The Color Spectrum

by 7Threes

Summary

I saw that it’s Pegoryu week and uhh decided not to do it but to do a songfic because I’m a huge sucker for Pegoryu hype you know?

Songfic based on The Dear Hunter’s Color Spectrum album because there’s something for everyone there and I Just was reading Pegoryu stuff while listening to Yellow and I was like “hot damn I should make a Pegoryu songfic” so here it is.

Also, I don’t really know what I’m doing with this, probably lots of fluff because if I’m gonna be real here I’m so done writing angst so yeet here I come nearly a year later ( prolly more tbh) to write Pegoryu hope y’all enjoy

Notes

Based uhhh on the Black EP by The Dear Hunter featuring the songs Never Forgive, Never Forget; Filth And Squalor; Take More Than You Need; This Body. So I lied about no angst Imao there’s a little but it’s just Akira being an edgelord salty about his criminal record (I KNOW EXACTLY HOW THAT FEELS)

Stepping through the rainlike smoke of the day, so he believed, through his gray lens into the day’s events. Akira Kurusu had forgotten his umbrella, and truth be told, this could’ve been called Akira’s no good very bad day but that’s somehow already taken by the day of his “theatrical assault”, so this is more like Akira’s no good very bad year.
Making his way under a cover to keep himself dry, Akira grumbles to himself, silently scowling at his series of unfortunate events, accumulative or not they still sucked.

Beside himself ran a natural blonde blur with a beauty akin to an untouchable side, and if Akira weren’t a personality sort of guy, he’d probably be super into her. Fortunate enough for his companion evading the rain, Akira was a personality type of guy. He shyly kept away from her intimidating atmosphere, only to be... sort of relieved by some rectangular-faced creep in a car, offering his companion a ride.

"Do you need a ride too?" the driver asked him. ‘Like hell I’d learn the shapes with this creep’ Akira joked in his mind, only to realize nobody would laugh at his sad and easy jab at the man in the car.

"Nah.” Akira lightly waved away, trying his best not to show his cynical front too much. Even when cornered, his personality wouldn’t escape him. He’d stay the same way as usual, cynical and sassy, but also he’d put on a front for the sake of his safety.

"Dammit. I was too late.” an artificially blonde boy yelled after the zooming car he just missed. Was Akira’s suspicions about that man true? Was this guy trying to save her?

"What? You gonna sell me out to Kamoshida?” Confused, Akira questioned the other boy, “Kamoshida?”

"The man in that car! You seriously don’t know Kamoshida? You’re from Shujin, right?” the other one asked. Akira shrugged back.

"What? No other school’s got a uniform like this.” he spoke in exasperation, “Second year. Same grade. But I’ve never seen you before...” then he finally got it, “Oh, you a transfer student?”

Akira nodded. “Well, not like it matters. That pervert acts like he’s the king of a castle,” the other grumbled, “That bastard’s gonna pay.”

The next moments of Akira’s life blurred as he followed the boy into an alley, an alleged shortcut to a school turned castle, world turned cognitive. The twisting and turning distorted their sense of time and self, until Akira defined it into concrete, all in a strange dreamscape where they also met a cat named Morgana and Akira learned the name of his companion as Ryuji, and he looked forward
to putting the corrupt king of the castle into his place.

End Notes

Can’t you tell I have a very deadpan dry sense of humor? Lmao that gets people in trouble.

Also I tried streamlining it more because I mean, no amount of writing and text can match the excitement of finally awakening Arsene, plus the tutorial part is overall boring to write smh

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