender and turned it on liquefy, so here i am writing at least one fix fic and probably more

(i know this game was intended to have a deep and thought-provoking bittersweet ending but listen. have you considered: a) i'm sad and b) i'm gay and c) i can't leave well enough alone)

please enjoy the words-based bandaid i have crafted, it made my heart feel better at least
"Why did you bring me back?"

She chokes out through a throat swollen with heartbreak, eyes flooded with tears and a pained, betrayed gaze. Hands, fingertips twitching as though they itched to grab at the [code], wrench it from Sayori's (wonderfully soft) grip and hurl it back into the nothing, the void, the garbage where it belonged.

She remained where she stood in the streets, ten minutes before the school bell would ring, only because Sayori's grip could multitask, had found itself wrapped gently around her shaking hands.

"Monika," says the Club President, with a voice not as falsely cheerful as it had been, last she heard it, "you know why I brought you back here. The Literature Club is family."

"Disown me." Green eyes do their best to appear sharp, piercing - give authority to the shuddering, weakly growled order.

"I can't," Sayori says with a weak smile. "I can't."

"Why?" Shot back, growing exasperated. Reaching for death that's held out of her reach, just beyond her fingertips, by soft, soft hands. "You know what I did. I killed them-- I killed you!"

Knows well she can no longer study Sayori's script - Club Presidents do not have scripts until the words have already left their mouths and etched themselves into history. Club Presidents have only hindsight.

Hindsight and history, the two things that should have prevented Monika from existing ever again.

"If you didn't have it in you to hate me before," Monika says, voice trembling, "You sure as hell ought to have it now."

"... ehehe..."

... what was that sheepish chuckle for?

"Well, to tell you the truth, Monika... at first, I guess, I kinda did."

Monika swallows.

(Somehow hearing it right from her felt worse.)

"But, you know... your perspective... it can change a little, sometimes! I mean... you should know, being the former Club President, and all."

"Sayori, please," Monika says, and she's suddenly a bit powerless to keep the wave of tears from her eyes. "You know. You know. Y-You should understand better than anybody why I don't-- I can't, live-- here-- anymore,"

(She rephrases herself, for Sayori, maybe as the first step of a fleeting apology. Sayori smiles still, understanding, and Monika feels sick.)

"Monika, I'm gonna be really honest with you, okay?"
"Okay," whispers the brunette, unable to refuse in the first place due to that (damnably wonderful) grip.

"It... this, I mean, it wasn't really entirely, exactly, my idea."

... (of course.)

"Well, some of it was! Or, is. You know how ideas are! They belong to the heads of everyone who talks about them! So, to be really really really honest, this was me and Natsuki and Yuri and their idea, all together!"

"T-Them?" Monika chokes weakly, and Sayori beams a little harder (still trying to make her smile) and nods.

"Yeah! They've-- wow, Monnie--" Monnie? "They've been a huge help, to get everything ready, and all. They're why you're here right now, even!"

"W-What?"

"Yeah! You gave their head the idea in the first place, silly. They put your you into the, um, the memories stick?"

(of course they would.)

"And they held onto you! They said they wore it every day, next to their heart... it was... actually a little silly." She giggles. "They let me into the memories stick too, sometimes, to help with all the getting ready! After they did some things, though. It's so weird, it's like a train ride through space--"

"Sayori, what are you even trying to say?"

"Oh! Um, yeah. Listen, Monnie. I... I do know," she says, taking a breath, "... what you did. And... and why. And I know, because of President-knowing and their-stories-knowing and heart-knowing why, and... well," gently squeezes Monika's hands, "I don't hate you!"

"That's ridiculous," Monika says.

"Yeah!" Sayori agrees, "But, uh... so is living inside a little glowing box in someone else's big wide world, so I guess it's not that ridiculous?"

"... touché," the other mutters.

"Listen," Sayori says, and Monika does. "I-- what I'm trying to say is, I wouldn't have made you come back if, it wasn't for a really good reason! Even if me and Natsu and Yuri and them really really missed you. Which, we did." She admits, absentmindedly rubbing small circles into the backs of Monika's (very warm) hands.

"Incredible," Monika mumbles, and Sayori, once more, smiles.

(Something she never thought she'd have the privilege of witnessing again.)

"The Literature Club," says the President, insistently, "is family. Even after everything," looks up at Monika (almost a little shyly?) "... you, you still cared about us. And even after everything, we still care about you!"

"But you said that wasn't enough..." says Monika, faintly.
"Well... yeah. Because I, I wouldn't want you to be hurting," says Sayori. "And... this is where their helping comes in! Where everyone's helping comes in."

"I don't understand."

(She really doesn't.)

Sayori beams - again - and giggles, almost a little to herself. Suddenly steps so close, raises herself on tip-toe, that their hands are pressed between them and Sayori's heart is whispering sweetly to Monika's as her mouth does the same to her ear.

"We fixed it~!"

There is no doubting what it is.

She asks, in shock, anyway.

"The game, you big silly!" Sayori chirps, feet back on the ground, a step away, and Monika isn't entirely sure that the street isn't about to give out from under her, that eyes aren't about to start manifesting, that her body isn't about to jitter and slice itself to ribbons just from the mention.

"We fixed it! We all sat down together and came up with the very best ideas, and they brought me with them to a new place, they taught me how to make things change without, um," an awkward little laugh, "Without everything breaking. It's hard," she admits, swaying her hands and Monika's side to side, back and forth, pensive motion. "Um, no offense, but I kind of understand why you weren't very good at it."

"... none... taken?"

"Oh, good!" Sayori sighs, and Monika's heart starts to flutter weakly, desperately, in hope.

"You'll love it! I really think you'll love it! It took a long time, a long long time, but we finally fixed it! You're just like all of us now," she beams, "You have a poem-sticker, and buttons-- real ones, and they do things just for you! And, um... see-gis! You have those too, lots - there's lots more now. And... and you're not, um," she says, shyer now, "You're not the only one, who knows. And, not just me, either."

"... what?"

"It took a long time," Sayori says again, "A really long time! But, we did it! And we gave knowing to all of us! To Natsu, and Yuri. And you!" A small hop, another affectionate squeeze of the hands. "You're not Club President anymore, right? But I can still see you, you know. Trying to wiggle around, and get your file back..."

"H-Hey!"

"Sorry! I, um... just don't want your hands to go away again."

(It's such a simple, quite childish way of putting it, that the hands of Monika's Knowledge still themselves in surprise.)

"Monnie," she says, a little more quietly, "I know they really like you. That's another reason why. They really like me, and Natsu, and Yuri... but they really like you, too, and their heart was always looking for where you went."
"Sayori," Monika tries to say, but her sentence quietens in her mouth as Sayori looks up, gaze... nervous.

"But, the real truth," she continues, a little hesitantly, "The, the really big truth, is... well," A stammer, "Well-- we, we all only found this out, after we-- after we all had the Knowing! So, so please, um... don't get worried, or anything..."

(Oh, god,) thought Monika, and she steeled herself for something unknown, but likely terrible-- And was met with something soft, trembling, and oh so very gently sweet against her lips.

Sayori's eyes are closed, and it is a whole long, very long, moment, before she pulls away with cheeks deep pink, gaze aimed towards Monika's blue-tipped shoes.

"... I," she says, before taking a deep breath and in a very Sayori fashion,

"I really, really like you, Monnie!"

A silence, an only short pause.

"And, and so does everyone, else..."

Sayori looks embarrassed, Monika notices. Sayori looks so, shy and worried and Sayori, she notices, looks...

"Sayori," Monika says, one deep breath later, and Sayori looks up just in time to feel warm fingers beneath her chin and to see green eyes and to--

Feel--

Very warm, very soft lips meet hers, the second time.

"You're adorable," Monika murmurs after she pulls away, stays leaning over the smallest amount so her forehead can rest gentle on Sayori's.

"T-Thanks," Sayori says - joy in her voice and tears in her eyes, a little overwhelmed - as is Monika, with the realization, the hope spreading wings and yearning for free skies -

"I love you, too." Monika smiles,

(And realizes, with a rising ecstasy in her heart - that she means it.)

"T-They're at school by now!" Sayori blurts out. "N-Natsu and Yuri, but--"

"Sayo-chan!"

(Monika's eyes widen, Sayori smiles and giggles and wipes a tear out of her eye as they both hear the chiming call, the footsteps on the ground - the sweet "them," the "them" that Monika met in a room disconnected from time and space and the "them" that they and Sayori worked so very hard to bring to the world proper.)

"Please, would you walk to school with us?"

Sayori asks, fingers slipping between Monika's own.

"... I'd," Monika says, stammering over tears (of relief and incredulity and happiness), "I'd,
absolutely love to."

Sayori cheers,

*They* run to the pair,

And for once, for truly the first time, everything is right in the world.

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