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You're Breaking My Guard

by peachiinari

Summary

He misses it. Fighting.

Ballet took off the nervous edge from not being as active as he used to, but it didn’t quite replace the feeling or tension he felt during a good sparring. He misses the feeling of his heart at his throat, pounding, as he swings fist and foot, technique after technique, to knock his opponent out.

So he doesn’t protest when Bisky takes him to the industrial zone in YorkNew City, to some underground ring she supposedly sponsors. He watches as his world tilts on his axis, and he gets thrown into a world he didn’t know existed.

He watches as Gon Freecss comes stumbling into his life, and turns it completely upside with one swift punch to the gut.

✧

((or: Killua does ballet but wishes for a little more in his life, and Gon participates in a fight club as the undefeated fighter. Their paths cross, and there grows a little something more.))
Chapter One

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.
The studio is quiet.

It’s to be expected—when there’s only one person in it. Killua Zoldyck stands, breathing uneven, as he struggles to catch his breath. He’s been at this for over four hours now, repeating his steps and scrutinizing his form under the strongest of glares. Sweat trickles down his forehead, and the nape of his neck is absolutely drenched.

Alluka is in another room, practicing with Bisky for her solo performance next Sunday night.

He’s not performing—never has, despite Bisky’s pleas to enter in a competition, *any competition*—but he wants to do his best. Bisky tells him time and time again that there’s nothing to improve, that he’s already at the top, but he craves the feeling of sore muscles in the morning. He wants to feel like he’s pushing himself to his limit.

The counts repeat in his head: one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four.

There’s no drain to his system yet, he doesn’t feel exhausted. Not that he has, ever—doing ballet. He only joined because Alluka wanted to do it, and he didn’t trust anyone to look after his little sister. It seems that years of practicing martial arts leaves you used to the typical exhaustion of ballet.

There’s a click at the studio door, and Killua hears the footsteps before he sees the person. He relaxes his posture.

“Killua.”

Bisky stands there in all her intimidating glory—muscles just barely fitting underneath the leotard and skirt wrap. Her dance bag is slung over her shoulder, and her long, blonde hair is messily wrapped into a ponytail.

Killua stops, pauses the counts that repeat in his head out of habit now. “What’s up?”

“Alluka’s done with practicing for today.”
Killua nods, leaning backwards to stretch his arms behind his back. He hears the joints of his spine crack; the feeling is nice.

“I’ll pack up then. Is she ready to go?”

“Yeah, she’s done. There’s something I want to speak to you about, though.”

This makes Killua pause. The AC whirls in the back, passing cool air into the studio and refreshing his skin.

“I know ballet isn’t your thing. You joined because you didn’t want to leave Alluka alone, and I understand that. But I… coach… after classes. Fighters. If you’re interested, you can come take a look. I know you did martial arts before this.”

The words make Killua’s eyebrows shoot up.

“Right… you ‘coach’ fighters. And I’m assuming that’s just as legal as it sounds.”

Bisky sighs, rubbing her temple. “Don’t sass me right now, brat. I’m offering to let you check it out. I’m not saying you have to participate. Just, come with me, after you walk Alluka home. I’ll wait here until 9.”

Killua doesn’t offer a reply, gathering his dance bag and stepping out of the studio. Alluka is waiting in the lobby, seated at one of the chairs, eyes downcast to her phone. The blue light is gentle on her skin, emphasizing her pale skin tone. Killua thinks about Bisky’s offer, mulls it over in his head countless times. The thought process circles.

“Alluka, let’s go.”

She smiles brightly, standing quickly and grabbing the pink bag in the seat next to her. “Bisky said that my dance was flawless. She says I’ve really improved, so I’m excited to perform Sunday!”
Killua smiles his gentlest of smiles—those reserved only for his little sister to see—ruffling her black locks. She laughs, bringing her hand to clasp around his. “I’m sure you’ll do great, Alluka. Let’s get home so you can shower and rest.”

The studio is mainly empty now. There’s no one at the front desk to bid them goodnight, and the lights from several studio rooms switch off—possibly Bisky’s doing. One step outside and the scent of the city is hitting Killua. Gasoline clings to the air, and his nose twitches in response. He’s sure once they reach the main square, the smell of fried foods from street vendors will become all the more prominent.

He misses it. Fighting. Ballet took off the nervous edge from not being as active as he used to, but it didn’t quite replace the feeling or tension he felt during a good sparring. He misses the feeling of his heart at his throat, pounding, as he swings fist and foot, technique after technique, to knock his opponent out.

But this coaching Bisky is doing isn’t legal, he reasons. And he has to take care of Alluka now. He feels conflicted knowing Bisky has coached his little sister for nearly four years now, going to these illegal fights after their practice. Actively participating in them. Though he supposes he isn’t really surprised—Bisky’s form is monstrous, and it’s not hard to imagine her in such a setting.

The walk to their apartment is filled with idle chatter. Alluka recounts what Bisky had her practice, exclaims in excitement when she sees a street vendor selling her favorite brand of ice cream, tells Killua about her outfit for the performance. He’s glad that she’s happy where she is now.

He brings his hand to tug at his white locks. The thoughts continue to whirl. He’s conflicted. He wants to go. He really wants to go. And Alluka is nineteen now—she can take care of herself just fine. He’s made sure of that. They live comfortably, in a nice apartment in the city. She got accepted to the art program she wanted. She hangs out with her friends just fine.

Their apartment is on the seventeenth floor, the highest they could get, and it’s been where they’ve been living for years now, since Killua packed his things and took Alluka with him. The code to the door opens with a click the moment Killua inputs the code, and the lights of the room flicker on with a soft whirl of the generator.

“Alluka, I’m going to meet Bisky for something. Will you be alright here alone?”

Alluka peers over from the corner of the kitchen wall, holding a plastic cup of banana milk. She nods, “That’s fine! I’m just gonna shower and go to bed.”
Killua gives her the best half smile he can muster, walking over to his room to change into a fresh pair of pants and a hoodie. A scoff leaves his lips as he thinks about it: Prestigious son of the Zoldyck Family, caught red handed at an underground fighting ring.

Sounds nice.

The clock reads 8:19p.m. by the time Killua arrives back at the ballet studio, posture more stiff than usual. The air is cold, with the promise of incoming winter weather, and fall hasn’t even reached its peak, yet the temperatures are dropping steadily, and the leaves which usually vibrantly decorate trees now tinge into a dull, ugly shade of brown. His steps are silent as he opens the studio door, and just as promised, there sits Bisky, reading a beauty and health magazine against the receptionist desk.

She looks up with a grin. “I see you couldn’t resist temptation.”

Killua deadpans, relaxing and leaning back, “I will not hesitate to walk out of this studio right now.”

She laughs, hearty and light, “No, don’t do that. I was just joking. Come on, let’s go.” She sets down the magazine, rummaging through the pink dance bag to her side, making a noise of triumph when she manages to locate the keys.
Killua follows behind her silently, thinking through his choices.

He’s being selfish.

If he gets caught, what happens to Alluka? He’s her legal guardian now. He’s the one who provides the food and shelter. Would his father stop depositing the weekly balance into his account? Would they disown him, like they did Alluka?

“I can hear you thinking.” Killua nearly slams into Bisky’s back, not noticing that her figure had stopped walking. “Don’t worry about Alluka—she’s fine, Killua. I won’t let you get caught in such a place either, it’s a secure ring.”

Killua flushes red in embarrassment, hands tightening at his sides. “How did you—”

“I’ve known you and Alluka for four years now. I’d be a pretty inattentive teacher if I couldn’t read you at least a little after all this time. However,” Bisky twirls the keys with her index finger, “We have a ring to get to. And now’s not the time for such conversations. Come on, get in.”

“In?” Killua looks over at the VW Beetle parked in the studio parking lot, “We have to drive there?”

Bisky snorts, “Of course. Where do you think this ring is? We have to go to the industrial zone in YorkNew.”

There’s a sense of dread that fills Killua. It sits itself comfortably at the pit of his stomach from the moment he plonks onto the passenger seat of the car, making itself at home the whole drive to the industrial zone.

It’s empty.

The entire zone is a ghost town. It’s dark, there’s no electricity, no visible people. There’s no sounds except for the hum of Bisky’s car driving down the littered, broken roads. The pavements are cracked, factory windows shattered. Entry doors are boarded up with layers of plywood and the graffiti drawn upon the walls rival the large-scale art district of YorkNew.
He has no idea where this ring would even be. It’s entirely devoid of life in the industrial zone. Killua looks out the window, counting the time in his head since they departed the city. Twenty minutes. It’s been twenty minutes. The music on the radio dies down when Bisky turns the ignition off.

“We’re here.”

Killua perks up, staring at her in shock. “Here?”

She nods, but doesn’t move to open the door. “Killua, listen to me.”

His heart hammers in his chest, an unsure tingle running down his spine.

“There’s going to be a lot of people here. I know I don’t have to tell you this, but don’t instigate shit in there. I’m an organizer for the club, but if someone wants to fight you, it’ll be up to the head organizer whether to allow it or not. And I know you’re prideful, and you can take it, but I worry about you.”

“You wouldn’t bring me here if I wasn’t capable of fighting.”

Bisky shakes her head, fingers thrumming the steering wheel, “No, I wouldn’t. But I also don’t want you hurt for unnecessary reasons we can avoid. I can let you in for free, just stick close to me. You can make your judgements in there.”

She points a manicured finger at the deserted building—the most run-down of them all. It stands with fully boarded windows, every single one of them, and the entry to the building is sealed off with cement blocks and rotten plywood. Killua doesn’t hear any sounds when he strains his ears, and no lights emit from indoors.

“I feel like I’m being led to an ideal murdering spot.” Killua remarks, hands stiff as he steps out.

That earns a grin from Bisky, who locks the car with a quick click before joining Killua at his side. “Trust me, it looks empty, but that’s the whole point. The entry is through the back of the factory.
Their walk is silent, and tense, and Bisky frowns until there’s a smack at Killua’s shoulder blade. “Ow! What the hell was that for?”

“You’re too tense. Loosen up. You wanna seem like fresh meat in there? I know you can stand your ground, so own it.”

Killua breathes heavily through his mouth. In and out; in and out. Don’t get mad. She’s trying to help. Still, a tremor of anger rushes through him. He unclenches and clenches his fist. “Alright.” He attempts to loosen himself.

It’s been awhile since he let the adrenaline run.

Much to Killua’s surprise, there’s a long line of people at the door. All types of people. Killua looks over each one, makes sure to adjust the hood of his hoodie further down his face.

Within the sea of brute and overweight men, there are a couple of lanky people mixed in as well. Men and women, all standing about, and Killua knows they all have different backgrounds but one similar thing in common. They don’t converse. They just stand there, silently. Waiting.

“The doors open in two mintues. That’s why they’re waiting. We can get in now since I’m an organizer—here.”

Bisky leads him to the front of the line, at the protest of a few, and stares of many. Killua feels the sweat trickle down his nape, an unwanted shiver sliding down his spine. They’re observing him.

“Biscuit.” The man at the front booms, a grin on his face, “Haven’t seen you since last week.”

“You know I run another organization, Morel. I’ve been busy.” Bisky stops in front of the man—Morel—and waits as he opens the door. Morel looks Killua up and down, eyebrows arched in confusion.

“You bring in fresh meat, Biscuit?”

Before Bisky can reply, Killua is springing up with his own remark, “Just here to see if this place is
worth my time.”

It’s silent, the brute man’s eyes widening before he’s hurdling over and laughing, nearly wheezing. “I like this one, he’s almost as funny as the first one you brought. Go on in.”

Killua is stepping forward to reach Bisky with quickened steps, and she stares at him in mute shock before giggling, “Didn’t think you’d reply for me.”

“I had to. Those men in line kept staring at me.”

“If anything, you’ve just secured yourself the position of pompous and confident. It’ll probably deter a few, but may make a couple more eager to challenge you.”

Killua feels the stares still on his back, even as Morel closes the door. But nothing prepares him for the sight of the indoor ring: his previous thoughts forgotten. The factory is massive, and professionally altered for the purposes they’re employing now. The entire cement floor is matted in a thick foam, and there are crowd control bars which separate the ring from what Killua assumes will be the standings section.

There are rows of wooden seats which seem to ascend up, further from the ring, and they go up five or six rows. It’s like the entire factory was turned into a glorified school gym. The lights are bay lights, hanging from the factory ceiling and illuminating the entire room. They’re not obnoxiously bright, but just dimmed enough to where it was clear to see where you were going.

Killua is impressed—in terms of location.

Still, he has yet to see the fights. And the fights are what he’s here for, regardless of how nice they’ve set up the ring.

The doors creak open again, and people are trickling in. There’s chatter now, though it’s mostly silent. Bisky grabs Killua’s wrist, dragging him to the standing section. “We can stand around here, towards the middle. The people who are in the standing section paid a pretty penny for those tickets, we wouldn’t want them upset that you were let in early and got here first.”

Killua nods, and adjusts the hood of his hoodie. Eventually, all the patrons settle in, and Killua is shocked by just the amount of people watching. There has to be at least three hundred people in
total. Killua earns a few glares from standing patrons, but otherwise he’s left alone and ignored, and for that he’s grateful.

“I’ll be right back. I need to speak with one of the fighters.”

He sighs, left alone to observe his surroundings.

The fights aren’t everything they’re cracked up to be. It’s been nearly an hour and Bisky returned just after the second fight, positioning herself next to Killua, and gauging his reaction.

So far, the fights lasted three minutes each, with three rounds per fighter. Whenever a draw occurred—which was rare, Killua noted, his eyes trailing to the bloody smears on the matted floors—the winner was determined by either a rematch or a crowd cheering. In his head, the cheering seemed too easy to manipulate, and too easy to cast aside an actual winner in favor of underhand payments for another to win.

But the cheering was used sparingly, and in the hour Killua had been watched amongst the crowd, it had only been used once.

There was a system of sorts, for these fights, and Killua could overhear patrons whispering in excitement about a man named Friks. It seemed that he was the top competitor, and Killua
imagined a man hyped on steroids, bald and filled with tattoos—knuckles split and muscles bulging.

But nothing prepared him for this.

When the winning competitor of the fights was determined by single elimination, he was put against “Friks”, the man the crowd seemed to hush whispers about. There was an unspoken tension, an excitement that threatened to overspill, and Killua found it overbearing and suffocating. Just who was this “Friks”?

The fighter who had won every match until now, MacLeod, was tall in stature. He was just taller than Killua, who stood at six feet, when the ring announced his height and weight in his introductory round. The ring announced Friks as an undefeated fighter, one who has never lost a single match, who has never left the ring with more than a couple of bruises.

People cheered madly just at the mention of his name.

And out stepped Friks. And he broke apart just about every mental image Killua had set up for him.

The man—in which, Killua questioned if he could even call him that, because his face held this childish aura that screamed adolescent—walked confidently to the center of the ring, and MacLeod towered over him. He too, seemed confident, and Killua tuned out the announcements made over the microphone in favor of the men standing in front of him who discussed the fighters in the ring.

“That MacLeod ain’t a bad fighter, if I do say so myself.”

“He ain’t, but he’s no match for Friks. That kid has serious skills.”

“Have you seen his fights in person? Never managed to snag them tickets in time ‘til now.”

“I’ve been to every single one. Let me tell ya, that kid is a monster.”

Killua wants to pry, to ask, to know. But the announcer grabs his attention once again. “Tonight,
for the tournament round, MacLeod, who stands at six-foot-two and weighs two-hundred-ten pounds, will be fighting Friks, who stands at five-foot-eleven and one-hundred-sixty pounds.”

His mind comes to a screeching halt. *Five-foot-eleven*? Friks was practically a pea next to MacLeod. His chances seemed to decrease by the second. MacLeod’s build far superiorized him, and yet, as Killua turned his attention around to the crowd, no one was betting on MacLeod. Maybe a few, sparsely decorating the crowd, but everyone had their minds set on this Friks character, and Killua was intrigued.

If not for the fact that the man had honey-colored skin, amidst the scars which invaded his exposed arms, and black, spiky hair with equally honey-colored eyes that sparkled with excitement, then for the fact that Killua wanted to see how the hell this man would win against a man like MacLeod.

MacLeod was a muscle pig with overconfidence, and he beamed it while looking down on Friks. Though Friks wasn’t far off himself—and whatever he lacked in height he made up for in muscle and aura. There was a certain feeling that surrounded him, that distinguished him from MacLeod.

Killua keeps his eyes on the honey-colored man.

The moment the fight begins, it’s done. Friks takes one quick sweep, his dominant, forward foot shooting out to trip MacLeod, and with his dominant hand, he’s delivering a punch straight to the man’s face. The damage is beyond words, because even from where Killua stood, he hears a loud crunch, a wail of pain, and the referee calls time. There’s blood, though none of it from Friks and all of it from MacLeod.

“Are you able to continue?”

Friks peers down at MacLeod, who sits cradling his jaw. It looks like he isn’t expecting the man to say yes, but MacLeod lets out a snarl, standing up and nodding his head. There’s blood spilling out of his mouth, and Killua is absolutely sure that the glimmer of white on the floor is a tooth.

“One point to Friks. Time is starting, fight!”

The referee moves out of the way, narrowly avoiding getting trampled by MacLeod, who seems feral in every sense. His face is contorted in anger, eyebrows furrowed and teeth grinding.
His stance is too tense, is the first thought that flies through Killua’s head. He’s leaning forward, shoulder winding to deliver a blow, but it’s too obvious of a move. It’s predictable.

Friks knows this too—his stance is relaxed, and he’s keeping his arms to his chest: guarded. The moment MacLeod is within his range, he’s pivoting on his forward foot, moving so quickly that it’s barely registerable, and his leg is raising, blowing MacLeod square in the back.

It’s an attack that should eat up way too much time, but MacLeod is running on rage, his reaction speed is slowed considerably. A choked sound runs past MacLeod’s throat, and he’s falling onto the ground. For a moment, Killua thinks that Friks had gone overboard—killed a man right then and there. But he sees the twitch of MacLeod’s fingers.

It’s barely been a minute, Killua is staring at Friks, eyes wide, as the man turns towards the cheers. Those who had bet on MacLeod are upset, yelling out their frustrations into the air.

“Are you finally impressed?” Bisky asks. Killua had forgotten she was even there.

Killua nods. “He’s definitely leagues above anyone else here. I mean—who risks kicking so high in something akin to boxing?” He doesn't take his eyes off the five-foot-ten man.

“He’s got the speed for it.”

“Yeah, he does, but that doesn’t mean someone couldn’t easily grab his leg and throw him off balance.”

“You’re awfully critical.” There’s a pause. “I’ll have you know in the five years Friks has been here, not a single person has managed to stop that leg kick of his.” Killua’s eyes snap over to Bisky, who’s sporting a large grin. Of course.

There’s a surprised shout, and sudden outburst in the stands, and Killua is running his eyes back to the ring. MacLeod has Friks moving back, he’s throwing punches left and right in an attempt to strike him, and Friks is holding his arms out to guard his head and chest. There’s little to no opening for him to strike.

Someone from the standing area up front shouts to call time, and the referee grabs MacLeod roughly.
“Enough!” the referee shouts, although it falls on deaf ears, and MacLeod continues to swing.

There’s shouting and chaos in the stands, before Friks is grabbing MacLeod’s outstretched arm, tugging him towards him to deliver a winding punch to the chest. It goes silent, and the crowd observes as MacLeod gasps for air, taking a wheezing breath and clutching at his chest.

“Next time you want to fight me,” Friks says, and wow, it’s the first time Killua’s heard him speak and his voice is deep, “Play it fair. This isn’t some shit gang club.”

MacLeod doesn’t give him a response—you wouldn’t hear him if he had anyway. Cheers and shouts are resounding, all for Friks, and the referee is grabbing MacLeod and leading him out the ring. There’s a man who hands Friks a towel, not that he needs it, but he swings it over his nape anyway: wears it as the referee returns and announces him as the winner again.

“You look mesmerized.” Bisky comments, and she’s wearing a smug smile that Killua wants to completely wipe off her face.

“Just impressed is all. A grab and punch like that isn’t typical for boxers.”

“Well,” Bisky starts, glancing back at Friks, “Friks is one of the longest fighters here, he’s got a hell of a good manager behind him too.”

Killua looks over, to a man discussing something with Friks. His black hair styled into a pompadour, and he towers over Friks. He’s gotta be around six foot three, fuck, everyone here is massive.

“So, what do you think?”

“Of?”

“Of the ring, dumbass. That’s what I brought you here for, isn’t it?”
Killua takes one long look around, but his gaze zeros in on Friks, who’s laughing at something his manager said. “It’s not half bad, Bisky.”

A grin forms on his face, a certain excitement thrumming through his veins, “It’s really not that bad.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading the first chapter of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

I'm very happy to be releasing another Killugon fic: and this time it'll be a chaptered story. I have no idea how long this thing will turn out to be, but the outline is complete and thus I can begin producing chapters much quicker than my usual pace. I hope that the first chapter was a good introduction to the world, and set up some stuff. I'm worried I didn't deliver this well, so please let me know on improvements that can be made!

Hopefully, you all find it as fun to read as this is as fun to write. I'm very excited to receive feedback on this, and there's a lot planned for this fic! So far, there is no set schedule for chapter releases, but I promise not to condemn us like Togashi has us.

Special thanks to Alanah for beta-reading, and Sara for outlining and planning with me the entire bulk of this story!! Also a HUGE THANKS to Robyn for the amazing fan-art! He did an amazing job, so please give him a follow :D

A word of caution: Despite Killua and Gon are aged up in this, I am still hesitant to write smut concerning them. While it is fitting for the type of story and setting, Killua and Gon are both still canonically minors and therefore I don't know whether writing smut will be acceptable. I'll let you all decide on that. If smut is desired, I will make sure to mention it beforehand in the beginning notes, and I can make it implied smut if anything (or not explicit).

Please note: This story will have themes you may be uncomfortable with. Tags are due to change, and do not hesitate to let me know whether a tag needs updating or not.

With that being said, remember that comments/kudos keep an author alive, so send them in!! I look forward to reading and replying to your comments (ﾉ^ω^)/*: •*✧ I have a twitter, so feel free to shout at me there: @peachiinari
Chapter Two

Chapter Summary

“Alluka, what would you think if I started martial arts again?”

She pauses, looking up at him from her phone, “Like, when you used to train when you were younger? As long as you’re not as hard on yourself, I think it’s fine.”

Killua hums, looking at his sister as she texted her friends. “I’m worried about it ruining your life.”

That makes Alluka come to a complete stop, mid-text. She sets the phone down, screen against the table to ignore the notifications. “Big brother,” she begins, “Nothing you do could ruin my life. You practically raised me, and I’m thankful for that. You’re being dumb. I think it’s time you had your chance at having fun too, right?”

Chapter Notes

TW (Trigger Warning): Slur(s) are present towards the end of the chapter, discretion is advised.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The ring is loud. With shouts, and whistles, and chatter.

There’s a lot of cheering for Friks. At some point, Killua watches as the honey-colored man leans over the crowd-control bars to high five someone. He’s impressed.

The environment is lax, but still charged in a sense. There’s this coiled excitement that seems to run through everyone, long after MacLeod had been shoved off and out of the ring. It’s an environment that Killua wouldn’t mind getting himself involved in, if he had nothing to lose.

“Tonight’s fights aren’t over.”

Killua looks over to Bisky with wide eyes, “They’re not? But Friks—”

“Friks has two scheduled fights tonight. It’s usually like this. He’ll get put against the finalist from
the tournament, and then he’s up against another, more at-his-level fighter.”

“So he’s going to fight someone who can actually deal some damage on him?”

Bisky laughs aloud, the sound jarring against the sharp claps and whistles of the men around them, “They can try. But no one has ever managed to hurt Friks by much. The organizers try their best to find willing participants, but Friks is a pretty well-known name now.”

Killua makes a noncommittal sound in acknowledgement. His blue eyes trail after men who stand from their seats, walking outside with cash gripped in their hands. He sees women, tall and slender and dressed in too little for a night like this, all up and calling for Friks’ attention. The man spares them a glance and a good-natured smile, but it’s forced in a sense—Killua can tell.

Killua has had to smile like that for many years now, far longer than Friks.

“So then, when is he fighting the next opponent?”

“In ten minutes or so. There’s a short intermission to hype up the crowd. It also lets Friks get checked up before the next match.”

Killua hums, tuning out the chatter around him. He takes out his phone from his pocket and checks for any notifications. There’s one from Alluka, who bids him goodnight. A smile graces his features as he quickly replies back, offering a heart emoticon with his goodnight message. An email from his accounting professor sets off a red badge in his email, reminding the class of an assignment due he’d already submitted the week prior. He deletes the email.

A nudge at his side, Bisky motions towards the ring again. Another man stands in the ring, across from Friks. He’s tall, and overtly lanky, with sharp features and blond hair. He’s eyeing Friks in almost a carnal way, leaning against one of the ring’s ropes to peer at him.

The referee introduces him as Bomber, and the whispers from the men standing in front of Killua let him know he got the nickname from his impactful punches. Punches which left opponents knocked out on the floor, unable to continue fighting.

“I’ve seen Bomber fight before,” Bisky says, “Though he usually participates in more… inhumane fights.”
“So you’re saying he’s particularly brutal?”

“I’m saying the man has killed people without batting an eye.”

Killua’s hairs rise at the nape of his neck. He expected it—for there to be killing involved. This was all hidden side business, and those unfortunate enough to enter blindly often didn’t leave unscathed. But it doesn’t erase the notion of what he’s done, and it certainly doesn’t erase Killua’s ability to want to stay away from such a man with a twenty-foot-pole.

“Do I want to know what’s going to happen to Friks?” Killua says, leaning forward just a little to stare more intensely at the man.

“Nothing.” Bisky says, and her voice is stern, “Friks is capable of fending for himself. And we don’t allow death matches here. If Friks ever got beaten to a pulp and unable to move, that’s where the fight ends.”

Bisky pauses, signaling over to the man from earlier at the door. “Morel is put there in case things get out of hand and the referee can’t separate the fight.”

Killua looks over, and indeed, the man stands not far from the ring—though he seems uninterested. Killua doesn’t doubt Friks’ strength, just from the sheer amount of people who still bet on him. He has a reputation and it isn’t one that’s easy to keep.

“To this week’s most anticipated fight,” The referee begins, “We have Friks versus Bomber. Bomber clocks in at a height of six-foot-seven and one-hundred-eighty-five pounds, versus Friks who’s five-foot-eleven and one-hundred-sixty pounds.”

Once again, Friks always seems to be at a disadvantage, not that it seems to deter him. Friks’ gaze is hard, eyebrows furrowed and knees bent just slightly. Bomber is lax, still leaning against the rope with a wide grin. The clock ticks the moment the referee announces the beginning of their match. The crowd holds their breath: all chatter ceases. Even Killua feels the tension.

Neither Bomber nor Friks move.
For several seconds, they stand completely still, until Bomber is pushing himself off against the ropes with a laugh. Friks steps forward, stance relaxed. There’s intention there, Killua notes. Any move that Bomber throws, Friks can counter just as fast. And it’s evident that Bomber knows this, because as the referee announces thirty seconds passing, neither men have made a move.

Until Bomber does.

His movement is swift—he’s moving into Friks’ space and leaving no room for moving forward. It’s punch after punch at an incredible speed and power. Killua can hear the contact of the gloves against Friks’ skin. But Friks picks up on the repetition quick, grabbing one of Bomber’s punches and rotating his wrist until his elbow is inside Bomber’s space.

The back of his hand resounds within the quiet space, but it’s nothing compared to the sound echoing of his knee connecting to Bomber’s gut: raised high enough to reach the flat of the blonde man’s stomach.

No one makes a sound, not even Bomber, though it’s clear he’s struggling to catch his breath as he stumbles back from the impact of the blow. Friks doesn’t let him recover, moving forward with his momentum, delivering a punch which rivaled Bomber’s speed straight to his face.

“First round, time!”

The crowd erupts.

Friks steps back, and once again the man with the pompadour is in the ring—Friks’ manager—talking to Friks quietly and handing him a bottle of water.

There’s two men talking to Bomber, trying to encourage him. He looks close to feral, eyes wide and teeth in a permanent grind.

“Time! Second round beginning.”

Friks’ manager backs off, stepping away with the bottle of water. Bomber is up and coming to the center, shoving away the two men at his side.
“Begin!”

There’s less waiting around now. Bomber comes in with his hands raised to guard, punching with his forward hand, before he’s using both hands to deliver swings. Friks takes the hits—doesn’t step back. His arms are guarding, but Killua can see the red of his irritated skin, spreading against his muscles.

Friks lowers his stance, ducks on one of the swings, moving in and punching Bomber square in the stomach once again. It disoriented the man, he stumbles back, and Friks is coming in again with another punch, and another, and another.

But Bomber swings from below, gloved fist connecting with Friks’ chin, and Friks staggers, his aim thrown off. The crowd screams.

One foot back, Friks is off his game, and Bomber comes in with another punch straight to his head that Friks narrowly dodges with his forearm. Another foot back.

“Stop stepping back!” Someone hollers from the stands. Killua finds himself agreeing.

Friks eyes harden, and he steps forward, sliding his hand against Bomber’s to deter him, using that same hand to push the arm out of his field. His other hand comes forward, connecting with the blonde man’s temple. He’s stumbling, steps uncoordinated, falling back and tripping on his own feet. He falls onto the ground, against the rope, and looks absolutely dazed.

The referee jumps in front of Friks, arm outstretched as he addresses Bomber. The man doesn’t respond, just continues to look up, eyes wide and mouth agape.

“Bomber, are you able to continue?”

No response.

The seconds tick by. Friks lowers his guard, steps back. Killua knows he’s won.

There’s still a full minute until the round is supposed to be called, but it seems that Friks has won
once again.

“I told you,” Bisky speaks up, “It’s rare to even make it to the final round with Friks.”

The shouting is drowned out as Killua looks at Friks, who stands tall, arm raised by the referee, sweat glistening his skin and panting, a smile gracing his features.

Killua feels the wind knocked out of him.

Bisky nudges him, a playful smile on her lips. Killua flushes, looking away.

“Something interest you more than the fights?”

If it was possible, Killua would grow redder. “Absolutely not. I’m leaving. I’ll see you in the car.”

Bisky’s laugh echoes in his head, red-tipped ears ringing as he storms out.
It takes Bisky twenty minutes to meet Killua outside. By the time she does, he’s already seated in
the passenger seat, car engine running to cool himself down. The radio is tuned to a hip-hop
station, the volume low and yet the vibrations of the sound were still present as the songs trickled
by. There are people slowly leaving the abandoned factory.

“What took you so long?” Killua asks, eyes lifting from his phone. It’s 11:43 p.m.

“Brat,” Bisky says, stepping inside and sighing, “Had to let the others know I was leaving. I don’t
usually leave so early.”

“Shit, my bad.”

She looks over and laughs, ruffling Killua’s hair as he squawks in indignation, “Don’t worry about
it. Although some of the organizers were asking about you.”

“Me?”

Bisky nods, “Think they realized you were analyzing the fights pretty well. Plus, you’d already
spoken with Morel and that attitude you gave him made a nice impression.”

Killua flushes in embarrassment, but says nothing. The car ride back to the city is quiet, lulled by
the sound of the radio station. Most of the streets are empty, and Killua lays his head against his
palm, arm propped against the window. The shops are closed and locked up, and street lights
flicker on and off.

He’s not out usually at this time, but it’s nice when they’re able to speed through the highway at
the speed limit. They arrive back to Killua’s apartment much quicker than it took to get to the
industrial zone. Bisky sets her car in park, hands off the steering wheel to grip at Killua’s arm
before he can step out and give his thanks for the ride.

“Killua, seriously,” she starts, “I’ve known both you and Alluka for a long time. If you ever need
to let off steam or something, and ballet isn’t doing it for you, the ring is always there. You don’t
have to fight.”

Killua sighs, “Thanks Bisky, but it’s dangerous. If someone recognizes me as a Zoldyck, what
happens to Alluka? Besides, you should be more careful, too. If word gets out that a Zoldyck is
there, your location is compromised. And nothing of what you’re doing is exactly legal.”

“Don’t worry about us. It’s been so long since you’ve been mentioned to the public, I’d be surprised if anyone recognized you in person. The people who go there don’t exactly care about that kind of thing.”

Killua offers her a small smile. The passenger door unlocks with a small click, and he’s stepping out. “Thanks for the ride.”

Bisky hums, and Killua shuts the door, watching as Bisky drives off in her stupid, little beetle. An incredulous huff escapes his lips, but he can’t bite back the grin on his face as he steps into the apartment lobby.

It hasn’t left Killua’s mind. Going back to the ring, that is.

Bisky doesn’t press him, but she gives him a knowing smile when he enters the ballet studio with Alluka. And really, it wouldn’t be half a bad idea if it wasn’t for the fact of who he was.

He’s thought about it, while sitting in his classes. While his teacher drones on about global
business strategies and material he’s already read and analyzed, Killua thinks about the ring and a certain man.

But there’s the nagging thought of who he is. The Zoldyck family is well-known in YorkNew. From the fact that his father and grandfather were— and still are —one of the most powerful, influential lawyers, to the notion that Illumi is currently one of the world’s top lawyers and Milluki is working at a government base creating new technologies.

He isn’t twelve anymore. He can’t just run off and do as he pleases.

He has responsibilities—he has to take over a business, and Alluka is starting her enrollment in an art school. He can’t just jeopardize everything he’s worked for.

Regardless, he puts up an internal fight for nothing. His inhibition comes crashing down the moment he steps out of class, noticing the flyers taped onto the wall encouraging students to partake in a martial arts club. He won’t join this club—can’t. He’d wipe the floor with the students there.

Logically, he knows that not many people remember Killua Zoldyck. It’s been a long time since he’s been mentioned to the public, as his parents respected his wish to cruise through university in peace. Any mention of him has been left unanswered, and they only off-handedly comment that he’s studying at the moment to take over the family business.

But there’s still a small part of him that fears being found out. That his identity will spring out and ruin everything. Running a hand through his white hair, Killua sighs, making his way to the restaurant down the street from his university.
It takes a week for him to gather his wits and return to the ring, a day after Alluka’s performance.

Her performance had been stellar, and he sat in the front row, utterly proud of how far his little sister had come. That night, he’d spoken with Bisky about returning to see more fights, just before Alluka had appeared from the backroom ready to go. Bisky had explained that weekday nights were free fights, where anyone could come up for challenges and nothing was scheduled.

“Don’t worry, Friks will still be there.”

Killua had flipped her off with a mutter of curse words lining his throat, ready to wipe that stupid grin off her face, but Alluka comes out from the backroom in the new dress he’d bought her as a gift, and Killua smiles gently, handing her a bouquet of flowers he ordered as congratulations.

That night they both eat out at Alluka’s favorite restaurant, seated towards the back of the restaurant near a large window to look out from.

Over dinner, Killua confides his worries to Alluka.

“Alluka, what would you think if I started martial arts again?”

She pauses, looking up at him from her phone, “Like, when you used to train when you were younger? As long as you’re not as hard on yourself, I think it’s fine.”

Killua hums, looking at his sister as she texted her friends. “I’m worried about it ruining your life.”

*That* makes Alluka come to a complete stop, mid-text. She sets the phone down, screen against the
table to ignore the notifications. “Big brother,” she begins, “Nothing you do could ruin my life. You practically raised me, and I’m thankful for that. You’re being dumb. I think it’s time you had your chance at having fun too, right?”

“Yeah, but—”

“But nothing. We shouldn’t even be having this conversation. If you want to start sparring again, then you can. All I ask is that you don’t kill yourself over it like mom and dad asked of you before.”

“Alluka,” Killua’s voice is a mere whisper, “Thank you.”

She smiles, wide and happy, and Killua feels a weight lifted off his shoulders.

“But,” she grins, “Who’s this ‘Fiiks’ that Bisky mentioned?”

Killua’s blood runs cold, a heat seizing his face.

“No one important.”

A giggle escapes Alluka, “Right. And I’m assuming that this no one had nothing to do with your recent state of absentmindedness, hm?”

Killua has never been so thankful for the waiter arriving with their ordered food.
The ring isn’t as full as it was last week, Killua notes.

There’s still a crowd of people, but they’re more-so in clusters, and not as many rows of seats are filled this night. Killua assumes it’s because it’s a weekday night, just as Bisky explained yesterday.

When Killua had told Bisky he’d meet her at the studio after dropping Alluka off, she nodded, demanding he arrives sooner than last time. He huffed in annoyance but still arrived in record time, to Bisky’s delight.

Now though, he’s sitting at the lowest row of seats, watching as people fight with abandon. It wasn’t interesting to say the least. There was no technique, no flow, no knowledge of fighting. They were just throwing fists, and kicks, with hopes of making damage and at times Killua found himself annoyed when a fighter gets hit with an easy avoided attack.

Morel had greeted him at the door, making his surprise evident but also not holding back on his enthusiasm. He was introduced to more of the organizers, and “staff” that worked with the fight ring. All of which expressed interest in him joining. Still though, he hesitated, and explained that he was simply there to observe again.

He watches as a man falls onto the floor a bloodied mess, clutching his broken arm and bleeding nose, as another stands in triumph and kicks him hard in the stomach. The referee separates them. Killua sighs. There’s not much to view today. From the corner of his eye, he sees Bisky talking with Morel, and they’re laughing about something. He feels out of place.

He’s about to leave, tell Bisky that he’s going to go home and rest and just call a cab to take him back to the apartment, but he stops. Stepping into the building is Friks, wearing a black muscle tee and joggers, and he’s carrying a large duffle bag over his shoulder, left arm flexed to hold it.
Killua’s mind kinda short-circuits for more than a couple of seconds. He really, really needs to avert his eyes, but the action doesn’t leave the space of his brain so he’s just sitting there, staring at Friks.

Friks looks around as he walks, greeted by Morel and Bisky, who can barely hold in a face that looks suspiciously close to laughter. The man looks around until he sets his sight on Killua, and smiles, offering a small wave to him. Killua goes red, trying to see if Friks had maybe directed the smile to someone else. But there’s no one particularly notable around him.

His brain goes into overdrive then, jumping to the next possible conclusion, thinking that Friks had seen him staring and smiled to him in an effort to be polite. He gives an embarrassed smile of his own and directs his attention back to the painfully boring fight occurring in the ring. He doesn’t dare look up until he can see Friks from the corner of his eye enter a room.

Bisky comes over, seating herself next to him, and she has that face that he knows means trouble in every sense. He wants to retort, because that smile is so knowing of what just occurred, and he can’t help but think that she definitely set this up to amuse herself.

“So…” She begins, “Saw Friks smile at you.”

Killua’s hands twitch, and he’s gripping them shut to will away the blush spreading on his pale face, “I’m starting to think that your age is finally catching up with you.”


He groans, face in his palms, hunched over in embarrassment, “Shut up. I’m not here for him.”

A hum in agreement. “Right, but he’s a nice bonus, hm?” She’s acting so smug.

He looks up, ready to protest at her, to wipe that dumb grin off her face, but Friks is stepping out, wearing boxing shorts and a compressed long sleeve shirt, and Killua feels the way the words die at his throat. His mouth goes dry as he watches Friks put on his boxing gloves and stretch his arms and—there’s no way this isn’t on purpose, right?
“Bisky, I swear to god, if you set him up to do this—”

She’s laughing again, without abandon this time, clutching her sides and Killua knows she’s absolutely too old to be acting this way.

“Lighten up, Killua. Look, he’s gonna go into the ring for some matches.”

Killua redirects his attention back to Friks. The next round is on him, and some irrelevant man. Killua watches as he decimates the man within the first round, all focused stare and confident grin. Friks hangs around after the matches, waiting around near the ring in case someone wants to challenge him. He sips at his water, talks with some of the organizers.

Killua pretends he doesn’t see Friks look over at him more than once.

It’s been a month.
Killua goes to the ring much more often now. He’s taken to taking a cab, having it drop him close to the building but not close enough where it’s suspicious. He’s being extra cautious, and surely it looks ridiculous, but he doesn’t want to cause unnecessary problems for Bisky or any of the other organizers.

Friks recognizes him, offers him a smile and wave every time he sees Killua. He’s only been to the ring a separate eight times since his second visit, always making sure to come the nights Friks had a scheduled fight, and sometimes, he’d appear during weekday nights, just to see what fights went on. Killua knows that Bisky is feeding information to Friks, because every time Killua comes, Friks comes a little later, and there’s no way he can leave it up to chance at this point.

And really, Killua shouldn’t be surprised that he’s so enthralled by Friks. The man is kind, chatting up with nearby fighters and offering his water to others. He makes quick smalltalk with spectators, giving high fives and handshakes to those who reach out for it. Killua hasn’t had the guts to do that just yet. But he watches, always, when Friks has an event scheduled.

One time, he had cheered when Friks had delivered a blow to his opponent. It had been nearing 12a.m., and the fight had been brutal. Friks was set against a man who claimed he’d trained in a secret martial arts style, and he’d tied with Friks for the final round, forcing a rare fourth round to begin. When Friks had won, Killua was standing and cheering along with many others who absolutely lost their minds hollering his name.

Killua still hasn’t forgotten the wide smile he’d given the crowd despite his bloodied nose and bruised jaw, arms red from blocking the punches.

But that leads him to now, where he sat at the first row of seats once again, observing Friks as he fought another opponent, this one nowhere near as strong as Hanzo. It was a Tuesday night, so things were slow, but Killua learned to appreciate these weekday nights.

Friks had walked in with a grin, waved at Killua, and Killua had waved back with a confident smile of his own. When Friks had emerged from what Killua assumes is the locker room, he was already stretching on his walk to the ring, standing near the ropes in case anyone wanted to challenge him. And while Killua hadn’t talked to the man, he could hear him talk to others, and that was fine too.

Although, Killua was aware of one man who kept staring at him. Occasionally, he’d catch the guy staring, or blatantly glaring, and Killua didn’t know what to do with the knowledge of it. It wasn’t like the man was trying to hide it either—a face of disgust lacing his features whenever he looked at Killua, but Killua ignored him in favor of observing the fights and adding more of Friks’ moves to his own fighting style.
He’d noticed the man was there often. Lingering around, not exactly participating in fights or in the crowd, so Killua thought of him as one of the organizers Bisky had mentioned was currently off doing unrelated work. But that didn’t seem to be the case, especially when the end of the night neared, and Killua saw the digital clock on his phone signal 10:07p.m.

Alluka had texted him goodnight, and asked that he return to the apartment soon. Winter was finally arriving, and with it came freezing temperatures he definitely did not want to get caught up in. Killua stands, ready to leave, to bid Bisky and Morel goodnight, and wave his departure to Friks, but he’s stopped by that man who’d been staring him down for the better half of a month.

“Hey…”

Killua ignores him, gathering his jacket and gloves, and straightens. He feels a hand grab his turtleneck.

“Look at me when I talk to you.” He’s turning Killua around, hand gripping the collar of his shirt. Killua stares at him blankly.

“What?”

“Don’t ’what’ me, faggot. Can’t keep your eyes off men for more than two seconds? Disgusting pig.”

Killua’s hands clench, and he slowly unclenches them, with all the practiced patience he’s been put through. He thinks that for every situation where his older brothers and parents tested his patience, it was all in preparation for this moment. All for this fucking moment, where one man thinks his personal life is any of his business. He grits his teeth, and shoves the man’s hand off him.

“Don’t touch me.”

The man snorts, outright laughs in his face. “Of course. My bad. I forgot that I wasn’t the Renowned, Undefeated Fighter Friks. I’m sure that’s who you want feeling you up, right?”

He’d caught him at such a bad time. It was during intermission. The building had been silent, a quiet chatter buzzing around. But this man was loud, and everyone had paused, even Friks, to overhear what was going down. Killua was livid.
From the corner of his eye, he sees Bisky making her way over. Her form is massive, and bulging, and in the four years he’s known her, he doesn’t think he’s ever seen her as angry as she is right this moment. Her eyes are hard, eyebrows furrowed in an unspoken rage, and he can’t seen Friks—his back is turned from him—but he can feel the silent rage emitting from him.

“C’mon,” he says, shoving Killua back, “Get in the ring with me. One fight.”

“Hey!” Bisky shouts, ready to take action, and Morel follows shortly behind her.

Killua looks at the man, eyes him up and down. He’s all talk, and maybe he can score one punch if Killua was dead asleep—otherwise, Killua has him beat in both technique and skill. He can tell from the way he holds himself, the way he stands and the way he shoved him. He’s overconfident, and maybe a little pompous: but it’s nothing Killua hasn’t dealt with before.

“You want to fight? Is that what this is about?” Killua asks, stepping closer into his space.

“Sure. Since you mentioned it—beating the shit out of some faggot doesn’t sound half bad right now.”

Killua sees red. Bisky’s shout of his name becomes noise to his ears. He sets down his jacket, places the gloves over them. “Okay. Fine. Get in the ring.”

He turns towards Bisky, gives her a stare that she knows she’ll understand. She sighs before nodding, holding back Morel. When Killua turns to get into the ring, he doesn’t miss the way Friks is staring at him with wide eyes, figure tense as if ready to spring up at a moments notice.

It’s only when Killua is getting in the ring that sound registers with him again and he hears the shouts. Shouts of people encouraging the man to beat him up. There are not that many, but they’re enough to rile him up and get the blood pumping.

He feels the way his adrenaline runs, and grins, nearly laughing aloud.

It’s been awhile.
Thank you for reading Chapter Two of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hello again. This update came rather faster than I expected. I had a lot of fun typing it, as I've spent all day today working on it, and the lovely @Alarner on Twitter beta-read it for me on her free time. I continue to hope that these chapters will be up to par with standards, as I do hope everyone enjoys reading it. Also, thanks to @gonween on Twitter for providing Gon's outfit on Killua's second day and making him appear as a chaotic gay.

We're finally going to get some action on Killua's side of things, and some Killugon interactions that had me shaking while typing LMAO.

I'm very excited to receive feedback for this chapter, so please do leave a comment, they make me unnecessarily happy when I see the dumb little (1) in my inbox. I look forward to reading and replying to all comments, hehe. I don't know when I'll be able to release the next chapter, but if things continue as is, there should be a new chapter up by Halloween the latest? No promises, though.

Feel free to shout at me on Twitter: @peachiinari !!
Chapter Three

Chapter Summary

Killua’s hands shake with the need to crush him indefinitely. Until his knuckles are split and bloodied, and he’s forced to bandage them to hide the wounds. He’s positively seething, vision swarming, noise in his ears and teeth set in a permanent grind.

“First round, begin!”

Chapter Notes

TW (Trigger Warning): Slur(s) are present towards the end of the chapter, discretion is advised.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Killua realizes with a start, as soon as he’s in the ring, that this probably isn’t a good idea.

His limbs are rusty with disuse—techniques forgotten and left to rot. He’s sure muscle memory won’t help him now, not after so many years. But he can’t back out now, not with a crowd gathering around the ring, ushering for a delivered beating to occur. He grinds his teeth, his blue eyes watching as the man cracks his neck.

He sets himself into a stance he knows well, knees bent just slightly and arms raised to where his forward hand is opened—receiving and palm facing up—while his other hand bends just at his chest. For a short amount of time, he had practiced Wing Chun, and had taken some of the stances and techniques into his own style.

Head down, he stares up at the man.

“C’mon Todd, this isn’t necessary!” Someone shouts from behind Killua.

The man, Todd, snorts. Neither of them had wrapped their hands in bandages or gloves, and so it’s a raw fist fight that is occurring and Killua’s not eager to partake in it. Todd stretches his shoulders, before settling down and bringing his arms up in an old-fashioned boxing stance. Killua wants to scoff at the absurdity of this entire situation.
A referee is shoved into the ring by Bisky. “Your name?” He asks, hesitantly.

Killua doesn’t look away from Todd. “My name won’t be important when I’m done with him.”

The crowd erupts.

“Beat this faggot, Todd!”

“Relax there, boy!”

Laughter.

Killua doesn’t hear Friks voice at all.

All he hears is the voice of the referee announcing the rules.

“No biting or scratching during the fight. Kicking is allowed above the waist. If you’d like gloves —”

“Come on, this isn’t necessary,” Todd laughs, “Just let me beat his ass up.”

Killua’s hands shake with the need to crush him indefinitely. Until his knuckles are split and bloodied, and he’s forced to bandage them to hide the wounds. He’s positively seething, vision swarming, noise in his ears and teeth set in a permanent grind.

“First round, begin!”

Todd comes barreling towards Killua within seconds, no hesitation, and Killua shifts gears, pivoting on his front foot until his figure is completely behind Todd’s, delivering a kick to his spine, just as Friks had done to MacLeod. The force of the kick makes Todd stumble forward, but he’s left undeterred, turning and chasing after Killua’s figure.
In the heat of the moment, Killua makes the mistake of stepping back, only realizing his mistake when he feels his dominant foot touch the ground, and Todd is coming for him, arm flexed for a punch straight to his face.

The punch resounds in the ring, and it has Killua stumbling back, arms up and guarding his face, posture hunched. He’s up against a ring post, the ropes flexing to hold him up. Todd hits him again and again with jabs and punches that seem never ending. Faintly, he registers Bisky’s shouts. His ears are still ringing.

In Todd’s furry to beat Killua, there’s an opening in his punches, and Killua takes it—aiming his knee to hit directly into the man’s stomach. He chokes back a wretched gasp, and Killua takes it as his chance, lowering his guard from his face and giving Todd one good punch to the nose.

Todd stumbles backwards, and Killua takes another chance to direct a kick straight to his abdomen, toppling the man over onto his side.

The referee lurches to separate Killua, standing between Todd and him, ushering Killua back. Killua has nearly half the mind to shove the referee aside and continue his assault—but withholds. He only registers the cheers once he takes a gulp of air, panting heavily. His cheek stings like a bitch, and he’s sure it’s going to leave an ugly bruise in the morning.

“Time!”

Killua glares daggers at Todd, standing up straight, ready to turn and leave, but he’s grabbed once again—and really, he’s getting sick of being pushed around. Todd is collaring his turtleneck, and his nose is an ugly, inflamed red, with blood oozing out at an alarming rate. It’s definitely broken, and the thought leaves Killua feeling satisfied.

He’s aiming another punch for Killua’s face, and Killua moves without thinking, raising his arm to block the punch and using the other to push down on the hand roughly holding him, effectively removing Todd’s grasp on him. Within seconds, he zero’s another punch to Todd’s face, and the man hollars, grasping his jaw, eyebrows furrowed and eyes shut closed.

The ring is silent in shock, and the referee is standing to their side, arms outstretched but at a loss at what to do. Killua takes it as his chance to lean in, placing his hand on Todd’s shoulder on squeezing his fingers in a threatening hold. He’s close enough to whisper, and he leans into Todd’s ear with a grin lacing his features.
“And for the record, I want my hands on Friks. Not the other way around.”

Todd is clearly at a loss for words, eyes wide as Killua steps back with a smile, walking out of the ring, wincing at the pain in his cheek when he chews on his lips nervously. The cheering at died down, but people were clearly standing near to get a word with him, and it was honestly the last thing Killua wanted to deal with.

He’s expecting Bisky to come rushing up to him and give him an earful, for her to grab him by his shoulders and shake him—call him an idiot for even daring to fight under such stupid circumstances.

What’s he’s not expecting is for Friks to approach him, brows laced in worry as he frowns, lip bit and posture stiff.

He’s walking in a beeline straight for Killua, and Killua feels himself flush in embarrassment. If he’d heard—

“Are you okay?” He asks, leaning in and staring at the bruise on Killua’s cheek. If he can see it, chances are it looks pretty nasty.

Killua sighs, although he feels the heat travel down his spine from Friks’ proximity. “Yeah man, I’m fine. Don’t worry about it.” Killua tries to step past him, but he’s stopped.

Friks is grabbing his hand, forcing him to stay put. “Are you sure? It was a nasty punch, I can get Leorio to look at it for you.”

Killua doesn’t know who Leorio is, nor does he want to, but Friks is giving him surprisingly powerful puppy eyes and Killua nearly breaks down and accepts his offer right then and there. Thankfully, Bisky is rushing in, grabbing Killua and giving him the earful he fully expected.

“Killua!”

“Bisky.” He deadpans.
She ignores his comment. “What the hell were you thinking, brat?! You accepted a fight with no gloves, not even wrappings? Are you crazy?”

“I was honestly just livid.”

“Yeah, clearly. I kinda noticed when you just up and accepted the challenge.”

Killua laughs, but promptly winces, cupping his cheek. Bisky is fuming, turning to Friks to apologize. “Sorry we have to go, but,” she pauses, motioning to all of Killua, “He’s an idiot.”

Killua lets out a shout of indiginance, ready to retort, embarrassed that Bisky is really telling Friks this, but Friks—bless him—only nods, eyebrows still furrowed in worry. “Make sure he ices that bruise, at least.”

The woman hums, grabbing Killua’s wrist as she drags him out, barely letting him grab his coat and gloves on the way out.
Killua can’t say he’s all too surprised at Bisky’s scoldings. The moment he’d gotten in her car—because she forbade him from taking a cab back to the apartment—she’s telling him off in every way possible. At first it was about his recklessness, but then she’s nitpicking his stance and rusty technique, and he’s bristling.

“...and seriously, what the hell did you tell that guy, anyway?”

“What?” Killua nearly drops the ice pack his holding onto his cheek.

“The guy. When you leaned in after the match.”

“It’s nothing important.”

She hums, eyes on the road. “Right… And what of Friks? He looked pretty worried about you.”

Killua flushes, and in a moment of heated embarrassment, he’s throwing the ice pack at Bisky. “Shut up !”
It takes two weeks before the bruise on Killua’s face heals to the point where makeup isn’t necessary to cover it up. When Alluka had seen it, she’d freaked out, fretting over her older brother and how he could possibly get such a wound on his face. He’d only smiled then, ruffling her hair and reassuring her that he was perfectly fine.

The first week, he had borrowed Alluka’s makeup, forced to use color correcting concealers and foundation to hide any trace of such a bruise on his face. Applying it had been a mess of winces, sucking in his breath from pain whenever the brush met his cheek. Alluka had tended to his split knuckles, gently wrapping them after cleaning and lathering on a topical antibiotic ointment.

Since then, though, he’s taken to practicing. Anything and everything he could remember—with Alluka’s permission. He’s repolished his stance, and started working out more often. Besides his time at the ballet studio with Bisky keeping a watchful eye, he used any spare time he had to fix his technique. It was a struggle to even convince Bisky to allow him to continue practicing in the studio with his injuries.

But he managed.

And now, two weeks after, he’s returning to the ring, somewhat nervous at the possibility of being challenged once again. Bisky had told him to turn down any challenges—but it was hard. Hard when the adrenaline ran and demanded attention, and hard when it was his pride and ego at stake. He sighs.

“Hey!”

Killua tenses.

“Killua, didn’t think we’d see you back so soon.” Morel says, smiling wide and holding open the door, “Come on in.”

Killua offers him a small smile.

When Killua walks in, he looks over to the ring. It’s Thursday, but there’s barely anyone, and Friks stands in the ring, coolly sparring with another person. When the door clicks shut, Friks looks over and smiles wide, waving at Killua. He says something to the person he’s sparring, pausing to take a towel and drape it over his nape, and promptly jumps over the ropes, making his way to Killua.
“Hey, Killua, you’re here!” Friks says, and that stupid smile hasn’t left his face.

“Yeah…” He drags his hand against his nape in embarrassment, “Sorry about leaving so abruptly last time.”

Friks frowns, tilting his head. “Don’t worry about it. That guy was kicked out of the ring. He’s not allowed here anymore.”

Killua looks up, eyes wide and he thinks that the shock is evident because Friks laughs. “There were several complaints put in after you left. The organizers didn’t hesitate to kick him after so many complaints and threats.”

He hums, “I’m surprised is all. I know I wasn’t in the wrong, but I didn’t think they’d go to that extent.”

Friks’s frown only seems to deepen. “Well, yeah, Bisky and Morel put in a complaint. So did I. A few others from the crowd did too. But forget about that, how’s your injuries?”

Killua’s mind is still reveling over the “so did I” comment, but he digresses, lifting his hands to show Friks his no-longer-bandaged hands, “They healed a few days ago. My face finally decided to cooperate just yesterday and hide the damage.”

The man smiles wide, eyes crinkling. “That’s good—”

“Friks!” A voice calls.

A man is walking over to them, holding an envelope. He’s blonde and lanky, nearly no muscles, with a long face and large eyes. Killua’s never seen him before.

“Here’s the schedule for your fights this weekend.” He says.

“Thanks, Meleoron.”
The man looks over at Killua, eyeing him up and down, “Who’s this?”

“Oh, this is—”

“Evans. My name’s Evans.” Killua interrupts Friks before he can finish the sentence.

Meleoron raises his eyebrow but says nothing, simply nods. “Okay well, you got your schedule. So I gotta bounce. See ya, buddy.”

Friks bids Meleoron goodbye, before turning to Killua with a questioning gaze, expression urging Killua to explain.

“I don’t need people knowing my name—nothing against you, though.”

Friks laughs, and after a moment he opens the envelope, sighing. “They set me up for a fight Saturday and Sunday night.”

Killua whistles, hands behind his neck in a relaxed position. “That’s fucked. You gotta go to both?”

He nods, but looks up at Killua with expectant eyes, “You’ll be there though, right?”

Killua wants to scoff and say he has a paper to work on, that his homework on business ethics and law won’t get done by itself, but Friks’ gaze is hopeful, and if Killua said it didn’t leave him kind of winded, he’d be lying. But he won’t miss the opportunity to tease Friks just a little.

“Inviting me out to an event when I don’t even know your name?” He asks, voice lilted. Killua doesn’t miss the way Friks goes beat red mere seconds after uttering the sentence. He stores the image in his mind, of the honey-colored man blushing so furiously that his skin colored darkened even more, and his ears tinted red in embarrassment.

After a second, he speaks. “It’s Gon. My name is Gon.”
Killua smiles, before laughing. “Nice to meet you Gon, I’m Killua.”

Gon’s voice is gentle when he speaks, a quiet laugh lining his laughs. “Yeah, I know.”

There’s a little something more hidden in those uttered words, but Killua doesn’t want to delve too deep into them. Maybe he’s just overthinking. Instead, he focuses on Friks’—Gon’s—name, and how fitting it is for him. It suits him well. He looks at Gon, memorizes every little aspect, drinks up every little detail.

“I’ll see you there then?”

“Yeah. You should get back in the ring.”

Gon grins, nodding and bidding Killua goodbye, entering the ring again and apologizing to the expectant opponent who was tapping their foot impatiently.

Killua sits down in the first row of seats, and watches.
Killua is nervous.

Not for Gon’s fight, but more so for what it entails.

Alluka was ecstatic when she’d heard him recount it over dinner. She’d stood, clamoring over to her brother’s side to hug him and exclaim about how happy she was for him. He flushes at the thought. Even Nanika had sensed the positive mood, trotting out from her post to meow and paw at Killua’s feet, demanding attention.

He hasn’t told Bisky, but he’s working under the assumption that she’s well aware of their development. After all, if he was correct, she was the one telling Gon when he went to the ring, and was the sole reason he was showing up at the same time Killua was.

And chances are if Bisky is pulling strings, then it’s safe to assume that Morel is also working with her—since they’re always together, chatting. Killua tries not to let the thought bother him too much, but he wonders if Gon is at all okay with what they’re pulling, and he frowns.

Regardless, night is coming quickly—far too quick for comfort—and Killua is scrambling to get ready, throwing on his long sleeve turtleneck and coat, Alluka placing a thick scarf around his neck, much to his chagrin.

Soon enough, he’s bidding Alluka goodnight and running his knuckles across Nanika’s forehead as he walks out the front door. The door closes shut with a click, and Killua walks down the hall until he’s reaching the elevator lobby, and signaling his descent.

Getting a cab to the ring isn’t hard, though Killua worries that it’ll be suspicious if he’s constantly going out to the industrial zone when it’s supposed to be a ghost town. He should invest in a car, but the thought doesn’t seem appealing, and walking to class is so much simpler than driving and wasting gas on a twenty-minute breeze walk.

It’s almost occurs to him like a slap to the face, when he sits in the cab he’s called and really processes the extent of Gon’s fights. Yes, he’s fighting again. But it’s the weekend, and there’s literally hundreds of people lined up waiting to enter the ring and witness Undefeated Fighter Friks win yet another match.
“Just how much are the tickets to Gon’s fights?” He mutters to himself, unlocking his phone and opening his browser.

Bisky had off-handedly commented it about it once—about Gon’s popularity and the effort it took to get tickets. But he’d never considered actually checking out how much his nights ran for, well, because he was getting in for free. He knew Bisky, and Bisky was an organizer of the ring, so there was no point in having him pay.

But as he peruses the site, there’s a tab that details upcoming fights, and there in bold lettering and capital letters is Gon’s name, with a button advertising ticket prices. Killua hesitates before clicking it, unsure of whether or not the button will just automatically charge his card. The site changes, from it’s minimalistic black style to a new tab, pure white and blinding Killua’s eyes that had adjusted to the darkness in the cab. He lowers his brightness.

The site is a bitcoin site, for exchanging Jenny to the digital currency, and one quick search is telling Killua that a single ticket to Gon’s fight tonight is a whopping 11,000 Jenny, only .01 bitcoin, and that was the starting price. Killua shudders. He sees the prices only increase, nearing 32,000 Jenny, and he’s making a mental note to thank Bisky for letting him into Gon’s fights completely free of charge.

There’s forum page when Killua clicks back, he notices it next to the prices tab. There’s people discussing recent fights, and Gon’s estimated power, and his fight with Todd is also there—surprisingly—with a couple hundred hits. But there’s an entire thread dedicated to sharing tips on how to score tickets for Gon’s weekend fights, with over a thousand comments, and Killua’s eyes are widening.

*I order the bitcoin to be mined a few days in advance.*

*My bitcoin wallet is prefilled with money now, tickets fly, lol.*

*You should use a VPN and several tabs to secure tickets.*

*I’ve gotten into the habit of keeping the ring site tab open lmao.*

The comments continue, long and never-ending, and the more Killua scrolls the older the timestamps get, until Killua is reaching the end of the page and is being prompted into the next
stream of comments. The cab arrives at the industrial zone at near perfect timing, and the driver alerts Killua of such.

With hastened motions, he’s paying the bill with his phone’s digital wallet and shoving the phone into the pocket of his hoodie, thanking the driver and bidding him goodnight. The driver only offers him a huff, driving off the moment Killua steps onto the cracked pavement.

When Killua arrives at the ring, there’s a huge line already outside, and a quick glance at his watch tells Killua there’s thirty minutes until Gon’s fight. He skips the line, walking past everyone—some shouting in indignation—and up to Morel, who simply gives him a nod and opens the door. More sounds of protest come from the line, but Morel is shouting back at them to “pipe it down or leave” and they go silent.

Bisky is speaking with Gon’s manager, who he has yet to be introduced to since the man is always in the back counting bills and running numbers. When she notices him, she waves, signaling for him to pick an area to stand at for tonight’s fight.

Somewhat with embarrassment, knowing Gon is going to smile wide, Killua tugs down on a strand of his white hair, playing with it to distract himself from what he’s doing. He’s standing at the very front of the crowd control barriers, where Gon will be able to see him during the fight. Killua said he’d be there, so—

“So close, hm?” Comes Bisky’s teasing voice. Killua startles, so lost in his thoughts he hadn’t noticed her approaching.

“Shut it, I told him I’d be here.” He growls.

“Hmm.” Her voice doesn’t lose its teasing lilt, “And that involves being close to the ring for no reason in particular?”

“Just so he isn’t being dumb and getting distracted looking for me.” Is all Killua offers. He doesn’t dare look at Bisky.

“Right…”

Killua doesn’t tell her that he initially planned on being so close to the barriers because he wanted
to make sure Gon would hear his cheers when he inevitably won the fight. Instead, he keeps quiet, and waits.

Gon’s eyes light up when he sees Killua in the crowd.

Killua is embarrassed by far, when Gon comes into the ring and it’s clear his eyes are scanning for someone. He doesn’t even consider looking at the stands, instead staring directly at the spot Killua had taken to sitting at during weekday visits. His expression had fallen when he hadn’t seen Killua sitting there in his turtleneck and fluffed, white hair.

His eyes had cast a clearly sour and distant look, until Killua is holding back a grin and shouting his stage name from the front of the stands, where Gon’s eyes dart to him and immediately sparkle. Killua is giving him a thumbs up: it’s the best he can do, because he’s absolutely mortified—and people are staring at him, and it’s overall so embarrassing.

He wants to shout and encourage Gon to do his best, but the referee is speaking, and others at the stands jump at the chance to get Gon’s attention before the fight. Killua can hear the bets going on behind him.
The fight passes quickly.

It seems that people are more interested in watching Gon completely decimate his opponents—no matter how quickly—in favor of quality, lasting fights. Because, really, Killua watched as the first fight Gon participated in lasted no more than three minutes, after nearly an hour of anticipation watching lower-level fighters duke it out in the ring.

Killua felt bad even cheering for Gon—when he so quickly finishes his opponents. It removes the value of winning a fight. But he still does, because Gon is being embarrassing and his eyes keep meeting Killua’s mid-fight so often that Killua is worried Gon will get the daylights knocked out of him.

At some point, Killua is mouthing to Gon to pay attention.

At another point, the girl’s standing near him think that Gon is throwing glances at them, and they speak excitedly about trying to get his attention and possibly being “able to get it with Friks”. Killua wants to scoff, but he keeps it to himself and continues to watch.
When Sunday night comes, Killua is less nervous.

Alluka had seen him depart the apartment once again, and smiled knowingly, scooping up Nanika into her arms and bringing her to the door to see Killua off. His sister had been so enthusiastic about his adventures to the ring, not once complaining about his absence at night. He was surprised that Nanika had taken his departures so well, considering the tiny kitten mewed loudly whenever Killua was out of sight within the confines of the apartment.

The ride to the industrial zone is spent scrolling through the forum, viewing new comments over Gon’s fighting techniques and more comments over how to snag tickets to his scheduled fights. When he arrives at the ring, it’s once again filled to the brim, a long line waiting for permission to enter, while Killua simply walks past them and into the ring at the allowance of Morel.

He still hears the groans and complaints, but there’s less this time, and maybe they’re starting to recognize him as an organizer instead of a patron. Which is still a wrong description of what exactly he’s doing there—but well, being wrongly labeled organizer is leagues better than anything else. He plans on taking stand at the front of the crowd control barrier again, because Gon had been so ecstatic yesterday, but he’s pausing in his tracks when he sees Gon leaning against one of the walls, looking up when he hears the approaching footsteps and waving to Killua.

“Killua!”

Killua grins, walking over. “What’s up?”

“Can you stay after the fight concludes tonight?”

Killua’s eyes widen, his brows furrow. “Yeah, that’s no problem. Why?”

But Gon doesn’t elaborate, pushing himself off the wall and smiling. “Don’t worry! I gotta go prepare for tonight’s fight, see you then!”

And Killua gets no chance to even retort, Gon already jogging away and opening one of the doors. He sighs, shaking his head but smiling nonetheless, and taking his spot at the front of the barrier. He doesn’t let his mind wander to the implication of Gon’s words.
Killua tries to focus on the fights leading up to Gon’s fight, he really does, but the more time progresses, the more curious he becomes. He mulls over Gon’s words time and time again, processes it every which way until it’s Gon’s turn to fight. And even then, he’s absentminded, wondering what was so important that Gon had to speak with him after the match.

Gon takes a punch to the gut, but it doesn’t deter him, and he wins the fight altogether by the end of the second round, scoring a knockout with a direct hit in his opponent’s face: a blow so hard it sends the man spiraling sideways onto the mat.

The cheers are loud and reverberate, and without a second thought, Killua is joining in the cheers.

Gon turns, eyes scanning, looking for the familiar white fluff of hair, and for a second Killua can see the worry flash in his eyes. When he finally finds Killua’s form at the front of the crowd, he gives him a smile so bright it rivals the sun and it’s kicking the oxygen straight out of his chest. Killua stops his cheering to smile.

The referee raises Gon’s hand to signal his win, and the crowd erupts louder. It’s nearing midnight, and Killua should really get going. His morning macroeconomics class is at 8a.m. and he’s not looking forward to being unable to stay wrapped in a bundle of blankets for longer than necessary.
But Gon needed to speak with him.

*For what?*

As the minutes tick by, the people begin to scatter. There’s chatter around him, and Gon was ushered out of the ring, sent to what Killua assumes is a backroom. With nowhere to go, Killua stands, watching as others pack their things and go. The man who fought against Gon is being carried into a room, ice pack against his face.

Killua winces, knowing the feeling.

More minutes tick by, and there’s a feeling nagging against his chest that maybe he’s been set up. Gon hasn’t appeared since he was taken to that room. Maybe he forgot. Maybe he had something else to do and left—

And…

“Killua!”

Killua is turning on his heel faster than he ever has before. There stands Gon, changed into a pair of sweats and a compressed long sleeve shirt, towel draped against his nape and earbud cords laying on his shoulder. His eyes are still shining, holding the same happiness from when he was inside the ring.

The ring is empty now, and it’s only them.

“Sorry for taking so long, I was asked to change because they were locking up.”

Killua hums, looking over Gon, “What was it that you needed to talk about?”

In that moment, Gon seems to grow hesitant, and he averts his eyes, form slouching just a bit inward, and his hand comes up to scratch at his cheek. He stays silent for a few seconds before finding the right words.
“I was wondering—and feel free to say no—gosh I probably should’ve waited longer to ask, I don’t know if you’re a busy person, and I’ve only ever seen you here and well—” he takes a breath, “Bisky mentioned it being okay but I really wasn’t sure and I’m still not and I guess I’m just worried. We don’t know each other very well but I wanted to get to know you and uh—”

“Gon.” Killua interrupts him, and Gon finally looks at him, face flushed and ears red and Killua has to swallow to keep from choking on his own spit, “You’re rambling.”

“You’re right! I’m sorry, you probably have somewhere to be. I was just wondering, if you had the time, if you wanted to train with me?”

Killua feels like the world is being pulled from under his feet, and his eyes widen, heart stopping and he feels kind of winded right now.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Three of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hello again!! These updates are seriously coming faster than I expected them to. I really just post them and get started on the next chapter soon after because I'm so insanely excited. I always have so much fun typing these chapters. I'm really hoping that this chapter has done the anticipation due justice. I struggled a lot with figuring out how to pace and end it, and with this chapter specifically, I'm not all too happy with how I paced it.

That being said, Killua and Gon finally exchanged words!! Actual, legitimate phrases, and I honest to god screamed while typing it because I was that happy, LOL. Killua finally had his first fight, though much to his distaste, and he's finally speaking with Gon. And did you //see// what he told Todd? I got goosebumps. As usual, I have no set schedule, but updates may slow down just a little? I'm not too sure. We'll see.

I'm excited to receive feedback on this chapter, so please remember that comments absolutely make my day, and I love reading and responding to all of them, hehe. So definitely leave a comment, even if it's just "I loved this chapter!!!", it works wonders to my motivation and appreciation.

I have a twitter, so feel free to scream at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Four

Chapter Summary

Keep it cool, keep it cool.

He grins. “Yeah, sure. When do you want to meet up?”

Gon’s eyes dart back up to Killua, and he’s staring, eyes sparkling. “Really?!” There’s a child innocence about him, something that doesn’t fit his figure or his age; Killua avoids his gaze—looking away. There’s a blush forming on his cheeks, and he’s glad the lights in the ring have since dimmed.

“Yeah, it’s no problem. I’ve been meaning to get back into the swing of things anyway.”

“That’s great!”

A silence stretches between them, and Killua feels the embarrassment rise like bile up his throat. God, this is so awkward.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You’re right! I’m sorry, you probably have somewhere to be. I was just wondering, if you had the time, if you wanted to train with me?”

Killua feels like the world is being pulled from under his feet, and his eyes widen, heart stopping and he feels kind of winded right now. Gon is back to averting his eyes, but the words continue to echo in Killua’s head, and he’s staring at Gon, mouth agape.

Keep it cool, keep it cool.

He grins. “Yeah, sure. When do you want to meet up?”

Gon’s eyes dart back up to Killua, and he’s staring, eyes sparkling. “Really?!” There’s a child innocence about him, something that doesn’t fit his figure or his age; Killua avoids his gaze—looking away. There’s a blush forming on his cheeks, and he’s glad the lights in the ring have since dimmed.

“Yeah, it’s no problem. I’ve been meaning to get back into the swing of things anyway.”
“That’s great!”

A silence stretches between them, and Killua feels the embarrassment rise like bile up his throat. God, this is so awkward. He wants to scream and tear out his hair, because Gon is staring at him and he’s staring back, and it really feels like one of those game shows where you don’t know what to do or say to the stranger across from you.

“So uh…”

“Oh! Uh…” Gon looks at his fingers, counting something to himself, “Is Wednesday night okay? I mean I—”

“Gon, it’s fine.” Killua gives the man a reassuring smile, “I’ll be here at seven, is that fine?”

“Yeah!”

“Yeah…”

They lapse into silence again. Gon brings his hand to his nape, rubbing it awkwardly. “So, uh, I’ll see you then?”

“Yeah. I should get going.”

Gon nods, giving Killua a soft smile and waving him goodbye. More lights in the building begin to dim further, and it’s completely silent as Killua walks to the front door. But he reconsiders stepping
out, stopping in his tracks to look back. Gon had stepped inside into one of the rooms. Despite his best judgement to just leave and make things less awkward, Killua decides to wait for Gon to step out of the room.

He takes out his phone, scrolling through his texts and emails. There’s nothing new from Alluka, or anyone important in particular, so Killua shuts his phone again and sighs. A sound comes from in front of him, and there’s Gon, stepping out of the room holding his black duffel bag. His eyes widen when he sees Killua.

“Killua, you’re still here!” He exclaims, taking longer strides to reach Killua.

“Yeah, didn’t want to leave you here alone.” Killua wills himself not to flush.

“Oh.” Is the only thing Gon says, before smiling wide and stepping in front of Killua, “Well, thank you for that.”

Killua pushes open the door, signaling for Gon to go through first. He laughs, waiting for Killua after stepping through. The winter night is cold, and a gust of wind is pushing Gon’s spiked hair back, seemingly bending it at a ninety-degree-angle. Killua wants to snort, but he refrains, viewing Gon’s scrunched up face try to avoid the wind.

“Cold?” He asks.

“I’m just not used to the cold.” Gon doesn’t elaborate, and Killua doesn’t think there’s a need to.

“Well, I’ll see you Wednesday, then?”

“Yeah! Bye Killua!”

Killua bites back his urge to laugh, wants to step on the giddy feeling in his chest—the feeling that infiltrates his senses. Because this isn’t about fighting anymore. At least, not completely. And Killua isn’t sure how he feels about that.
In anticipation for their training Wednesday night, Killua has taken to warming up more seriously in Bisky’s studio. He was lifting weights long before ever entering the ring and meeting Gon, but now that he was training with such a man there was an incentive. He wanted to impress. And he was far from perfect at the moment.

With the hour that he privately scheduled with Bisky, he’s taken the weight room for himself, switching between sets of ten and twenty, repetitions low on purpose. By the time he’s used up his allotted time, he’s arms are shaking, and he can barely grip his water bottle, but the feeling is nice. He missed this.

Before the ring, there was no motivation to train as hard as he currently was. Now that there’s a very clear motivation, he’s beyond excited to get back into the swing of things.

Bisky comes in briefly to announce his times up, and she grins when she sees Killua sweating, shirt drenched and white hair matted against his forehead. “I see you’re training hard for Wednesday.”

Killua startles. “He told you?”

“I know a birdie, that’s all.” Killua doesn’t like how cunning her voice sounds. She laughs as she leaves, “Studio ten is open for you to practice, so get to it!”
“Yeah, yeah!” He barks back, grabbing his bag and setting out for the studio.

The studio is already on by the time Killua arrives, lights on and AC running. Killua sighs in relief, closing the door behind him and dropping his bag at the corner of the room. Mirrors are on the front and side walls, his reflection watching him as he sets himself to stretch before his routine.

He sets himself on the ground, using his arms to push himself up and arch his back, turning his hips to stretch. His arms shake with the effort to keep him up—and in hindsight he probably should’ve waited until after practice to workout so heavily in the weight room. Despite the strain on his arms, he continues to stretch, pushing up and turning to sit, flexing his arms out in front of him and lowering until his chest is against his knees.

Stretching allows him to catch his breath, go over his thoughts and responsibilities—it’s like he goes on autopilot. As he does a side split, he mulls over his assignments and workload. In his mental checklist, his paper is complete and submitted, and the chapters assigned to read he’d already read. Unless he gets assigned any more work, he should be good for Wednesday night.

He shifts into a forward split.

Alluka is going out on the weekend with some friends. She’s going to check out the university she enrolled at, one that thankfully wasn’t far from their apartment. She’s arranged everything with her friends, without his help, and a feeling of pride rises whenever he thinks about his little sister finally becoming independent—from his family, from him, from expectations. He’s glad she made it over that bridge.

He stands, bending over until his chest is against his thighs and his arms touch the floor.

Killua doesn’t know what Gon is planning in terms of training. He doesn’t know if they’ll be sparing together, or just lifting weights, or—something. But the prospect of spending time with the man, and working out like he used to—a two in one deal—has a coil of excitement running through him.

A quick scroll through his phone and he’s setting up the music playlist for his routine, a dozen or so soundtracks from his favorite modern-beats-turned-instrumental. It’s a nice setlist to warm up to, one that he’s come to familiarize himself with. At this point, he knows where he should be in terms of warm-up depending on how far along he is in the song.
The barre against the wall is his first choice, and Killua takes his time there. He alternates between his left and right foot, stretching one foot onto the barre and lifting his opposite arm, tilting forward. His hamstrings burn, and legs ache, and he grins.

He allows his foot to slowly slide down, until he’s nearly on the floor, his other foot still hooked onto the barre in an effort to stretch more. Lower and lower he falls, until he feels as though he’s stretched enough, and switches. From there, he stands and leans back, hearing a satisfying pop! from his spine.

An a la seconde is done against the barre, and he’s happy with his figure in the mirror, perfectly arched and knee nearly reaching his shoulder. He’s come a long way, having to unlearn the stiff posture that martial arts forced upon him into a more fluid and straightened posture.

As the music picks up the pace, so does he, and he continues his routine.

When Wednesday night comes, it’s nothing short of nerves and stress. Killua hadn’t been assigned any more assignments due for the week, but his international business professor had assigned more chapters to read, and he was due a check-up on his capstone project as a senior in the business administration major. His senior year had only just begun—that was the saddest part.
Regardless, Alluka met him with a smile when he woke up, and she continued to tease him about tonight’s training session with Gon, no matter how innocent of a meet-up he swore it was.

“Alluka, you know I’d never—”

“Yes, brother, you’d never, and that’s the first problem.” She interrupts, and she’s scolding him now and he can’t even blame her, “Go have fun. You’ve looked after me long enough, and stop stressing over it.”

Killua wants to correct her and say that the nature of fun he’d be having certainly isn’t the one she’s thinking of, but he can’t pitch a word in when Alluka continues: “Plus, I have Nanika here, too.” As if to prove her point, the white kitten mewls from her spot on the couch. “We’ll be marathoning a new show, so go!”

She’s ushering him out, delighted at having the apartment to herself—helping him to the point of packing his duffel bag with his worn-yet-loved gloves and a small towel. Alluka hadn’t even hesitated to pick out his outfit for him, demanding he wear his compressed shirt, the one where the sleeves had holes for his thumbs, and his black leggings. “You’re taste in fashion is good,” she had said then, “but mine is better.”

He’s not even allowed to have a quick snack. “It’s 5:30, Alluka.”

“Yes, and?” She sticks out her tongue. “The ride there is thirty minutes, and I’m willing to bet you’re both going to get there an hour in advance, because you’re both dorks.”

Killua bites the inside of his cheek to avoid laughing aloud. He simply kisses her forehead and ruffles her black hair, hearing her hum. “Alright, alright. I’ll get going. I know you wanna kick me out.”

The weather is getting chillier. Despite the long sleeve Killua has on, he still throws on a hoodie and hopes that it’ll be enough to bite off the cold. It’s not snowing yet, but it probably will soon, and he’s looking forward to walking to class in the snow, surrounded by white and cold.

“Where to?” asks the driver, not sparing Killua a glance, eyes on the road.

“The industrial zone.”
He ignores the look he gets, opts to stare out the window as the driver takes him to his destination.

It’s silent, the entire way there, and there’s chatter on the radio offering dating advice to listeners, and the driver turns up the volume, to which Killua huffs, elbow propped on the cab door and palm against his chin. He tries to tune it out, though failing miserably, and he’s forced to hear some probably-middle-aged-man drone on about obviously-projected dating advice.

It’s 6:27 p.m. when Killua arrives at the ring. There was an unexpected accident on the highway, and it had left the cab driver cursing at the wheel, flipping off anyone who tried to cut into his lane. Killua had to physically restrain himself from sinking into the backseat in embarrassment.

“Killua, welcome back.” Morel greets him at the door, swinging open the door.

“Hey.” Killua greets him, stepping inside into the warm room.

There, leaning against the ring is Gon, talking to one of the men inside. He’s talking vigorously, hands gesturing, and he’s pausing to look over when the man in the ring tilts his head to Killua. Killua feels his face flush when Gon looks over and waves so wide, hand over his head and so animated. His eyes are crescents, and he’s striding over, a grin on his face. Faintly, Killua can see the man in the ring shake his head and go back to practicing his moves.
“Killua, you’re here early!”

Killua smiles, duffel bag slung over his back. “You are too.”

Gon giggles, “C’mon, there’s a backroom we use to warm up, we can use it to train.”

Killua nods, following Gon as he leads him to the back of the building, where there’s a single door locked. Gon is clicking it open with a key, and turns the handle, the door creaking open in the otherwise silent area. He flicks on the lights, and the room whirs on into life, the generator humming an audible tune. The fans turn faster, and the lights flicker before stabilizing.

It’s not the worst room he’s trained in.

It’s not big by any means. It’s barely any bigger than the combined space of his kitchen and living room, but there’s plenty of room. There’s a thick foam mat in the middle of the room, and weights littered about in corners. Killua recognizes Gon’s duffel bag at one of the corners of the room, neatly tucked into the corner. Gon stands still.

“I wasn’t sure what you’d want to do in terms of training, so uh…” Gon brings his hand to nape in embarrassment, eyes averted.

Killua hums, setting his bag on the floor. “Whatever you usually do is fine.” He looks up at Gon from his position on the floor expectantly.

“Oh! Well, I usually start with weights, if that’s fine with you?”

“Yeah, sure.”

There’s barbells neatly piled into stands against a single panel, and single-station bag stands; weight benches, pulley systems, and leg presses line the walls.

“Any idea how long you wanna train for?” Killua asks, turning to gauge Gon’s reaction.
“Well, I have to get some pictures printed for my class tomorrow, so is 8 fine?”

Killua smiles and shrugs, “Whatever’s cool with you, dude.”

Honestly, the whole thing feels like an awkward gym meet-up. After all, this place was essentially a glorified gym. Though run down, too. Internally Killua knows they have to make conversation, get over this hurdle of lulling conversation, because it’s absolutely stifling and he doesn’t know how much he can take.

With a huff, Killua removes his hoodie, pulling it off and grinning at Gon, who stares, gaze unwavering. Killua drops the hoodie near his bag, walking past Gon to the mat in the center of the room, setting himself on the ground to stretch. Gon continues to stare.

“Well, you just gonna stare?” Killua teases, “You’re the one who invited me.”

Gon sputters, looking between Killua and the mat. “I don’t usually stretch before training.”

Killua pauses mid-stretch, fingers touching his pointed toes, and looks up at Gon. “You don’t what?”

“I don’t—”

“Yeah, heard you the first time. Sit, now.” He pats the spot next to him, “We’re stretching.”

There’s no sort of resistance on Gon’s part. He just nods and does as told, sitting next to Killua and looking at him. Copies him. When Killua bends over, chest flat against his knees, he hears Gon take a sharp inhale of breath, and he looks over at the man.

“What?”

“Didn’t know you were so flexible.”
Killua huffs in amusement, grinning widely. “It comes with the territory. C’mon, up. You’re absolutely crazy for not warming up. Stretch your legs, dude.”

The white-haired man is instructing Gon every step of the way, going as far as to urge him to stretch further. Gon groans, complaining that it’s going to leave him sore before he’s even able to train. Killua only laughs.

After ten minutes of intense warming up, Killua relents on Gon—lets the man breathe. Gon is absolutely relieved, huffing and glaring playfully at Killua. It makes Killua snort, when he sees Gon’s face scrunched up in disapproval. He helps Gon up, grabbing his hand and pulling him up.

His hands are calloused.

Killua tries not to think about it, so he wanders over to the pulley system, and adjusts the two-hundred-pound weight stack to a whopping one-hundred-fifty-pounds. It’ll get his mind off things, he reasons. Gon doesn’t hesitate to pick up a barbell, loading each side with seventy-five-pound plates. He grins at Killua.

“You mentioned needing to print some photos. You got a project due or something?” Killua asks, counting the repetitions in his head.

Gon looks over, takes a moment to put his thoughts into words. He nods. “I’m majoring in photography, and we have to show some of our shots tomorrow in class for our thesis.”

“Haven’t seen you around the city. You commute somewhere?”

“Yeah,” Gon says, takes a few steps closer to Killua, “I go to a community college in the outskirts of Yorknew. What about you?”

Killua forgets the weight of his name when he’s with Gon. His background. Who he was. He was Killua Zoldyck, heir to a family corporation, son of two famous lawyers, younger brother of a world-renowned lawyer and a military technologist. He’s surprised Gon hadn’t pieced his identity together yet—hadn’t thought to question his name.

“I’m attending a college in the city. Majoring in business administration.” And it’s not a lie, per-say, but it’s not the exact truth either.
Gon makes a sound of amazement, “Whoa. So then you’re like, really smart!”

He sputters, nearly lets go of the pulley system. “What? Smarts has nothing to do with my major.”

“That’s not true!” Killua feels as though he’s going to get his ear scolded. “Business administration is a really tough major, at least in my college. There’s not many people in it, and they always look so miserable in lectures.”

“Was it your initial major or something?” Killua asks, his interest peaked. He takes a deep breath, releasing his grip on the pulley system’s handles. He’d completed his sets already anyway.

“God, never. I did average in high school, so my scores aren’t good enough to even meet the program requirements. But I had a friend who tried it out before outright dropping it for physical therapy instead.”

Momentarily, Killua wonders how one could even do such a switch, but he supposes that when life isn’t planned for you from birth, wild cards are drawn, and changes occur. He holds back a frown—wishes he could do the same, just change his major, but he can’t, and he can’t say he minds all that much anymore.

“The classes aren’t that hard. It’s basic stuff, and easy enough if you read the material.”

“That’s something someone smart would say.” Gon mutters, and Killua snorts.

A silence lapses as they switch; Gon takes the pulley system, setting down the barbell, and Killua takes the leg press, adjusting the weight to one-hundred-pounds. His thighs shake with the effort to keep up against the force of the machine, and he huffs a gruff laugh. Gon is watching him from his seat.

“Killua, I was wondering,” Gon starts, and he looks hesitant to ask, but Killua stops, holding his position and turns his gaze to him, “During your fight with Todd, were you just throwing punches?”

“Nope.” Killua slowly releases the leg press until his feet are resting comfortably on the floor, and
he’s pushing himself up to look at Gon. “I practiced seven styles of martial arts back when I was younger. But I quit, and haven’t practiced since I left, so I’m rusty as hell.” Killua laughs.

Gon doesn’t say anything, but his eyes are filled with a wonderment that Killua can only chalk up to rivaling a child’s. “Killua, you’re so cool!”

He’s flushing, turning away and leaning back into the leg press. “It’s nothing extraordinary, Gon.”

“It is!” He insists, and Killua hears the weights click against each other as Gon rests. “In the five years I’ve been at this ring, I’ve only learned two types of martial arts. I know boxing, obviously, but Knuckle made sure I knew kickboxing and shotokan before he let me into the ring as precaution.”

Killua assumes that Knuckle is his manager.

“Really?” Killua says, “I was taught martial arts since I was practically able to go to school. My family made sure I was skilled in several styles.”

“Which styles do you know?” Gon asks, and once again he’s surrounded by an aura akin to the innocence of a child—something not at all like the man in the ring who had plummeted two men in one night, not even twenty minutes in-between.

Killua thinks for a second. “Well, I’m well versed in boxing, but I practiced shotokan, wing chun, taekwondo, hapkido, taekkyeon, and kendo.”

This time, Gon does make a sound of amazement. “Won’t you teach me some techniques, Killua?”

And really, how could Killua say no to that? So he nods, pushing himself off the leg press and directs Gon to the mat.
The time passes quicker than expected. They’d set a timer on their phones to ring twenty minutes before 8 p.m., and after nearly an hour of running through examples and techniques, Gon had picked up all of them. Every single move Killua offered and taught him, he’d absorbed like a sponge.

Killua had to admit, he was impressed, though not at all surprised. If anything, he saw it coming.

Both Killua and Gon were soaked in sweat, Gon more-so, having to repeat Killua’s instructions to near exhaustion. Regardless, they made the time for a quick sparring session where Gon would try each move Killua taught him, and it was impressive to witness. Gon had been hesitant at first, but Killua had reassured him, telling him he could take the hits, and they went off.

They worked well together. It was simple. They just clicked when sparring—like they understood each other. There was a balance that Killua had never experienced with other opponents. When Gon threw a kick, Killua defended just as quick, and when Killua aimed with a jab, Gon blocked with his forearm and hit back with his arm and leg simultaneously. They were on par—equal—and Killua found himself not wanting to out-do Gon. They kept each other on their toes, but it wasn’t to the point where one outweighed the other, regardless of whether it was strength, power, or drive.

By the time there was twenty minute to eight, Gon and Killua had conversed of idle topics: small talk that was just there to fill the silence. There wasn’t a blanket of unspoken awkwardness covering them. They were comfortable with each other, and the thought made Killua grin. As they stretched to cool down—light movements to remove the strain on their bodies, as Killua had explained to a skeptical Gon—they drank from their water bottles and wiped the sweat from their foreheads with their towels.
“Hey, Gon.”

Gon looks over, making a noise of acknowledgement.

“Is there any particular reason why you’re fighting in the ring?”

The black haired man pauses, setting his water bottle on the ground. “The money helps, but I’d say the reason I haven’t gotten bored after so long here is because I love the fights.”

“The fights?”

“Yeah. The danger of it.” Gon says, and his golden eyes meet Killua’s ocean blue ones. “There’s always the possibility of getting hurt, of encountering someone who will beat the shit out of me. I think the guessing game is fun.”

Killua doesn’t get a chance to reply, because Gon is springing up, past his dark remark, and asking: “Hey, Killua, can we exchange phone numbers?”

There’s an internal battle in Killua’s mind to will himself not to flush red at the question. “Sure, what for?”

Silence.

“Well, uh… It’ll be easier to schedule days to train, if you don’t mind training with me more.”

Killua was going to give him his phone number regardless of the answer, and he doesn’t hesitate to take out his phone from his duffel bag, unlocking it and opening the contacts app. He hands it to Gon.

“Go ahead and type your number.”
Gon laughs, exchanging phones with Killua, and as he types his number into Killua’s phone, Killua does the same. His fingers waver on the contact name, before he types the awfully dumb contact name “Training Buddy Killua”. When Killua gets his phone form Gon, he sees the man’s contact set as “Choku Zuki Gon” and he can’t contain the laugh that bubbles past his throat.

“Straight punch Gon, seriously?” Killua can’t stop laughing, clutching his sides, “What made you think of that?” He gasps for the oxygen that is escaping him.

The laughter is contagious, and it spreads to Gon, who’s also laughing, albeit embarrassed. “I couldn’t come up with anything on the spot, alright? What was I supposed to do?! And what type of name is Training Buddy Killua?”

“Well, had you given me a warning you’d hit me with Choku Zuki Gon, I would’ve competed with you for a more headass name!”

They don’t stop laughing, barely able to grab their things and look at each other without snorting. Happiness thrums in Killua’s veins. The ring has more people present when they exit the confinements of the room. Patrons are watching the fight in the ring, but some turn their gaze to Killua and Gon when they hear the inevitable squeak of the door shut.

Gon pays them no mind, continuing his conversation with Killua until they’ve reached the door and are stepping out.

“Well, I’ll see you later?” Gon asks, his voice hopeful, and Killua grins.

“Yeah. Text me after you pick up those prints for your class.”

“Oh sh—I completely forgot! The store closes in an hour, I gotta go! Bye, Killua!” Gon waves goodbye as he jogs backwards, before he’s shifting on his step and running forwards.

Killua doesn’t even get to say goodbye back, but that’s fine with him. He smiles as he walks in the opposite direction.
When Killua arrives back to the apartment, the lights are still on, and Alluka is sitting on the couch with Nanika in her arms napping. The kitten arouses from her slumber when the door clicks shut, and Alluka looks up from the television.

“So…” She asks, encouraging Killua to speak.

“So?”

“So, how’d it go?”

At that moment, his phone pings with an alert, and he frowns, knowing well that no one would bother to message him unless it was for assignment clarification, and it was still too early into the night for those types of people to even bother him to begin with. To his delight, it’s Gon’s dumb contact name on his lockscreen, his phone notifying him of new images sent.

A new chat is opened between the both of them, and beautifully-taken photographs are framed in the pictures sent. Shots that seem impossible to get—from such dangerous heights and weather conditions, to unimaginable, fantastical compositions underwater. Killua feels a wide smile grace his features, and he hears his sister snort.
“I’m guessing it went great.” is all she says.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Four of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hello everyone! First of all, I apologize for this chapter taking a bit longer to release than the rest. I had a bit of a block with it, and it was my mom’s birthday this weekend, so I didn't have time to really commit to this chapter in preparation for it. But now, after a full day of typing away, I've managed to finish it! I'm glad with the result, and we got more Killugon moments! I cannot count the times I wanted to yell about how cute yet dumb they were acting while typing this chapter.

I hope this works as an early Halloween special? I was thinking of writing something for a Halloween special, but realized I realistically don't have enough time to commit to my studies and outlining a full-fledged Killugon fic in time for Halloween :(.

However, that's besides the point! Killua and Gon aren't awkward anymore!! They're actually forming conversation; development and progress, we stan! I'd like to thank @Oncephobic on Twitter for helping me with their contact names, HAHA. And Alluka, I love her so much (Nanika, too!). Hopefully, I'm portraying Alluka and Killuas relationship well enough where it doesn't seem OOC(?) I don't have any siblings, so I don't know how siblings act, lol.

As always, I'm excited to receive feedback on this chapter. Please remember that commenting keeps the author alive, and I love replying to them and seeing what you all have to say about the chapter! So definitely drop your reviews below, it works wonders to my motivation to release more chapters. Seriously, you all have no idea how much a simple "this is amazing!" will fuel a fic writer's motivation and drive to continue. We all crave validation, feed us please LMFAO.

I have a Twitter, so feel free to scream at me there: @Peachiinari
Chapter Five

Chapter Summary

Gon steps off, looks for Killua’s face in the crowd, and waves him over. Killua stands, grabbing his things and making his way to Gon. The sour look is still on the his face.

“What’s wrong?” Killua asks.

“I hate when they do that shit—pair me against some newbie.” Gon’s eyebrows furrow further, and his mouth is downturned as if to prove his point. “I hate fighting them.”

“Because they’re amateurs?”

“Because they can’t defend themselves.” Gon says, “I feel like some bully picking on them. I hate the feeling. So I was always try to end the fights quickly—usually through liver shots, or choking, or I try to force a tap out. But it doesn’t erase the feeling.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Gon and Killua have been talking consistently.

It’s nice to wake up to an overly-chipper good morning message from the man, and receive pings throughout the day from his adventures in the outskirts of Yorknew. Gon will send selfies in class, where it’s just him and ten other students in a room, with a grin and a peace sign. He’ll send previews of his unedited photographs, and pictures of things he finds throughout the day.

With the pictures Gon sends, Killua has gained small snippets of his home life. His room, riddled with photographs, and his dining table, set neatly with a tablecloth and plate mat, a centerpiece of fresh flowers there, are never the focal point, but they’re still visible. It builds his character, Killua thinks.

Killua is a dry texter—he knows this. Alluka complains about it constantly, although she means well. He talks in full sentences and punctual grammar; the most he uses is a quick colon and parentheses to symbolize a smiley face instead of scrolling through the plethora of emojis to find one specific face. Gon, on the other hand, has his texts plagued with errors—abbreviations abundant and misspellings clear.

His phone pings, and he looks up from his desk.
Choku Zuki Gon:

2:07 p.m.: look what i found!!!

There’s an image of a white flower growing in a field of burnt grass and wood. Killua recognizes the area as the forest that caught fire just a few days ago on the news.

Training Buddy Killua:

2:10p.m.: Lol, it looks nice.

Choku Zuki Gon:

2:10p.m.: right???? I think im gonna use it for my thesis project,,

2:11p.m.: what do u think

Killua bites back a smile, putting down his pencil and highlighter and ignoring his assignment in favor of replying to Gon. He’s further along in the class than the rest of the students anyway. The desk chair creaks in complaint when Killua leans back to reply to him.

Training Buddy Killua:

2:13p.m.: It’ll work nice with your concentration. But what the hell are you doing at that forest?

Choku Zuki Gon:

2:14p.m.: its like a 10min drive from my aunt’s house so i thought i’d go for some nice shots

Of course it is. Of course Gon would go to a recently burnt forest for pictures—that’s such a Gon thing to do. To just up and drive to a location announced as dangerous, where the police advised the general public to avoid for a couple of months if they intended to go for recreational reasons. As if it wasn’t dangerous for a number of reasons.

Training Buddy Killua:

2:16p.m: You’re crazy. There are probably hotspots still burning, and the ground may cave in. Be careful.
Choku Zuki Gon:

2:16p.m.: *ill be fine i know how to find my way around in nature i grew up on an island remember ill text you after i leave gonna find some more photos to shoot bbl*

Killua sighs, setting down his phone again. He doesn’t bother to reply, and sets back to his assignment. The clock ticks on the corner of his desk. Alluka is in the kitchen making snacks for a meet-up with her friends, excited to spend another weekend with them. He grins when he hears her talk to Nanika, singing a tune gently. The sound makes it all the way to his room.

When Killua returns to the ring, it’s Friday night, when Alluka is resting early for her trip with her friends the following day and Gon isn’t scheduled for actual fights. They haven’t trained together again since last week—they both have commitments outside of the ring—but Gon hints at the idea of wanting to meet up again sometime, not that Killua is against it.

He’d left directly for the ring after ballet, having noticed the time was nearing Gon’s usual appearance time. Today’s practice had him completely lost in the moment, dancing his routine over and over until he was gasping for breath, hands braced on his knees and spine curled.

The ring isn’t full today either, thankfully. There’s still a good number of people. Maybe 25, Killua estimates. But there Gon is, standing against the wall, frowning, holding his phone and staring down at it. If he stared a little harder, Killua was sure he’d burn a hole through it. He doesn’t look
up at all—doesn’t hear Morel greeting Killua’s name as he enters.

Killua digs his phone out of his pocket, slows his steps so that his sneakers wouldn’t squeak against the floor of the factory, and he hovers over Gon’s contact name. He clicks the message button.

Training Buddy Killua:

8:13p.m.: Look up.

The message doesn’t even hesitate to go directly from sending to read. Gon had been in their chat.

Gon’s head snaps up, and a smile graces his features.

“Killua! I—” His face goes red when he sees the leggings on Killua, and the leotard which fit his form. “I, uh… I— I didn’t know you did ballet…” He whispers the words.

“Huh?” Killua tilts his head, though his ears are tinted red in embarrassment. “I didn’t tell you?”

“Oh…no…” Gon has his eyes on Killua, his gaze unwavering.

Rifling through his duffel bag, Killua takes out his hoodie, throwing it over his head. He pretends he doesn’t see the way Gon stares at his biceps flexing or his deltoids stretching. Killua dusts the hoodie off, pulling on the fabric that’s bunching up from its large size.

They don’t get a chance to exchange another word.

“Friks! You’re up!”

Gon’s head snaps up at the sound of his name, but he redirects his stares back at Killua, then his thighs. Killua grins.

“I’ll see you after the match, then?”
“Yu—Yeah…” It’s a mere whisper, his voice low, and he pushes himself from the wall, making his way to the ring entrance.

Killua seats himself near where he usually does, setting his duffel bag next to him and scrolling through his phone for notifications. There’s none. He locks his phone again. The palm of his hand is against his cheek, propped against his knee, as he waits for the fight to begin. Gon has his boxing gloves on, and he’s entering the ring slowly.

His opponent is some scrawny man, name unannounced, and Killua knows he’s never fought a day in his life from the way he positions his hands against Gon. His fists are too tight, the first two knuckles protruding farther than the rest, and by doing so, he runs the risk of fracturing his hand. The man had been pompous, exclaiming he didn’t need gloves to beat the man named Friks, but a single look at Gon once he was in the ring has him shrinking back.

“Are you sure you don’t want gloves?” The referee asks.

“No!” He barks, and Gon has a sour look on his face.

The fight starts with the shout of the referee, and Gon doesn’t move from his stance. He stands still, watching as the man bounces on the balls of his feet—a swaying movement, back and forth. But the movement tires him quickly, and he huffs for oxygen.

He lowers his guard, and that’s when Gon strikes.

One swift punch to his liver, and the man is gasping out, a horrid, choking sound, collapsing on his knees. The referee is in-between Gon and the man, arm outstretched, looking back towards the man. The look the referee gives is nothing short of indifferent. There’s no look of surprise—he simply returns his gaze to Gon, before sighing.

“Knockout!”

There’s cheers, not that many, but Killua isn’t surprised. Nearly everyone knew it would end quickly. Gon steps off, looks for Killua’s face in the crowd, and waves him over. Killua stands, grabbing his things and making his way to Gon. The sour look is still on his face.
“What’s wrong?” Killua asks.

“I hate when they do that shit—pair me against some newbie.” Gon’s eyebrows furrow further, and his mouth is downturned as if to prove his point. “I hate fighting them.”

“Because they’re amateurs?”

“Because they can’t defend themselves.” Gon says, “I feel like some bully picking on them. I hate the feeling. So I was always try to end the fights quickly—usually through liver shots, or choking, or I try to force a tap out. But it doesn’t erase the feeling.”

Killua hums. He doesn’t know what to say. He didn’t think it’d bother Gon so much, to the point where he’d ramble to him.

“Why don’t we just blow this place today, then?”

“Huh?”

He laughs. “You’re upset, and I don’t fight; We don’t have to stay. You should go home and rest.”

“Well, I guess.” Gon frowns, “Can I drive you home then?”

Killua sputters, taken aback by the directness of the question, face coloring red. “I can get there fine myself, Gon.”

“Yeah, I know. But I’ve noticed you walk for awhile, and talking to you makes me relax. So, uh…”

It takes Killua a second to process the words, and he can’t be more embarrassed than he already is. He picks up his duffel bag and looks over his shoulder, staring at Gon expectantly. “Well? You’re driving me back to the city, right?”

Gon’s eyes seem to gleam in indescribable happiness, rivaling the stars in every aspect.
“Let me get my bag, and we can go!”

It’s like the rest of the crowd disappears. There’s no patrons sitting, observing fights. There’s no fighters in the ring duking it out. Killua doesn’t pay them any attention—he just waits for Gon to exit from one of the doors. The seconds tick by, slowly, and impatience strums Killua’s veins until Gon is opening the door carrying his duffel bag.

“Sorry!” He apologizes, rubbing the nape of his neck, “I couldn’t find my duffel bag. Turns out I’d left it in the locker room. We can go now.”

Killua relaxes his posture, leaning back as he walks. “That’s fine. I left something of mine at the ballet studio, if you don’t mind dropping me there instead.”

The door creaks open, and Morel looks shocked to see Gon and Killua leaving so early—but he doesn’t comment on it.

“Sure. This way.”

Gon leads him to a spot at the side of the factory, where another man stands guarding a gate. His skin is pale, hair tied up into a ponytail, and he’s wearing a thick black coat. He regards Gon silently, opening the gate with the lock and pushing it open. Killua tries to hide his curiosity.

“Thanks, Shoot!”

Once they’re out of earshot, Killua looks at Gon. “Who was that?”

Gon hums, clicking the car remote to unlock his car. “That’s Shoot. He keeps watch of cars that are parked here. There’s not many—organizers can use this area, I’m surprised you didn’t know—since Bisky brought you.”

“We don’t park there whenever she brings me. She’s so weird.” Killua says, voice petulant as he sits inside Gon’s truck.
He laughs, turning the key in the ignition and starting the truck.

It’s an old truck, certainly seen its fair share of better days—all worn and quivering at the start of the engine. The hum is loud—Killua can hear it even with the window rolled up. But it looks like Gon has done a lot to keep it maintained. The seats have new covers, and the dashboard looks refurbished. He couldn’t see well from the dim lights and darkness outside, but Killua’s sure that Gon had done a paint job on the truck himself.

The radio is playing a tune, the volume set low. And as Gon pulls out from his parking spot, Killua scrambles to find conversation. They’ve never been alone together outside of the ring.

“Morel looked surprised to see you leave.”

Gon keeps his eyes on the road. “Yeah, I don’t think I’ve ever left early in the five years here. I always stay, even if shitty things like this happen.”

Killua makes a sound of surprise. “Never? You’ve never left early?”

He shakes his head, sighing. “No, not really. I told you I live with my aunt, right? When we moved to the outskirts from the small island we’d lived on, we struggled financially. But fighting in the ring gives me a lot of money, so I try to not leave often. After all, absence makes no money—and this is practically my job.”

There’s a sense of dread that fills Killua when he hears the words. It snakes around the pit of his stomach, when he really considers Gon’s financial situation, and how he himself is so much better off. He doesn’t want Gon to see the apartment Alluka and him live in, or how it’s in the center of Yorknew, surrounded by thriving businesses and shops.

“Shit—” Killua bites out, “Sorry, I didn’t mean to keep you from getting paid today.”

A sense of relief washes over him when Gon laughs, not at all upset. “It’s fine, really. Today was slow anyway, I wouldn’t get called much.”

Silence filters into the conversation, but it’s not stiff or uncomfortable. Killua looks out the window, watching as they drive past abandoned buildings. The night sky is clear, and the stars are so much more visible than in the city.
A sudden thought occurs to Killua. “Oh, how’s your photography going?” He asks, shifting his gaze back to Gon.

Childish happiness appears in Gon’s eyes, suddenly so bright, and he’s looking over to Killua momentarily. “It’s coming along great! If you want to see some I haven’t exported, my camera’s in the backseat.” Gon motions his head to the backseat.

Killua unbuckles his seatbelt, turning to reach over the seat in search of the camera. The passing lit street lights offer little light until he spots a shine from the edge of the seat. Gon’s camera sits there, and Killua recognizes the model as one from a couple of years ago. Despite its age, it’s well taken care of.

“Well, since you so graciously offered.” Killua says, and Gon snorts.

When Killua switches on the camera, the screen flashes on, the brand logo fading in and the lens extending out. Killua clicks the gallery wheel, waiting as the software loads in the whole 2,588 photographs stored. He can’t keep the gasp of astonishment from escaping him when they finally do load.

“They’re not that great.” Gon says, and Killua doesn’t reply, mouth agape.

He scrolls through the images, astounded by the quality. There’s a photograph of the city brick road, a puddle as the main composition of the image, with the sky reflected so clearly onto it that it looked like a dimension to another world. In another photo, a chain link fence is torn open in the center, positioned perfectly with the colored clouds in the night sky to frame the crescent moon beautifully.

There’s an image that shows Gon’s left hand holding a jar, with fairy lights strewn about inside, and the way he took the picture makes it look as if the stars in the sky are escaping the open jar. Two butterflies fluttering in just a way that puts them at the forefront of the photograph, with the burnt forest just out of focus.

One in particular stands out to him. It’s a recent image, Killua can tell from the creation date stated on the file. And he knows that Gon took this when he went on his impromptu trip to the burnt forest. Sunlight filters in through the condensed, brunt trees, gently illuminating one surviving flower. It’s a strong contrast, and the dainty flower reinforces the harsh, dark setting around it—where branches are cracked and fallen, and grass is nonexistent.
“Well?” Gon asks, his eyes shifting from the road to Killua. He looks anxious.

“Shut up.” Killua says, going through more images with the press of a button, “These are amazing, Gon.”

“There’s a few I’m really happy with. I don’t have the heart to delete the pictures I end up not exporting.”

“You should seriously look into posting these on a blog or something, then. They’re all such high quality.”

Gon chuckles quietly. “I don’t even know how to make a blog. Tough luck, huh?”

“I’ll help you out if you want to.” The seriousness in Killua’s voice surprises even himself.

The silence stretches, and the highway lights flicker past them. “Thank you, Killua.” His voice is a mere whisper, but there’s a smile on his lips.

Killua grins, but doesn’t say anything.

Minutes tick by, and the songs on the radio continue to cycle into the night. There’s barely any traffic on the road, and soon enough Killua is pointing to a freshly-painted building. The lights are on, so Bisky must still be inside giving lessons. Gon parks the truck just outside, and he looks at Killua.

“Well—”

“Uh…”

They stare at each other.
“Thanks for… bringing me here, Gon.”

Gon looks disappointed. “Y...Yeah, no problem.”

Killua opens the door, stepping out and slinging the duffel bag over his shoulder. Gon is still staring at him. A feeling of discomfort settles in his chest as he shuts the door, stepping around the truck, passing the hood and nearly making it to the building front doors, before he pauses.

Gon is still there, waiting.

In a moment of unfaltering confidence, Killua walks over—brazen—and Gon rolls down the window, waiting for Killua to speak. His gaze is prodding.

“Do you want to meet up sometime to hang out?”

Gon’s eyes widen, and a ghost of a smile is being restrained—Killua can tell. “Outside the ring?”

Killua nods. “Outside the ring.” His eyes are staring into Gon’s, awaiting an answer.

“Yeah. I’d like that…” Gon’s voice is quiet, but the smile is no longer restrained.

A grin is plastered permanently on Killua’s face, he’s sure of it. “Alright. Figure out your schedule, and text me whenever you want to.”

The discomfort in his chest had faded, and now it’s just a fuzzy feeling. When Killua returns in front of the entrance door, he waves Gon goodbye, and steps inside. He watches from inside as Gon drives off, until his headlights are just specks in the distance, and eventually fade to nothing.

Bisky stands, propped against the receptionist counter and leaning into the palm of her hand, smiling smugly at Killua. Killua knows it’s coming, her teasing, so he sighs and relents, slumping his form and dropping his duffel bag on the floor. She hums all-too-loudly, and her grin only widens.
“You look like a love-sick puppy. Finally asked him out, brat?”

Despite having known the comment was coming, he flushes. “Mind your business, hag.”

She laughs, leaning further in. “Brat, be thankful I introduced you two, at the very least.”

Killua furrows his eyebrows, and he’s absolutely not pouting, he’s frowning—thank you very much. “Your age is finally catching up to you if gossiping is how you’re spending your time now.”

He narrowly dodges the stapler thrown in his direction.

The apartment is lively when Killua returns. Alluka is on the phone with her friends, chatting excitedly, making a snack in the kitchen. Nanika sits on the counter, curled up and facing Alluka. Her tail swishes from left to right slowly, eyes following Alluka’s movement. The television is on, and the curtains are pulled back, exposing the city view they have from their balcony. The stars aren’t as visible as they were when he was with Gon, but they’re there.

Alluka makes a noise of surprise when she hears the door click shut, and Nanika stands, trotting
over to the corner of the counter and jumping onto the ground. The kitten mews, pawing at Killua’s leggings, until he carefully picks her up and carries her against his chest.

“Big brother, you’re here early!” Alluka says, quickly bidding her friends on the phone goodbye with the promise of texting them later.

“Yeah, Gon was upset about something, so I told him we should just leave.”

Nanika softly bites Killua’s hand when he stops petting her head. She kicks her hind legs against his arms, until he complies with her request to set her down on the wooden floor.

Alluka hums, and a notification pings on her phone. “Oh. He brought you back to the studio?”

Killua flushes red, staring at her wide-eyed. “How the hell—”

She brings up her phone to show him: a single message from Bisky saying that Gon had, indeed, brought Killua back to the studio, with an image of them talking outside attached.

“When the fuck did she take a picture—”

“Don’t swear!” Alluka chides, tutting him with a spoonful of nutella, “Was there progress?”

Killua reaches in, taking one of the nutella-covered-bananas from her plate and plopping it in his mouth, before Alluka smacks his hand. “Don’t be stingy!” He whines.

“Don’t steal my banana snack then!” She huffs, crossing her arms and puffing her cheeks. “Answer the question.”

“We… We talked.” He mutters, eyes cast down and flush burning brighter.

“And?” Alluka taps her foot impatiently.
“And we’re meeting up sometime next week.”

Alluka cheers, clapping excitedly and giggling, and Nanika follows with loud mewls, circling Killua. Killua smiles, albeit embarrassed, and scratches the spot behind his ear, averting his gaze. Alluka holds out the plate of nutella-smeared-bananas, urging him to take more.

“In celebration!”

“It’s not a date or anything, I don’t know why you’re so excited…” His voice trails off.

“Because,” she begins, “You haven’t shown interest in anyone in a long time. Since way before we left mom and dad. So, I think it’s a big step that Gon has got your attention!”

Sometimes he can’t believe his sister is real. That she’s tangible and physical, and in front of him. For awhile, a long time ago, he thought he’d never see her again. That she’d fade from his memory no matter how hard he tried. Her ostracization from the family had been set in stone the moment she’d transitioned. They’d separated her from them. “He wasn’t to be considered a Zoldyck.”

But at times like this, when he knows they’ve made it, and that she’s okay—it’s like a weight is lifted from his shoulders every time. She’s a breath of fresh air, and his happiness, and they’ve been through thick and thin. Hell, they’ve taught each other more than their parents taught them. So he’s grateful.

“Thank you, Alluka.”

She smiles wide, giggling, and he takes a banana then, dipping his finger in the nutella and smearing it on her nose. Alluka makes a sound of protest, gasping in feigned indiginance, and Nanika gets riled up all over again at the sound of Alluka’s protests. The kitten circles the siblings, meowing.

“Big brother!”

Killua snorts, and grins.
The next morning, when Killua awakens, the blinds in the living room are still shut, and the lights are all off. He steps around quietly, listening for Alluka’s usual chatter, but hears none. The kitchen is empty, and Nanika is nowhere to be found. He hears a sniffle.

“Alluka?”

“Here!” the voice comes from her room.

Killua stops in front of the door, knocking. “Is it alright if I come in?”

“Yeah.”

The door creaks open, and Killua notices the curtains are drawn shut. It’s completely dark. Nanika sits on Alluka’s bed, curled by her side, and Alluka is in bed, sheets covering her form and skin pale. Killua is by her side within seconds.

“Are you alright, what’s wrong?”
She sniffs, rubbing at her eyes. “I think I’m sick.”

Gently, Killua places the dorsal side of his hand against her forehead, not at all surprised at the heat already present. Blindly, he reaches for the thermometer she keeps at her bedside table. She knows what to do, taking it from Killua while he walks into the kitchen and rummages the cabinets for medications.

There’s none.

When Killua steps back into Alluka’s room, she looks absolutely miserable, and the thermometer reads 100 degrees. He feels the worry gnaw at him, the feeling sitting heavy in his chest, but he gives her his best smile.

“Alluka, I’m gonna go wet a towel and then go out and buy you medicine, okay?”

She hums weakly, wincing. Nanika jumps from her bed onto the floor, sitting down to stare up at her.

Killua sets out of the room back into the kitchen, turning on the lights and taking out the largest stainless steel bowl they have. He fills it with water—dumps just about half of their fridge’s icebox into it—and places a towel inside to soak. It’s 9:32a.m., and that means most shops should be open already. If not, soon.

He walks back to the room, whispering to her gently, and stroking her hair as he sets the bowl on the table, folding the towel and placing it gingerly on her forehead. Alluka pouts.

“I was supposed to go out today.” Her voice is thin, and shaky.

“I know, but you’re sick. I’ll let your friends know you can’t make it. I’m gonna go get some medicine now, alright?”

Alluka nods, closing her eyes once again.
He thumbs through her phone contacts, sending a group message to her friends, explaining the situation and apologizing about the sudden change in plans. None of her friends are upset, blessedly understanding, instead asking if she’s okay and telling him they’ll text her later in the day. He’s happy that his sister has made such kind friends.

Killua sighs, shutting the door to her room gently after setting down her phone, grabbing his wallet from the table near the apartment door. When he goes through a mental checklist of items he’ll need to buy, he realizes that not everything is going to be in one store unless he goes to the supermarket farther away instead. He needs to buy soup, and chicken, maybe stock up on some honey and hot teas—and definitely get those over-the-counter medications for Alluka’s fever.

He swears, muttering to himself about time wasted.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Five of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hello once again! This chapter actually came as a surprise to me, because I seriously didn't think I'd get it done before Halloween, lol. But here we are, another 4k words in! This time, we have more development for Killugon, some character traits and personality added to Gon and who he is. This chapter was fun to write, especially their interactions on the road, and it was especially fun to write about Alluka and Killua bickering.

I feel like I ended this chapter in a nice place, although I'm not too sure about it. It leaves space for going more in-depth in the next chapter, which is my intention. I don't know. I'm rambling, LOL. I absolutely love writing this story, it's been so much fun thus far: I can only hope that I'm continuing to do a good job at story development and character portrayal. Seriously, I stress out about this every update, HAHA, I'm never going to catch a break, I blame my anxiety.

Otherwise, I hope you all enjoyed the chapter! I'm looking forward to feedback, as you know I always do. Let me know what you think about the chapter, or if there's anything you think needs refining or clarification in terms of plot, or characters. I'll find a way to clarify it in the story somehow, believe me.

I have a Twitter, so feel free to scream at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Six

Gently, he steps back into her room, holding a pill and a glass of warm water.

“Alluka.” He says, stepping closer. She hums. “Open your eyes, I bought some pills. Sorry for taking so long.” Killua keeps his voice low, and soothing.

Alluka opens her eyes slowly, and they look so bleak next to her pale complexion. She takes the pill without any fuss, swallowing it and scrunching her nose in distaste.

Killua laughs, placing his hand on her head and running soothing circles. “I know you don’t like them, but it’ll help. You should feel it working soon. Do you want oatmeal and yogurt for breakfast?”

She nods, closing her eyes again and sighing.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The streets are crowded, bustling with life, and for once Killua is annoyed at the prospect of it.

It’s hard to move quickly with people walking leisurely on a Saturday morning, filling the streets to the brim all the while walking a turtle’s pace. He grits his teeth, wills himself not to shove past people and shout swears at them. When deciding whether to go to the supermarket farther away, or into several small ma-and-pa shops closer to their apartment, he’d chosen the former.

Now though, he’s not too sure.

Twenty minutes pass as Killua takes long strides, and the distance from the apartment to the supermarket makes his feet ache and thighs tire. The building inside is no less filled than the outside world, and he’s quick to grab the essentials he needs for Alluka, stopping only to throw some of her favorite snacks into the plastic basket as well.

Chicken, soup cans, meat, chocolates and sweets, hot tea. The medicine aisle surprisingly has people going through shelves, looking and reading the medications on display. Killua makes his way past them, reaching for the cough medicine and the ibuprofen—he makes sure to toss in some extra towels into the basket. He’ll need those to alternate on Alluka’s forehead until her fever subsides.
By the time he reaches the register, he honestly considers self-checkout. The line is long, and moving slowly, and he taps his foot in impatience. There’s chatter around him, and finally he’s placing his items on the conveyor belt, separating his items from the person in front of him with a divider.

Seconds ticking by turn into minutes, and finally he’s paying, swiping the black credit card. Killua is exiting the supermarket before the cashier can even bid him good day, carrying five bags between two hands. There’s little stress on his hands, but it earns him glances—people’s wandering gaze meeting his hands when they see him lugging around so many bags.

It takes him nearly thirty minutes to walk back to the apartment, much to his chargain. He has sighed a total of at least fifteen times just in the past hour and a half, and he’s sure more are coming. Killua, despite his rush to reach the apartment, still holds the door open for an elderly woman with a walker, and opts for the stairs when he sees that the elevator is taken and there are others waiting.

At least he’s gotten his steps in for the day.

When the apartment door clicks open, beeping to signal his entry, he’s met with darkness. The lights are off, and the blinds are shut, and Killua had set the thermostat to sixty before leaving, hoping that the cold would help stave off Alluka’s fever.

He sets the groceries on the kitchen counter, digging around for the bottle of ibuprofen. Faintly, he can hear Alluka cough from her room, and he feels the worry build up again in his chest. Alluka isn’t frail, but she isn’t strong either. Her immune system isn’t the best, and when they’d first moved into the apartment, Killua had hired some workers to make sure there was nothing in the apartment that could potentially harm Alluka.

Now that she’s older, and going out into the city more often, Killua’s concern only increases tenfold. She’s more exposed to hazards, and there’s more variability in what she encounters and what he can protect her from. He can’t keep her tied down, or protect her forever—he knows—but he still cares about her safety.

Gently, he steps back into her room, holding a pill and a glass of warm water.

“Alluka.” He says, stepping closer. She hums. “Open your eyes, I bought some pills. Sorry for taking so long.” Killua keeps his voice low, and soothing.
Alluka opens her eyes slowly, and they look so bleak next to her pale complexion. She takes the pill without any fuss, swallowing it and scrunching her nose in distaste.

Killua laughs, placing his hand on her head and running soothing circles. “I know you don’t like them, but it’ll help. You should feel it working soon. Do you want oatmeal and yogurt for breakfast?”

She nods, closing her eyes again and sighing.

Killua shuts her door quietly and sets for the kitchen, opening the living room blinds which covered the balcony door. The television switches on with the click of a button, and Killua lets the news play as he turns on the kitchen light, putting away the groceries and taking out the oatmeal and yogurt.

It doesn’t take much time to make. Between placing the bowl on the counter, and measuring in half a cup of rolled oats with half a cup of milk and water, it only takes a total of two minutes to ring up. While it microwaves, Killua cuts banana slices, and takes the yogurt out from the fridge. Once the oatmeal is done, he’s placing the banana slices in a semi-circle curve, and adding walnuts and ground flaxseeds in two spots: a perfect smiley face for his favorite little sister.

He hopes the image will cheer her up.

They have this tiny breakfast-in-bed table that they reserve for movie nights in bed, but Killua thinks that it’ll serve its true purpose today since the three years they’ve had the damn thing. He places the bowl of oatmeal and yogurt on it, and carries the entire thing to her room.

Her door creaks open, and she looks over, weakly pushing herself into a sitting position that has Killua leaning over to help her. She smiles, and coughs—looks the other way.

“Thank you, brother.”

He smiles, ruffles her hair, and sets the table of food on her lap, folding back the blanket to give her enough room to move. As he folds back the blanket, he hears her giggle, and he turns her to fond—despite tired—smile, eyes crescents as she stares at the oatmeal smiley face he’d made her.

“He’s happy to see you, see?” Killua says, opening the blinds to let some light in.
Alluka hums, chewing on the breakfast meal. Killua sits himself at the edge of her bed, watching her eat.

“Feel better?” He asks.

“Yeah,” Alluka says, taking another bite before continuing, “the headache is gone. And the towel helped.”

Killua makes a noise of acknowledgement, standing to take the bowl of ice. He supposes he can empty it and keep it ready for later. Nanika meows loudly, hopping onto Alluka’s bed and seating himself on Alluka’s lap. The kitten curls up, content to just lay in bed with Alluka. Killua smiles gently as he steps out of the room.

Today is going to be slow.

He knows, because he has to look after Alluka, and tend to the cooking and cleaning all by himself —like he used to when they first moved into the apartment. And he doesn’t particularly mind, not when it’s Alluka. He likes to dote on his little sister, no matter how much she teases him for it.

Killua fixes himself a single serving of scrambled eggs, eating quickly before he’s washing the dishes and wiping down the kitchen counter. The news channel drones on and on about worldwide events and politics, and Killua ignores it in favor of continuing his cleaning of their apartment.
It takes Killua a total of two hours to clean the entire apartment. It’s just in time for lunch, and Killua wanders back into Alluka’s room, watching her sleeping form with Nanika curled up not far. The breakfast table is set on the floor, and Killua pads in, picking it up and taking it out again.

He’s not sure what make, knowing well that he’s going to cook chicken soup for dinner. So he sets on a simple salad with boiled eggs, and gets to work. The day has passed uneventfully, and he finds himself not minding it at all. It was quiet, and peaceful, despite worrying about his little sister. But she’s recovering quick already, so his worry had simmered down to a dying, cold fire.

This time, when he wakes Alluka, he’s less hesitant, and he sets the table back onto her bed, with a plate of freshly chopped fruits, boiled eggs, and boiled vegetables. She makes a noise of appreciation, thanking him, eating with a wide smile. When Killua presses his hand against her forehead, he’s not surprised that it’s still warmer than normal, but not as bad as in the morning.

Alluka finishes her plate in record time, setting down the fork and pushing the breakfast table back. Killua is quick to move it out of the way, placing it on the floor before Alluka calls his name.

“Brother.” She says, and her voice sounds stronger. Her voice wanders. “Will you lay with me?”

Killua looks at her. “Like, holding you when we were younger?”

She hums. She doesn’t say anything else, but shifts, pulling on the blankets to make space for Killua. He smiles.

The clock ticks quietly, unheard by the ruffling of the sheets and the creaking of the bed definitely not made for two. Any more, and Killua was sure he’d fall face flat onto the floor. He drapes his arms around Alluka, pulling her close into a hug—and she rests her head against his chest. Just like when they were younger.
“You smell nice.” She mumbles, face pressed against him.

“I’d hope so, after I spent two hours drowning my hands in scented cleaning supplies.”

Alluka lets out a soft giggle. “Yeah? Sorry.”

Killua frowns, rubbing soothing circles on her arm with his thumb. “You’re sick, Alluka. I’m your big brother, I don’t mind taking care of you.”

“I still feel bad.”

“Well,” Killua starts, suddenly squeezing her closer, “Don’t. It’s you and me against the world.”

“That’s what you’d tell me when we were younger.”

“And it stays true, doesn’t it?”

She hums. Her voice is drifting again—tired.

Killua places a soft kiss on her head. “You should get more rest.” He continues to rub circles with his thumb.

Another hum, and a weak nod. Killua is sure she’s asleep when he huffs a quiet laugh and closes his eyes, leaning his head onto her head.
When Killua awakens from their impromptu nap, the clock reads six o’clock, and he groans, neck stiff.

Alluka is still pressed into him, and Nanika is sleeping peacefully, undisturbed, at the edge of the bed. He shifts, slowly untangling himself from Alluka’s embrace. She whines in protest, shoving her face into the mess of pillows and blankets instead. The apartment floor is freezing when his feet meet the ground, and he shudders, shuffling around in the dark in search of his slippers.

Outside, the sun has set, and darkness filters through the sky, the stars illuminating the black canvas. The kitchen lights were left on, and Killua gets to work, yawning and rubbing his eyes. It takes nearly an hour before the chicken soup is done, with much care, and he’s once again shaking Alluka awake, table ready.

This time, she awakens much easier, yawning, and fever visibly lower. He’s glad it’s fading as quickly as it’d come.

“Chicken soup?” She asks, smelling the hot broth.

Killua hums. “You need easy-to-digest foods.”

Alluka looks ready to protest, so he continues: “And don’t worry, I bought your favorite chocolate.”

“You mean your favorite chocolate?”
He restrain a smile—glad that she’s retorting a response. “Now listen here,” He says, voice exaggerated, “You’re the one who decided to favor the same chocolate as me, I didn’t ask for this life.”

She laughs outright then, throwing her head back to giggle. “Can I have chocolate after dinner, then?”

“Absolutely not. That’s for tomorrow, when you feel better. I don’t want you to upset your stomach.”

She pouts, eyes turned up to glare at Killua. “You’re no fun.”

He runs his hand through his hair, “A recurring issue, clearly.”

Alluka snorts, and begins to eat the soup he prepared.

He’s never felt so relieved that a fever has passed so quickly and so efficiently in his life.
By the end of the day, Killua is absolutely beat. Both mentally and physically. His arms are exhausted from cleaning and cooking, and thankfully the mental strain of worry over Alluka’s health had dissipated as her condition improved. He dozes off almost the moment his head hits the pillow after bidding Alluka goodnight and taking a brisk shower.

It’s not until the following morning that he remembers he has a cellphone, and that said cellphone was dead from an entire day of no usage. It’s crazy how quickly anxiety clings to his heart when he realizes the phone isn’t turning on, and hadn’t been on for the past day. The radio silence makes so much more sense now.

As soon as it flickers on, there’s dozens of messages, though not from who he’s expecting.

Thankfully, his parents hadn’t sent any inquiry messages on his status, but instead, he had several from Gon, and it’s not until he wracks his memory that he remembers that yesterday was a Saturday night, and by logic that obviously meant it was Gon’s day of scheduled fights. There’s seven messages from the man, all varying in a degree of panic the longer the day extended, and Killua feels guilt bite at him—chew at his being until there was nothing left.

Choku Zuki Gon:

7:02a.m.: good morning!!

Choku Zuki Gon:

8:49a.m.: i found this while on my way to work

Image attached

Choku Zuki Gon:

9:16a.m.: i have the entire ring to myself isnt this great??

Image attached

Choku Zuki Gon:
11:51 a.m.: btw i have a match scheduled tonight see you there?

Choku Zuki Gon:

1:21 p.m.: are you still asleep???

Choku Zuki Gon:

5:59 p.m.: killua????

Choku Zuki Gon:

11:07 p.m.: Killua, are you alright?

“Shit!” Killua mutters, bringing his hand to his eyes and running them down his face. “Fuck…"

He types his response quickly enough.

Training Buddy Killua:

8:32 a.m.: Fuck, sorry. My phone was dead. I’m fine.

Within seconds of sending the message, a call is coming through—from Gon, no less—and Killua’s heart stutters and somersaults all the same. His pulse quickens and he swallows heavily, coughing before clicking the answer button.

“Killua!” Gon’s voice rings loudly from the speakers of his phone.

“Hey, Gon.”

“I was so worried something had happened!” Killua can’t ignore the obvious worry tingling Gon’s voice. He feels the goosebumps line his skin.

“Something did happen—” He hears Gon suck in a breath and go quiet. “It’s better now! My little sister was sick, and we live alone, and I was tending to her so—”
“Killua,” Gon’s voice is gentle, “You don’t have to explain to me, it’s alright.”

Killua’s mind is in overdrive. He lets out a shaky breath. “No, I want to. You were clearly worried. My little sister woke up with a bad fever, and I didn’t think of checking my phone.”

“I’m glad you’re alright.” Comes Gon’s voice from the other side of the line.

There’s a lull in the conversation, and the line goes quiet, but Killua knows Gon’s still there.

“You called me so quick,” Killua says suddenly, voice teasing, “Were you just waiting for a message?”

“Would it be wrong to say I was?” Gon’s voice is so serious, it makes Killua’s heart stutter.

He drops onto his bed, staring at the ceiling, phone still against his ear. “I’m really sorry about that, Gon.”

There’s a chuckle on the other side of the line. “It’s fine. I know you’re okay now. And now I know you have a little sister!” His voice is seeped in wonder, it’s obvious.

“Yeah, her name is Alluka.” His voice is so fond, he knows, because when it comes to his little sister, he just can’t help it.

“How old is she?” Gon asks, and Killua hears shuffling, and then background noise from Gon’s line.

“She’s nineteen, three years younger than me.”

Killua can hear the pout in Gon’s voice when he speaks. “You never mentioned you had a little sister!”
He has to bite back a laugh, unable to hold his grin. “To be fair, you never asked.”

“Well, I didn’t think you’d have a sister. I’m an only child, sometimes I forget my friend’s have siblings.”

This time, Killua does snort, unable to hold back, sitting up from his bed to hunch over. “How do you ever forget something like that?”

“I don’t know!” Gon whines.

When the conversation lulls again, Killua decides to bite the bullet. There’s no better chance than now, when he’s not in front of Gon and doesn’t have to worry about his face going ruby red in embarrassment. He gathers his courage and breathes in slowly. Just be casual, he repeats to himself, like if it’s a spell that’ll work if he says it just enough.

“Say, Gon,” Killua begins, “You know how we discussed meeting outside the ring?”

He’s ninety-nine percent sure he heard a choke before a flustered hum—from the way Gon’s voice stuttered.

“Are you free any time this week?” Killua asks.

“W-well,” Gon’s voice is standing on shaky legs—barely—and the mental image nearly makes him laugh aloud, “I don’t have classes on Tuesday or Thursday.”

Killua runs his schedule through his mind. He has a logistics class on Monday’s, and International Business on Wednesday’s. Every other Thursday took marketing, and that unfortunately meant this Thursday—curse his luck. Ethics and Policies is on Tuesday, but this week’s class had been cancelled—something about the professor having to attend his daughter’s wedding.

“How does Tuesday sound then?”

“S-Sure!” Gon squeaks, and Killua struggles to hold his snort.
“Anything in particular you want to do?”

“I don’t go out often, so uh…”

Killua laughs, running a hand through his hair, willing the blush on his cheeks to fade. They were only going to *hang out*, for god’s sake. There’s no reason to feel so giddy or flustered over this. “We’ll figure out there, then. I have to get going to check on Alluka.”

“Yeah! Of course! I’ll talk to you later, Killua!” Gon’s voice is so chipper.

“Bye, Gon.” His voice is softer than he intends, and when the call ends with the sound of a click, Killua flops back onto the bed, arm covering his eyes. He feels like his floating, which is dumb, because he’s twenty-two, a whole *adult*, and he’s going about this like some stupid teenager. He bites his lip to keep from grinning wide.

When Killua steps out of his room, freshened up in bathroom, he goes to check up on Alluka, whose room door is still shut. He knocks gently, before opening the door. There she lies, wide awake, staring at her phone and texting, though she makes no motion to move.

“Good morning, brother.” Her eyes don’t lift from the phone screen.

“How do you feel?” He asks, and her eyes finally meet up, lifting from the phone to gaze at him.

“A lot better from yesterday. My nose is a little stuffy.”

He presses his hand against her forehead, and it’s only a little warm—but that could just be from laying in bed.

“I’ll make you oatmeal again, c’mon, get freshened up—do you feel well enough to stand?”

She nods, carefully rolling back the blanket to reveal Nanika sleeping under the covers. Killua snorts.
Killua picks up the kitten, who slowly opens her eyes to gaze at him, yawning with a quiet meow. Her teeth are getting sharper, and she no longer looks like the stray kitten she once was. The ears atop her head flick as she adjusts to being awake, and she’s kicking her legs for Killua to release her. He sets her down, looking over at Alluka who hasn’t gotten out of bed.

“C’mon~” He says, dragging out the word, ruffling Alluka’s hair to fully awaken her from the clutches of comfort. She whines.

“Give me a second!”

He stands still, pausing and counting in his head. He deadpans. “You’ve had several. Up, c’mon.”

Narrowly, he dodges the pillow Alluka chucks at him, laughing out loud. “Alright, alright! I’ll make breakfast—meet me in the kitchen.”

Sunlight filter through the balcony, and the day is bright and beautiful. November air fogs up the glass, and the snow is freshly fallen, piled onto the balcony railing. He’ll have to clean that later, but for now he basks in the cold that manages to waft past the shut sliding door, chilling the living room floor the closer it got to the door.

He switches the kitchen light on, and faintly he can hear Alluka in the bathroom, rummaging around things and turning on the faucet. He gets to work, like clockwork, taking out the rolled oats and milk, opening the fridge and grabbing a cup of yogurt and the carton of eggs. Nanika comes trotting into the room, hopping onto the counter to observe his work.

The eggs are frying on the pan when Alluka walks in, oatmeal served and ready, and she takes a seat at the counter, leaning on the palm of her hand resting on her cheek to watch Killua cook. The kitchen smells of fried food, and oatmeal, and as Killua chops some fruits to add into the oatmeal, Alluka speaks.

“So, brother,” Alluka starts, and there’s a lilt to her voice, “You were on the phone.”

Killua tenses. He doesn’t reply.
“Was it Gon who called?”

He has to stop cutting the bananas to stare at her, face flushed red, to avoid cutting his own finger off.

“Mind your business, aren’t you supposed to be sick?” He mutters, averting his gaze.

“Yeah, but I wouldn’t miss the opportunity to get to know more about your little crush.”

“Alluka!” Killua shouts in indignance.

She grins, leaning in further. “So? What did he say?”

“Nothing.” Killua mumbles, picking up the banana slices and placing them into her oatmeal with the walnuts.

She pouts, pointing at the bowl of oatmeal. “No smiley face today?”

“It’s what you deserve.” Killua huffs, flipping the omelette cooking on the stove. “Don’t be so nosey.”

“Not being nosey,” She scowls, petting Nanika gently when the kitten strides over to her, “Am I being nosey, Nanika?”

The kitten mewls, pressing her head against Alluka’s forearm for attention.

“So then,” she continues, grin widening on her face, “What are you wearing Tuesday?”

“Why do you even ask if you already know what we talked about?”

“Because I want to hear it from you!” She insists, quickly thanking him for the meal before taking
a spoonful of oatmeal.

“We don’t know what we’re going to do Tuesday. We’ll figure it out when we get there, I guess.” Killua’s face is flushed red, perfectly complementary to his eye color.

“Might I suggest some pointers, then?” She says, humming as she thinks, “You should go to the coffee shop near the university, and then go to Central Park.”

Killua pauses, considers her words. She’s not wrong. It’s casual enough, and the ponds at Central Park have surely frozen over by now and are open for ice skating. If Gon liked the idea, they could rent a pair of ice skates and go skating. He makes a note of the idea in his head, tucking it into a corner of his mind for later reference.

He doesn’t refute her idea, but he doesn’t agree with it either. He’s too embarrassed to say anything.

If Gon is okay with ice skating, then he supposes that Tuesday will be eventful, to say the least.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Six of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hi everyone! This chapter took a little longer to release, so I apologize. This week has been hectic, and I need to start focusing on my schoolwork instead of prioritizing this, LOL. But Alluka is feeling better, and we got more development on Killugon—and a hang out between them is going to occur!! This chapter was a bit of a struggle to write, since I wasn't sure how to approach it, but now that it's finished, I think it's tied nicely.

Please let me know what you think! I'm looking forward to more feedback on this chapter. My birthday is in exactly a week, so I think I'll be able to get one more chapter in before then. No promises though! Otherwise, an update will come that week. I'm hoping I wrote the development/personality between Alluka and Killua well. And Nanika too, always demanding attention—HAHA.

I have a Twitter, so feel free to shout at me on there: @peachiinari
“Mmm.” Killua hums, taking a sip of his hot chocolate, “So then I’m guessing you’re into spicy foods.”

Gon smiles. “What gave it away?”

Killua grins. “Well I just though—since we’re judging each other on appearance…” His words hold no malice, and his eyes are filled with mirth.

“It’s just—” Gon says between breaths, laughing at the unexpectedness of Killua’s statement, “I don’t know! You seem like a guy who takes his coffee black or something.”

Killua arches an eyebrow. “I can imagine the taste already, and it sounds disgusting.”

He takes a sip of his hot chocolate. “Sweet drinks are far superior.”

“And you’re with a thing for spicy foods?”

“Really now? Have you even tried black coffee?”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tuesday can’t come quick enough, Alluka audibly complains.

She has been so absolutely enthralled with the prospect of Killua and Gon hanging out, that it’s been the only topic they discussed all of Sunday and Monday. Even when Killua returns to the apartment from his Logistics class on Monday, wrung out and exhausted from a day’s work of droning-on-lectures on content he already knew, she doesn’t hesitate to continue the conversation right where they’d left it off that morning.

Really, Killua feels like he has every right to be embarrassed by his little sister’s prying. And he doesn’t mind it, or her excitement, but her curiosity and insistence on the events planned for Tuesday afternoon may really leave a bullet hole in his foot—so to say. It’s to the point where she takes every chance to tease him, jokes about getting Gon’s number and texting him herself—much to his horror, because if there’s anything bad about Gon and Alluka scheming separately, then surely together they’d be pure chaotic energy.

Tuesday morning, he awakens to a text from Gon, who simply supplies him with a “good morning” text, and Killua is smiling, replying with the same message himself.
Alluka all but bursts into the room, make-up bag in one hand, LED mirror in the other, and she’s setting everything on his desk, demanding he get up. Killua really wants to laugh at the absurdity of it all, because she’s standing there with her usually-loose-hair wrapped in a messy bun, and she’s wearing one of his old t-shirts and shorts, barefoot, with Nanika trailing behind her.

She’s throwing the blankets off him in record time. “Up! Get out, go brush your teeth, and shower—wash your hair!” Alluka is pulling him up, huffing, and pushing him out of his own room.

“Alright, alright, I’m on it.” Killua raises his hands up in defeat, dragging himself to the bathroom.

“You better be!” She shouts from his room. Before he turns the shower on, he can hear her opening his closet door, and the familiar sound of ruffling through clothing. He sighs, but a smile is gracing his lips.

Steam fills the bathroom mirror, and sunlight filters through the iced window. He squints his eyes, struggling to adjust to the brightness of the room. He discards his clothing, hopping into the shower after brushing his teeth and rinsing his mouth with the new mouthwash they’d bought at the convenience store the day prior.

He takes the time to think over his thoughts, and his plans. He needs to set up a place to meet up with Gon, but he won’t ask him if he wants to go to Central Park until they’re getting coffee—or, really, anything. Alluka had already done the honors of making sure the park was open today, going as far as to tell him when the best time to go was, according to the popular times on the internet.

The weather is clear—Alluka checked, glued to the television screen late last night—and he’s sure that there’s not going to be many people out and about today, considering it was a weekday. Still, he feels a certain anxiety claw at his insides when he thinks about being with Gon outside of the ring, for hours—probably—and worries whether there would be an air of silence between them.

Killua doesn’t take much time to consider it, lathering his white hair with shampoo, and then with conditioner—the one’s Alluka provided, of course—and he’s turning the faucet off, digging through the shelves inside their bathroom for a spare tee and joggers.

By the time he steps back into his room, hair dripping despite being toweled down, he’s sure he’s wearing a face of discontent, because one look at him and Alluka bursts out laughing, leaning forward to hold herself up with her hands gripping her knees.
“Brother, you look upset!”

He glares. “Well, yeah, my awakening was far from royal.”

She laughs. “I’ll have you know, it’s already ten-thirty in the morning, and I need time to do your make-up and hair!”

He’s so stupid to have thought he’d win against his sister in a game. Even more so for thinking that there’d be no repercussions when he offhandedly commented that the winner could dare the loser to do whatever they wanted. He had thought of daring her to cook muffins with him, as a dumb way to spend more time with her, but he never thought her winning would mean assulting him with demands of doing his make-up and picking his outfit.

And really, he just doesn’t have the utter will-power to deny his little sister anything at all.

Alluka had opened the blinds to his room, and sunlight streams in from the windows, not at all deterred by the snow gracing the earth’s surface. Nanika is sitting on his bed, observing the entire ordeal go down. And when Killua sees his outfit, the one Alluka had picked for the day, he can’t say it’s not very far from what he would’ve chosen himself.

The black turtleneck is set on his bed, along with his long, umber-brown coat and black skinny jeans. Alluka had placed his stainless steel watch and belt next to it, arranged neatly, with his black leather oxford shoes at the base of the bed.

“Isn’t this…” He pauses, tugging on the long coat draped onto his bed, “a lot of black?”

“Yeah, but it’s winter, and you’re super pale and you have white hair. It’s a nice contrast.” She doesn’t even look up from his desk, setting the make-up out neatly and plugging in the hairdryer. “C’mere.”

Killua sits on his desk chair, albeit with hesitation. “I don’t see why I can’t do this myself.”

Alluka hums, taking the towel and running it through his hair. “Because I wanna do it. And it’s fun.”
Killua can’t bring himself to retort.

The dryer turns on with a loud whirring noise, and Alluka manages to dry his hair quickly enough, finishing within fifteen minutes. Between that time, Killua checks his notifications—makes sure Gon hasn’t sent a message—and jumps back to his feed to check for any ludicrous headlines. There aren’t any, save for some no-name actress getting into yet another scandal, so Killua shuts his phone rather than aimlessly scroll through his feed, worried about draining the battery life on his phone.

When his hair is dry, Alluka lets out a sound akin to a yelp of excitement, and she looks so pleased and giddy that Killua feels himself smile a little too, though embarrassed. She stands, nodding and mumbling to herself, stepping outside before yelling for Killua to change into the clothing she picked.

“Shouldn’t you apply the make-up first then?” He shouts back, standing to poke at the clothing she picked.

“No! What if you mess up the make-up while putting on your turtleneck? Not taking that chance!”

He sighs, shutting the door and changing into the clothing she picked. It doesn’t look half bad, but he won’t admit that aloud, especially not to his sister. It’s a bit too much black for his liking, but it does contrast against his pale, milky skin, and it brings out the blue in his eyes more than usual. Alluka had gone and dried his hair wild enough that it was more fluffed than usual—not that he minded. And the stainless steel watch and belt mixed perfectly.

Alluka knocks on the door, before Killua is telling her to come in, and the sound of excitement she lets out is akin to that of the first time he took her out of their parent’s mansion. Her eyes are lit up, practically rivaling the stars, and she claps her hands in delight.

“You look great!” She says, and Nanika meows loudly. Killua looks down in embarrassment, not used to his sister being so… like this. It’s overwhelming—different from her usual demeanor.

“I don’t see myself needing all this make-up.” He deadpans, pointing to the desk chalk-filled with various brands and types of make-up.

She hums. “No, you don’t, but I had to sift around for the BB cream and lip tints, so I just took everything out.”
He snorts, seating himself back onto the desk chair. “You’re so silly.”

The effect is instantaneous: Alluka pouts, cheeks puffed as far as they can go, eyebrows furrowed. “Brother!” She lightly smacks his shoulder, sitting next to him on the rolling chair she brought over from her room. “C’mon, turn here so I can apply the cream and then you can go eat something.”

Killua closes his eyes as she begins to apply the cream. “I don’t think—” he pauses so she can apply cream on his chin, “I don’t think I’ll eat anything before I go.”

“You can’t just leave on an empty stomach!”

“Watch me.” His words don’t pose any actual challenge, but he considers it. He’s not hungry, and he doesn’t want to spoil his appetite in case Gon wants to eat something while they’re out traversing the city.

He opens his eyes when he hears Alluka hum, viewing his complexion in the mirror. He doesn’t look too different, but small flaws and scars have been covered. Alluka swipes a brush full of brown powder on his jawline lightly, followed by his forehead, and she sets it down, still humming to herself. She doesn’t even hesitate to ask if he wants to do his eyelids, taking the palette and swabbing brown to the outer corner of his eye, going a little further to line his upper lash line and apply some of the eyeshadow to the outer part of his lower lashline.

Killua isn’t surprised when he looks like one of those Azian idols, glammed in light make-up to make it look just natural enough to pass as bare-faced. She looks happy with her work, though, so he doesn’t voice his opinion. Regardless, she did an amazing job, and if his sister wasn’t already focused on a career in fine arts, he would’ve encouraged her to look into cosmetology.

She’s setting his lips in a light lip-tint before spraying his entire face with a setting spray, and marveling her work. When he opens his eyes, she’s even more awed, giggling happily and repeating over and over again than he looks amazing. He flushes red.

His phone rings with a text from Gon.

Choku Zuki Gon:
11:03 a.m.: *r we meetin somewhere or do u want me to pick u up*

Killua feels his fingers twitch, heart at his throat.

Training Buddy Killua:

11:04 a.m.: *We can meet somewhere, if you’d like.*

The chat indicates Gon is typing seconds after he sends the reply.

Choku Zuki Gon:

11:04 a.m.: *thats fine where do u wanna meet up??*

Training Buddy Killua:

11:05 a.m.: *Not sure... Do you want to get a drink or something? We can stop at this cafe I regular at. They sell good coffee.*

Choku Zuki Gon:

11:05 a.m.: *thats fine with me just send the address*

Killua pauses. “Alluka, what’s the name of—”

“It’s Near and Far Cafe.” Nothing could mask how giddy her voice sounds.

“Near... and Far... Cafe” Killua pokes his tongue out as he types the name into the internet, copy and pasting the address into the chat.

Choku Zuki Gon:

11:10 a.m.: *got it i'll see you there like at 1 then??*
11:10a.m.: *Yeah, I'll be there.*

He sighs, placing his phone onto his desk. He wonders, for a moment, what Gon is wearing, and whether he’s putting just as much effort into their hang-out as he is—or, well, better said, Alluka is. She’s still grinning, humming to herself as she picks up her make-up and puts it back in the little bag.

Logically, Killua knows that the cafe is only a ten minute walk from their apartment, but the other side of him is worried that there’ll be no seats for when they arrive. After all, Near and Far Cafe gets especially busy at noon, and it’s a well-known cafe for a reason. He sighs, and falters in his movements, realizing his hand is half-way up to rub at his eyes, and he suddenly remembers that there’s BB cream and powder on his face, and that pale white smears are not at all nice on new, clean, black clothing.

He stares at his sister. “You made me get up early, and now look. There’s like two hours to spare until we meet up.”

“Now you’re ready and aren’t rushing, see?”

“What the hell am I supposed to do for two hours, huh?” Killua’s voice is in feigned mockery, ruffling Alluka’s hair until the bun falls loose and the entire spiral becomes undone.

“Brother!” She whines, hands reaching back to pick up the mop of black hair.

He laughs, apologizing, and moving to stand behind her, carefully picking up her hair back into a bun.
Killua leaves the apartment ten minutes after twelve. After lazing around in their living room, he’d put on the oxfords Alluka picked out and put his wallet in his back pocket. He’d bid Alluka goodbye, run his hand through Nanika’s fur when the kitten meowed at him from the kitchen counter. The walk to the cafe is uneventful, though his phone does vibrate when Gon sends over a text.

Choku Zuki Gon:
12:37 p.m.: *how do these car apps even work??*

He stifles a laugh, hiding his smile behind his hand and looking down at his phone. He types back, fingers flying on the screen.

Training Buddy Killua:
12:37 p.m.: *Are you ordering a ride to drive you to the cafe, lol?* 

Choku Zuki Gon:
12:38 p.m.: *yeah but my friend did it for me cuz he uses the app often im not very tech savvy,*

Training Buddy Killua:
12:38 p.m.: *You major in photography, though?*

Choku Zuki Gon:
12:38 p.m.: *fine let me rephrase im not phone savvy*
Killua looks up, eyes widening and throat tightening when he sees Gon step out of the car that had just pulled up outside of the shop.

Gon is wearing a hunter-green puff jacket, layered over a grey hoodie. He’s wearing super-skinny joggers, and Killua is absolutely certain they are not his size—not that it doesn’t fit his form, though. It’s paired with long black socks, and black sneakers, and it’s casual dressing, but not casual. It’s a healthy medium.

When Gon sees Killua though, the reaction is much more obvious, and very much mutual.

He full-on freezes, faltering in his steps while approaching Killua, eyes unwavering. Killua watches as Gon’s eyes dart between the clothing he’s wearing and his face, and he feels himself become self-conscious. His hand fiddles with the watch on his wrist, a nervous coil of excitement running down his spine.

Finally, it’s as if Gon realizes he needs to do something—say anything. He waves, smiling, and stops in front of Killua. “Hey! Hope you didn’t wait long.”

Nope. Not at all, Killua thinks to himself. He doesn’t plan on telling Gon he’d been standing in front of the shop for the past thirty minutes. “Nah, it’s fine.” He says, he leans back into his stance, arms folded at the nape of his neck, “Wanna head inside?”

“God, yes. My hands are thawed.” Gon shows his hands, calloused and big but also an angry red and probably frozen cold.

Killua opens the door to the cafe, staring at Gon’s hands. “You really weren’t kidding when you said you weren’t adjusted to the cold at all.”

Gon laughs, hearty and full of life. “It’s the tropical islander in me, I guess. It won’t let me adjust.”

When they step inside, Gon lets out a content sigh, lazy smile gracing his lips. “The temperature is
“I’m not surprised. The heater is on.” Killua looks over to the menu posted onto the wall, written carefully in white chalk against black chalkboard paint. “Is there anything you want to order?”

Gon hums, eyes scanning the menu. “What do you usually get?” He asks, looking over at Killua.

*His eyes are so bright, it’s distracting.*

“What do you usually get?”

“Uh. Alluka and I usually buy a mug of hot chocolate.”

“I’ll have hot chocolate then!” Gon leans forward on the ball of his foot, grinning when he’s closer to Killua.

Killua’s breathing falters, and he wills his face not to turn red—though he’s sure he’s not succeeding. They get in line, ordering two mugs of hot chocolate, and they wait, standing in line for their order to be set on the counter so they can go get seated. Gon had all but protested when Killua had offered to pay, and he relented only when Killua said it was his treat and repayment for training—thought it didn’t fade the crease in his brows.

“One order of regular chocolate?”

Gon springs up, thanking the woman and walking back to Killua, who stands to the side still awaiting his drink.

“What’s taking yours so long?” He asks, holding the mug of hot chocolate with both hands.

“I’m a——” Killua pauses, hand shooting out to grip Gon’s forearm. He doesn’t miss the way Gon’s cheeks redden. “Careful, you’ll burn your tongue. But like I was saying, I’m a regular, so they already know what I order.”

“And your order is?” Gon prompts, dragging out the syllable and grinning.
Just then, the woman at the counter leans over, “Killua! Here’s your order.”

He gives her a pleasant smile, grabbing the mug. Gon’s mouth goes slack.

“Marshmallows? Chocolate drizzle?”

“So I have a bit of a sweet tooth.” Killua says, and Gon laughs.

“As I can see. I’ll be honest, I wasn’t expecting that at all.”

They take a seat at one of the tables next to the wide windows, across from each other. The sky outside is clear, with not a single cloud in sight. Killua can feel the cold through the glass, pressing his hand against the pane. He stirs his hot chocolate with a spoon, careful not to drink too fast. Gon has his wrapped around the mug, but isn’t sipping it either. When Killua stares at the mug, Gon shrugs.

“My hands are defrosting.”

“Right. And what were you expecting?”

“Huh?” Gon tilts his head at the question.

“What were you expecting?” Killua reiterates, resting his chin against his palm, glancing at Gon, “When you saw my order.”

Gon averts his gaze. “I don’t know. Definitely not that much sugar, though.”

“Mmm.” Killua hums, taking a sip of his hot chocolate, “So then I’m guessing you’re into spicy foods.”

Gon smiles. “What gave it away?”
Killua grins, “Well I just though—since we’re judging each other on appearance…” His words hold no malice, and his eyes are filled with mirth.

“It’s just—” Gon says between breaths, laughing at the unexpectedness of Killua’s statement, “I don’t know! You seem like a guy who takes his coffee black or something.”

Killua arches an eyebrow. “I can imagine the taste already, and it sounds disgusting.” He takes a sip of his hot chocolate. “Sweet drinks are far superior.”

“Really now? Have you even tried black coffee?”

“Nope.” says Killua, popping the p, “And I’ll die never having tried it.”

That makes Gon laugh harder.

“So then what do you usually drink?”

Gon hums, thinking for a second. “There’s nothing really specific I can recall. I just drink whatever —’m not picky.”

“God, couldn’t be me. I don’t think I’ve ever actually had coffee.”

The man gapes, eyes wide. “No way. Killua, you’re lying!”

Killua shakes his head. “Does a vanilla bean frappe even count as coffee? It’s like the only sweet coffee drink I can stand ’cause it tastes like ice cream.”

“I’m totally making you try coffee now.” Gon’s voice is serious, eyes hard, but there’s glee there too.

Killua can’t keep his face from scrunching up in disgust. “I’ll pass, sounds like a bad time.” he can’t stifle the laugh that bubbles past his throat. “Either way, did you think of anything you want to do after here?”
Gon freezes. “Not really. I’m not in the city often, so I wouldn’t know where to go.”

“Well then—” Killua grins, and he can already hear Alluka in his head, chatting excitedly about the pond at Central Park, “How about we take a walk in Central Park and go ice skating?”

“There’s a rink in Central Park?”

“Yeah. One of big ponds freezes over, so they rent out skates during the winter and let people skate.”

For a second, embarrassment coats Gon’s features. “Killua… I don’t know how to ice skate.”

“That’s fine, I’ll teach you.”

“No—Like. I don’t know how to ice skate at all. My balance on blades is terrible.”

Killua snorts. “How about I make you a deal then? Let’s trade: ice skating for coffee.”

“That’s not a fair trade at all.” Gon pouts. “You try five different coffees.”

His stomach churns at the idea of ingesting one bitter drink, much less raising the number to five. “Are you trying to bargain your way out of this?”

Gon grins, “Just leveling the playing field!”

Killua stands then, looking down at Gon, and extending his hand. “Fine. Give me your cup, I’ll go place it on the counter and then we can head for the park.”
The streets aren’t as crowded as they usually are on weekends. Yorknew, despite titled the city that never sleeps, still works, and so many locals are at their jobs—leaving Gon and Killua surrounded by mainly tourists. While their shoes crunch on freshly fallen snow, Gon takes in their surroundings in amazement. Killua hadn’t noticed it when he first saw Gon—distracted by other things—but Gon had brought his camera, and Killua smiled when he’d taken it out, his eyes marvelling the cityscape.

“How come you’re not in the city often?”

Gon looks up from his camera while they walk. “I told you I live on the outskirts of the city right?”

Killua makes a noise in agreement.

“I’m always helping Aunt Mito around the house or out taking pictures, so I don’t usually have time or need to come to the city.”

“Do you live in the suburbs or something?” Killua asks, glancing over. He gnaws on his lower lip, knowing that he himself is still hiding his identity from Gon.
“Yeah, it’s a small house though. And run-down. It was the best we could afford when we moved from Whale Island.”

As they continue to walk, Gon snaps several photographs. Killua pauses to watch as Gon stops and sets the camera at odd angles and jarring perspectives for pictures he think would look nice. He’s always smiling when he takes the picture, enthralled by the scenery. The closer they get to Central Park, the more nature is present—and it’s like a field day for Gon.

The trees are bare and covered in snow, and the stream of water that they walk by is completely frozen over. Shrubs and plants are covered in white, and the brick bridge and modern buildings in the background, combined with the stark white scenery in the park all add up to something that had Gon grinning.

“There’s two types of settings clashing and it makes the photos so different from what I usually take, you feel?”

Killua does not “feel”. Art wasn’t his thing, that was more of Alluka’s area of expertise. He couldn’t understand what Gon was saying technically, but he understood what he meant at its core. Yorknew had lots of modern buildings surrounding Central Park, so nature contrasted the contemporary city. But Killua couldn’t see how it was “different from what Gon usually took”. Or how the perspective played into his photos.

“If you like this, then you’ll love our walk to the ice.”

“I’m excited!” Gon says, and one look at Gon’s face makes it clear. His eyes are crescents, and he’s smiling wide, teeth showing, and his nose is crinkled.

The time on Killua’s watch reads 1:41p.m. and he smiles, knowing he’s got lots of time in the day left to spend with Gon.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Seven of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hi everyone (~poses~) ♪ yeah I come bearing another chapter to this fic. I was very excited to release this chapter, going as far as to write 2k of the words within twenty
minutes of sitting down. I slowed down after Killua and Gon met up because I just did not know what to have them converse about, I suck at conversations LOL (Hope that it's not obvious and that they're in character though!) Gosh, Killugon are so precious in this and I just don't know how to ACT. Also, my birthday is this coming Monday (11/11), so I don't know if another chapter will be posted this week! Just as a heads up :)

Alluka helping Killua and being so enthusiastic about him hanging out with Gon is a concept I never want to die. Also, Gon and spicy food—a much needed headcanon. Also, yes, Killua having a massive sweet tooth and hating bitter drinks/foods? Sign me up. Hopefully, as I usually stress, characterization was good! I think I bother my friend's too much with questions about how sibling relationships work, haha.

Also, just to clarify, I had to look up the hxh world map because my geographical knowledge is absolute trash. Azian is actually just a term I made up because there's a continent called Azia. Togashi is not creative with his names, LOL.

Otherwise, please leave a comment! It keeps me really motivated to continue writing and release more content :') I love reading and replying, so never hesitate to leave a comment even if it's just some dumb little comment like "I really loved the chapter!" It does wonders to my motivation.

I have a Twitter, so feel free to scream at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Eight

Chapter Summary

Killua laughs, stretching his hand out farther, coming even closer to the entry. “You fight people for a living, you’re practically one fight away from an atrociously overpriced hospital bill—this is what you’re scared of?”

Gon pouts, gently grasping Killua’s hand, slowly placing one foot onto the ice, and then he freezes. “I’m going to fall.”

“You’re not going to fall.”

“I’m totally going to fall—oh my god, I should’ve made the trade ten coffees or something.”

Killua snorts, feeling Gon’s grip his hand tighten. “You’re not going to fall,” he repeats, “I’ve got you.”

Hesitantly, Gon steps his other foot onto the ice. He doesn’t even dare move, just stands completely still, and Killua has to drag him away from the entrance and near the barrier.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The walk to the park is a leisure one. Their pace has slowed considerably, with Killua's steps more measured than usual so that Gon can take pictures, listening as Gon remarks about how stunning the scenery is or how perfect the architecture is. Killua at some point turns his head and pretends to gaze at some buildings, just to hide the embarrassingly soft smile that wiggles its way out of his heart and into the surface.

The trees are stark white, and the ground is completely covered in snow. There are some people walking around; some parents with their children, and couples within arms grasp. The rink shouldn’t be far, and it’s obviously getting closer when they run into more and more people chatting away excitedly.

Nothing really prepares Killua for the sound of astonishment Gon lets out when they do make it to the rink. He full on gasps, turning to grin at Killua so wide that maybe Killua is just suffering from heartburn—his heart flutters and his cheeks feel warm, and his thoughts go into disarray when Gon grabs his arm and tugs after having carefully put his camera back into his bag.

“Killua!” Gon exclaims, pointing at the rink, “It’s so clear!”
“Is this your first time seeing an outdoor rink?”

Gon nods, eyes sparkling. “Whale Island had a really small rink open for a few years before they shut down—that’s how I know I’m absolutely terrible at skating, by the way—but this is so different.”

Killua snorts, staring at the hand gripping his arm, cheeks reddening as Gon strings him along. “Well, this isn’t that different. Looks like they just resurfaced the ice.”

“Resurfaced the ice?” Gon slows, letting go of Killua’s arm and turning to look at him.

He looks over at Gon, eyebrows arched in question. “You know, like, polishing the ice so we don’t die or anything.”

Gon’s eyes widen comically. “Wuh-What?”

“I’m joking. They just clean over the top layer of the ice after a few hours because it wears down and it makes it dangerous for people to skate on it. C’mon—” Killua says, walking a little further along, “This way, I’ll get the skates, you rent a locker to put your camera in.”

They split up for only a few minutes, Killua making a beeline for the skate rental area, and Gon making his way to the locker area. It’s only until Killua is alone and paying the 2,600 Jenny for the two skates that he realizes he doesn’t know what size to order Gon’s skates in. He guesstimates, knowing Gon’s height is five-foot-eleven, he can’t be a foot size any bigger than himself, and so he asks for two pairs of size eleven skates. The worst thing that can happen is Gon having to ask for a change in size.

Killua waits for Gon to come out from the small building with lockers—though it takes him awhile—and when the man finally emerges, he grins at the sight of the skates.

He hands him the skates. “What took you so long?”

Gon flushes red. “N-Nothing. I was just looking over some pictures inside, since the lighting didn’t make it hard to see.”
Killua hums, handing Gon the skates. “Here, I hope they’re your size. I got you a size eleven.”

“That’s fine!” Gon says, taking the skates from Killua and sitting himself down to put them on. Killua sits next to him, and straps on his own, the old leather feeling rough against his skin. The blades on the skates need sharpening, clearly worn, but he doesn’t mind, so he stands, turning to look at Gon who has both skates on but stares at the obnoxiously long, untied laces.

“Do you not know how to tie your own shoes?” Killua deadpans, and Gon’s head whips up, eyes wide before he smiles and sticks out his tongue, rubbing the back of his nape in embarrassment.

“It’s not that I don’t know how to—I just don’t know why the strands are so long.”

Killua fights back a smile, walking in front of Gon and patting his thigh. “Foot. Here.”

Like a child who doesn’t yet know how to tie their laces, Gon puts his foot against Killua’s thigh, careful not to run the blade across the material of his pants. Killua tightens the laces, going eyelet by eyelet to make sure it’s tight enough to avoid ankle injuries, and he loops the remaining long strong around the ankle of the skates, finishing with a neat bow.

He dusts off his pants before straightening his posture, outstretches his hand for Gon to grab. Hesitantly, the man does, and he’s careful to stand—almost embarrassed to do so—before waddling behind Killua. Killua steps through the entry of the ice onto it, gliding a bit forward before spinning and reaching out for Gon.

“C’mon.” He says, grinning, and Gon looks at him straight in the eyes before turning red and whining.

“Killua, I’m scared! I’m gonna fall!”

Killua laughs, stretching his hand out farther, coming even closer to the entry. “You fight people for a living, you’re practically one fight away from an atrociously overpriced hospital bill—this is what you’re scared of?”

Gon pouts, gently grasping Killua’s hand, slowly placing one foot onto the ice, and then he freezes.
“I’m going to fall.”

“You’re not going to fall.”

“I’m totally going to fall—oh my god, I should’ve made the trade ten coffees or something.”

Killua snorts, feeling Gon’s grip his hand tighten. “You’re not going to fall,” he repeats, “I’ve got you.”

Hesitantly, Gon steps his other foot onto the ice. He doesn’t even dare move, just stands completely still, and Killua has to drag him away from the entrance and near the barrier. It’s like clockwork; he falls into his zone of teaching. He taught Alluka how to skate, Gon would be the same.

“Look,” Killua says, and Gon is staring at the floor, “Look up, first of all. Looking down does nothing.”

Instinctively, Killua reaches out to grasp Gon’s chin and push it up, index finger hooked under, and he really only realizes his mistake when Gon is staring at his with wide eyes, cheeks flushed and nose red in an obvious indication that he’s not at all accustomed to the cold.

Killua feels his cheeks warm as well, quickly removing his hand from the man’s chin, using both of his hands to grab Gon’s.

“I’ll hold you, you just walk normally.” Killua spins around, back facing the direction their going, and he comes to a standing stop, waiting for Gon to make the first move forward.

“You can’t just walk on—” Gon’s balance completely falters and he flails to keep his stance. Killua is quick to use his upper arm strength to keep him up. “On ice! Oh my god, I really almost fell.”

“But you didn’t.”

Gon doesn’t retort, cheeks seemingly in a permanent flush.
“Here, look, just step—but like, aggressively.”

If question marks could be visual cues to show Gon’s confusion, there’d be a dozen above his head in that very moment. He stares as Killua steps in the same spot, showing him how to “walk on ice”, and it’s really just an exaggerated walking cycle, but fear still clings onto Gon’s eyes.

When he takes the first step, he nearly falls backwards, and Killua is quick to pull him forward, until Gon is stable again, and now closer to Killua’s chest than intentional. Killua glides backwards, to put distance, and smiles reassuringly.

“Stand straight. Just step, the barrier is next to us.” Killua tilts his head, and lo-and-behold, there’s a barrier not even a foot’s distance from them.

The progression is slow. Gon wobbles a lot, and his knees cave inward, and he flails and yelps when he feels like he’s going to fall—but Killua is always there to grab him and pull him up. People stare, but Killua doesn’t mind, and he laughs loudly when Gon grips his hand tighter and glares. His steps are exaggerated, which is good, it’ll get him used to the ice, and soon enough they’ve done an entire circle around the ring.

“See?” Killua says, and his hand hurts from Gon’s constant grip—not that’s going to complain about it.

Gon nods slowly, eyes set in front of him. “It’s not as bad as it was when I was younger.”

“Wanna chill for a second? You can hold onto the barrier, I’ll do a quick run around the ice.”

“Yeah, that’s fine. I’ll watch.”

Killua is still skating backwards—it’s a miracle he hadn’t slammed into someone while going around the ring with Gon, but now he’s leading Gon onto the barrier, and Gon moves quickly to let go and clamp his hands onto the barrier like a lifeline. Killua snorts, before relaxing his posture and
turning gently.

With Gon watching, he feels lulled into a sense of confidence. It’s like the rest of the population present is just noise—a background static irrelevant to him—and he shifts his imaginary gears to skate solo. A soft smile graces his lips as he skates forward, past people, and stuffs his hands into the coat of his long coat, doing crossovers at the turns of the rink. From the corner of his eye, he can see Gon’s gaze following his form.

The movement is smooth; it comes naturally to him. Years of ballet have made him more fluid, and it was a simple transition from ballet to ice skating. A few patrons stare as he does crossovers, extending his right leg out when he’s near Gon again and spinning slowly until he’s facing Gon, leaning forward to bow and extending his hand out for Gon to grab again.

“My Prince?” Killua asks, eyes crinkled and smile wide, and he misses the way Gon goes a shade darker than before, eyes widening in embarrassment.

Gon timidly places his hand over Killua’s, and Killua grasps it firmly. “Let’s try something.”

“That—That doesn’t sound good.”

“Trust me, hm?” Killua says, “You just stand still; I’ll skate and pull you along so you get used to the feeling of gliding on the ice.”

“Are you sure I won’t fall?” Gon asks, and Killua nods.

With the barrier no longer under Gon’s hold, and several feet away from them, Killua holds Gon’s hand with one hand, using the other for momentum and to pick up speed. Gon does exactly as instructed, not moving a single inch, just letting Killua string him along the ice.

As Killua pulls on Gon’s arm, the white-haired male laughs, the wind hitting his face—and he feels free. He speeds up, passing people quicker, but still at a safe speed for Gon.

“How does it feel, Gon?”
There’s no response, and when Killua turns his head to check up on the man, his eyes are staring at Killua, completely starstruck. Killua feels himself redden under the attention of his gaze, and Gon only averts his gaze when he realizes he’s been caught staring. Both are quiet, and Killua slows his gliding until he comes to a stop, and they’re near the barrier again.

Some of the skaters at the rink seem to be professional figure skaters, because they’re gliding out and about, doing tricks like it’s no one’s business—without a care in the world—and Gon is staring at them while they rest for a second.

“Something catch your eye?” Killua asks, nudging Gon’s shoulder as he leans back onto the barrier next to Gon.

“The moves are cool.” Gon says, still staring before he gasps and turns to Killua, nearly losing his balance in the process, flailing but ground himself before he could fall. “Killua, can you do any tricks?”

Killua hums in thought “Tricks? Not at the level of those people showing off over there.”

Gon snorts.

“I self-taught myself a bit, though ballet doesn’t really transition well into figure skating. They use some ballet positions, but their jumps and stuff are different. I could try some moves I know, but no guarantees I can do anything stunningly perfect.”

He looks over at Gon, who nods enthusiastically, with stars in his eyes, and he’s smiling wide. Killua lets out a soft laugh, watching the chilly air visualize his exhaled puff, and he puts his foot over the barrier, leaning forward to stretch.

“Just give me a few minutes to stretch.” Is all he says, and Gon doesn’t reply, too busy observing him.

Killua’s hamstrings burn with the lean forward, but he doesn’t mind, basking in the feeling, and then he switches his legs, hooking the other one over the barrier to stretch it. Gon doesn’t say anything, but Killua can feel his eyes on his back. After stretching his hamstrings, he leans down, until his fingers are grazing the ice and reaching back for the heels of his foot. He stands still in that position for ten seconds, before inhaling and exhaling slowly. Slowly, he comes back up, leaning back and cracking his spine.
Killua huffs. “Alright. You better watch, I’m not doing this again.”

Gon nods, still grinning, giving him a thumbs up. “You got this!”

The glide to the entrance of the rink is easy. He slows to a stop, spinning to face forward, and begins. There wasn’t much time to think of a routine, and it was going to be nothing short of choppy at best. The transitions won’t flow that well, but he only plans on doing three tricks, maybe four—if he’s really pushing it.

With a quick glance at his watch, the time reads 3:03p.m., and he settles into some crossovers, gliding past other skaters until there’s a gap in the crowd. He takes that opening, pushing on his left leg to jump into a waltz jump and landing on his right, leg stretched out behind him as he glides backwards on the ice. A shift in his gaze to Gon shows the man with his mouth agape, and Killua tries to hide the smile that blossoms against his reddened cheeks.

He keeps the position until he’s facing backward, falling back onto right leg crossovers. He catches his breath, going into a wide circle, pointing his foot out and grabbing the blade of his skate as he spins faster and faster, pulling it up and over his head in a pose similar to an attitude derriere.

Swiftly and smoothly, he lowers his raised leg, until he’s spinning into a wider circle and falling into a backwards crossover. Granted, he’s a little winded, and the chilled air does nothing but burn against the sharp inhales into his lungs. For a few seconds, he simply glides, and lets himself follow the crowd, before he’s able to find another gap, using it to do another backwards crossover and lifting his right leg out, watching as the world spins rapidly with the momentum he’s gained.

His arms are stretched back, and as soon as his foot touches the ice after lowering it from its lift, he glides backwards and into another spin—this one fast, and he’s spinning in a tight space until he slows his pace and comes to an eventual stop. Killua feels dizzy, and he’s sure that his white hair is in disarray from the wind speed. When he looks over to Gon—picks his green puff jacket from the rest of the monotone ones in the crowd—he’s standing completely and utterly still, and staring at Killua.

Despite his frenzied state, Killua skates over, inhaling deeply, trying to catch his breath. Gon finally seems to react the moment Killua is within reach, grabbing his hands tightly and eyes sparkling even more than originally.

“Killua, I—Killua, that was so cool!”
The air burns when he breathes in. “The transitions were choppy, and none of those moves were perfect—but I’m glad you liked it.”

“It doesn’t matter!” Gon insists, leaning forward, “That was so cool, you’re so cool!”

Killua feels himself flush red in embarrassment, averting his gaze from Gon’s piercing one, mouth twitching from the attention he’s not used to receiving.

“Which moves did you do?”

“Hm?” Killua thinks for a second—recalls his pace, “I started off with crossovers to gain momentum, and then I did a waltz jump, a needle spin and a camel spin, and then I got the bright idea of doing a scratch spin last second.”

“Was the needle spin the one where you had your leg over your head with your hand?”

Killua nods, takes another deep breath of air. “Yeah. It’s the hardest one to do, personally, because you have to get to that position after spinning for so long.”

Gon hums. A few seconds pass before he speaks. “I think I’m a little more confident now.”

Killua looks over at Gon, arches his eyebrow in question and stares for an explanation.

“I did a bit of the walking movement you showed me before you started skating!” To demonstrate, Gon stretches out his arms, lets himself glide away from the barrier. For a moment, panic seizes Killua, and he resists the urge to reach out and grab Gon, but he manages to cap the instinct, and lets Gon come back to the barrier on his own.

Even on shaky legs, and arms that rotated in a rapid circle when he felt his balance falter slightly, Gon had picked up the technique exceptionally quick. As Killua had expected him to.

“See?”

Killua pushes himself backwards until he’s gliding backwards, motioning for Gon to follow. Gon freezes, before using the barrier to catch up to Killua.

“Want to try something I used to do with Alluka?”

“With your sister? Your sister skates?”

“Yes to both,” Killua says, and Gon laughs. “When she was younger, we used to go skating here all the time. I would push her while she stretched out her arms so she could feel the wind against her the faster we went.”

“Oh! I want to try!”

“Well,” Killua does a quick spin to slow his glide. “Stretch out your arms, I’ll push you.”

It doesn’t matter how childish the action is, Gon looks giddy, and he puts his arms out at his sides for balance. He stares at Killua, waiting, and Killua laughs loud, skating a little past Gon and pressing his hands into the man’s shoulder blades. He can feel the muscle twitch under his touch, and Killua wills himself not to think about it.

Instead, he pushes hard, skates scratching against the ice, and he picks up momentum.

“Oh, shit—” Gon swears, and then he’s giggling.

Killua feels a smile grace his lips. Gon’s giggles resound louder, and Killua is sure if he could see Gon’s face, his eyes would be crescents. His laughter is contagious, because soon Killua is struggling to hold back his own laughter, pushing against Gon harder.

They’re skating past other skaters fast, and Killua removes his palms from Gon’s back, instead choosing to push against the ice harder to catch up with Gon and grab one of his hands, pulling him
along as he goes just a little faster. People make space for them; some glare, others smile, but Killua doesn’t care.

Their speed begins to decrease as Killua comes to a t-stop, still holding Gon’s hand and turning to look at the man. Gon’s hair is absolutely wild, sticking out in different directions, and Killua is sure that his is in no better condition. Killua gently collides against one of the barriers, still holding Gon’s hands, and he’s standing in front of Killua, their eyes unwavering as they stare at each other. They don’t exchange any words.

Killua’s mind is racing. The ghost of a smile is still etched onto his lips, and he feels euphoric. Today was great. He couldn’t have asked for anything better to have occurred. The sky is still clear, sunlight hitting them, and the chatter around them ceases, at least for Killua, because his heart comes to a screeching halt when he catches Gon’s gaze shift from his eyes to his lips.

Oh.

Oh .

There’s no time to dwell on Gon’s actions, because a child is coming in-between them, accidentally being unable to avoid them against the barriers, and they shout an apology in a childish lilt as they continue to skate.

With the spell broken, Gon goes tomato red, completely avoiding Killua’s gaze. He laughs nervously, putting some distance between Killua and himself, scratching his cheek as chuckles.

“I, uh—”

Killua doesn’t let him finish, bending down to scope the ice he’d so carefully begun to shave off and balling it up, with one swoop he’s throwing it at Gon, pushing himself against the barrier to make distance. He can’t keep in the laughter in when he turns to see Gon’s shocked face, and he bursts out laughing, bracing himself against his knees.

“Killua!” Gon whines, but there’s a smile on his face, “This isn’t fair, there’s no way I can get ice without falling flat on my face!”

The statement only makes Killua laugh harder, eyes scrunched up and eyebrows furrowed, an
eternal smile washing over him. Gon is pouting, staring at the ice and then Killua, and Killua notices the moment something clicks in Gon’s head, because the man lets himself flop onto the floor like a fish, scooping up shaved ice to ball up—and really, Killua should’ve seen this coming, because he’s hanging out with an undefeated fighter who’s demolished opponents in seconds, but the mere force of the impact when the ice hits his shoulder makes him yelp.

Killua shouts in indignance, using the blade on his skates to scrape at the ice—which is completely against the rules established by the rink—and bends over, grabbing more and throwing a handful at Gon, who doesn’t even bother to dodge it in favor of throwing another massive ice ball at Killua.

They only stop their shenanigans when a voice comes over the loudspeakers on a poll, announcing that there’d be an hour-long intermission to clean the ice. The announcement makes both Killua and Gon pause, and they stare at each other as the speaker asks for all skaters to step off the ice and make their way to the benches if they planned on skating after the Zamboni did its job.

“Do you want to stay?” Killua asks.

“We can leave, if you want. You have to pay up your end of the deal, remember?”

Killua groans. “I was hoping you’d forget about that.”

Gon sticks out his tongue, nose scrunched up. “My bad.”

Getting out of the rink takes longer than it should. There’s only one exit—the entry—and with so many people trying to exit and shove their way out, it leaves for utter chaos. Killua pulls Gon back when he tries to skate into the crowd as well, shaking his head.

“Let’s wait for them to get through, and then we can go. Some people get aggressive and shove.”

Gon makes a sound of acknowledgement, and so they wait until the entry is generally less populated. They don’t speak of what nearly occurred between them, of how Gon’s eyes had stared at Killua’s lips, or how Killua was going to be absolutely okay with the outcome of the situation had it continued its course. They don’t address the obvious tension that was there, and how it so easily turned into something more childish the moment Killua flung ice at Gon.

In part, his scheme had been to dissipate the tension. It was suffocating, and the child that ran in-
between them made the situation all the more embarrassing. Frankly, Killua is glad nothing happened—at least, not now, while they were in public and surrounded by dozens of people.

Killua’s watch reads 4:18 p.m. when they finally do manage to get out of the rink and sit on a bench to remove their skates. It’s quiet between them, Gon humming to himself as he unties the laces Killua had done, and he sets his skates at the rental counter.

“I’ll go get my stuff in the locker.”

Killua nods, “I’ll wait here then.”

Soon enough, Killua is alone, waiting for Gon to return from the lockers, and he takes to observing his surroundings. The air is still tinted in chilly winds, and some people have up and left—the crowd of people much smaller than before. It makes sense, he supposes, as it's getting late in the day, and most of the people who came were either children with families or friends hanging out.

A breeze makes the trees around the rink sway, and Killua watches as the ice resurfacer slowly mows on along on the ice, the engine a roaring hum, and the man operating it holding a bored expression. Killua doesn’t let himself get too comfortable in his seat, knowing Gon will emerge from the lockers holding a bright expression on his face, and so Killua stands, loitering around until the human embodiment of the sun returns from his trip.

“Killua!” Gon’s voice is permanently fixed into his memory. And he waves his hand over his head, holding up his bag with the other. “Come on!”

When Killua makes it over to Gon, he smiles, and Gon is speaking before Killua can even get a word out. “I believe you owe it to me to try five different types of coffee?”

Killua groans, but smiles despite himself. “This is abuse to my poor heart, I’m gonna end up wide-awake at four a.m. and you’re going to be the one I pester.”

Gon giggles, eyes crescents. “I’m alright with that! Let’s get going back to the cafe then.”

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for reading Chapter Eight of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hello everyone! I come bearing the next update to this story, haha. I'm really hoping everyone enjoys this chapter, as a lot of thought and planning went into it. Today was the day I was finally able to sit down and just write, so I did exactly that (ironically, it's my birthday, and I was determined to get a chapter out for you all on my birthday as a gift of thanks for taking the time to read this story!!). I've never been so genuinely giddy and overall excited about writing a chapter ever.

You may notice absolutely no time-skips happened, or at least, no time-stamp worthy ones. I hope everything flowed nicely this chapter. Everything about this was just soft. Killua and Gon are getting used to each other, and they've warmed up, thought they're still embarrassed by the little things, and honestly, I love them so much. The scene where Gon stared at Killua's lips? I failed the vibe check. I absolutely lost my mind while typing it. In terms of characterization, I'm really hoping their characters are still in-character, and that they're not OOC.

As usual, please remember to leave a comment and kudos! For this chapter especially, I'd love to know what you all think. Share the excitement! Yell in the comments—I need people to yell at me, because I want to yell with you all! But also, comments are a great motivator for writing.

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Nine

Chapter Summary

“Alright, so,” Killua begins, “What the hell are you forcing me to try?”

The black-haired man hums in thought. “Can we change the deal a bit?”

Killua arches an eyebrow, staring at Gon. “Depends whether it benefits me or not.”

Gon laughs, getting in line anyway for a drink. “How about you only have to try one drink, and I get to ask you questions about yourself!”

It’s reasonable enough. Killua knows more about Gon than the man knows about him —after all, Killua hasn’t disclosed much. And the situation gets him out of having to drink five different, bitter, but equally disgusting, coffee drinks.

“Fine. Deal.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

On the walk back to Near and Far Cafe, Gon takes his camera out from his bag, snapping a couple more pictures as the sun sets on the cityscape, the colors of the sunset coloring the sky in an orange hue. Killua looks over at him, walking next to his side, peering over at the screen.

“Do you want to see some of the pictures?” Gon asks, eyes averted shyly, and his cheeks are flushed. Killua can’t tell if it was due to the cold.

Killua hums, nodding his head, gingerly reaching out to grasp the old camera from Gon. Out in the sunlight, it’s more clear that it’s holding its ground to the bitter end—with scratches all over and discolored sections evident. The shutter button is worn, and the sides of the grip are faded.

The gallery is already open, and as Killua swipes through the pictures, his heart stutters in his chest, his fingers stop on one picture of himself in the process of turning to look at Gon, eyes clearly fond and sparkling, and there’s a slight blur in his motions that separate him from the static background of white.

Alluka wasn’t lying when she said he’d contrast against the snow.

But Gon had taken that picture, and as Killua continues to swipe through the gallery, he finds a
couple of more. Only five of him, out of the seventy or so new pictures displayed in the bar, but they’re still of him in the center, either smiling, or laughing, or staring fondly, and Killua feels the heat travel up his spine in embarrassment.

When he looks at Gon, the man is fairing no better. Despite not looking at him, the flush on his cheeks is there, and he fiddles with his hands, a look of uncertainty tainting his features. For a moment, Killua considers what he’s about to do—he thinks long and hard about the implication of his words, before he steps closer into Gon’s space, handing the camera back to him.

“This one,” he says, tapping the screen gently with his index finger, “This one is my favorite.”

It’s a photograph of him as they were crossing the Gapstow Bridge in Central Park. Once again, Gon had caught him mid-laugh, eyes crinkled in a smile and nose crunched, body turning to face Gon. His coat is forever frozen in a state of flutter, and behind him is the expanse of a frozen lake, with white trees and bushes surrounding it, and the black of his outfit completely stands out against all the white.

Gon takes a moment to look at the image he’s self-proclaimed as his favorite, and when it processes, he turns an even deeper shade of red, coughing and looking away in embarrassment. He takes the camera back, before hesitantly meeting Killua’s eyes.

“Sorry for taking pictures without your permission. I can delete them.”

Killua raises his eyebrows, and tilts his head in confusion. “Never said I was mad.”

Far and Near Cafe is within distance now, just a store down from their current spot, and as they continue walking, Killua takes longer strides to reach the front door first. He looks over his shoulder as he opens the door. “The pictures all turned out amazing, Gon.”

It’s like the reassurance is enough for Gon—the notion that Killua isn’t mad at him—and he smiles wide. Killua has noticed that when Gon gives an unrestrained smile, his nose scrunches and eyebrows furrow in a particular way. He stores the little tidbit in his memory, holding the door open for Gon to step inside the shop.

“Alright, so,” Killua begins, “What the hell are you forcing me to try?”
The black-haired man hums in thought. “Can we change the deal a bit?”

Killua arches an eyebrow, staring at Gon. “Depends whether it benefits me or not.”

Gon laughs, getting in line anyway for a drink. “How about you only have to try one drink, and I get to ask you questions about yourself!”

It’s reasonable enough. Killua knows more about Gon than the man knows about him—after all, Killua hasn’t disclosed much. And the situation gets him out of having to drink five different, bitter, but equally disgusting, coffee drinks.

“Fine. Deal.”

A grin appears on Gon’s face, and Killua stays by his side in line, unable to hide the scrunch of his nose or furrow of his eyebrows when Gon orders “two Spanish roasted coffees”. He has no idea what he’s gotten himself into, fingers twitching when he takes out his card to pay, and Gon makes another statement of protest—to no avail.

The drinks are ready much quicker than his usual hot chocolate, and both Gon and Killua take a seat towards the back of the cafe, where there are less people sitting. Killua still hasn’t taken a single sip from whatever hell Gon ordered him, but the other man is happily drinking it, taking a seat in front of Killua.

“C’mon, try it, I promise it’s really good.”

“I highly doubt that.” Killua says, hesitantly bringing the cup to his lips, and wincing when the bitter taste finally hits his taste buds like a trainwreck. “This is so bad.”

A laugh bubbles past Gon’s lips, and he takes another swing of the Spanish coffee. “It’s nowhere near as bitter as how my Aunt Mito makes it.”

“Suddenly, I really regret saying I’ve never tasted coffee.”

“Killua! It’s not that bad.”
“Except it is—shouldn’t you be asking me questions?” Killua asks. And if he’s saying it to save himself from having to take more sips of this atrocious coffee, no one has to know. He’ll answer anything Gon asks at college-essay-length if it means avoiding the drink.

“Oh! Yeah!” Gon hums for a second, tongue poking out in thought, eyes looking at the ceiling. “Hmm… what’s your favorite color?”

For a fraction of a second, Killua’s brain short circuits. He deadpans. “Seriously, Gon? Out of all the questions you can ask me?”

Gon sputters, setting down his drink and leaning in. “Well, what else am I supposed to ask? ‘Why are you so insistent on spending your money instead of mine?’, I thought I’d start off with something easy!”

“I don’t mind spending the money.”

“Neither do I!” Gon huffs, leaning back into his seat and crossing his arms.

Killua thinks about his background. Gon still doesn’t know. He doesn’t know Killua is a Zoldyck, from a powerful family, that he goes to Hawking University—the most prestigious school in all of Yorknew. Gon knows nothing of him, so it’s only fair he share something, right?

“Gon, do you seriously not know who I am?”

There’s a pause in Gon’s movements as he thinks. “Nope. Should I?”

“My father and grandfather are powerful, well-known lawyers. My eldest brother is currently one of the world’s top lawyers. My second eldest brother works for the military.”

“Okay?” Gon looks lost, eyebrows scrunches.

Killua sighs, resting his chin on his clasped hands propped against the table. “It means I have more
money than I know what to do with. Meaning I don’t mind spending it on what we did today.”

“But what does this have to do with me spending my money instead of you?”

“If you need the money, I rather we just use mine so you have more.”

“Killua, I’m not exactly broke. I make around 1,000,000 Jenny every weekend for winning fights. You don’t need to pity me or anything.”

“I don’t pity you. Plus, I’d be lying if I said I didn’t like spending the money on you anyway.”

That makes Gon blush, red high on his cheeks against the golden color of his skin. He averts his eyes and coughs, taking a long sip from his coffee. Killua waits—takes another hesitant sip of the dumb Spanish roasted coffee Gon ordered for him. The drink leaves a bitter taste in his mouth and he frowns in distaste.

“You don’t have to drink all of it if you don’t like it.”

“I want to. Ask me the next question.”

Gon’s shoulders shake with a silent laugh. “Did you have any friends growing up?”

Killua’s eyes gleam with the memories that rush through him. “I had a few people I was close with, but not anyone I just clicked with. There’s really only one person I can think of at the moment I keep in constant contact with—his name is Ikalgo. We met back in highschool. We go to different universities now, but I still talk to him. What about you?”

Gon pouts. “I thought I was asking the questions.”

The white-haired man deadpans. “Humor me.”

He hums in thought. “It’s the same for me, actually.” He pauses, reaching over the table to grab the glass sugar pourer, “There’s a lot of people who know me, but I’m only really close with a couple
of them. I’ve never clicked with someone.”

Gon is pouring sugar into the coffee without a second thought, and it leaves Killua staring at the copious amounts of diabetes in a cup. He continues. “I thought I had with Palm—she’s a woman I met when I first started going to the ring—but when we tried to dabble into a little something more, it was clear it wasn’t going to work out, so we just stayed friends.”

The cup of coffee is being slid across the table, courtesy of Gon, who extends it to him with a slowly-growing smirk. “Drink this.”

Killua gives the mug a dead stare, before looking back up at Gon and pointing at the cup. “That’s gonna wind me up in the hospital.”

The man laughs, pushing it even closer, and Killua leans back, like a cat avoiding water. “Just try it.”

Killua leans back into his seat, arms folded, stare empty as he switches between Gon and the cup, before tsk’ing and roughly grabbing the cup, taking a swing of the content inside. His eyes widen, hands freezing in their place as the taste fully hits him.

“That,” Gon pauses for emphasis, “is *una colada*.”

He doesn’t put down the cup, his gaze fixed on the sugar pourer as he takes another long sip. “A *what*?”

“*Una colada.*” Gon says, more emphasis on the words, “I think the closest thing to relate it to is an espresso with sugar?”

Faintly, Killua realizes that he’s drinking Gon’s coffee, from Gon’s cup, and his fingers grip the ceramic mug tighter. Killua’s cup sits abandoned at his side on the table, untouched and still nearly filled to the brim, and he’s sure the sharp drink is cold by now.

“Didn’t know you spoke Spanish.” Killua says, and he looks up through his lashes.
“There’s a lot of things you don’t know about me.” He says, laughing softly, “Whale Island is a merchant’s stop, but Aunt Mito and Abe spoke Spanish in the house, so I grew up learning both languages.”

It’s like a sudden thought occurs to Gon. “Ah! Don’t reverse the conversation!” Gon exclaims, “Killua, I’m supposed to be asking you the questions!”

“What is this? An interrogation?” Killua says, though there’s a smirk on his face.

“Maybe.” Gon taunts, “So then, how many siblings do you have?”

“There’s 5 of us, including me. I have two older brothers and a younger sister and brother.”

Gon sits up, making a sound of amazement. “You have so many siblings! I’ve always wanted a younger sibling.”

Killua arches an eyebrow in question, “Any particular reason why? I’m sure you’ve heard from just about every person with siblings that they’re the absolute worst.”

He averts his eyes, looking out the window at the darkness outside. “No reason. I just like the idea of taking care of a younger sibling and looking after them.”

Killua hums in agreement.

Gon speaks up, returning his gaze to Killua and gesturing to the window. “It’s dark.”

A glance at his watch sets the time at nearly 6p.m., and logically, Killua knows this had to end soon. He has to get back to Alluka, he has to study for his classes—there’s so much to do. He nods.

“C’mon. Let’s head out. You need to get a ride home, right?”

“Yeah, I just gotta figure out how to use the dumb app.”
His form shakes with laughter, and Killua observes as Gon swipes open his phone, opening the app in utter concentration—eyebrows furrowed and tongue poking out. The image sticks itself to the back of Killua’s mind as a fond memory to look back on.

“Give me, I’ll order a car.”

Gon makes a sound of protest, but Killua is snatching the phone and inputting the location swiftly, before a ping sound comes from the phone and a screen notification pops up: *ride confirmed, please meet at location detailed below*. When Killua looks at the address, he recognizes it as the more obvious place for drivers to be located. It’s not a far walk—reasonably within five blocks—just down the street from where they came.

“There. Let’s get going then. The driver is gonna wait fifteen minutes for you.”

The bell above the cafe door rings as they exit, and Killua is thankful for a moment of his sister’s wardrobe choices. The temperature has surely dropped below thirty degrees, and his breaths are visible clouds when he exhales, slowly disappearing as the seconds go by.

For the most part, the streets are empty, and it’s just Killua and Gon walking side by side down the road to the address given. The streets are illuminated by shops and lampposts, and there’s a smell in the air that can only be attributed to the emissions from the factories still pumping near the outskirts of the central city. From the corner of his eye, Killua can see Gon wrinkle his nose.

“It smells weird.”

“Didn’t know you could smell it.”

“I could smell it since I entered the city. It smells so different from the outskirts where I live with Aunt Mito.”

They continue walking, and it’s like they both don’t want to part, for they slow their steps down considerably.

“What does it smell like?”
“Don’t think I could explain it if I even knew how to. It’s just different—I guess. The smell is cleaner. I can breathe there. Here, it’s stuffy.”

Killua hums, and as they continue walking, he can feel Gon’s presence get closer. Closer, and closer, until they’re nearly bumping shoulders and a hand is grabbing Killua’s. Gon’s hand. Gon’s hand is clasping his, and when Killua whips his head to stare at him—sputtering in disbelief with a blush visible on his cheeks—Gon has his attention diverted elsewhere, with red cheeks that becomes clear under the street lights they pass.

“It’s cold.” Is all he offers.

He can’t find it in himself to retort with anything, anyway.

Killua gets back to the apartment soon after Gon hops into his designated car, with the promise that they’d text each other once they were home. Embarrassingly enough, they had to order another car because they’d taken too long reaching the destination. The original driver had left—not that they minded, because it meant just a little more time together.

When he arrives back at the apartment, Alluka is in the kitchen with Nanika watching from the island counter. He can smell the steak basking on one of the elements of the stovetop, and fruits
are being cooked in the element over. She turns upon hearing the door shut, grinning wide.

“Brother!” She gives him a brisk hug before returning her attention to the stove. “How did it go?”

“It was fine.”

She hums. “Just fine?”

Killua flushes. “Okay. It was really fun.”

“Mmhm. That’s what I thought.”

His phone rings with a notification from Gon, and Alluka peers over, standing on her tiptoes to look at the message displayed. She gasps loudly, abandoning her post watching the cooking dinner in favor of snatching Killua’s phone, nimbly typing his passcode and scrolling onto Gon’s chat.

“A-Alluka!”

She narrowly dodges Killua trying to snatch the phone back, giggling and running out of the kitchen into the living room observing the night sky. Killua mutters a curse, quickly turning the dial on the stove onto low before chasing behind Alluka. Nanika, sensing the uproar in energy, stands and meows loudly.

“Alluka, give it back!”

“C’mon! Brother!”

“Don’t you dare reply!”

Her tongue sticks out as she makes a teasing sound, fingers flying on the screen and Killua feels a sweat break on his forehead. God, what was she going to tell Gon after that message. It wasn’t even anything to get worked up over.
“Alluka! All he asked was if I wanted to train with him again, don’t make a big deal out of it!”

Killua cheeks burn in embarrassment.

“Okay, but he wants to train with you again—”

The phone pings with another message. Alluka’s eyes shine when she gasps, turning the phone to Killua. The entire chat is visible.

Choku Zuki Gon:
6:52p.m.: just got home :D
6:54p.m.: want to go train some time again??

Training Buddy Killua:
6:55p.m.: Definitely.

Choku Zuki Gon:
6:57p.m.: i had a lot of fun today

If it was even possible, Killua goes even more red. God, Gon is shameless. Looking at his lips, holding his hand. This. Whatever this is; whatever the message means. He doesn’t even know how to reply to a message like that. His skin crawls as the goosebumps spread down his arms.

Killua sighs, slouching in defeat, sitting down on the couch. “What are you going to tell him?”

“That you had fun too, obviously.” She says, setting herself next to him, leaning against his chest as her fingers hover over the keyboard.

Killua sputters. “Isn’t that too direct?”

Alluka looks up and at Killua, staring at him with an unimpressed expression. “Brother, you’re out of your element right now, but I know you’re confident. You just have to own your words.”
Killua doesn’t want to own anything. This entire ordeal is overtly embarrassing. He rather stuff his face against the pillows of his bed and wallow in the dark abyss of his room. Instead, Alluka is propped against him, hair splayed on the couch and his arms and chest, as she excitedly types back a response.

His fingers shake with an unrestrained energy, and there’s a coil of unsettled energy that runs down his spine, tightening when he sees Alluka hit send. The feeling is foreign.

“Bisky told me she was excited to see where this went.” She supplies.

Killua groans, throwing his head back against the couch. “Bisky is in on this too?”

“Of course she is. She’s the one who tells me what goes on.”

“I—I’m not surprised.”

Another ping from his phone, both are whipping their heads to stare at the notification.

Choku Zuki Gon:

7:00p.m.: wanna set up a training schedule or smth??

Alluka pauses and stares at the phone. “Are you gonna give me a timetable or am I gonna condemn you to a random schedule.”

Killua chuckles. “Tell him Monday’s, Wednesday’s, and Thursday’s work fine with me, I can balance the workload since the easiest classes are the next day.”

She hums, typing his words into the chat.

“Say, were you making steak to celebrate this?”
Alluka makes a noise of acknowledgement, “Yup.”

“Then let’s *eat*. I’m starving.” He complains, pushing Alluka off him to go into the kitchen. Nanika is following his hand as he drags it against the counter, gently biting his hand and swishing her tail. He smiles, rubbing his fingers against the kitten’s forehead.

“You didn’t eat?” Alluka asks, and her eyes are still glued to the screen.

“Nah, we just had coffee. Can you believe he forced me to try coffee?”

She laughs outright, “Gon *actually* got you to try coffee? I’ve been trying for the past four years and I’m your sister!”

Killua huffs but doesn’t reply, taking the steak from the stove and placing it on the counter. The plates are already arranged on the counter, and Alluka walks over, leaving Killua’s phone on the couch in favor of sitting in front of the plate. She grins when he cuts into the steak.

“You did a nice job.”

“Of course I did. *I actually* follow the cookbook.” She chides, smiling to herself as Killua serves the cut pieces of steak onto her plate.

“You act like I never have.”

“Because you don’t!”

“I memorized the recipes!”

Alluka pouts, frowning as she takes a bite of the steak. “Either way, what did you guys do? Give me details.”

Killua brings his hand to the nape of his neck in embarrassment, averting his eyes. “We just… talked.”
“I find it hard to believe all you did was talk. You had to have done something!”

He leans onto the counter, across from Alluka, cutting into his own steak. “We went ice skating after hot chocolate, I showed him to ice skate—” Killua’s face goes red thinking about Gon’s gaze having fallen to his lips. Of the pictures. “We, uh, I did the thing I did with you when we were younger.”

“There was a stutter there,” She hums, “But I’ll ignore it. You did the pushing thing?”

Killua nods. “Then we went back to the cafe so I could try the coffee. He made me try Spanish roasted coffee. And then he added sugar, can you believe that?”

“Sounds like something you’d like.”

“Yeah, it was good after the sugar. We talked for a bit—and uh, I walked him to his ride.”

Alluka pauses in her cutting to stare straight at Killua. “There’s gotta be more to that.”

The memory of holding Gon’s warm, calloused hand flashes in his memory. “Nope. There’s nothing.”

She deadpans, setting down her cutlery. “You’re lying.”

“I’m not!”

“Okay, how about I ask Gon then?”

“Oh! Okay,” Killua relents, sighing, “He grabbed my hand while we were walking to his ride.”

There’s a moment of silence as Alluka just stares, and Killua sees the moment the words truly process in her head, when the thought process finally just clicks for her, because she’s gasping, and her eyes are wide, jaw slack. Alluka stands as soon as she understands the implication, leaning in to
Killua, who leans back.

“Oh my god.”

“Yeah.”

“Oh my god, he totally likes you back!”

Killua creases his brow, wrinkles his nose. “Don’t say it, it sounds weird to hear.”

Alluka claps her hands, smiling brightly, “I’m so happy for you!” But her excitement sombers, and she slows to really look at her brother, a soft smile gracing her features. “Brother, you really deserve this. Please don’t miss this chance because you’re scared.”

He doesn’t reply, averting his sight. Killua’s posture is tense, and his hands fidget, unusually cold and clammy. He can already feel the unfamiliar fear sink in to his heart, and it weighs heavy on his bones.

“Brother, look at me.” Alluka says, “You can’t be afraid, not of me, or Gon, or anyone. You can’t be afraid of getting hurt. Or of letting someone down.”

She stands, striding over to Killua and grasping his shoulders. He wants to laugh, because Alluka is so small—she struggles to even reach his shoulders, at her small stature of five foot two. Instead, his eyes are brimming with tears that refuse to fall.

“It’s not that simple.” He mumbles.

“I’m here for you.” She says firmly, unwavering eyes staring into Killua’s blue ones, “I know mom and dad messed you up, but you’ve gotten better. And if anyone hurts you, they’re gonna have to fight me.”

A wet laugh bubbles past Killua’s throat. “You’re too small to fight.”
Alluka huffs, pressing her face to Killua’s chest to hug him. “Exactly. I win automatically. No one is allowed to hurt you, because I’d win always.”

Outside, the sky has turned into a charcoal black, and stars illuminate it like white splattered onto a black canvas. Snow falls gently, covering the balcony railing and everything it touches into a smear of white. Another day passes, just like that. Alluka hums, still holding onto Killua. Their plates of food sit nearly finished and forgotten.

Killua closes his eyes and smiles, grip around his sister tightening. “Thank you, Alluka.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Nine of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hi everyone! It's been a fat minute since I updated (3 days), which is a bit behind the pace I had going, but it's mainly because this chapter was very dialogue heavy, and that's unfortunately something I really struggle with, since I'm a shy person who sucks at conversation in general, LOL. Sorry if this chapter isn't your cup of tea, I know some people don't really like "dialogue" chapters, but I felt it was really important. In fact, I'd say this chapter is a very critical chapter in the development of Killua and Gon, but also Alluka and Killua.

That being said, this chapter was lots of fun to write. Gon and Killua learned more about each other (I told ya'll I was writing Gon as a hispanic and here. we. ARE.) and we also got to learn more about Killua and Alluka, and Killua's inherent fear of disappointing someone or getting hurt. Because these fears are sensitive, I kind of struggled writing them. Please let me know if there's anything that needs correcting! I'm still really worried about them being OOC despite the amount of times I've been assured that neither Killua nor Gon (or Alluka for that matter) are.

I'm looking forward to feedback on the chapter! So please remember to leave comments and kudos. I'd like opinions on the chapter :D

As a note for future reference, any time Gon speaks Spanish, translations of what he says will be here in the end notes, or I'll find a way to incorporate it into the chapter seamlessly (to the best of my ability, of course.) Making Gon speak Spanish will probably the most fun part of all this, lol.

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Ten

Chapter Summary

“Killua—”

“Do you want to go on a date?”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Killua goes to sleep that night feeling more relaxed than he ever has. There’s a serene feeling coursing his veins, one that lulls him to sleep with soft whispers of promise. His mind feels at peace, hands no longer clammy nor shaking, and he sighs in relief. There’s a fluttering feeling in his chest that only grows tenfold when he hears his phone ping.

Despite being comfortable in his bed, Killua shifts, blinding feeling around the nightstand for his phone on the charging mat. It should be annoying, with how bright he has his phone setting at, but Killua feels only happiness swell and nearly burst when his eyes squint to read the name on the screen.

Choku Zuki Gon:

11:34 p.m.: buenas noches, killua

A smile breaks out on Killua’s face, a laugh quietly bubbling past his lips.

Training Buddy Killua:

11:34 p.m.: I’m going to assume that means goodnight.

Quickly, before Gon can respond, Killua swipes his screen until he reaches the translate section, swiftly typing a message and hitting translate. He swipes back into the chat within seconds, pasting his message in.

Training Buddy Killua:

11:36 p.m.: Que duermas bien.
The reply is instant, Gon’s bubble icon popping up to notify Killua he’s typing.

Choku Zuki Gon:

11:36p.m.: jeje ten lindos sueños killua

Question marks fill Killua’s head, as he copies the message into his clipboard and pastes it into the translator. The message makes his face flush in embarrassment. The screen reflects against his eyes, the dropdown button reading English.

*Language Translation Complete: Hehe have sweet dreams killua.*

His face is completely red, down to his neck, and he’s sure his ears are tinted in a deep shade of crimson to match. He’s unable to move, gaze fixed on the message translated. He sets his phone back down on the nightstand, the charging mat lighting up to symbolize its connection to the phone, before he lets his gaze run to the window in his room, eyes hooded with a soft smile gracing his features.

For once, sleeping comes a little easier and a little less heavy on his heart.
That morning, when Killua awakens, it’s to a message of Gon apologizing for his behavior last night, explaining his exhaustion left him a little less contained than usual. A chuckle threatens to spill from his lips—Gon’s worry evident in his messages, from the way he’s typing so eloquently and grammatically correct, to the way there’s a ramble of messages apologizing.

Training Buddy Killua:

9:23a.m.: Don’t worry about it, Gon. I didn’t mind.

Choku Zuki Gon:

9:23a.m.: KILLUA!! Are you sure? I’m really, really sorry.

Training Buddy Killua:

9:24a.m.: Seriously, I was fine with it. It was nice to read, lol. No need to type so formally now—I’m not mad.

Choku Zuki Gon:

9:24a.m.: ok only because you said it was alright,,

Training Buddy Killua:

9:24a.m.: Exactly. You up for training tonight?

The reply is instantaneous, in all caps, multiple exclamation points, and Killua finally lets a smile escape from within, his eyes softening and chest feeling tight. His hands don’t shake when he thinks about Gon, his insecurities put to rest—if even just for a little bit, he’s grateful.

Killua looks over to his door when he hears gentle scratches, and Nanika’s insistent meows. Alluka knocks before opening, and the kitten wobbles inside, hopping onto Killua’s bed to press her forehead against Killua’s resting hand. He strokes her head, fingers playing with her ears.

He’s happier, now.
Killua has always been academically inclined. He’s responsible, and careful with his studies—managing his time carefully and spacing out the workload with perfect precision. Chapters assigned are done weeks in advance, memorized and filed away in his mind for future reference. His papers are simply quick assignments he finishes within hours. He’s the perfect model student a professor could ask for—with flawless attendance and exceptional grades.

After all, the most prestigious university in all of the United States of Saherta had taken a single business day to accept his admission application—when their admission application wait time was an impressive month and a half.

And yet, as he sits in his International Business lecture class, he scrolls through his phone absentmindedly, switching between his social media and Gon’s contact name. Killua bits his lip, actions indecisive in his mind. He could text Gon, ask him about his day, inquire about what he was doing. But at the back of his mind, his conscious hollered at him to pay attention to the lecture in front of him.

God, they’d only been talking more and more since their hangout, and a week has passed since then, but he’s already like this .

When Killua shifts his attention to his professor, it’s to the man droning on about online business and e-commerce, both topics Killua had already read up on last weekend in his class book. The students around him look completely enraptured in the lecture, eagerly taking down notes on his
And really, that would’ve been Killua—minus the note-taking—had a certain honey-colored man not been on his mind.

He bites the bullet, suppressing a gummy grin when he taps into their chat.

Training Buddy Killua:
10:21 a.m.: *Hey, wyd?*

Choku Zuki Gon:
10:21 a.m.: *hey!! didn’t think you’d text me rn what’s up??*

Choku Zuki Gon:
10:21 a.m.: *also u used an acronym., thats new*

A smile laces Killua’s lips.

Training Buddy Killua:
10:22 a.m.: *I guess your shitty texting is rubbing off on me, lol*

Training Buddy Killua:
10:22 a.m.: *It’s spelled acronym, btw.*

Choku Zuki Gon:
10:24 a.m.: *oh shut it, some of us are breaking the law to text back*

Training Buddy Killua:
10:24 a.m.: *Keep your eyes on the road, idiot. I can wait, I’m just sitting in some boring lecture.*
No response follows afterward, so Killua sets his phone down, pressing his chin against the palm of his hand propped against the desk. His thoughts drift—to Gon, to his smile and light aura. To his spiked hair, and bubbly personality. God, this stupid little crush is forcing a dreamy smile against his lips.

A few minutes pass, and his phone vibrates with a notification. From Gon. His lips twitch until a grin splits against his face, heart fluttering, chest tight in a feeling of happiness.

Choku Zuki Gon:

10:34a.m.: *im home now sorry,, had to get some stuff for aunt mito*

Killua doesn’t get the chance to reply, because his professor is calling his name, obviously annoyed at his lack of attention. The older man is standing, tapping his foot against the floor as his back faces the board chalk-filled with notes.

“Mr. Killua,” He says, voice sharp, “Since you seem so glued to your phone, please tell us what some unique features of e-commerce are.”

Killua sighs, straightening his posture when he hears the whispers from around him.

“The ubiquity and global reach of e-commerce highlight some very important qualities not present in the traditional brick-and-mortar companies we see around the city. Therefore, because of e-commerce, we are provided a global marketplace for multinational corporations.”

He deadpans, staring at the shell-shocked professor, who clears his throat and nods. “That’s right. You should all take notes from Mr. Killua, who has seemingly read the chapters assigned for this week already.”

The whispering ceases, but he can feel the stares on him as he hums in agreement, swiping his phone from his desk and leaning back into his chair, looking at the message Gon sent.

Training Buddy Killua:

10:38a.m.: *Sorry for the late reply, professor called me out. What did you get Mito?*
Momently, Killua’s memory drifts to his own house. The family estate manor, where if repairs were needed, his father hired dozens of workers and contractors to fix it up. They didn’t fix their own problems, didn’t worry about repairs or faulty appliances. They just bought a new item, or ordered a repair, because there was money for it.

Killua doesn’t like looking down on Gon’s financial situation. Alluka and him have had their fair share of struggles too, and if anything—he understands. Probably not completely, but he gets it.

Training Buddy Killua:
10:39a.m.: She does all that? Tell her I say hi, btw, lol.

Choku Zuki Gon:
10:40a.m.: she says hi back!! yeah, she likes repairing the house herself,, sometimes she’ll let me help, but usually she does everything herself

Training Buddy Killua:
10:40a.m.: Damn, if you ever need help, let me know. Sounds like fun, lol.

It takes a few minutes for a reply to come in, and Killua wonders if maybe he upset Gon by saying that. His heart shudders as his mind sifts through all the anxieties.

Choku Zuki Gon:
10:43a.m.: we aren’t even dating and you want to meet aunt mito?? smooth

The teasing is there, evidently unavoidable, and Killua’s face goes red within seconds of reading it. His lips tremble, and his heart stutters, trying to quell the need to hide his face in his hands.
Training with Gon has been a recurring event, as they promised. The schedule they set up works perfectly for each other, and for two weeks now, Killua and Gon have been training at night inside the room Gon and him had first trained in. As more sessions passed, more of Killua’s original strength and technique came back—completely renewed.

Despite his improvements, there was no ignoring the new lot of tension lacing their training now.

More than once, Killua has noted Gon sneaking glances while he pretended not to notice. Killua hasn’t acted on the glances prior to today, but his patience to keep oblivious is wearing. Gon tests his restraints like sandpaper to wood, and Killua doesn’t even know why he hasn’t approached the situation. Internally, he assumes it’s because a bit of that ridiculous fear still sits heavy in his heart.

Even more importantly, Gon and him are sparring now. Full out, fists and kicks and everything in-between. Gon finally allowed him to spar against him once he was sure that Killua wasn’t going to physically harm himself fighting him—which was much to Killua’s chagrin, and they’d bickered back and forth about the situation, but Gon had leveled himself and claimed that while yes, he was an idiot, he was an idiot that wouldn’t want Killua hurt.

Which leads them to now, with Killua twisting the blue grappling gloves onto his hands, and Gon strapping on his signature green boxing gloves. The room is a little darker than usual, with two of
the LED lights on the ceiling needing repairs. They’d gone straight in and set down their duffel bags, despite the darker-than-usual room’s state, grinning at each other as each took out his fighting gear in the small room.

“You ready?” Gon asks, standing at the middle of the mat.

“When am I not, Friks?” Killua teases, chuckling as he brings up his hands on guard.

Gon gets into his stance as well, eyes filled with mirth. “Been awhile since I heard that one.”

Killua laughs, steps light as both Gon and him circle each other. Neither of them is making a move, but their gazes are set on each other. Carefully, with the guise of side stepping once more, Killua fakes him out—instead, he silently steps forward into Gon’s space and delivers a punch that Gon seamlessly blocks.

Gon throws a punch with his other hand, and Killua ducks, leaning down and stepping outside of Gon’s range. When Gon pivots, turning at an incredible speed, Killua doesn’t have the chance to attack, instead forced to step back and evade a side kick.

Within seconds, Gon is moving forward, his hands higher to guard his face, form slouched further in. Killua’s skin crawls when he sees the ripple of muscle come in contact with his hand extending out to block. He takes it as his chance, grabbing Gon’s forearm and pulling him forward, other arm extended for a punch.

His gloved fist makes contact with his forearms, and Gon stumbles back, expression shocked. Killua continues his flow, not allowing Gon time to recover, following through with a jab, and an upper-cut. Gon is forced to step back, further and further, until he’s off the mat, and when he tries to hit Killua with a kick aimed for his stomach, Killua sweeps before the blow can hit—the force behind his sweep sending Gon stumbling backwards.

Gon’s back collides with the wall, and Killua’s hand slams into the wall behind Gon, next to his face. Killua’s height forces him to peer down at Gon, just a little, and the man is completely crimson—face, ears, and neck. His eyes are wide, staring straight up into Killua’s eyes, mouth just slightly agape.

“Surprised?” Killua asks, and his voice is deep and teasing.
Both Killua and Gon are panting. They stare into each other’s eyes.

Eyebrows furrowed, Gon doesn’t speak, but instead sweeps—just as Killua did—and Killua loses his balance, stepping back. Gon resumes his stance, arms up to guard his chest and face, and he fakes Killua out with his dominant hand, using his non-dominant hand to aim a swing at Killua’s head.

Killua ducks, and he doesn’t even need to second-guess himself, taking the best course of action with a smirk lacing his features—he’s low enough to avoid any swings from Gon, but also low enough to avoid kicks doing any more than minimal damage. His hands grip onto Gon’s waist and tackle him down.

A yelp resounds, Gon’s exclamation lost at the clamoring of their bodies hitting the floor. It’s quiet. Killua and Gon are staring at each other, Killua’s body over Gon’s, hands at either side of Gon’s figure. They’re both panting heavily, gazes unwavering, searching, and Gon’s face has once again colored red when he notices their positions. His hands tighten into fists, until his knuckles are white.

“Killua—”

“Do you want to go on a date?”

The question raises goosebumps on Gon’s skin, and Killua feels his own face flush red. A silence treads between them, and for a second Killua thinks he’s blown it—the insecurities run rampant in his head, until Gon is smiling so broadly that his eyes are crescents and nose is scrunching.

He’s nodding enthusiastically, though his cheeks are impossibly redder. “Yeah!”

A feeling of euphoria explodes in Killua’s chest. Now, he feels winded for a completely different reason. The insides of his stomach tickle, and his heart stumbles its pace for just a second. Killua pushes himself up, off of Gon, to sit on his legs. Gon pushes himself up with his forearms, looking up at Killua through his lashes—the action makes Killua’s heart pump faster.

“When are you free?”

Gon stammers, gaze suddenly shifting away. “Whenever you want—I uh. I mean—”
Killua laughs, cheeks dusted red. “How about next Thursday night? The university is opening their astronomy observatory at eight.”

There are sparkles in Gon’s eyes: absolutely radiant. He lets out a breath of awe, staring at Killua, before breaking into another wide smile. “I’d really like that, Killua.”

His voice is soft, so soft, and gentle—nearly whispered—as if speaking any louder would destroy the vision in front of him. Killua stands up effortlessly, extending his hand out, and Gon gingerly takes it with a smile seemingly reserved only for Killua. He helps him up, pulling up to bring the man up and off his back.

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“Should we continue training?”

Gon nods. “If you want to, I’m still down. Can’t believe you stopped my kick, I’m offended.”

Killua grins, a laugh escaping him. “I’m guessing I was the first to.”

“Yeah! Which is equally upsetting and amazing.” Gon pouts. “My 5 year streak is gone.”

“Sorry about that.”

“You don’t sound sorry at all.” Gon pouts, crossing his arms and frowning in a playful way.

Killua chuckles, and they resume their training.
On the weekend before their date, Gon texts him, explaining he’s been scheduled for an impromptu fight Sunday night. Killua knows what he was asking, and he had replied with a teasing response, asking Gon if this was his way of asking Killua to come see his fight. The feeling of giddiness hadn’t left him, and the longer time passes, the more enamored he becomes with Gon.

The ride to the ring is silent as Killua fiddles with his hands. Alluka had been indescribably happy, throwing her hands around him and hugging him tight when he’d told her of his planned date with Gon. She’d gushed her heart out, hands gripping Killua’s back and face pressed against his neck. When she had lifted her head to look into his eyes, he saw the way her eyes were filled with a gentle love—one that commanded his anxieties and worries away. She had taken his hands then, and held them tightly, saying nothing but offering him a knowing smile. Killua had felt the relief seep in, a weight in his heart he didn’t know was there lifted.

Now, as he enters the ring again, his stomach feels all sorts of tingling, and his throat feels tight. Gon is standing there, against the wall, and he beams when his eyes catch Killua’s.

“Killua! You’re here”

Killua smiles, hands in his pockets from the chilly November weather. “I really don’t know what you were expecting.”

“He does. The lecture for logistics is at ten, though. And so spending a good portion of the night here at the ring wouldn’t be detrimental. At least, nothing he wasn’t already used to.”
He waves him off, hands clasped behind his nape. “Don’t worry about it, idiot. I already told you to not apologize for stuff like that.”

Gon pouts for a second, before he grins wide. “You better cheer for me!”

“Of course.” Killua gives him a thumbs up, grinning back at the man, “Should I even tell you good luck?”

“Yeah!”

Killua snorts, “You’re going to win regardless—but good luck, Gon.” His voice comes out softer than he intended, cushioned by a gentle breath that has Gon flushing red at the unexpectedness of it.

“Y-Yeah! I have to get ready, I’ll see you when it’s time for the fight!” Gon doesn’t let him respond, turning and walking to one of the rooms.

With a laugh, Killua takes to standing at the front of the crowd again—where the barriers separated the crowd from the boxing ring, and he waits until the doors creak open and the chatter becomes louder. They’re opening up for the paid patrons, and some stare at Killua already standing there, phone out, waiting for the match to begin.
The match between Gon and his opponent is a mystery. It’s not until minutes before their match that the crowd gets even a hint at who Gon is going to fight. It was already unruly, the crowd restless from uneventful, amateur fights. And yet, as soon as the referee announces intermission, it’s like a flame lights up inside everyone.

Chatter gets louder, bids begin. Killua watches as men and women alike bid hundreds on Gon. Some women comment on their outfits planned specifically to grab Gon’s attention, but Killua doesn’t worry about it—scoffing inwardly to himself at their thought process.

“Tonight, we have an interesting fight!” The announcer says, “Friks, at five-foot-eleven, one-hundred-sixty pounds, will be fighting against Shizuku, five-foot-three, ninety-nine pounds.”

There are howls of laughter that erupt from the crowd, all sneering at Gon’s opponent. But Killua knows better, when he sees Morel tense, and Bisky still. Gon steps out, holding a smile and waving at the crowd, while a woman follows him from behind, black hair cut short, black boxing gloves wrapped tightly around her hands.

When Gon and Shizuku get into the ring, the referee runs through the rules, looking between Gon and Shizuku. He extends his hands outward between Shizuku and Gon, before announcing the commencement of the round with a shout.

Gon gets into stance quickly, bringing up his right hand to defend. Shizuku does the same. Her stare at Gon is unwavering, and unnerving, to say the least. Both their forms are hunched, arms pulled up and ready. Shizuku does the first move, moving incredibly quickly to punch Gon through his guarding hands.

The attack has him stumbling back, unable to withstand the blow of her assault. The crowd screams. Some are throwing curses at Gon.

From where he stands, Killua can see Gon grit his teeth.
He steps forward again, eager to reclaim lost territory, and he levels a punch followed by two jabs, all which Shizuku barely moves for, simply blocking them from her stance using her hands. Gon pulls back, left arm wound back in exaggeration—and Killua knows it’s bait, it has to be, because it’s such an obvious attack—and she takes it, hands moving to defend before Gon kicks her square on the side, legs flexed and muscle tense.

She stumbles, but not by much, and yet she still looks indifferent. When she looks back up at Gon, her expression is blank.

Faster than Gon can react, she’s reaching forward, back leg used to push in momentum, and hits Gon straight in the chest with a sound that echoes throughout the quiet crowd. Killua’s eyes widen when the referee calls time, and Gon coughs, hands twitching, fingers trembling through his gloves.

“One point, Shizuku!”

The shouting returns. Killua listens in as some of the spectators begin to doubt Gon. Others complain about losing their money for the first time. Bisiky is staring straight at Shizuku from her place next to Morel. Killua knows the feeling of getting punched in the chest, how winded it makes you. He’s surprised Gon is suppressing the urge to claw at his chest for oxygen.

Killua can feel a small inkling of fear begin to set itself in his chest.

“Round two, begin!”

Gon has grown more tense, but his form has become loose. He’s not guarding. His hands aren’t where they’re supposed to be, and he’s not bending his knees as he usually does. Killua swears. There’s a look in Gon’s eyes—of unwavering defeat. His eyes are hard, brows furrowed, and he moves in once again—this time, first—to attack the woman.

He’s getting mad, he thinks to himself.

Killua watches as Gon throws himself into danger, into Shizuku’s space, and when she brings her hand to defend, he rotates his wrist to instead grab hers, pulling her down and using the force to connect his knee against Shizuku’s stomach. While her face doesn’t emote, she chokes, coughing, clutching her stomach as she leans back and stumbles.
“Time! One point to Friks!”

Those who were doubting Gon suddenly spring up and cheer for him. They commemorate him for his skill, for making them think he was going to lose. Gon isn’t looking at the crowd.

“Round three, begin!”

This time, Shizuku has lost her restraint. She seems more wild, more unpredictable—but that makes it all the more paralleled with Gon, who’s nearing the same mindset. Both throw punches and kicks without restraint, both blocking at impressive speeds. Neither have gotten a sound hit that would end the round.

Gon’s forearms are bruised red from the strength Shizuku hit with, and his knee is slightly pink from kicking Shizuku’s stomach. Shizuku on the other hand, is less messed up. Her pale skin shows nearly no damage. Just certain nicks. Her hair is a tangled mess, stray strands falling out of the general shape. She huffs, eyeing Gon when he moves forward again.

“Thirty seconds left!”

When Shizuku jumps forward with a jab ready to hit, Gon blocks, still taking the blow to his cheek, but he counters with a jab to her face as well, and she stumbles back, eyes wide and mouth agape. He follows through with a kick to her neck when she tries to make a comeback with the mere twenty seconds left.

She stumbles, falling against the ropes, and the crowd explodes.

“End of round three!”

There’s a tall man on the outside of the ring, whispering something to Shizuku. His hair is tied into a topknot, and he’s staring at Gon as he leans into the ring, speaking softly into Shizuku’s ear. She nods, and then signals to her hands. Killua can’t read her lips—doesn’t understand what she’s saying—but then the man is shaking his eyes, eyes closed.

“The winner is Friks!”
The cheers don’t reach Killua’s ears. When he sees Gon stand straight and smile, he can’t help but see the little things. His forearms and red and raw, his side bruised, and cheek sporting an irritated red flush. Gon’s eyes meet Killua’s, and when he’s being ushered off the ring, the referee goes over to Killua, leaning over the ropes.

“Are you Killua?”

Killua nods, eyes still trained on Gon’s disappearing figure.

“Come here, Friks requested you go to the back room with him.”

It’s all Killua needs to hear. He’s jumping over the barrier with no effort, hands gripping the metal. There are shouts of protest, of unfair treatment, but he ignores them, taking long strides to follow behind Gon’s disappearing figure. It was a different room from the room they usually went to, this one tucked at a corner of the factory.

Shoving the door open and stepping inside, Gon sits on the lone makeshift hospital bed, drinking a bottle of water at full swing. Closer up, Killua can see all the scratches lining his arms. Killua doesn’t speak a single word instead, he opens the cabinets on the wall, taking out bandages and topical creams and whatever else he finds.

Setting all the items on the bed, he finally speaks. “Are you alright?” Killua can’t hide the way his voice shakes just a little.

Gon looks over. He smiles, and Killua ignores the fact that his smile soothes the fear that had bubbled in his chest prior to entering the room. “Yeah, just a little beat up.”

“A little?” Killua asks, credulous. “You’re crazy, Gon.”

Gently, Killua unwraps the boxing gloves from Gon’s hands, eyes widening when he sees the man’s knuckles split and an angry red. He doesn’t say anything, just carefully spreads the topical ointment on his skin. Gon hisses quietly, eyes scrunched and brows furrowed. Killua wants to call him an idiot.

“She was strong.” Is all Gon offers.
“Fucking clearly. You lost your temper.”

Gon sticks out his tongue, embarrassment lacing his features. “Yeah. I overheard her speaking with that guy, the one who was standing just outside the ring, before our match. They weren’t here for the fights.”

Killua momentarily pauses as he bandages Gon’s knuckles. “No?”

He shakes his head. “Something about looking for fresh meat. Guess she was there to view people in the crowd for something. I don’t know. But I remembered the conversation after the first round, and I got mad.”

An incredulous scoff bubbles past Killua’s lips. “Shouldn’t have gotten so careless. I got worried when you tensed and lowered your guard. Look at your arms, Gon. A punch like that to your head would’ve been incapacitating.” Killua digs his finger into Gon’s forearm to prove his point. The man hisses.

There’s a knock on the door before Gon can retort. A man in a white coat steps through, hair similar to Gon’s.

“Leorio!” Gon says, smiling gracing his lips despite their conversation seconds prior.

“Yo, Gon!”

Ah, so this is Leorio, Killua thinks.

Leorio peers at Killua, at the way Killua’s hands are frozen in place, mid-tending Gon’s knuckles. A chuckle escapes him. “I see you won’t be needing me tonight, then.”

“Nope! Killua is nicer than you when tending me.” Gon says, sticking out his tongue in jest, and Killua flushes in embarrassment. God, he doesn’t even know Leorio.
Leorio scoffs, though jokingly, muttering to himself as he opens the door again to leave. Before stepping out though, he turns, eyes on Gon as he says: “Careful, or I’ll tell your boyfriend in full detail how you collapsed and slid down the other side of the room door after you talked before the match.”

If possible, the flush on Killua’s face gets redder, and Gon goes crimson—rivaling the color of his bruised body. Killua’s ears ring, flush reaching his neck, and Gon looks equally, if not more-so, embarrassed.

“Leorio!”

The man chuckles, stepping out of the room before Gon can stand from the bed and tear him apart.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Ten of "You're Breaking My Guard"!!

Hello everyone! I come bearing the next chapter to this story! I'm very excited to finally share it, despite being a little unsure about the final result of the chapter. If you read the chapter summary, I'm sure you had a spasm and a half, because I did, and I wrote the thing. Words cannot express how giddy I am releasing this chapter.

As I said, I'm not very confident in this chapter in particular. It just feels weird to me. I don't know if it's the pacing or what. But something is off about it. Maybe it's just me being weird and unhappy about my work as usual—let me know, LOL.

Gosh, for those of us who were losing our minds over the slowburn, congrats—we made it to phase one of their relationship! Killua finally asked Gon out, and Gon—bless this leetol man's heart—said yes! Infinitely happy for these two. Also squeezed in some important Alluka stuff in there, though she was only in it for a phat minute. I thought her take on Killua asking out Gon would be somewhat important, too.

Also!! Leorio is finally here! He took a whole bit to appear, but now that he's finally in here, as well as Shizuku and Nobunaga, I think it was a good place to end it? Also, Gon speaking Spanish when he's tired/exhausted? My favorite headcanon.

As usual, please remember to kudos and comment your take on this chapter! I look forward to reading what you all have to say about this development. I know that, I, for one, am Very Excited. Ya'll wanna take a guess at what's going to happen next chapter? LOL.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
buenas noches, killua ⇔ good night, killua
Que duermas bien. ⇔ Sleep well.
jeje ten lindos sueños killua ⇔ hehe have sweet dreams killua

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
“Killua, you’re beautiful.”

Killua whips his head towards Gon, jaw slack, unable to take his eyes off the man—and his cheeks are flushed red, but he’s not the only one affected. Gon’s eyes are shining, reflecting every star in the sky, and his face and ears are tinted red as he continues.

“You’re beautiful” He repeats, his fingers fiddling within Killua’s grasp, “and not just in a physical sense. You’re kind, and caring, and you put your sister above all else. You’re personality makes you, you. You’re confident in yourself, and easy-going.”
Leorio’s words replay in Killua’s head, long after they’ve left the ring. It’s been days, the days until Thursday at a slow crawl pace, and yet those teasing words haven’t left Killua’s mind.
The simple phrase, “your boyfriend”, has his head spinning and heart thrumming.

He ponders the words, over and over again. Like a mantra. He’d like to be Gon’s boyfriend. He doesn’t know how long it takes to get there—he hasn’t ever dated anyone. There wasn’t time before, to commit to dating. There wasn’t a want to date. But now, the fear is slowly shedding its skin from his heart, and he finds himself wanting that.

So as the time ticks closer to 8p.m., Killua’s nerves grow. Though they’re not bad, warmly wrapped in a sense of giddiness that fills him to the brim. Alluka had kindly pointed out that he hadn’t stopped smiling all morning—throughout breakfast, and while working meticulously on his assignments due the following week.

She hadn’t picked his outfit this time, but she’d given pointers. He stumbles out of his room, hair in disarray, sheetmask on his face, holding two options for Alluka to see from her seat on the couch.

“Alluka,” he huffs, “Coat and turtleneck, or crew neck and brown leather jacket? What if he thinks I only own one set of style?”

Alluka snorts, giggling to herself as she glances at both options. “Gon wouldn’t think that of you, he’s nice. Wear the crew neck with your ripped skinny jeans.” Nanika chatters in agreement, tail swishing eagerly behind her.

Killua nods, turning on his heel and rushing back to his room.

“You hair is dripping water all over the floor, by the way!”

“Don’t care right now!” Killua hollers back, slamming the door shut to change.

Killua mutters to himself, removing the sheet mask and patting the essence into his skin as quickly as he can. Nimble fingers turn on the blow dryer, and he runs his fingers through his hair, trying to dry the mop of hair as quickly as possible. There’s a knock that resounds at the door, and Alluka walks in, carrying her bag of makeup. Killua gives her the most thankful smile he can muster.

“You are a goddess.” he says, sighing as Alluka sets the bag on his desk, sifting through the makeup.
“Just the best little sister ever, right?” She says, lilt obvious, and Killua grins.

“Absolutely—what would I do without you?”

Alluka laughs, taking the blow dryer from Killua’s hands and drying the remaining wet hair herself as she hums. Nanika pads into the room and jumps onto Killua’s bed to watch. When Alluka finishes his hair, he scrambles to stand, and Alluka arranges her makeup onto his desk.

He throws on the black crew neck, digging through his closet, filled to the brim with dress pants, for the one pair of ripped black pants he owns. Thankfully, it still fits, even after owning it for nearly a year and a half. The suede leather jacket sits on his bed, and he tugs it on, the brown of the jacket contrasting against the black of the crew neck and pants.

Killua turns. “Yes?”

Alluka grins, nodding. “Yup! You look great, brother. Now c’mere so I can do your makeup.”

He sits, and lets Alluka do as she pleases. She brushes foundation and concealer onto his skin and swabs a bit of powdered contour onto his jaw. She’s generous with the highlight, until Killua is hissing at her that he’s not trying to outshine the stars at the observatory.

“I’m sure Gon thinks you outshine them regardless of whether there’s highlight on your nose or not.”

Killua flushes red. “Shut up, oh my god. Aren’t you embarrassed saying that to your own brother?”

Alluka hums, thinking for a minute. “Nope—now close your eyes, let me apply the eyeshadow, dummy.”

Begrudgingly, Killua shuts his eyes, feeling the drag of the brush against his eyelids. There’s a moment when Alluka pauses, and Killua feels a spray on his face—he scrunches his nose, scowling. Alluka laughs.
“All done! Might want to check your phone, I saw it flash a couple of times.”

He stands, feeling as the setting spray dry on his face, opening his phone to a text from Gon.

Choku Zuki Gon:
6:53p.m.: hey do u want to meet there??

Killua types his response as quickly as his fingers let him, and a fluttering feeling in his chest comes about as he thinks about the man.

Training Buddy Killua:
7:08p.m.: Sorry, I was getting ready. Yeah, I’ll meet you outside the observatory. Here’s the address.

Swiftly, he pastes the address into the chat, and a chat bubble comes up next to Gon’s name as he types his response.

Choku Zuki Gon:
7:10p.m.: got it!! ill see you there killua!!

A smile graces Killua’s lips. He feels warm, hands trembling just slightly, and a coil of excitement runs down his spine. The observatory is open until midnight, and the astronomical forecast read clear and transparent skies. They’re lucky that it falls perfectly into their time, with 9.pm. already featuring slightly cloudy skies.

“Alluka, do you want me to bring you any food after the date?” Killua pretends his voice doesn’t stutter at the mention of the word.

She ponders for a moment. “Nope, it’s fine. I’ll cook something for dinner! Don’t worry about me, brother, enjoy your date with Gon.”

The words make Killua flush red, and he tugs at the sleeve of his jacket, turning his gaze to the
Alluka opens his closet, crouching down to take out his high-top sock sneakers. She points at them, holding his gaze.

“These.” She repeats, “These work with your outfit.”

Killua deadpans, “I’m going to get slandered for wearing those.”

Alluka shrugs, “They match the outfit. Have faith in me.”

He laughs, ruffling her hair, and grabs the shoes from her hands. He grabs his wallet from his desk, shoving it into his back pocket, phone in his other hand.

“I’ll head out now, then.”

He leaves the apartment, with Alluka’s goodbye ringing throughout the hall.

When Killua arrives at the observatory, there’s a whole twenty minutes before the clock strikes eight. He stands outside the university gate to the observatory, knowing that if Gon ordered a ride
to the location, the driver would leave him there. Absentmindedly, he thumbs through his phone, and he can see students loitering around and chatting in groups from the corner of his eye.

The leather jacket he’s wearing keeps the cold weather at bay, and the wind doesn’t nearly bite as hard as it usually does.

Choku Zuki Gon:
7:42p.m.: the dude driving me gave me a look when he saw the address

Choku Zuki Gon:
7:43p.m.: killluuuuaaa where even is the observatory am i not dressed appropriately????

Killua scoffs, opening the chat with a smile.

Training Buddy Killua
7:43p.m.: The observatory is inside my university, lol. I’m sure you’re dressed fine.

Choku Zuki Gon:
7:45p.m.: just checked the address,, killua you didnt mention you go to hawking uni!!

A flush of embarrassment rises against Killua’s cold cheeks. His hands tremble as he replies, lips pressed shut in an effort not to let out an embarrassed huff.

Training Buddy Killua:
7:46p.m.: It’s nothing out of this world, Gon.

Gon’s response is automatic, sent almost as soon as Killua clicked send on his own message.

Choku Zuki Gon:
7”46p.m.: killua, youre amazing!!!
If possible, Killua’s flush gets a deeper shade of red, and he coughs into his hand, unable to stare at the chat for longer than a second. The hairs on his nape stand, and his heart flutters, a thrill running through his stomach. He can’t believe the effect Gon’s words have on him. *This is embarrassing.*

There’s a tap on his shoulder, and when Killua looks up, there stands Gon, dressed in light blue chino pants and a burgundy crew neck—brownish-green jacket tying the outfit together. Killua’s heart does a double-take, freezing and skipping a beat when Gon gives him a radiant smile that only works to highlight the man’s dusted pink cheeks.

“You look nice!” He says, all soft and gaze averted, and Killua’s hand twitches.

“Thanks, you look great, too.”

It’s like they’re in their own little bubble. They ignore the people around them, and the noises that rise from the nightlife. It’s just them, in front of each other, and they both smile.

“C’mon, let’s get going. There aren’t many people here tonight, so it should be pretty chill.”

Gon grins, walking by Killua’s side as they step inside the gates. He makes a noise of amazement, head turning to view everything.

“It’s a lot more open than I expected.”

Killua looks over at him. “This isn’t the main campus. This is just for the astronomical majors—there’s no other buildings on campus except for the telescope observatories and a small lecture building.”

“Huh?! Really? Then what does your campus look like?”

Killua laughs, hearty and bright. “I’ll show you some time. It’s a lot more crowded.”

Once they make it past the entrance gate, it’s like they’ve entered another world. Gon lets out a
gasp at the sight—the sky is so clear, every star imaginable is visible, lighting up the sky in tiny dots. The sun had already set, so the observatory had turned on its pavement lights, and a little path was visible for them to follow. There has to be at least five buildings or so, each a good distance from each other—all dome-shaped and large.

There’s a roar of machinery, and when they snap their heads to the sound, the dome roofs are opening, exhibiting the massive telescopes hidden within. There’s a couple of people walking around—some are in line—but otherwise, the place is empty, and there are smaller telescopes set outside near the pavement for patrons to view into.

When Killua looks over to Gon to gauge his expression, he’s met with starry eyes. Gon’s looking at everything—at the sky, and the buildings—all with a sense of wonderment. His eyes are wide, mouth agape in silent awe, and he turns to Killua with the most beautiful smile that Killua could only describe as utmosty sincere.

“Thank you, Killua.” His voice is soft, so kind, and Killua struggles to catch his breath when all that kindness is directed to him. It’s so different than his usual eager attitude, nearly a complete opposite of his usual disposition.

“I’m glad you’re enjoying it.” Killua replies, heart stunned, and Gon averts his attention to the grassy floor, cheeks dusted pink before he looks at the stars in silence, “Let’s go to one of the observatories.”

Without another word, Killua grabs Gon’s hand and leads him to the largest telescope on campus, inside the dome furthest from the entrance on a hill. The walk there is silent, but that’s fine, because Gon is admiring everything around him with an air of curiosity.

The path to the observatory dome is lit up by little lights sticking from the ground—it’s like a path of digital fireflies leading them to their destination, and faintly, Killua can hear the chirps of grasshoppers nearby. His throat tightens when he feels Gon squeeze his hand harder and flash a gentle smile at him. Killua averts his eyes, focuses on the path in front of him—one step forward, one foot at a time; don’t trip—before he experiences a combustion because of the honey-colored man.

There’s not many people inside the largest observatory, which is a good indicator that the entire place will be remotely empty tonight. Killua grins to himself when Gon gasps, pacing his steps quicker and dragging Killua along when he catches a glimpse of the four-meter telescope. A man stands to the side, possibly an astronomy student working part time at the observatory, who offers a nod at Killua.
“This telescope is one of the largest in the world, named the Avar Ebsisu Telescope after the former director of this observatory. The telescope has a camera that's 8192 pixels, and has managed to capture colored images of astronomical objects.”

Both Killua and Gon get in line, and Gon’s chipper attitude returns. He’s bouncing on the balls of his feet, brown jacket fluttering at the movements, and Killua stores the memory into a corner of his mind to call back to when he’s home with Alluka.

When it’s their turn to observe the content inside the telescope, Gon steps up the stairs quickly, Killua just as hurried behind him, and he takes a look into the telescope. A gasp.

“Killua, look!”

Killua looks into the telescope, met with the sight of a bright yellow light encircled by blue and purple and pink stars, all brightly colored, in a canvas of indigo blue and black. It circles the yellow light like a hurricane, and when Killua lifts his eyes to gaze into Gon’s, bright blue eyes meet excited hazel ones.

“That’s the Wheelpinned Galaxy, W101. It was discovered around fifty years ago.” The man says, and they both nod. “Now, let’s shift the telescope to another direction.”

The roar of the telescope catches both Killua and Gon off-guard, and they yelp, gripping the concrete pier handles as the telescope moves in unison to the dome.

“Take a look now.”

Gon looks first, eager, and Killua suppresses a chuckle. Gon’s jaw slackens, and he silently pulls on Killua’s leather jacket, tugging him down so that his eyes meet the telescopes. A breath of amazement leaves him, when he realizes he’s staring at a large circle in space, all blue with pink rims, completely contrasting the black sky.

“That’s the planetary nebula OSE 378-1.” The man helpfully supplies.

Killua removes his eyes from the telescope. “It’s beautiful.”
Gon nods in agreement, “Let’s go look at more, Killua!”

As they step off the platform, the man calls out to them. “Might I recommend looking at the three-point-five meter telescope? There was a supernova explosion just a few years back. The star is fading now, but it’s still wonderfully colored.”

Gon replies before Killua even has the chance to: “Thank you so much! We’ll go there next, right Killua?”

Killua can’t do anything except agree, too far in his own mind to say anything else. Stepping outside the observatory, they’re no longer holding hands—long having stopped in favor of looking into the telescope. There’s an absence of warmth that runs through Killua’s fingers. His fingers twitch, and Gon somehow knows what he’s thinking, because he’s reaching out, and grasping Killua’s hand into his own.

Pink once again dusts Gon’s cheeks, and this time, Killua thinks back to the planetary nebula they saw. Gon’s cheeks match the pink hue that was bordering the nebula.

From this proximity, with Gon holding Killua’s hand tightly, Killua is so close he can count the freckles on Gon’s face like he can count the stars in the sky—numerous and seemingly never-ending. In hindsight, Killua realizes he hasn’t even really done anything but admire Gon this entire date.

Not that he’s against it.

“Do you want to go to the next telescope or chill outside for a bit?” Killua asks, hand still clasped with Gon’s.

Gon hums, mulling over a response, his brows furrowed and cheeks pouted. “Let’s go to the other telescope the guy mentioned! We can view the stars out here after.”

Killua nods, and he lets Gon lead him as Killua directs him where to turn.
Inside the three-point-five meter telescope, they observe the supernova: bright like the sun with an explosion of colors—as if an artist took every color imaginable and splashed it onto a black canvas. The two-point-one telescope showed them a ring nebula, and the zero-point-nine telescope offered sights to the galactic halo—explained by the staff member there.

When Killua and Gon start to make their way outside again, laughing loudly and giggling, they stop in front of a grassy hill to gaze at the stars outside, no fancy telescope or guide to tell them what they’re seeing.

“Wanna sit?” Gon asks, and even after all this walking, Gon still hasn’t let go of his hand.

Killua nods. “Yeah, what do you want to do after this?”

They take a seat on the grass, looking up at the sky. Slowly, and gently, Gon’s hand intertwines itself with Killua’s.

“We can just walk around the city, I’m kinda hungry…” Gon says, averting his gaze in embarrassment.

A gentle laugh bubbles from Killua’s throat. “That’s fine. We can check out the street vendor food as we’re walking.”
It’s silent for a moment, both men enraptured at the starry sky above them. Gon speaks first, after a long moment of silence.

“Say, Killua, is there any reason why your majoring in Business Administration?”

“How?” Killua hums, looking over at Gon, and Gon is staring at the sky. “Not really. I’m doing it ‘cause my parents told me to. I didn’t really have a say in it.”

When Gon doesn’t say anything, Killua continues.

“They just told me I had to take over the family business—and it’s—it’s not like I want to, but…” Killua feels his throat seize, “I don’t really know what I would’ve majored in if they hadn’t told me to do that. And for majoring in it, and agreeing to take over the family business, they support me financially, even though they don’t like Alluka.”

Gon stays quiet, but his gaze is on him now. Killua feels himself flush in embarrassment.

“Sorry. I shouldn’t be talking about something so… negative on our date.”

Seconds pass before Gon speaks up, and Killua is staring at the sky to avoid looking at Gon, into his hazel eyes, to avoid the look he probably knows the man is sporting. Instead, Gon surprises him with his words:

“Killua, you’re beautiful.”

Killua whips his head towards Gon, jaw slack, unable to take his eyes off the man—and his cheeks are flushed red, but he’s not the only one affected. Gon’s eyes are shining, reflecting every star in the sky, and his face and ears are tinted red as he continues.

“You’re beautiful” He repeats, his fingers fiddling within Killua’s grasp, “and not just in a physical sense. You’re kind, and caring, and you put your sister above all else. You’re personality makes you, you. You’re confident in yourself, and easy-going.”
He can feel the way the cold melts from his cheeks, the way blood circulates to his cheeks and makes him absolutely red. He stammers, hand gripping Gon’s tighter. “H-huh? What’s up with that?”

Gon smiles wide, and his eyes are crescents, nose scrunched. “It’s just the truth.”

Killua mutters a curse, heart skipping a beat, heart tangled in its own cords, and he’s having trouble breathing properly. Gon is just… overwhelming, but not in a bad way. He warms Killua’s heart in the best way.

Gon stands, dusting off his pants, extending his hand out for Killua to grab, and the stars in the sky frame behind him like a perfect backdrop. Killua grabs his calloused hand, pulling himself up against Gon’s strength.

“Let’s go get some food, I’m starving!” Gon says, laughing.

*Leave it to Gon to switch between topics so effortlessly,* Killua thinks.

“Yeah, let’s go.” The words are spoken more softly than he intends.

The walk out of the campus—towards the visitors center and out to the front gate—is a path filled with LED lights resembling fireflies.
The astronomical campus is a ways away from Killua’s general area. It’s located a little farther from the city, to avoid towering buildings and have better access to open fields and acres of unclaimed land. The walk back to the city isn’t a long one, however, and Gon doesn’t release Killua’s hand for the entire thirty minute walk back to the center of the city.

They both observe various food stands, stopping every so often to look at the food being sold at the makeshift shops. There’s hot chocolate stands, and sub sandwich stands—waffles on sticks, and tacos. Gon had stopped full-on then, upon seeing that there was a full street block of just Spanish food trucks, and he’d dragged Killua along—who gnawed on his chocolate dipped pretzel—to look at each and every food truck’s menu.

Killua wouldn’t say it aloud, but it was endearing.

“Oh! Oh, this truck sells chicharrones con chicharitas, Killua! And, oh—”

Killua has absolutely no idea what Gon is rambling on and on about, but he seems so excited, once again bouncing on the balls of his feet until it’s their turn in line to order. The man in the truck greets them in Spanish, and Killua panics—not knowing a lick of Spanish. Gon, however, takes over effortlessly.

“¿Me podrias dar una completa de congrí con chicharrones, y chicharitas pa’l lado?”

The words sound like jumbled nonsense to Killua, who stands still, shell-shocked as Gon turns to him with a teasing smile. “Oh, ¿y me podrias dar una orden de churros y arroz con leche también?”

Really, the only word Killua gets out of the entire conversation—order, he assumes—is churros, and it’s only because Alluka loves them. The man inside the truck gives a hearty laugh, loud and thrilled as he nods and rings the total to Gon in Spanish—much to Killua’s chagrin.
While they wait, Gon turns to Killua. “I ordered a meal, and two desserts for you to try!”

Killua flushes. “You didn’t have to, you know.”

“Yeah, but I wanted to!”

They sit down at one of the tables set out from that food truck specifically, chatting quietly as people pass and observe the menu on the truck as well. Within minutes, the man inside the truck is stepping out and carrying a white foam take out container, and he sets it on their table with two plastic forks. A brown bag is placed to the side.

“Que disfrutes la comida, hijo.”

As the man leaves, Gon shouts out his thanks—which Killua also understands, though it takes a minute to register. Gon opens the plate of food, and Killua is staring at black rice and beans, plantain chips, and whatever the hell that mess of pork was.

Gon takes one of the forks without hesitation. “You can have some! It tastes really good!”

Hesitantly, Killua sets down his nearly-eaten pretzel, and takes the fork, digging into the rice. Gon eyes him as he tries the rice, and Killua’s eyes widen at the taste.

“It’s good!”

“Yeah! Aunt Mito makes it a little different, but it’s still really good. You should try these,” he taps the pork with his fork, “It’s fried pork rinds.”

“Pork skin?” Killua asks, incredulous.

“Mmh. I promise it tastes really good. You can take the desserts for Alluka and you, text me what you think of the arroz con leche!”

Gently, Killua takes a pork rind between his teeth, and he struggles to bite through the rind. Gon
snorts. “Bite harder.”

“I’m really trying here.”

“Try harder, then.”

Finally, the pork rind snaps in two with a loud crack, and the taste is different, for sure. It’s hard to chew, but it’s mainly fat coating the sides of the pork. He could see himself getting addicted to this in the future.

They continue to eat, lulled into silence as they enjoy their meal. Gon finishes first, leaving a little of each food he ordered for Killua to eat as well. By the time the plate is empty, both men are full, and Killua feels like he can fall asleep right then and there. He’s sure the meal has made him gain a good five pounds.

The time on Killua’s phone reads 11:37 p.m., and he’s shocked that it’s already so late. The time flew past them, between the observatory, and walking into the main center of the city. Gon looks equally surprised, and he stands, throwing the empty plate of food in the trash bin.

Killua pushes his chair in. “Do you want to get a car to drive you back?”

“Yeah. I should probably head back now.” But Gon doesn’t make a move to take out his phone, instead waiting for Killua to catch up to him as they continue walking down the bustling streets.

“I—”

“Gon—”

They both laugh softly.

“You go first.” Killua says.

“I had a lot of fun today. I’m really glad. We should do this again sometime.”
Killua nods. “We should.”

In the silence, Gon takes out his phone, and orders the ride home. Killua stands by his side, peering over to his screen, waiting for the app direct them where to go. The address reads a block down, and the map shows the driver changing his course of direction within the seconds he receives the digital payment.

Killua’s hand is still wrapped warmly in Gon’s, and they make it down to the edge of the street when the phone pings, letting them know that Gon’s ride is here. They freeze, staring at each other and then looking over to the car pulled up on the curb, waiting. Slowly, Gon unwraps his hand from Killua’s, and gives a small smile.

“I’ll get going, then.”

“Yeah.”

He watches as Gon’s figure gets further, and he doesn’t have a chance to react when Gon suddenly turns, striding over to Killua in confidence, and stopping just in front of Killua, staring into his eyes with determination. Killua feels goosebumps spread over his skin under Gon’s gaze.

“What—”

Soft.

Gon’s lips are pressing against his.

Gon’s lips are soft, and gentle, and they taste of everything sweet.

Killua feels like he’s floating, when Gon presses his lips against his for a chaste second. Killua is stunned, eyes wide, and when their lips part he finds himself craving more. He wills himself not to grab Gon’s hand and drag him back, wills himself not to press his lips harder back onto Gon’s.
Just a peck, he thinks, it was just a peck.

Both of the men’s cheeks are red, flushed crimson, and Gon refuses to meet Killua’s surprised gaze.

“Just—Thank you. For today. Seriously.”

Killua’s throat is seized, and he’s unable to form a single syllable past his thoughts.

“Yes.” He dumbly replies.

Gosh, he can still feel Gon’s lips against his. What to do, what to do? He racks his mind for a response.

Gon doesn’t allow him time to form a coherent thought. He beams, smile wide and eyes crescents as he nods enthusiastically. Without another word, Gon steps inside the car, shuts the door and waves through the glass of the window separating them.

He continues to stare as the car drives off, as Gon looks over to tell the driver something with a smile.

When Gon is just a speck in the distance, Killua turns with a soft smile, making his way back to his apartment. He’s ready to recount the entire event to Alluka, who probably lies awake with Nanika awaiting his return. He’s sure, because Alluka still hadn’t texted him goodnight.

This is okay, Killua thinks, it’s more than okay.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading chapter eleven of “You’re Breaking My Guard”!!

Hi everyone! I come bearing the next chapter to this story :,,) This time, we get a full chapter dedicated to their date. It was so lovely to write, and even cuter to imagine. I
cried a full 8 times—as I tweeted about yesterday LOL. This chapter was written in a day because I was so excited about it. Just as an FYI, no updates for the rest of the week! Probably not until mid-next week (Nov. 26, 2019).

Killua and Gon got to fully enjoy their date, and sneak some hand holding and a peck on the lips!! They’re definitely into each other. I do hope the pacing was alright—and that the details I described for the astronomical topics were accurate, LOL. Some of the stuff mentioned is real, I just switched the names around. And Alluka is excited for her brother! Bless her.

As usual, please remember to leave comments/kudos. I look forward to all your reactions to this chapter!! Remember that comments keep the motivation going :) Thank you so much to my best friend Robyn for the fan art for this chapter; ilysm bby!!

IMPORTANT: We have yet to reach any “spicy” scenes yet, and while sex was intended for later on, I am very hesitant to write about smut between Killugon when they’re canonically children (despite them being aged up here, and the smut not being porn without plot, but rather important to killua’s/killugon’s character development.). As such, because you all are the readers, PLEASE let me know if you want smut at all in this fic. I have no problem removing the three scenes outlined for it—or I can make them varying degrees of detailed (for example, if the consensus is no detail, then I can imply sex but not write it.) R18 stuff regarding Killugon is very murky because canonically they’re still 12-14, and I see/agree why.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
chicharrones con chicharitas ⇨ pork rinds with plantain chips (hispanic food)
“¿Me podrias dar una completa de congri con chicharrones, y chicharitas pa’l lado?”
⇨ “Can you give me a complete meal of black rice and beans with pork rinds and a side of plantain chips?”

“Oh, ¿y me podrias dar una orden de churros y arroz con leche también?” ⇨ “Oh, and can you give me an order of churros and rice with milk, too?”
“Que disfrutes la comida, hijo.” ⇨ “Enjoy the food, son.”

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Twelve

Chapter Summary

In his element, with an air of confidence, Killua grins. “What did you think?”

Gon’s response is gentle, almost winded, and his face is red and eyes starry. “It, uh, it was really good! You’re… you’re really, really guh—good, Killua.” He fumbles with his hands. Killua laughs at his shyness, walking towards Gon. His steps are silent, and not even the pointe shoes manage to make a padding sound against the wooden floor.

“Just good?” He asks, leaning forward and looking up from his lashes. Killua is grinning wider.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Killua was right.

When he opens the apartment door, Alluka is sitting awake on the couch, television broadcasting the late night news. She’s furiously typing on her phone, before looking up upon the click of the door. Nanika trots over, mewling at Killua’s arrival.

“So? Give me the details.”

Killua deadpans. “Hello to you too, lovely little sister.”

She waves him off, setting down her phone and patting the couch. “Here. Sit. I want to know what you did.”

Killua scoffs despite his smile. “What am I, a dog?”

Alluka giggles. “I think it’s safer to assume you’re more like Nanika.”

“A cat?”
“Yup. But I digress. C’mon, tell me!”

The events flash in Killua’s mind, and his face flushes a dark crimson. “We went to the observatory, and then we went out to wander the city.”

Alluka’s face is unimpressed. “You’re completely red. Something else happened, brother.”

“I—” Killua scratches the nape of his neck in embarrassment, swallows down the shyness coating his throat. “He held my hand throughout the walk in the observatory. And, uhmm, h—he kissed me, before we separated ways in the city.”

Killua doesn’t let Alluka even gape in awe, slamming the brown bag of dessert in her face. “And he bought this for us! So go make yourself useful and get spoons. There’s churros and some other thing.”

He stands from the couch —trying to mask the absolute flush overcoming his features—walking to the kitchen to take out the plates. Alluka makes a sound of amusement, coming up behind Killua to wrap her hands around him.

“He kissed you! Oh, he totally likes you! Big brother, what did you say!”

“That!” Killua hisses, hiding his face in his hands, “Absolutely nothing. He did it right as he was leaving—I didn’t get a chance to say anything, I’m so stupid!”

Alluka’s fingers tighten around Killua’s waist, pressing her cheek into the dip of his spine. “Brother, don’t worry about it. I’m sure he did it so that if you didn’t want to talk about it, you wouldn’t have to. Gon didn’t mean to be a bad person.”

Killua sighs, running his hand down his face. “You’re right.”

His voice grows soft, turning to look at Alluka. “Here, let’s… let’s try whatever the hell he bought us.”

She grins, all broad and wide, and nods.
Upon opening the brown bag, there’s two smaller bags inside. One holds the churros, but the other has a small container of something white and chunky and Killua isn’t sure if it’s going to taste as good as Gon had claimed. Alluka is already seated at the counter though, with two spoons on the table.

“Gimme.”

“Ah—Are you sure?”

“I’m sure Gon wouldn’t buy it if it wasn’t good, brother.”

“Is that cinnamon powder all over the top?”

“Just try it!” Alluka chides, exasperated, and she reaches out to grab the container from him. It opens with a pop.

Grabbing the spoon, he hesitantly dips it into the desert. “That saying that the ugly food tastes the best better be true right now…”

Within a single taste, Alluka’s eyes are sparkles, and she digs the spoon further into the food for a second try. “Call—Call Gon! Ask him what this is!”

“Wuh-What?”

“Killua, call him!”

She stares at him expectantly, and with shaky hands, Killua unlocks his phone and dials Gon’s number. It’s already twenty past twelve. Gon is probably asleep, and nerves eat at Killua while Alluka waits expectantly in silence. The phone continues to dial. One ring, two rings, three rings.

He picks up.
Killua?” Gon’s voice is surprised, but not groggy.

Good—that’s good. He wasn’t asleep, Killua thinks.

“Gon—Hey.” Killua’s voice is softer than intended. “Sorry to call you right now.”

“It’s okay.” Gon chuckles, “Is—Is there something you need?”

“No it’s just, here—wait a sec.” There’s ruffling on the line. “You’re on speaker. My little sister demanded I call you.”

“Hi, Gon!”

A laugh from the other line. “Hey, Alluka.”

Alluka gapes, looking between Killua and the phone. “He knows my name!”

“Of course I do.” Gon says, “Your brother talks about you.”

Killua flushes. “Anyway! Alluka really liked the desert you bought for us.”

“Yeah!” She pipes up, grinning, leaning over the counter to get closer to the phone. “What’s the name of it?”

It’s silent on the line for a second. Gon gasps. “Oh? The arroz con leche? It’s rice pudding, but it’s literally just rice and milk.”

Killua wills himself not think about how much richer Gon’s voice is in Spanish—how it’s deeper and carries more emphasis.

“Is there a recipe you know? I wanna try making it!”
“Yeah, I’ll send Aunt Mito’s recipe to Killua for you.”

Alluka makes a sound of excitement, laughing and taking another spoonful of the arroz con leche. There’s a grain of rice at the corner of her mouth, and Killua leans over the counter to wipe it off her cheek. She smiles at him.

Gon speaks up. “Was that all you needed?” Another chuckle.

“Ah! Gon, wait up.” Killua takes the call off speaker, peering back at Alluka, who gives him an encouraging thumbs up. “Can I talk with you, just for a second?”

There’s a nervous giggle at the end of the line, before Gon’s voice comes through—all soft. “Yeah, sure. Are you okay?”

Killua lets out a soft breath, shutting the door to his room. “Yeah. I just—I wanted to talk about, about the kiss.”

Gon chokes, stumbling over his words, voice raised a higher octave when he responds: “Killua—I’m really sorry, it was out of impulse and if you didn’t like it, I’m really so, so sorry! We can just—I don’t know—we can pretend it never happened, or—”

“Gon.” Killua interrupts, gently, his fingers fingling with the hem of his shirt, a flush coating his cheeks. “It’s fine, seriously. I—I liked it, and, uhm. I just wanted to thank you.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah, and... thank you for today. And the kiss—did I already say that?” Killua chuckles.

“Yeah!” Gon squeaks, and Killua can already imagine the crimson red spreading all over his face, coating his ears and cheeks. “I think I said thanks to you like five times today from the nerves.”

Killua laughs, “It’s fine, not like I was any better off.”
The conversation lulls into a comfortable silence.

“Do you have any plans for next weekend?” Gon asks, voice unsure.

Killua knows what’s coming, but teases just a little anyway. “Not really, why?”

“I’m going christmas shopping—if you want to come with me. I’m just picking out some stuff for friends.”

There’s a smile that threatens to spill from Killua’s lips, and his heart tightens just a little more than usual. He covers his mouth with his hand, flopping backwards onto his bed to look up at his ceiling, cheeks flushed red.

“Yeah, I’d like that.”

“Okay! I’ll pick you up.”

“Yeah…”

When the conversation lulls again, and Killua is sure his cheeks are warmer than they’ve ever been, Alluka’s voice rises from the kitchen.

“Big brother! Come here and eat the arroz con leche, or I’ll eat your portion too!”

From the end of the line, Gon giggles. “You’d better get going.”

Killua smiles. “Yeah. I’ll… text you.”

“Goodnight, Killua.”
In that moment, after Killua bids Gon goodnight, and the phone call ends with a click, Alluka peers through the door with a grin, spoon and container in hand.

“Have a nice talk with your boyfriend?”

“He’s not my boyfriend.” He mumbles, arm covering his eyes. “I’m not very hungry, just save the container in the fridge for me.”

Alluka’s voice softens. “Alright. I’ll set it on the fridge shelf. Get some rest, brother.”

“Yeah…”

Five, six, seven, eight.

The counts repeat in his head.

He’s panting, staring at himself in the mirror.
Killua has the studio to himself, and he reminds himself that he has to meet up with Gon at the ring soon. But right now, he’s focused on the movements he’s doing, on the winded feeling in his chest and the burning ache in his thighs. The music is slow, filling the studio with beats, and Killua repeats the dance again.

He arches his back, reaches his right hand up, swaying his body as the music begins—a slow and steady beat that allows Killua to catch his breath. And as the vocal component of the song hits, forcing the beat to quicken, Killua flows into a pirouette, spinning four times before pausing momentarily to stare into the distance and sautéing.

A turn. He walks forward, hands crossing over his body, the pads of his fingers dragging across his skin, moving upwards, and he sways, timing his steps backwards. Another spin around, until he’s leaning forwards onto his hands, and he’s bringing up his legs over his head and falling into a roll. The music gets louder then.

For every crescendo, a spin in allégro. He moves until the last crescendo, falling into a forward split and then fluidly spinning his body until both of his legs are behind him and against the floor, and he’s arching backwards against his natural curve. Killua then uses both his hands to stand, forcing his body up and into an arabesque.

Faintly, Killua registers that the door to the studio opens, but he doesn’t look over. If Bisky wanted to pester him, she could wait until he was at least done with his choreography. He doesn’t let the sound of the door shutting distract him, or his line of vision, rather he brings his back foot forward and uses it to jump off the ground, legs in en pointe and pointing in opposite directions. It’s not the highest he’s jumped, but it's pretty far up.

When his feet hit the ground, he sways, turning his body, and breathing heavily—panting. Even as the music continues, Killua doesn’t. He hasn’t planned the choreography that far, hasn’t thought of what moves to follow through and spin into the dance. Regardless, he’s happy with what he’s gotten so far, and Alluka had agreed when he’d first shown her last week. There’s more moves he’s added since then, a little perfectly and glossing over, but overall it’s not too different from what she had seen.

“What do you need?” Killua asks.

Killua turns, ready to give Bisky an earful, maybe bark at her for interrupting his “creative process”, as she so-lovingly called it, but Bisky wasn’t standing there. In her stead was Gon, standing wide-eyed and stunned—mouth agape. He’s wearing his boxing clothes, a simple, compressed long-sleeve with joggers, and he’s just standing there, staring at Killua.
In his element, with an air of confidence, Killua grins. “What did you think?”

Gon’s response is gentle, almost winded, and his face is red and eyes starry. “It, uh, it was really good! You’re… you’re really, really guh—good, Killua.” He fumbles with his hands. Killua laughs at his shyness, walking towards Gon. His steps are silent, and not even the pointe shoes manage to make a padding sound against the wooden floor.

“Just good?” He asks, leaning forward and looking up from his lashes. Killua is grinning wider.

Gon turns more red. “You’re really puh—pretty when you dance—wait, w… well, you’re always pretty, Killua, but when you’re dancing there’s this certain air about you that just makes you even prettier and—”

Gon clamps a hand over his mouth to prevent himself from speaking any longer, face burning crimson, ears tinted red, and Killua can see the tremor in his calloused hands.

Killua chuckles, smiling wide and his cheeks hurt, and the fluttering feeling is filling his chest again like a high. He presses forward, gently taking Gon’s hand and moving it down from his mouth, kissing the corner of Gon’s lips, and stepping back. “You’re cute when you’re shy.”

If it was possible, Gon grows more red, and maybe Killua should be a little more concerned with all the redirection of blood to the man’s face—but the prospect of having Gon all flustered makes him happy. “’M not shy, you’re just a lot to take in.” He mutters, staring at Killua with a pout.

“Good or bad to take in?”

“Good, always good.”

Gon averts his sight, down to the seemingly interesting wooden panels, and the door to the studio opens. Bisky is poking her head in, a mischievous grin lacing her features.

“How are the lovebirds doing?” She teases, and Killua feels a light tint bless his features.
“Just fine, what’re you doing here? You’re interrupting my practice,” Killua deadpans, staring directly at Bisky.

“Just leaving a friendly reminder than your training with Gon is soon, and I need that muscle pig at the ring practicing. So get going.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m going,” Killua mutters, striding across the room to shut off the music. Gon looks embarrassed by his presence.

Gon apologizes when Bisky shuts the door, looking at anywhere but Killua. Killua turns, not expecting those words.

“What? For what?”

“I didn’t ask if I could come, and I interrupted your practice.”

Killua scoffs, grabbing his bag and walking over to Gon, grasping his hand with his. “Look at me.”

Hesitant hazel eyes meet piercing blue ones.

“I really appreciate that you came today. I like that you stopped by, and I’m not against it happening in the future. What I said to Bisky is how we talk to each other.”

The look of hesitance finally melts off Gon’s face, and he grins back at Killua.

“Wanna stop for hot chocolate before we hit the ring?”

Killua laughs. “Is that our thing now?”

Gon’s response is cheeky, laced in a lilt that threatens to make Killua smile. “It can be if you want it to.”
“Then I guess it is.” Gon’s hand tightens around Killua’s.

Thankfully, the line to get hot chocolate from Near and Far Cafe isn’t very long.

Within minutes, Killua and Gon are ordering their drinks. It doesn’t take long for them to walk out of the cafe with their drinks in hand. Killua’s drink is extra drizzled with chocolate and topped with marshmallows—as usual. Gon continues to opt for a plain hot chocolate drink, and he sighs contently when the warmth of the cup warms his thawed hands.

“Alluka is excited to make that desert you bought, by the way.” Killua says as they exit the cafe.

Gon looks over with a smile. “Really? It’s not that hard to make, she’ll have fun making it.”

“She’d better. She’s been chatting my ear off about it all weekend. We’ve only had time to go this weekend for the stuff, she’s making it tonight.”

Gon laughs. “Save me some, then. I want to try her variation of it.”
Killua snorts. “She’s been researching it all weekend, she wants to make it as authentic as possible. Our groceries cost an extra 32,000 Jenny more than usual.”

“I’m sure it’ll be great.”

“It’d better with all that effort she’s putting in.”

They share a laugh, leaning a little closer into each other. Killua smiles into his drink, feeling Gon presses his side against his.

“Say, Killua…” Gon asks as they near his car, “What’s your ballet schedule?”

Killua peaks over from across the car hood, eyebrow arched in question. “Why?”

Gon stammers, face flushing red within seconds. “I, uh—I just…”

Killua laughs then, swinging into the car using the car ceiling handle. “I was just teasing. I usually practice on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.”

He sips on his hot chocolate, placing it atop the dashboard for a moment while he turns the ignition. “If you’re going to be saucy, I won’t offer you a ride.”

“Really now?” Killua laughs.

“Yeah. I’ll have to hold off on that deal, then.”

“And miss out on staring at my ass in tights?” Killua clicks back.

Gon goes crimson, sputters and nearly spills his hot chocolate all over himself. His head snaps to Killua, wide-eyed and shock clearly evident at being caught red-handed.
“Did you think I wouldn’t notice?”

It’s silent for a moment, before Gon looks down in embarrassment. “Sorry.”

“It’s fine, I don’t mind.”

Gon flushes darker, hiding his face in his hands, angling his body away from Killua. “I’m so sorry, I won’t do it again.”

Killua gasps, dramatic and over-the-top, purposefully widening his eyes to stare at Gon. “You’re really gonna lie? When there’s a god listening? I expected better from you, show some respect.”

The comment makes Gon finally shake off the embarrassment, and he starts to laugh, clutching his sides and laughing louder. “Killua! Don’t say that!”
Alluka doesn’t get the chance to make the *arroz con leche* until late at night, when Killua is doing his ethics and policies assignment, and Nanika sits by his side on the couch curled up. Alluka had snatched his phone as soon as he’d arrived back from the ring, slick with sweat and a few sore spots on his forearms and legs from blocking attacks.

“You didn’t leave the receipe with me, you absolute dop!” She pouted, sticking out her cheeks and staring up at Killua.

“Sorry, Alluka. I should’ve sent it before going to train with Gon.”

“Definitely. I wanted to have some ready for you to try as soon as you got back.”

Without another word, she’s taking the ingredients out from the fridge and cabinet storage, setting everything out on the counter.

“Let me help—”

“Absolutely not. Step away from this kitchen or so help me. I want to make it myself.”

“Can I at least make a tiny bit for Gon?”

“Nope!” She says, popping the p with a grin. “I wanna make this for Gon as thanks.”

“Thanks for what?” Killua mutters to himself, but he resigns and steps back to the couch to continue his assignment.

Despite her insistence that she could manage just fine, she glares at his phone, staring down the picture Gon had taken of his aunt’s recipe. Alluka huffs, crossing her hands.

“Killua.”

Killua looks up from his homework, sharing the look of contempt. “Yes?”
“It’s in Spanish.”

Killua snorts. “I really don’t know what you were expecting?”

“For me to understand something, at the very least?”

After a moment, she gasps. “I’m gonna call Gon.”

Killua chokes, standing quickly to try and snatch the phone from his little sister. “Alluka! Don’t—Don’t just call him, it’s late!”

“Killua?” Gon’s voice comes from the phone.

Killua feels like slamming his head against the counter in defeat.

“Gon! It’s Alluka!”

They exchange greetings, and Killua can hear the excitement in both their voices. Alluka recounts her struggle of understanding the recipe when the entire thing is in Spanish, and that makes Gon laugh uncontrollably—Killua can hear how he struggles to catch his breath for a couple of seconds.

“Did you ask Killua for help translating?”

“If I didn’t know anything on the list, Killua would know so much less.” Alluka deadpans.

“I’m right here!” Killua complains in indignance.

Gon snorts from the line. “I’ll read you the recipe, then.”
“How about you video call instead?” She suggests, and when Killua looks up in muted shock, she grins. “Plus, I want to see what you look like—Killua doesn’t take photos!”

Gon laughs, but Killua is mortified, red coating his cheeks at the utter bluntness of his sister. The call ends, and Killua has half the mind to hiss at her, but he’s cut short by the sound of the video call ringing. Alluka waves Killua over, aggressively waving her hand so that he hurries over. When Killua stands, Nanika meows in annoyance, stretching and curling herself into a comfortable spot.

Alluka answers the call without hesitation, and the video takes a second to transfer, but she sets the phone against the counter and waits.

There, the feed loads, and Gon is standing in his bathroom, phone propped against something, as he looks in the mirror and runs his fingers through his dripping-wet hair, matted against his head and no longer spiked. Killua nearly chokes at the absurdity of it.

“You look so different with your hair wet.”

Alluka smacks his shoulder, and Gon laughs. “Yeah, I get that a lot. Sorry by the way, I just got home and freshened up.”

“It’s fine!” Alluka says, and she gets to work. “Tell me what I have to do!”

“Get water and a saucepan. Cook the rice with a cinnamon stick and star anise until it’s soft. Should be ready in like 10 minutes?”

“Got it!”

The line goes silent as Killua watches Gon runs his fingers through his hair, grabbing the towel around his neck and rubbing it against the damp locks of hair. He’s wearing a tank top, and his muscles flex at the movement. Killua swallows and averts his eyes.

Effortlessly, without as much as looking up from the sink filling the pot with water, Alluka kicks Killua from underneath the view of the camera. If he hadn’t trained for so long, he would’ve yelped. Instead, he glares at her, and she grins, quietly sliding a cup of water towards him.
“You look thirsty, brother.”

Gon looks over at the camera momentarily, eyes innocent, before he bursts into laughter at Killua’s flushed face.

Alluka saves him, changing the subject back to the desert. “Alright so, the thing is set. Now what?”

“Just add evaporated and condensed milk, vanilla extract, and a cup of sugar once the water evaporates. Stir it and you got it!”

Alluka beams. “Thank you so much Gon! I’ll save you a cup of it for you to try!”

Gon chuckles, eyes meeting the camera before he smiles. “No problem, Alluka. I look forward to trying it.”

“It looks really good already! I’m really excited—Killua, can we make this for Christmas?”

Killua hesitates before answering. “Alluka, we don’t even do anything for Christmas.”

Gon pipes up then. “What? Why not?”

Killua swallows, thinking his words over carefully. “Our family doesn’t like to celebrate.”

“Oh.”

The line goes quiet, before Gon speaks up. “Then celebrate it with us?”

Alluka’s eyes positively shine, hands trembling in excitement, and Nanika perks her ears up from the couch to stare directly at Alluka.

“Really?”
“Yeah! Aunt Mito wouldn’t mind. Plus, it’ll be fun, and I want to meet Alluka.”

The smile that breaks out of Alluka’s face warms Killua’s heart, and he gives a soft smile in thanks to Gon. She whips her head to look at Killua, eyes starry, hands clenched in excitement. “Can we? Please?” She asks, and she’s bouncing on the ball of her feet.

Killua reaches over her to dial down the heat on the stove. “Yeah, I don’t see why not. As long as Gon’s aunt is fine with it—and we’re not imposing on their holiday.”

“She doesn’t mind! Seriously, just come for Christmas.” Gon clips quickly, not even letting a second pass between Killua’s words. “The more the merrier!”

Killua’s defenses crumble, and he grins without hesitance. “Then I guess you’re stuck with us for Christmas.”

Alluka yelps in excitement, spinning and giggling and giddy. Gon looks at the camera with a smile, and Killua gives him the most grateful smile he can muster through the camera. He mouths his thanks, and Gon gives him a thumbs up, shining that dazzling smile that crinkles his nose and turns his eyes into crescents.

Killua is thankful, feels the weight come off his shoulders knowing that this Christmas will be one to remember for a long time. He makes a mental note that they still have to take the tree out of their closet and set it up. He guesses he’ll leave that for the weekend after coming back from shopping with Gon.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Twelve of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hello everyone! I apologize from taking nearly a week to release the next chapter, compared to my usual update speed of like, 2 days. But I needed to focus on my assignments so, I had to put this on hold for a second. I think the update may slow down a bit, but hopefully not by more than a week per chapter. As you already know, I don’t have an actual update schedule, but I try to be consistent. This is also a Happy Thanksgiving gift to those who celebrate it!
Otherwise, more development between Killua and Gon! I wanted to make sure this chapter focused more on developing their personalities, and how their getting more used to each other. There's still a bit of blushing and all, but Killua is definitely more openly confident. I also wanted to add some foreshadowing, and some future events to look forward to, as well as establish Alluka and Gon's relationship and set their foundation. Killua is getting more saucy, so we stan that development, HAHA.

I hope everything came across well, and I hope that nothing seems too out of place. This chapter was definitely one of the harder ones, I struggled a lot with it because it was mainly dialogue. As I said, I hope everything is fine with it.

The response for the "smut" question is still in the air. I got some readers who mentioned being okay with it, while others expressed hesitation in reading it. Worst comes to worst, I think I'll just make it implied with very minimal described details, if at all, and if you all want explicit smut, I have no problem marking this as a series, and then making another work and tagging it as explicit and uploading the smut as one-shots to that work. However, please do know I'm still hesitant to write Killugon smut because they're canonly minors and I don't want backlash. Otherwise, I hope the pacing for this chapter was okay, and that it was fun to read!

As always, please remember to leave a comment letting me know what you thought of the fic, I love reading and replying to your comments. Comments keep the motivation going! Big thanks to @snoflakesun for BETA'ing this. And my irls for literally holding my hand through this entire writing process and coming up with additional scenes to fit the pacing of the outline.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION:
Arroz con leche → Rice pudding (Literally: Rice with milk)

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Summary

Instead of observing the fight, Killua’s ears pick up whispers.

“Wait, so—you’re saying this man is going to beat the shit outta Friks?”

Killua’s throat runs dry.

“S possible. Never seen anyone fight the way he does.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The weekend comes sooner than he anticipates.

With the holidays rounding the corner, Killua’s apartment has become a mess of strings and christmas lights strewn about inside, and Alluka had all but heaved a real Christmas tree into their apartment—every morning now, he wakes up to the scent of pine wafting through the air. And she was ready by Friday night, with all the glass balls and decorations out of the closet and strewn about on the floor.

Upon seeing the mess when he arrived from class, Killua smiled fondly, setting down his bag in the kitchen and throwing off his coat to help his sister set everything up. Christmas was always a touchy subject for them, with the Zoldyck family expecting Killua to show up for their grand Christmas dinner but explicitly stating Alluka was not invited due to “his” choices.

Killua never accepted their invitations after that comment.

Instead, he’d spend it with Alluka, and they’d watch movies on the couch, drinking hot chocolate and chatting, with Nanika sitting between them. This year would be different, and Alluka was already so excited, going as far as to ask Bisky to take her shopping for new clothing to wear.

Which leads them to today, Saturday morning. Killua is getting ready to go to the mall with Gon for his Christmas shopping spree. Killua knows he has to do his own shopping, so he dresses himself in record time, and starts to think of what to get for those most important to him. Alluka had mentioned wanting a new set of paints before starting her own university classes.
Killua taps his foot, thinking. He whips out his phone, humming to himself, making a list of items he needs to consider. Still, it’s Gon’s gift that has him spinning in circles. In hindsight, he could just ask Gon what he wanted—but well, what was the fun in that?

A text comes in from Gon.

Choku Zuki Gon:
10:39a.m.: gm killua!! is there anywhere u want to meet at before we go shopping??

Killua bites back a smile.

Training Buddy Killua:
10:39a.m.: We can meet up at the mall and get something in the food court, if you want?

Choku Zuki Gon:
10:40a.m.: that works!! do u want me to pick u up?

Hesitance fills Killua’s chest. Killua still feels guilt for all the money he has sitting around, at the obvious wealth of their apartment—it was luxurious. He didn’t want Gon to think of him differently. But Gon wouldn’t, right? Gon had said so himself, when they’d first hung out. Killua bites his lip.

Training Buddy Killua:
10:42a.m.: Sure. I’ll send you the address.

Choku Zuki Gon:
10:42a.m.: ok!! I’ll start heading out then! see you soon

With a gentle smile gracing his lips, Killua grabs his coat and heads out the door. The wait in the lobby isn’t long, surprisingly. Gon is there within ten minutes. And Killua feels suspicious, eyeing the flush on Gon’s cheeks when he gets into the passenger seat.

He deadpans. “You were totally already in the city weren’t you?”
Eyes still on the road, Gon gives an embarrassed laugh. “Yeah. I was hoping you’d agree. Wasn’t expecting you to live right in the heart of the city.”

“Yeah… Sorry about that, it might be hard to get out of here with all this traffic.”

“A little traffic doesn’t kill anyone.”

“That’s definitely not what the statistics say.”

Gon squawks, eyes wide and redirected at Killua just for a split second. “Don’t say that! That’s like… I don’t know! Mean?”

Killua snorts. “How are facts mean?”

Just then, the gps chirps, alerting them that they’re fifteen minutes from their destination. Killua takes it as his chance to pester Gon.

“Since we’re going Christmas shopping, what’s on your list?”

Gon hums. “Kinda a lot? I have to get gifts for a lot of people. Although some people will get their gifts after Christmas.”

Killua arches an eyebrow. “Right. So then what do you want for Christmas?”

“Me?”

“No, the car.” Killua pauses for effect, and Gon laughs. “Yes, you.”

“Can’t say.”
“Huh? What type of response is *that*?”

“You don’t need to get me anything!”

Killua squints his eyes, staring at Gon with distaste. “Cut the humble shit. It’s for Christmas, dude.”

“‘M not telling!” Gon sings, and he lets out a shout of laughter when Killua threatens to kick him out of the truck.

The mall is chock-full with people—as Killua expected. Gon groans when the parking lot has barely any parking space left, and he’s forced to drive around aimlessly looking for a spot. Killua had called it karma for not telling him what he wanted for Christmas.

“A spot!”

“Shit, some dude’s gonna beat you to it, Gon.” Killua peers over at the driver across from them. Their eyes meet.
“Nope. It’s mine.” Gon points at himself. The man in the other car shakes his head.

“Gon, we can find another spot.”

“We’ve been driving around for ten whole minutes. Here—let me—” Gon puts out his right hand for the driver to see. Question marks fill Killua’s head.

“Rock, paper, scissors.” He says slowly, probably for the other man to understand.

Killua really wants to slam his head against the dashboard in embarrassment. “Oh god, how old are you? We can just get another parking spot.”

He sees the man in the other car laugh, and he lifts his hand as well. Killua can’t believe this is really happening. He’s even more surprised when Gon wins, and the other man lets his face fall against the steering wheel in defeat. When he drives past them, Gon rolls down the window to apologize. The man simply laughs and waves him off.

“You really played rock-paper-scissors for a parking spot?”

“Yup!” He chirps, grinning wide.

The walk into the mall is significantly less time-consuming then their adventure around the mall for a spot to park. Killua continues to chide Gon for his choice of strategy, even as they order two coffees to-go in the food court.

“The probability of you having won was so slim—how many times have you even played that for a spot?”

“My friend Zushi and I had to do it a couple of times, and we just kept doing it when we realized I was really good at winning.”

“I really don’t even know what to say to that.”
Gon grins. “What can I say? I’m a natural.”

Their walk around the mall is slow. Gon eyes everything, window-shopping more than actually entering the stores. He pauses in front of an electronics store, staring directly at the cameras on display. Killua keeps his staring discrete, watching as Gon’s eyes shine at the cameras. He remembers how worn-out Gon’s own camera is.

“They have the new models.”

Killua hums, hands in his pocket as he eyes the cameras behind the glass pane. “Yeah, I can see that.”

Gon leans closer into the glass, index finger pressed against to point at the camera in the middle. “That’s the most advanced version! It has so many new features, and upgrades—I’ve heard so many good things about it so far and it’s only been out for a couple of weeks.”

A fond smile graces Killua’s lips. He looks at the camera, repeats the model name in his head until it’s the only thing he knows. The price isn’t displayed—but that’s fine. It seems he found Gon’s Christmas gift.

“Ah, sorry. I was probably boring you. C’mon, let’s keep looking. I need to get to the jewelry store for Aunt Mito’s gift.”

“You weren’t boring me.”

Gon doesn’t reply, just flushes and takes a sip of his coffee to avoid the subject.

The hunt for items is a long one. Gon buys Aunt Mito a heart pendant that can open to a picture. He had struggled with his grandmother’s gift—until steam seemed to pour of his ears and he looked at Killua for help, cheeks puffed and eyes filled with defeat.

They end up buying his grandmother a simple silver necklace with a small gem. Gon had smiled upon seeing it in Killua’s hand, and nodded. When they pass by a small computer store, Killua quickly walks in, and beelines for the individual parts on the shelves.
Gon peers over him, staring at all the pieces. “What are you getting?”

“Ikalgo works from home doing stuff like graphic and web design. I figured I’d make his Christmas present some new parts for his computer.”

Killua picks out a graphics card and state drive from the shelf. He nods to himself in satisfaction. “These are the best ones on the market. I’ll just go pay real quick, you can wander around if you want.”

Gon hums.

After Killua pays, he beckons Gon over.

“Now can I know what you want for Christmas?” Killua asks, nudging Gon as they walk out of the store.

“Nope. I don’t ever tell anyone what I want.”

Killua scrunches his nose. “Why not? What if I get you something you don’t like?”

Gon takes his hand as they walk, averting his eyes to the stores as they walk past them. “Dunno. I feel bad asking for stuff. Plus, I’d like anything you got me since it’s from you anyway.”

“You’re so embarrassing.” Killua mutters, crimson flush on his face.

“Then what do you want, Killua?”

“Not telling.” Killua snorts when Gon whines.
They end up leaving the mall after four hours of shopping. Gon is holding over a dozen bags—all from different stores—and it’s a stark contrast compared to the singular bag Killua holds.

“Did you buy everyone’s gifts?”

“Everyone but yours.” Gon grins. “Didn’t want you to see what I was getting you.”

Killua tsks, despite the growing blush on his cheeks. “Gonna buy your gift once I get home.”

Gon pauses in the middle of the parking lot, and it’s comedic the way he stares at Killua with wide eyes, arms out-stretched as he carries all the bags with both arms. He struggles to articulate a response, and his reaction forces Killua to stop walking and look back.

“What are you getting me?”

“Ah. The irony. Tough luck.” Killua narrowly dodges the shoe Gon manages to kick off and fling at him.

“Hey!”
“You started it!”

“The hell do you mean I started it? You wouldn’t tell me what you wanted—it’s only fair I don’t tell you what I finally decided on!”

“Killua!” Gon whines, hopping on one foot to catch up to Killua who continues to walk.

“Kick that shoe again and watch how quickly you’ll be thawing your feet against the cold asphalt.” Killua says, handing Gon his lonesome shoe. Gon grins.

“Do you want me to drop you off?”

“If you don’t mind. I’ll buy Alluka’s gift online so she doesn’t see me walk in with it.”

“That’s sneaky.”

“Need to be sneaky with her. She’s too perceptive.”

Gon opens the door and turns the ignition. “What are you getting her?”

Setting the hardware he bought down gently, Killua looks up. “A paint brand she’s been wanting for awhile—and some canvases.”

A noise of excitement escapes Gon. “She paints?”

Killua snorts. “She’s going to major in art. She’d better.”

“Woah! That’s so cool. Both you and your sister are so cool, Killua!”
The crimson red flush returns onto Killua’s features, and he averts his gaze to the oncoming traffic.

“Stop it. You have no filter, y’know?” He mutters. Gon laughs, full and hearty. “So embarrassing.”

The next time that Gon picks Killua up, it’s Friday night, and he’s scheduled to fight one more fight before the holiday break. There had been bickering, with Gon adamant about getting the holidays off in exchange for the ring organizers picking as many people as they pleased for him to fight once January came.

Killua had bitten his lip, worried, when the organizers had turned to each other with a gaze that spoke volumes and easily agreed to Gon’s proposition. As soon as they’re out of earshot, Killua turns to Gon.

“Is there any reason why they’re so adamant about you fighting on the holidays?”

Gon hums. “More people are on vacation, so we get more views on the IPTV servers, and more people buy the fight matches to view on DVD. Since my fights are their main money-maker, I guess I’m kinda needed here.”
Killua blows out an irritated sigh, “Still. It’s the holidays. What the hell were they expecting?”

Gon shrugs, but quickly grabs Killua’s hands as they step into the main area of the ring, grinning wide. “Yeah, it’s fine though. ‘Cause we’ll be spending Christmas together!”

His fingers tingle, and his face heats up at the prospect—the reminder that, yes, they were indeed going to spend the holiday season together. And Killua would be lying if he said that he wasn’t just a little excited. The prospect of spending the holidays with Gon has little scenario’s filtering through his mind, and Killua smiles.

“Yeah, yeah. We will. Right now though, you have a fight to win. So get going, stupid.”

“Killua!” Gon whines.

Killua chuckles, shoving Gon forward towards the ring and gives him a thumbs up. “You got this.”

Gon grins back, “When don’t I?”

Killua doesn’t reply, opting to take his stand by the crowd-control barriers, scrolling through his phone while Gon warms up in the ring. The factory doors slide open with a creak, and people start to pour in by the dozen, chatting quietly. Killua is reminded of his first day at the ring, observing all the people attending the event, and finds himself profiling again.

It’s not something that he can help. There are tall, lean men who take a seat at the bleachers, and the more built men follow more forward, situating themselves in the standing area. Bisky is shouting commands by the door, calling over patrons who look remotely suspicious. She’s already removed one guy who seemed just a little further from okay.

Tonight’s fight was supposed to be brisk. Gon had already stepped off the ring to head back into the training room. But Killua knew the scheduling, and that Gon was going to be the fourth one to fight that night. For now, two men would fight, and then another two. The winners from those two would duke it out, and then that winner was paired against Gon.
Relaxing his posture, Killua waits, thumbing through his notifications in boredom. Once the lights begin to dim, and the chatter comes to a pause, Killua knows it’s beginning. He pockets his phone, looking up with bored eyes as two men make it into the ring.

The crowd on the bleachers is more enthusiastic about the fight ensuing than Killua is—shouting and screaming in excitement when the referee announces the smaller, shorter man is a newbie to the ring. But his ears tune into the conversation of whispers occurring around him—between the men and women standing around near him.

“You heard, didn’t you?”

“Obviously. There’s rumors spreading ‘bout a fighter just as good as Friks.”

“As good as Friks?” Another one asks, before scoffing. “I highly doubt that.”

“You don’t have to doubt it. I managed to see one of his fights. ‘was unnerving.”

Killua is surprised that they’re talking about anyone other than Gon at this point—seeing as Gon is such a big player in the scheme of things, and the reputation that he alone holds.

“The guy doesn’t even look like much. Probably looks less built than Friks if you compared them side-to-side. But I saw his fight.”

“And?”

“And it was crazy. Man, you shoulda seen it. Not a single graze on him—he avoided every attack perfectly. And all he did was smile through the entire fight.”

Killua feels the hairs on his nape rise as he continues to eavesdrop.

“You think we’ll get to see Friks fight him?”

“If we did, I wouldn’t doubt the fact that Friks would—”
The bell rings, signaling the end of the first fight.

He’s struggling to catch his breath, and Killua tries to continue to listen to the conversation, disbelieving at the fact that the fight was over so soon—but the referee is talking over everyone, and it has the entire crowd clamouring when the winner is announced.

Killua grinds his teeth when it all finally dies down, and the people who were conversing have quieted down, and Killua is unable to listen in anymore.

Eyes averted and ears disconnected, Killua looks over the crowd for something more interesting than the two new rookie fighters being prompted onto the stage. In the distance, towards the corner of the building, Killua recognizes Leorio’s form towering over another man’s figure. His hair is blond, and he’s staring up at Leorio, arms crossed and tapping his foot impatiently.

A knockout is announced over the speakers, and the crowd once again erupts.

Despite the energy flowing throughout the crowd, Killua’s mind is still processing the words of the stranger’s. A fighter who’s rumored to be just as good as Gon, if not better. And certainly, their words had implied that he was better than Gon. It has a worry gnawing at his insides, slowly chewing him out.

“This next fight will determine who will fight Friks, cast your bets now!”

There are shouts betting on either man, but Killua knows the real money-makers have long placed their bets silently. Those are sitting near the bottom of the bleachers, where they have a clear view of the ring. Their eyes are set onto the ring, unwavering, and Killua has to give them credit for being so diligent with their observations.

The taller man, Todo, has won most of the bets. That fact seems to irritate Umori, the other contestant, who stands with his mouth set into a grind and eyebrows in a permanent furrow when the bets are placed and announced. Regardless, the fight begins with the words of the referee, and almost automatically both men get into stance.

Instead of observing the fight, Killua’s ears pick up whispers.
“Wait, so—you’re saying this man is going to beat the shit outta Friks?”

Killua’s throat runs dry.

“S possible. Never seen anyone fight the way he does.”

“Is a fight going untouched and giving a smile really all that special? He coulda had a stroke of luck.”

“It wasn’t just that, moron. You gotta see it. I’ll bring the tapes I got. They’re nothing professional—he’s hanging out at those shitty rings where killing is allowed and encouraged. So whatever I got is my own shit.”

“Will you both stop whispering and pay attention to the fight—Friks is fighting next. Umori just lost.” Another voice hisses, and Killua wants to collar the man for more answers—demand them—but he clenches his fists instead, and bites down on his lip when Gon emerges, grinning widely and waving at the crowd.

The women who’ve secured spots at the front swoon, calling out Gon’s name in hopes of grabbing his attention. All he can do is offer a polite smile, but he absolutely beams when his eyes catch Killua’s—blazen hazel staring into orphic blue. The heat crawls up Killua’s spine, and he breaks the eye contact as soon as he feels it.

“Tonight, Friks will fight Todo, the winner of the single elimination tournament this week!”

Cheers resound.

Killua swallows, staring at Gon with an unbreaking gaze, with Gon’s eyes redirected to look at the crowd and take it all in. Faintly, Killua recalls that Todo had been announced as a professional wrestler, and he takes a quick once-over on the man, noting the sweat coating his skin and the grin lacing his features.

Gon is probably not at much of a disadvantage, but Todo is skilled in wrestling, and taking down big bodies like Gon’s are probably his specialty.
With the sound of the bell, and a shout of the referee, the fight begins, and yells of encouragement fill the charged air of the factory. Todo is leaning forward, bent forward and nearly pressed against the mats. Killua recognizes it as a wrestling stance, and Todo is gauging Gon from his position, ready to tackle him down.

If keeping Gon down is his goal, then Killua is sure that Todo didn’t know much of Gon—and Gon is proving his point as if he can read his thoughts. With a quick step forward, Gon lets Todo grab his thigh in an attempt to tackle him, but Gon doesn’t even buckle at the pressure, and a fluid kick with his other foot sends Todo onto his side, letting out a wretched cough.

“One point, Friks!”

Todo stands, and his stance changes for the second round. He’s holding a regular boxing position, arms up and guarding, knees bent, but it’s easy to notice it’s not a stance he’s too comfortable in. Every so often he drops his hands, or his lame attempts of kicking Gon have him raising his hands and creating a blind spot. Killua wants to scoff at the embarrassment of his technique.

Gon steps forward once again, not deterred by the less-than-perfect kicks and jabs, and he lets Todo come rushing to him, before grabbing the hand coming up to jab at him and pushing it down, his other fist connecting with Todo’s jaw. Hollering in the crowd ensues: lots of it.

Killua assumes that Todo’s head must be spinning from the impact, because he’s stumbling to get up, his steps uncoordinated, and with a deep breath, he inhales before shouting his forfeit. The crowd boo’s, visibly upset by the turn of events, but Todo is smart. Another punch like that would’ve set him out of commission for a few days at a minimum. He’s playing it safe, no matter the costs.

As soon as the fight concludes, and Gon is announced the winner again, Leorio is traversing the crowd. Killua sees him before Leorio sees him, and as soon as Leorio notices Killua, he signals him to follow. It’s hard to move around the patrons packing their things and loitering before leaving—trying to get a single word with Gon—but Bisky and Morel are rounding them up without another moment’s notice.

“Killua!” Leorio says, ushering him over to where the blond man is.

“Ah, Leorio, hey.” Killua says, looking around for Gon as he follows the man.
“Don’t worry, Gon is already on his way, he’s just packing up.”

“Right…” Killua’s words are clipped and awkward, unaware of how to speak with Leorio.

It’s an awkward silence until Gon appears from the door.

“Killua!” He grins, grasping his hands and holding them tightly. Gon’s skin is slick with sweat, skin flushed red.

“Hey.” The words come out gentle. Leorio shares a look with the other man.

“Not that I want to interrupt the lovely couple moment going on here, but—” he signals at the blond. “This is Kurapika. He’s an undercover cop.”

Kurapika deadpans. “How are you going to introduce me to your friend first as undercover cop and not husband?”

Leorio flushes red, sputtering a response, “Ah, well, I—”

Gon giggles. “This is Killua.”

Kurapika offers a gentle smile. “Sorry for interrupting you both. I was just here because Leorio mentioned to me that Shizuku was here.”

Nodding in agreement, Gon hums. “I overheard her speaking about looking to recruit people.”

“Right. I already spoke with the sponsors, but if you happen to see her again, let me know—I’m trying to track down their gang. They’ve been on the run for years now.

Killua’s memory runs through the image of his eldest brother, Illumi, absolutely frustrated with the work of a gang that kept narrowly evading the court system. It was one of the few times he truly saw his brother frustrated and annoyed beyond belief.
“Is this gang by chance called the Phantom Troupe?”

Kurapika looks over, eyes wide in surprise. “Yeah, that’s them. How’d you know?”

A snort. “They’ve had my eldest brother running in circles a few years back. I’m surprised others share his sentiment.”

The blond sighs. “Yeah, they’re certainly something else. Well, regardless, I’ve gotta get going—there’s another lead to follow. Let Leorio know if you find anything suspicious. Anything helps a lot.”

Killua nods, and Gon tugs at his hands. Quick goodbyes, and soon enough Gon is dragging Killua out of the ring to the car. It’s silent before Killua speaks.

“I feel like Leorio just wanted to show off his husband.”

Gon laughs harder than ever before.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Thirteen of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hello everyone! First of all, I apologize for such a long wait for the next chapter. School work is picking up exponentially, and as a high-school senior, I'm seriously stressed out, HAHA. I've had tests back to back like they know no calm. Writing this chapter was still a bit of a challenge. I struggled between writing fluff and wanting to advance the plot, but I think I did a good job at bringing in some foreshadowing, and some more advancements!

Gon and Killua are looking forward to Christmas, they're such cuties! Next chapter will focus on Christmas, maybe a little something extra if it doesn't pass the 4k words I have set per chapter. That'll be my early Christmas/Holiday present to you all! I've gotten so many kind comments over this fic, it truly means the world to me ;;

I don't have much to say for this update—but please remember that comments keep the motivation going! From here on out, the plot should become more of a focus in developing. I truly love reading all the kind comments and excitement, so drop them all, even if it's just keyboard spam!!
Seriously, such a big thanks to sno for BETA'ing this chapter (and most of the chapters tbh!!) I always feel bad asking my friends for help but she's such a goddess in looking over everything and correcting my stupid little mistakes. I lob u gorl.

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Summary

Lips parting, Gon grins, eyes crescents, and his hands come up to clasp Killua’s cheeks. “Really glad you come today.”

Killua breathes in. “I am too.”

Chapter Notes

For any Spanish phrases, translations in English are in the End Notes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Killua’s apartment is an absolute mess the night before they’re due to head out to Gon’s. Alluka is adamant on making two hispanic dishes, while Killua struggles to find an inconspicuous way to hide Gon’s gift—to somehow hide the large bag containing the camera Gon had been gushing about.

Nanika mewls from her spot on the counter, watching with sharp eyes as Alluka pouts and reads the recipe aloud. Nanika’s bag is already packed and on the counter—her favorite snacks and bag of food inside, with one of Alluka’s shirts and Killua’s hoodie. The litterbox is cleaned and placed by the door.

There’s a knock at the door, and Alluka looks over at the door then back at Killua with expectant eyes.

“I got it!” Killua says, stumbling to stand and open the door.

There, clad in a red jacket and baggy jeans, stands Ikalgo with a wide grin. “Yo!”

“Hey! Dude, seriously, you’re a lifesaver.” Killua steps aside to let Ikalgo step in.

“You’re so lucky I work from home.”
Killua huffs. “You’re lucky Nanika likes you.”

At hearing her name, the kitten perks up, meowing louder and pawing at Ikalgo’s jacket. Gingerly, he picks up the kitten, big hands nearly the entire size of the kitten. Nanika purs—content at the attention she’s receiving.

“Hey, Ikalgo!”

Ikalgo looks over with a smile. “Hey, Alluka, how are you?”

She potus. “Right now? Annoyed. This dessert better come out good.”

He chuckles loudly. “I’m sure it’ll come out just fine.”

Killua hands him Nanika’s bag. “Everything’s in here. Really sorry about dropping her with you, but we wouldn’t want her to be alone for an entire night.”

The man shakes his head. “Don’t worry about it, dude. I don’t mind helping you out. Is that her litter box at the door?”

Killua nods. “Yeah. It’s empty—there’s an unopened box of litter inside. If you need me to help you load shit, just tell me.”

“Sit your ass down, I see you struggling to wrap that gift. You worry about that.”

Killua flushes red, embarrassed that his friend had caught him in his indecisive moment. There’s gift wrap, a box, and a bag with tissue paper on the table and Killua just can’t decide which to use on Gon’s gift. There’s like ten variations of opened tissue paper packs strewn on the table, some on the floor torn by Nanika.

“Shut up. I don’t want it to be obvious.”

“Then just put it in the bag?” The question isn’t really a question—it’s a statement. “The bag makes
it look like you’re lame and bought him clothes or somethin’. Stealth, one-hundred.”

Alluka giggles, and Killua slaps Ikalgo’s shoulder in indignation. “God, you’re so annoying.”

When they share a grin, Ikalgo speaks again, eyes peering around. “Well, since you both got your messes to sort, I’ll get going.”

Killua smiles and nods. “Thanks again.” and then: “Oh, wait up!”

Ikalgo pauses to look over, a questioning look plastered over his features. Killua is reaching under the decorated Christmas tree, grabbing a box that’s wrapped in gift wrap. He holds it out for Ikalgo.

“You’re got your hands full right now, but I’ll put the gift in with Nanika’s things. This is for you, since I won’t see you on Christmas.”

“Shit—” Ikalgo swears under his breath, “What the hell, Killua. You didn’t have to get me anything. Thank you.”

Busying his hands, Killua stuffs the gift in with Nanika’s things. “Friends don’t thank friends. So shut up and accept it. You better like it.”

Ikalgo stands—quiet—before snorting. “If you bought me some baby shit, I swear to god I’ll have SWAT raid you.”

That gets a laugh out of Killua. “Do that shit and you’ll have to watch your back.”

With another chuckle, Ikalgo is stepping out the door, Nanika in one hand, the litter box and bag in another. She mews, tail swishing and stuffing her white-furred face into Ikalgo’s red jacket. A ball of snow, Killua thinks in amusement, she looks like Ikalgo got hit with a snowball on his way inside.

Once Ikalgo is out of sight, Killua steps back inside, going back to his business of wrapping. He takes Ikalgo’s advice, and just puts the camera inside the gift bag and fills the top of the bag with
as much colorful tissue paper as he possibly can. Killua huffs, leaning back to admire his handiwork.

There. Two gifts done. The other gift leaves Killua feeling warm, and he carefully slides the card into the side of the gift bag for Gon to see after removing the tissue paper. Alluka is removing a pan from the oven when he looks over at her, and she looks less frustrated now.

“Need help?” He asks, already ready to walk over and help her.

“Nope. I got this! Everything is done.”

Killua hums, peering over at the springform pan. There’s some concoction of a desert Alluka had made, and he vaguely remembers her saying it was flan or something along those lines. Killua is confused as to where the caramel part of this desert comes in, because while he’d seen the caramel being made, it wasn’t on the desert now.

“It’s not flipped.”

Killua makes a face. “Flipped?”

Alluka nods, putting the dirty dishes in the sink and turning the faucet on. “The recipe says to flip it onto a plate when you’re gonna serve it. So I guess we don’t get to see it until we serve it.”

“So, what you’re saying is—this is as much as a surprise for you as it is for me?”

Alluka giggles, and nods. “Yup.”

Killua hums, stepping over to help Alluka with the dishes. They wash in silence until Killua speaks up again.

“Do you want to open your gift now?”

Alluka looks over. “My gift?”
Killua deadpans. “Yes, your gift.” He flicks her forehead. “Dummy. We won’t be home until after Christmas I’m guessing, so I thought you’d want to open it now.”

As the words process, Alluka becomes more excited, eyes shining in agreement. “Yes! What did you get me?”

A grin forms on Killua’s face, drying his hands quickly and rushing to his room to bring out an obnoxiously large box.

Alluka is standing by the sofa when he returns, hands dried, bouncing on the balls of her feet, clapping excitedly when she sees the large box in Killua’s grasp. She’s giggling uncontrollably, and gingerly takes the box from Killua’s hands when he stands in front of her.

She nearly drops it from the sheer weight that it bears. “Jeez, what’s in this?”

A chuckle. “Open it to find out.”

Gently, with the utmost care, Alluka places the wrapped box on the ground, and begins to tear at the gift wrap. Slowly, a cardboard box is visible, tapped down annoyingly by God-knows-how-many strips of heavy duty tape. She frowns.

“Just wanted to make sure it didn’t open when I was wrapping it!” Killua says defensively, and he hands Alluka a pair of scissors.

“This seems like overkill, even for you.” She mutters, dragging the blade across the box and gasping when she opens the flaps. “Oh…”

Killua grins. “Just ‘oh’?”

The box is neatly sorted into categories. Each section of the box is boxed off by smaller cut pieces hot-glued onto the walls of the box, separating it from the rest. New, high-quality paint brushes rest in one corner of the box, while five new canvases are propped against one of the walls of the box. There’s nearly fifty tubes of new paint—all of that specific brand Alluka had been raving about to her friends over the phone.
When she looks up, her eyes are glossy, and with tears that threaten to overspill she jumps into Killua’s arms and hugs him as tight as she can, repeating her thanks a million times over aloud to him. He hugs her back just as tight.

“I wanted you to have some newer materials for when you started your art classes.” His voice is gentle, barely above a whisper, and Killua feels like he himself might cry.

Alluka hums in agreement, leaning back to look at him but grip on him just as tight. “Thank you, big brother.”

When Killua and Alluka arrive at Gon’s house the next day, the house they come face to face to is certainly not what they were expecting. A humble townhouse, inside a gated community that certainly didn’t look maintained. They’ve seemingly decorated it to the best of their ability, with christmas lights strewn outside and little ornaments placed on the garage door on their driveway and front entrance.

Alluka is in awe, marveling at the copy-paste sequence of houses stretching to the end of the block, and Killua makes sure to double-check the address Gon had sent—looks over at the house number just to triple check they’re at the right place. The ride there had been nearly an hour from the city, hindered by traffic and holiday flow, but they’d arrived nonetheless. And despite Gon’s
truck being parked on the driveway, Killua sends him a message that let’s him know they’ve arrived outside.

It doesn’t take long for the door to swing open, and Gon is stepping out with the widest smile known to man. He’s wearing nice dress pants, and a buttoned long sleeve, and Killua is suddenly glad that Alluka had talked him into dressing up a little fancier than usual.

There’s not a moment’s hesitation before Gon throws his arms around Killua and laughs, gently pecking his lips in a kiss, and he gasps when he sees Alluka, just shy of Killua, standing behind him with her own grin.

“Alluka! Oh, you’re so much cuter in real life!”

Gon hugs her, pressing a kiss to her cheek, and she freezes, Killua stilling in confusion.

“Ah! Sorry!” Gon sticks out his tongue in embarrassment, rubbing the back of his nape. “It’s a customs thing. If you’re not comfortable with it, just tell me.”

Alluka grins, shaking her head. “That’s fine. We brought food and gifts!”

Peering at the bags in both Killua and Alluka’s hands, Gon’s smile grows tenfold. “C’mon inside, Aunt Mito is preparing dinner.”

With careful steps, Killua follows Gon inside, Alluka just behind him, and she looks so giddy and excited that it makes him happy. There’s a woman cooking in the kitchen, visible from the front door, orange hair swept back, and she speaks when she hears the door shut.

“Ah, Gon, pa’ que —” She looks up, and catches sight of Killua and Alluka standing at the door awkwardly, unaware of how to enter, while Gon steps inside uncaringly.

She gasps, quickly untying the apron around her waist and laying it flat on the counter. “You must be Gon’s friends, I’m glad you’re here. Please make yourself at home, have a seat at the table if you’d like.”
Killua doesn’t even know what that means, but he steps forward with the approving nod of Gon, who stands near the table, ushering them to come with the wave of his hands. Quiet steps, Killua comes into view of the woman.

“Aunt Mito, this is Killua, and his little sister, Alluka!”

Alluka gives a timid wave, and Mito gives the most gentle smile Killua has ever seen, nodding and coming forward to greet them.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you.” Killua says stiffly, and Mito laughs, waving her hands to dismiss his formalities.

“Please, don’t be so formal. I’m Mito, Gon’s aunt.”

“Thank you for having us!” Alluka giggles, holding out the desert she spent last night making. “I hope this is alright, I made it last night.”

Mito coos, smiling and taking the plate from Alluka’s hands to set it on the counter. “Millones de gracias, Alluka. I’m sure it’ll taste wonderful.”

Killua smiles in appreciation for Mito’s kindless, wriggling his hands, unaware of how to speak in front of Gon when his aunt is present. Gon, seemingly sensing his distress, gently grasps his hands and smiles. There are several bags of gifts that Killua had placed on the table—not knowing where to put them—that Gon eyes with interest.

“Hey, Killua. What’s in the bags?”

Gon attempts to reach over, but Killua grasps his hands, deadpanning. “I didn’t know it was Christmas day already.”

“Oh, Gon! Ni te atrevas.” Mito says, chiding him with a large spoon in hand from the stove. “Killua, papo, you can put the gifts under the tree if you’d like.”

Killua nods, slowly pushing the chair back as gently as he can—as slowly as he can—to avoid
making a scraping sound against the floor, and sets all the gifts under the lively tree. There are plenty of gifts under the tree, and for a split second Killua sees a gift with his name on it, and his heart stutters. He doesn’t stop to observe further, but instead makes his way back to the table where Alluka is talking with Gon animatedly.

“And, big brother is supporting me all the way, so I’m really happy!”

Killua flushes, already knowing what the conversation is about.

“You have a very kind big brother, Alluka.”

She giggles, clasping her hands. “I’m really thankful. And Gon, Killua told me you were majoring in photography!”

It’s Gon turn to flush, though there’s that spark in his eyes that Killua has seen countless times with Alluka, and Killua has to bite the smile down that threatens to bubble past his lips.

“Yeah! I’m currently working on shooting some new pieces. My concentration is nature, so there’s a lot to work with.”

“Really?” Alluka makes a sound in awe. “I’ve already started my portfolio so that my professor has an idea of how I work.”

Gon leans forward in interest, eyes shining. “Let me see, let me see!”

Killua watches as Alluka pulls out her phone, the two little charms he’d bought her three years ago hanging from the phone clip, and she swipes open the phone to pull up her gallery. Gon marvels at her paintings, the ones Killua knows she has saved in a separate folder to find easily. Alluka giggles when Gon lets out a gasp of amazement at a particular interest, and Killua has a good feeling he knows which one he’s shocked at.

“Ah, so is this Gon’s boyfriend?”

Killua whips around in embarrassment, startled by the extra voice in the room, and there’s an older
woman standing by the stairs, shakily coming down.

“Abuela!” Gon cries out, face red, and his gaze shifts from the older woman to Killua.

She makes her way to Killua, pressing a kiss to his cheek, and then to Alluka, who is much more expectant of this time and copies the motion. Killua can’t find the words within him to reply, so he sits in silence, letting Gon take over.

“Killua,” Mito starts, “This is Gon’s grandmother, Abe. Don’t worry about her comments too much, _a ella le gusta chismear_.”

Abe laughs, shaky hands coming to cover her mouth. She waves Mito off, turning her attention to Killua with a grin that was all-too-teasing. “I heard that you were struggling to make the desert Gon bought you.”

In a moment of false courage, Killua stares her down with his own playful expression, grinning. “Oh, I wonder who you could’ve heard _that_ from.” He pointedly turns his attention to Gon, who flushes redder, clutching Abe’s shoulder and shaking it. He’s fumbling with his words.

“Ah—Abuela! Don’t just—”

“I also heard that you were hesitant to try the _arroz con leche_.”

As quickly as that false courage had come, it vanishes, and Killua is mortified knowing that she knows his hesitancy to try it, even if it wasn’t in bad gesture. He flushes, struggling to form a response, all the while his traitorous little sister has the audacity to giggle.

“Sorry—I just,—’m a picky eater and I wasn’t sure what to expect and...” He trails off, embarrassed.

A hearty laugh escapes Abe, and she smiles. “Well, consider yourself no longer a picky eater. You’re going to try everything on your plate today—I promise my daughter makes the best food.”

Killua dutifully nods, not expecting the conversation to go any further, but the old woman
continues: “And you’re going to learn how to cook some staple Hispanic foods. How are you going to keep my boy healthy without any skills in the kitchen?”

If possible, Killua flushes red at the implication of her words, and Gon whines in absolute embarrassment. He refuses to let his eyes meet Gon’s, and he’s forced to stand when Abe does, beckoning him to the kitchen with a ‘ven, ven pa’ qa.’ and Killua follows into the kitchen.

Alluka is sitting in muted shock, though there’s a laugh that threatens to spill, lips pressed in an effort to not laugh, and Abe nods when she looks over. “You too, cielo. You can help us in the kitchen as well. You’re Alluka?”

Alluka nods her head, standing, and when Gon goes to follow, Abe shakes her head. “Ah, ah. You may be good at cooking in the wild, but in the kitchen you’re an absolute disaster. You can sit and watch your boyfriend cook.”

A pout graces Gon’s lips as he sits back down, and Killua turns with a worried frown but Mito waves him off.

Even as the time slowly ticks by, and Mito and Abe go through the painstaking process of explaining ingredients and cooking times, it just doesn’t stick with Killua, and from the corner of his eye he can see Gon’s impatient form, eyes staring directly at Killua. Alluka had picked up the process much quicker than he had, and she was already dicing red bell-peppers to put into whatever-the-hell a tamale was.

Eventually, Mito gives Killua an understanding smile, setting down her knife after watching him slowly press down the parchment of rice paper onto the turrón mixture in the pan.

“You can go, Killua. Gon looks anxious sitting over there.”

Killua flushes, finally letting his gaze run to Gon, and yeah, he looks beyond impatient. So he pushes the pan to the back of the table, letting it sit there just as Mito had instructed him to do, and he quickly washes his hands in the sink, patting them dry as Abe and Mito bicker.

“Ah, I guess it was time for the lovebirds to finally spend some time alone.”

Gon looks up and grins when Killua approaches, arms outstretched, and Killua steps into his
“Missed you.” He whispers, faced pressed into his chest.

“What are you saying,” Killua says just as gently, hand thumbing the black spiked hair, “I was right there.”

“Mm. Yeah, but I wanted to be the one to teach you.”

Killua looks away, cheeks warming, muttering a curse under his breath. “You’re impossible.”

He can feel Gon grinning against his chest, and he pushes away to look up at his eyes.

“Didn’t get the chance to say you looked nice today.”

Killua’s eyes meet Gon’s. “You look nice today, too.”

Between the silence, music filters in, and footsteps have Killua stepping away from Gon. Mito and Abe walk behind Alluka, and they hold teasing smiles.

“The food is cooking, so this calls for family time.”

The music that plays isn’t like anything he’s heard. It’s full of bass, and a sort of drum, and there’s a repeating rhythm that makes it danceable. The beat isn’t fast, but it’s not slow, either. Mito pulls out a seat for both Alluka and Abe, seating herself after.

“Bueno, dale.” Abe says, and Mito laughs.

“Gon, you were anxious to be near Killua. Why don’t you dance bachata with him?”

Killua redirects his gaze back to Gon, who stands from his seat and holds out his hands to take
Killua’s, a grin on his own face. Killua feels himself color red, ears tinted in a familiar shade of rose, and he takes a step back in hesitance.

“Guh—Gon, I don’t… I don’t know what bachata is.”

Gon grins, taking Killua’s hands and placing them on his waist, all the while draping his own arms along Killua’s neck—standing close. If Gon was too far then, he’s too close now—though not in a bad way. But his proximity has Killua freezing, eyes wide and staring directly into Gon’s eyes.

A chaste press of his lips against Killua’s, and Gon leans back, using his arms hooked around Killua’s neck to keep from stumbling back. “That’s fine. Look, it’s easy. I’ll lead. It’s two steps to the right, a hip movement, and then two steps to the left.”

“C’mon, big brother! You do ballet, this should be easy!”

It’s hard to remember anything about ballet with Gon so close, where Killua can smell his cologne and he’s at an arm’s length. Killua is stiff, so unlike his usual movements, and as the music goes, so does Gon.

Mito laughs. “Killua, sweetheart, your hips, you have to move your hips.”

He really would, if he could remember to function properly. Gon is looking up at him, lips parted in a smile, and he continues the steps. The song continues its rhythm, a repetition that Killua is slowly becoming accustomed to, and as the seconds pass he becomes more confident in his steps.

With one swift movement he’s taking the lead from Gon, surprising the other man, vaguely hearing Alluka’s cheer, and he grins, confidence booming, all the while Gon leans closer to Killua. Instead of stepping from side to side, Killua lets their bodies go in circles, still moving to the beat.

Mito is laughing lively, and Abe is sporting a smile that he can thankfully only read as happy. “Spin him!” Mito says, and Gon reddens when Killua breaks from his grip around Gon’s waist, grasping his hands gently to lead Gon to turn. His world shifts on its axis when Gon laughs, hands coming back around his neck. Gon presses closer, one leg between Killua’s as they dance back and forth.

Abe whistles, and Killua lets their bodies drift again, stepping away from Gon to lift his hand and
drape it against his neck. Gon is centimeters from him, lips parted, eyes switching between Killua’s piercing blue eyes and his lips, and Killua lets himself indulge just a little, leaning down to press his lips against Gon’s. There’s a pause, before more clapping and laughing erupts between Abe, Mito, and Alluka.

Lips parting, Gon grins, eyes crescents, and his hands come up to clasp Killua’s cheeks. “Really glad you came today.”

Killua breathes in. “I am too.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Fourteen of “You’re Breaking My Guard”!!

Hi everyone! I apologize for taking a week to bring you another update—I see readers who are eager for more and I always feel bad that I can't update as regularly as I was. I also want to thank everyone for the 1.6k hits! It means so much to me that so many people have checked out this fic, even if they stopped after the first chapter, or first paragraph, or first word. Seriously, thank you. I realized that a thank you was long overdue.

I’ve been so excited for this chapter—I adore dancing to bachata, and I was so excited for Killua and Gon to dance to it. The banter is always cute, and I made sure to include very important plot points—don’t worry, it may not seem like it, but plot is still present in every chapter. Everything has a purpose ;) I think I’m getting better at pacing, but who really knows LOL.

If you’d like an example of what bachata is, because you don’t know what it is, here's a video for example: click here!

As usual, please remember to leave comments/kudos. I look forward to reading what you all have to say about the chapter! I was worried when I didn’t see some regularly commenters last chapter—hope you’re all doing okay! Remember that comments keep the motivation going!!

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
pa’ que ⇒ for what

“Milliones de gracias.” ⇒ “A million thanks.”

“Ni te atrevas” ⇒ “Don’t you dare.”

Papo ⇒ No literal translation, just a term of endearment.

Abuela ⇒ Grandma
“A ella le gusta chismear” ⇒ “She likes to gossip.”

“Ven, ven pa’ qa.” ⇒ “here, come ‘ere.”

Cielo ⇒ Sky. (Term of endearment)

“Bueno, dale” ⇒ “Well, go on.”

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Summary

The world slows, when tears rush down Gon’s face and he’s pressing his lips against Killua’s. The red flush that covers them both hinders Killua’s movement, and it takes a moment for the shock to melt away, until Killua is pressing back an equally eager kiss.

Chapter Notes

For any Spanish phrases, translations in English are in the End Notes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rest of the night goes by uneventfully. Mito dances bachata with Gon, her small frame easy for Gon to manipulate and spin around several times until she was laughing aloud and asking him to stop. Alluka had stood and demanded Killua teach her, and so he’d been slow, twirling her around for fun before trading his position with Gon.

He’d watched, then, as Gon and Alluka giggled, dancing chaotically and wildly. When dinner rolled around, Killua had helped Mito set the table, and Alluka and Gon brought out the dishes from the kitchen. They had sat at the table and gave their thanks, before resuming conversation.

“And you won’t believe how crazy little Gon was when he first found my polaroid camera.” Mito recounts, digging into a piece of pork on her plate. “He wouldn’t stop using the rusty thing. Eventually, when we’d moved here, I went out and saved up to buy him a nicer polaroid.”

Killua’s heart swells at the tales of Gon’s past. Gon sits, slightly embarrassed, but he doesn’t audibly complain about any of it.

“Alluka is the same way.” Killua begins. “When we were little, she was always drawing, and when I was finally able to move out with her, I bought her as many art supplies as she wanted. She didn’t know where to put half of the things I ended up buying.”

They all laugh.
“Ah, Killua.” Gon suddenly says to him, and Killua is mid-bite into the *turrón* he’d made when he pauses to look over. “Lemme try a piece.”

Killua bristles, face reddening—because his aunt and grandmother are right there—but Gon is looking at him with such an expectant gaze that he takes in a shaky breath and leans forward to take another *turrón* from the center of the table, feeding the piece to Gon who grins with crescent eyes.

When night comes, and Mito is placing the dirty plates in the kitchen sink, Gon takes Killua’s hand and shows both Alluka and him upstairs to his room.

“You can take my room for the night, I’ll be sleeping down the hall with Mito.”

Gon opens a door and steps inside, and Killua is struck by how homey the room is. His mattress is set over two layers of wood pallets, and there are so many images taped to the wall—though neatly assorted—and a single string of light bulbs is strewn on the ceiling, following the shape of the bed. There are plants by the window—tiny pots of cactus and flowers and greenery—and on one of his walls there’s a single poster of various types of wild plants.

Despite the number of things around the room, it’s not a disorganized mess. The room is comfortable and dimly lit by the string lights. Killua smiles, looking at Gon’s desk and seeing his dingy camera on it, laptop open and importing photos from the device.

“Sorry for the mess.” Gon apologizes, hand rubbing his nape, “You can set your stuff wherever you want.”

Alluka makes a sound of awe, looking around the room, “This is so cool, Gon! It’s so unique, I really love it!”

“Thank you, Alluka.” His voice is gentle, “The bathroom is right across from this room.”

“I’ll leave you two alone then, I’m gonna go brush my teeth!”

Once Alluka steps out, it’s just Killua and Gon in the room, and Killua’s hand is still grasped tightly in Gon’s. Their eyes meet—hazel staring into blue—and Killua pulls his hand in, Gon following the force of the pull until they’re close, and Killua is looking at Gon with such
tenderness that no words are needed to make the man flush red.

“Thank you for inviting us for dinner today. Alluka hasn’t said anything, but we both really enjoyed it.”

Gon’s eyes and soft. “Of course, Killua. ‘M really glad you both came, and that we’ll be spending Christmas together.”

Killua presses a chaste kiss to Gon’s lips, leaning back and smiling, and Gon beams, stirring the butterflies sitting dormant in Killua’s stomach. They can hear the bathroom door click open, and quickly step away from each other’s proximity. Alluka walks back in, hair tied up in a messy ponytail, changed into a worn shirt and shorts.

“You can go brush your teeth now, big brother.” She yawns.

Gon smiles. “I’ll let you two sleep. Remember I’m down the hall.”

The sheets rustle, and Alluka is swaddled in Gon’s comforter, taking the spot against the wall. Killua gives a soft sigh of relief, and when he turns to nod at Gon, his lips are pressed against his again. Gon giggles when he breaks the kiss, grinning and bidding Killua goodnight.

Killua’s heart feels like it’s just run a fifty-mile marathon—no breaks, no water—and his face flushes, ears tinted in that all-familiar red. Today has been gentle, and sweet, and everything he could’ve hoped for. It’s not like the dinners he was forced to spend with his parents, at the dull family table with perfectly cooked foods brought by the butlers.

It was different. And different was okay. Killua was starting to accept that.

Softly, with careful movements, Killua shuts the door to Gon’s room and lifts the comforter to make space for himself under the sheets. Alluka stirs, but as soon as the comforter is set again, she stills, expression relaxing. The entire house is quiet, and Killua falls asleep easier than he ever has.
Sunlight filters in through the window and Killua’s eyebrows furrow as he stirs. The spot next to him is cold and empty, Alluka nowhere to be seen, and Killua groans, stretching his back with an audible crack. He blinks away the sleep, eyes bleary, and he yawns, white hair a knotted mess.

Trudging to the bathroom, Killua brushes his teeth quickly, rinsing his mouth with the travel-size mouthwash he’d brought. The house is cold, really cold, and Killua hesitates with what he’s about to do—opening the door to Gon’s room to see the big hoodie laying on the desk chair. Tentatively, he reaches for the big hoodie, putting it over the shirt he was already wearing to sleep.

Alluka is probably still in her sleepwear, he notes, because her bag still has the clothing they were supposed to change into today before leaving, and the clothing she wore yesterday is neatly folded to a corner of their bag.

Before he goes downstairs, Killua lets himself admire the photographs taped onto the wall. There’s a lot of photographs of Gon as a child—small and in the arms of a much younger Mito. One image is of Mito holding Gon, who looks no older than six, on the porch of a nice, large house. The sea is visible behind them, and Killua assumes that’s where Gon used to live. Another image is of Mito holding child-Gon with a smile, and Gon is caught laughing, giddy and excited to be in the arms of someone.

Killua feels a smile grace his lips, eyes filtering through all the images—the ones of Gon, and Gon and Mito, and Mito and Abe. None of a father figure, and Gon has never mentioned his dad, but then his eyes catch a much newer, crisper image in the center of all of them. Killua’s breath hitches. *It’s him*, from when they went to the ice rink. When they’d first hung out.
Killua is there, in that image, paused in time, an eternal smile on his lips, eyes crescents as he’s caught mid-laughter, mid-turn.

With the warmth blessing his cheeks, tinting his ears red, Killua hurries his steps outside and downstairs. He can hear talking and clamoring, and when he makes it down the final steps he can see Gon in the kitchen with Alluka, and both of them are laughing as they make something.

Mito and Abe are sitting at the table, sipping coffee, watching with gentle gazes.

“Ah! Killua!” Gon’s voice rings, and Mito and Abe turn their gazes to him.

“Good morning.” He drawls, voice deeper than usual, and Gon smiles when he approaches the table.

He places a plate of scrambled eggs and toast in front of him. “Thought you’d want some non-Hispanic food.”

Still slightly overcome with sleep, Killua’s mind to mouth filter nonexistent, he leans up to kiss Gon’s mouth and says: “Thanks, babe.”

Gon has never colored red faster, his honey-colored skin darkening with a crimson flush—ears and neck blushing pink. Mito lets out a surprised laugh, covering her mouth to try to suppress her giggles, and Abe is grinning to herself as she takes it all in.

“Hey, big brother.”

Killua takes a slow bite of the eggs, rubbing at his eyes, “G’morning, Alluka.”

“Are you all excited to open your gifts?” Mito asks, and it’s like cold water to his drowsy state, when he remembers what he got Gon.

“Yeah!” Gon and Alluka say in unison, and Killua grins.
He finishes the breakfast Gon made quickly, heart pumping in excitement for Gon to see what he got him. They all take a seat in the living room, where the tree is set up big and tall, with a plethora of presents under it. Mito is insistent that Killua sit with Gon, directly next to him, where fingers graze each other and knees touch—and Killua is sure if they weren’t there he wouldn’t know how to act.

The gifts that Killua and Alluka brought are a stark contrast to the one’s wrapped by Gon and Mito. Killua’s gift bag is a stark white, with black tissue paper decorating it, and Alluka’s large gifts are wrapped in custom wrapping she designed, with cute snowmen and reindeer filling the paper.

The rest of the gifts under the tree are red and green, with self-adhesive bow ribbons pasted atop the gifts, little tag stickers reading the names of who the gift is for.

“Alluka, you brought really large gifts, do you want to give them first?”

Alluka looks over, unsure, but both Killua and Gon smile at her, and so she nods, quietly standing and making her way to the tree to pull out the two tall-yet-thin gifts set against the wall. She hands one to Gon and a larger one to Mito and Abe.

“I wasn’t sure what to do for you, Mito, so I asked Gon for pictures of the island he grew up on.”

Mito and Abe give her a puzzled look, carefully tearing away at the gift wrapping to reveal a large painted canvas of the streets Gon grew up on. The buildings are worn and cracked, the street brick and ocean clear, and Mito covers her mouth in shock with a soft exclamation of awe.

“Oh, Alluka—Dios mio...did you paint this?”

Alluka nods, less apprehensive this time, and she beams when Mito sets it down to hold her in a frame-crushing hug. Mito’s fingers wring themselves through Alluka’s long, black locks, and she holds her for several seconds, before leaning back and smiling.

“This is gorgeous. Thank you. I’m going to put it up across from the kitchen.”
“Alluka!” Gon cries, and she turns, eyes wide, because Gon’s eyes are sparkling and he’s grinning so wide, and she’s in a hug before she knows it. “This painting is amazing! I love it so much, I can’t wait to put it up over my bed.”

“I’m glad you both like it.” Alluka’s voice is uncharacteristically shy.

“Of course we do!”

“Oh, it’s so lovely, Alluka— gracias, de verdad.”

“Well, I’m excited to see what lover-boy got for his boyfriend here,” Abe says suddenly, voice teasing, and Killua reddens as Gon looks so utterly excited, gently placing the painting Alluka drew for him down.

“Hey, hey, Killua, tell me what you got!”

Killua stands, grumbling to himself. “You’ll find out when you open it.”

He reaches under the tree, pulling out both Gon’s gift and the small envelope he bought for Mito and Abe. He hands it to them first, before plopping the gift bag in front of Gon. Killua doesn’t know where to go—or hide, more accurately—because his hands are shaking with excitement and heart beating erratically.

“Go on, Killua, sit down next to him. Let’s see what you got him!”

Eager hands remove the tissue paper, reaching down, and his fingers graze a leather surface that has Gon’s breath hitching when he peers down to read the letters printed on it. Slowly, he takes the case out of the gift bag—breath baited—and zips it open to see the newest camera model he was gushing about to Killua at the mall.

“Killua…” Gon’s voice is small, barely above a whisper, and he turns to Killua, eyes glassy with unshed tears, and for a moment Killua thinks that he hates the gift. That Killua fucked up.

But Gon is reaching forward, setting down the camera on his lap and letting his fingers brush
Killua’s cheeks. The world slows, when tears rush down Gon’s face and he’s pressing his lips against Killua’s. The red flush that covers them both hinders Killua’s movement, and it takes a moment for the shock to melt away, until Killua is pressing back an equally eager kiss.

Breaking the kiss, Gon leans back, voice soft as he utters his thanks, and Killua uses his thumb to wipe away the stray tear.

“Don’t thank me yet, there’s still one more gift in there.”

“Oh, I don’t think Gon can handle that!” Mito says, laughing, but she looks equally as touched. Abe is just smiling, not uttering a word. He’s pleased her into silence, it seems.

“Look in the bag, Gon.”

Shaky hands open the gift bag once again, taking out a black envelope with a red wax stamp and flower. Carefully, he peels off the wax and opens the envelope to the site of a card with a link address written on it.

“I had Ikalgo set up the domain and design it. Don’t worry about paying the domain, I pre-paid it for a year, you can decide what to do with it afterward.”

“No way…"

Killua grins wide. “I told you that your photographs deserved to get online recognition. You can post them here. I made sure to ask Ikalgo to code it so that images can’t be saved, not even through screenshots.”

Arms wrapping around Killua, Gon leans into his form, embracing him as tightly as he can. “Killua, you’re so amazing.”

Flushing red, Killua grasps him just as tightly.

Suddenly, Mito speaks: “Ah, Killua, this is—”
Killua looks over to Mito, sees her holding the small envelope. “Sorry, I just… I didn’t know what you’d both like. So I went with the safest bet.”

“Yes, but, eleven thousand jenny is a lot…”

Waving her off, Killua smiles. “Don’t worry about it.”

“Well, thank you.”

“Gon.” Abe says suddenly, “Why don’t you show Killua what you made him?”

Gon nods, standing enthusiastically, and Killua’s heart does a double-take. Made for him. Gon made something for him. His pulse quickens at the sight of Gon pulling out a large gift bag, tissue paper a bright green. He places it in Killua’s lap, sitting down next to him again and looking at him expectantly.

There’s a smirk on Abe’s lips that makes Killua nervous, and Alluka looks just as expectant as Killua, peering at the bag curiously before looking back up to him.

Long, pale hands remove the tissue paper, and Killua works carefully as to not make a mess in the room. He sets the tissues to his side, opening the bag and feeling wool touch his fingertips. He grabs the wool, pulling out a red-colored winter cowl, and he gasps.

It’s obviously hand-knit, sporting a unique pattern, and it’s made purposely baggy so that Killua can bring it up to his nose at full stretch. He smiles softly, looking in the bag, and pulling out a hunter green wool sweater. It’s not a color combination where Killua will be able to wear both items simultaneously—lest he wants to look like a Christmas tree—but it’s something he can pair with his mostly monochrome wardrobe.

“I was going to make the sweater blue to match your eyes, but I got selfish and wanted to make it green so you think of me…” There’s an embarrassed flush on Gon’s face, and his voice trails off.

Killua’s eyes soften. “I love it, Gon. Though a little late, seeing as I already think of you twenty-four-seven.”
Mito coos, and Alluka speaks up. “Big brother, try it on!”

“Ah! Sure, let me just—”

Gon pouts. “But Killua looks good in my hoodie.”

Killua goes red, completely embarrassed at being called out, and Abe gives out a loud chuckle. “About time you commented on that, hijo mio. Thought you would when you did a double-take in the kitchen.”

Neither of the pair makes a comment, gazes averted, and Killua takes off Gon’s hoodie to try on the red knit cowl. It’s soft, sitting comfortably against his skin, and Gon grins.

“It looks just like I thought it would.”

Killua lifts an eyebrow in challenge. “Really now?”

Gon nods. “Mmhm. The red is a nice contrast against your pale skin and blue eyes. And it brings out your hair color.”

“Gon is right,” Alluka says, and both Mito and Abe give their nods of approval.

“Killua, papo, go try on the sweater! There’s a half bathroom under the staircase.”

Killua grabs the knit sweater, walking over to the hallway, while he hears Gon rustle around the tree for Alluka’s gift. He removes the cowl once he’s inside the bathroom, gingerly placing it on the sink where he knows it won’t get wet, and removes the shirt to try on the sweater.

The green stands out against his skin, matching his complexion, and it’s a little bigger than his size, but overall it fits well. And when Killua steps out of the bathroom, holding the cowl and fiddling with it, gaze averted, Gon stands with a gasp.
“Killua! You look amazing!”

Killua smiles, all gentle and warm, and he takes a seat on the couch, dragging Gon down by his wrist until the man is at his level, and Killua presses his lips against his forehead gently.

“Thank you for this,” he says, voice a whisper.

Gon smiles, all happy, taking a seat next to Killua, holding his hand. He’s all giddy, eyes crescents, hand gripping Killua’s, and it’s then that he notices the cookbook in Alluka’s arms, along with an apron.

“You got my sister a cookbook?”

“It’s not any cookbook, it’s a Spanish cuisine cookbook.”

Killua groans, though it holds no malice. “So what I’m hearing is—you’ve condemned me to Spanish cuisine for the next four months while she tries every recipe in the book.”

“Yup!”

Alluka laughs. “It’s not like you wouldn’t be trying Spanish food with Gon anyway, big brother.”

They all share a laugh.

“Ah, Killua, Alluka. Here are your gifts. I apologize that it’s lackluster in meaning, comparado a lo que Gon got you both, but we hope you’ll like it all the same.”

Mito hands Killua and Alluka a small box each, and when they open it, there stands a little succulent plant—small and just born—growing its way up.

Alluka makes a sound of excitement. “Oh, Mito, thank you! I love it. We have a couple of plants around our apartment, and I wanted more.”
A nod from Killua. “Thanks for thinking of us, and for the gift.”

Mito smiles warmly, and then hands Gon a gift bag, exasperated. “Here you go, young man. Honestly—I don’t know what to get you anymore since you always refuse to tell me what you want for Christmas!”

While Gon rubs his nape in embarrassment, tongue sticking out as he gingerly takes the gift, Killua lets out a chuckle. “So it’s not just me he refused to tell?”

“No, ni te creas,” Abe says. “He always refuses to tell everyone anything.”

“He’s definitely the cause of several Christmas shoppers’ mental breakdowns. I’ve had his friends call me begging for some insight on something he’d like, como si we’d have any better idea!” Mito says, tapping her foot and huffing. “Honestly, Gon. Would it kill you to let us into your thoughts?”

“I just don’t want you guys feeling pressured to get me anything specific!” Gon whines, opening the bag.

There’s new gym clothing—compressed long-sleeve shirts and basketball shorts, and joggers. Gon looks up and smiles at Mito, standing from his seat and hugging her.

“Gracias por el regalo, Tia.”

Mito’s gaze softens as she smiles. “De nada, Gon.”

Gon chuckles, and he’s reaching out under the tree for the two small bags, handing one to Mito and the other to Abe. He doesn’t speak, but looks at them with a gleam in his eyes. Mito takes a seat next to Abe, eyeing the bag with interest.

Careful, delicate hands work to unwrap the bow around the bag. The black bow slides off, revealing the necklace box inside, white leather covered by a protective layer of cardboard. Mito slides it off, breath baited, as she opens the lid to reveal a gold heart locket, just a little bigger than a quarter.
A sentence is engraved into the felt inside the lid, simply reading: “To the greatest mother, thank you for loving me.”

Mito’s hands shake slightly. Gon laughs. “The pendant opens, open it!”

She looks between the engraving and the locket, setting the box on her lap to click open the locket. There, small and cut perfectly to the shape inside the locket, is a picture of Mito and Gon, years younger, with Gon’s small hands wrapped around Mito, his face pressed into her cheek. It’s a picture frozen eternally in time, both of them laughing, eyes and noses crinkled in glee.

A hand comes to cover her mouth, and her eyes glisten with tears that have yet to shed. Lips quivering, Mito looks up at Gon, abruptly standing to stride over to him. He stands, embracing her tightly, arms snaking around her smaller form and smiling gently.

“Feliz Navidad, mami.”

A choked sound comes from Mito, and Killua smiles, looking over to his sister with a nod.

“Feliz Navidad, nene.”

Gon closes his eyes, and they stand there for a few seconds—just basking in their embrace. Mito pulls away, sniffling, wiping her tears and bristling. “Look what you’ve done! Making me cry in front of Killua and Alluka!”

“Sorry.” He sticks out his tongue.

“Hijo,” Abe says, smiling and pointing to the necklace in her hands, “Gracias. I love it.”

The time is ticking closer to Killua and Alluka’s departure. As Mito cleans up the living room, chiding Gon to pick up the tissue paper on the floor, Killua feels his happy mood dampen. He doesn’t want to leave. At least, not yet.
Christmas Eve had been so much fun—and he enjoyed Christmas with Gon, and Mito, and Abe. He knows they have to get back, but he can’t help himself when his arms loop around Gon’s waist, pulling him closer until Gon flops onto the couch between his legs.

“Ah, Killua!”

“Shut up, ‘m tired.” He mutters, pressing his face into Gon’s back, white hair matted against Gon’s shoulder blades.

Gon laughs, a warm and hearty sound that fills the room. Even though he’s laughing, he’s trying to sit as still as possible.

“Big brother just doesn’t want to leave,” Alluka says, giggling, “I’ll go pick up our things so you two can sit together for a while longer.”

Gon nods in appreciation, humming gently as Alluka makes her way upstairs. In the quietness of the room, where only Killua and Gon sit—Abe having left to help Mito in the kitchen—Killua sighs, breath fanning Gon’s back.

“Thank you for the gift.” Gon murmurs, and Killua presses his face harder into his back in response. “And the website. It means a lot to me.”

Killua’s voice comes after a second’s hesitation, gentle in every-which-way, “I’m glad you do. Thank you for the cowl and sweater, it’s really amazing that you made it yourself.”

“Think what you got me was way cooler.”

“Nah,” Killua says, lifting his face to smile at Gon. “Your gifts were definitely cooler. How long did they take you?”

“A week. Aunt Mito had to teach me at first, but I got the hang of it after a while.”

“See? Already more amazing.”
Gon turns abruptly—the movement startling Killua, forcing the white-haired man to lean back until his back is pushing against the padded cushion of the couch. Gon turns his face until Killua is looking at him.

“Not true! You listened to me and got me something I showed interest in. That was really thoughtful of you—so it’s more amazing than my gift.”

Killua’s eyebrows furrow. “That just means I’m a good listener. But you made me something yourself, which is personal, and unique, and that definitely means more.”

They both pout at each other. Several seconds pass before Killua bursts out laughing, and Gon follows.

“We’re really bickering over who got the better gift, huh?”

Gon grins, nuzzling his head into Killua’s—giggling. It grows quiet, Killua’s arms still wrapped around Gon’s waist, and Killua watches as Gon’s eyes flicker between his eyes and lips. Without another word, Killua leans in and presses a soft kiss to the corner of his jaw. Gon giggles, eyes crinkling. Killua continues peppering kisses, slowly trailing his way up to Gon’s lips.

He presses a final kiss to the corner of his lips, measured, and Gon sighs, leaning closer into Killua before it’s clear to him that Killua won’t continue. He pouts, furrowing his eyebrows at Killua’s teasing smirk, his eyes gleaming when an idea seemingly forms in his mind.

One quick peck to Killua’s lips and Gon is standing to straddle Killua, grasping his cheeks with both calloused hands and staring straight into Killua’s eyes. Slowly, Killua’s arms wrap around Gon’s waist once again, finding their place, and Gon leans forward, brushing his lips against Killua’s, staying there for seconds that seem to stretch to infinity. He leans back again then, blazing hazel staring into ocean blue, before he’s tilting his head and slotting his lips against Killua’s, their lips moving against each other.

Killua is kissing him back languidly, and when Gon opens his mouth, heat is traveling up to Killua’s cheeks. He can feel Gon’s breath against his lips, the pressure of soft lips against his, and Gon is bringing his palms up to cup Killua’s cheeks, thumb caressing his face. The action has Killua smiling into the kiss, until the clearing of a throat is catching their attention, and they freeze, eyes snapping open.
Alluka is standing at the entrance of the door, holding their overnight bag, and looking beyond embarrassed—face flushed red and eyes averted. She throws Killua’s clothing on the couch before turning.

“Here’s your clothing, Big Brother. Everything is packed.”

Gon scrambles off Killua, face flushed equally as red as Killua’s, and Killua is nodding. “Ruh—Right. Thanks, Alluka.”

Alluka won’t even look at him. “Yeah. I’ll be with Mito in the kitchen, you should go get dressed.”

“I should go get dressed.” Killua parrots, automatically standing off the couch and picking up the clothing she’d thrown.

Gon stands to the side, unsure of what to do, letting out an embarrassed laugh.
It’s nearly two in the afternoon when Killua and Alluka have completely packed their things. They linger at the door, giving their goodbyes to an overly clingy Gon and amused Mito and Abe. The cab picks them up in record time, much to Gon’s chagrin—evident by the pout that forms on his face when Killua waves from inside the backseat.

The driver had set their bags and gifts in the trunk without complaint, and they’re driving off within minutes, until the familiar townhouse becomes a dot in the distance, along with the gated community.

“Y’know, a forewarning would’ve been nice,” Alluka says, deadpanning.

Killua flushes red, hiding his face in his hands. “God, Alluka, I’m so sorry.”

“Should’ve admired the photographs on the wall longer. There are things I did not need to see in this life, and you and Gon making out was one of them.”

“We weren’t making out!” Killua hisses, but his face is still flushed, ears tinted red.

“I’d like to think my eyes aren’t failing me when I’m so young.” She bites back, crossing her hands and huffing.

Killua sighs, looking up and setting his hands on his lap, averting his gaze. “I’m seriously sorry, Alluka.”

There’s a beat of silence, before it melts in a quiet laugh, and Alluka smiles. “Big brother, it’s fine. Even if it was gross—and definitely something I did not need my poor nineteen-year-old-eyes to see.”

She continues before Killua can interrupt. “And, I’m glad you’re happy. Just as a gentle reminder—in case you’re thinking it—Gon is happy too. I overheard it last night after you were asleep. Mito was talking about you, well, us, but mainly you. And she mentioned that you were a really nice boy. And you should’ve heard Gon. He was gushing about you.”

Killua buries his face in his hands again. “Stop!” He whines, cheeks heating up.
“Mmhm. Probably not something you were supposed to hear, like, ever. But I think it’s something you needed to hear. Just in case.” She smiles.

The rest of the drive to their apartment in the city is quiet, and when they arrive at the apartment, opening the door and setting their things down with a sigh of familiarity, Killua can still feel the ghost of Gon’s lips against his.

He smiles.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Fifteen of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hello everyone! SO, this chapter comes out as a surprise; consider it an early Christmas gift, i guess. I somehow managed to write 5k words in two days, much to the chagrin of my school assignments, lol. But, the amount of comments and excited feedback I got from the last chapter was such a huge motivator! I was really excited to write this chapter—I've been looking forward to it since I outlined this fic.

That being said, a lot happened in this chapter! Lots of character development, and kissing. Much, much kissing. And Killugon got a little heavy towards the end. But overall, they were so tender and in love and my heart is: in shambles ;-; Mito is so gentle and loving, she deserves the world. I'd die for Mito. And Alluka. And Gon and Killua and Abe. Basically, everyone, LMAO. I like the idea that, if overcome with emotion, a person will switch into their native language to speak because it's easier for them to say their feelings without having to really think. That's why Gon, Mito, and Abe switch into Spanish so much in this chapter—I apologize if it's an annoyance or hindrance!

Noticing that readers who aren't fluent in Spanish, or even know a lick of it, will end up picking up some Spanish from this fic, like it or not, because of how often it occurs. If End Note Translations don't work for you, and you'd like to recommend a better alternative, please let me know!

As usual, please remember to leave a kudos or comment! They're a big motivation for me to continue writing, and I love replying to them.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
"Dios mio..." ⇒ "My god..."

"Gracias, de verdad." ⇒ "Thank you, genuinely."
"Hijo mio." ⇒ "My son." (Term of endearment)

Papo ⇒ Term of endearment, no literal translation.

"...comparado a lo que..." ⇒ "...compared to what..."

"...ni te creas," ⇒ "...don't you believe it," (No literal translation)

"...como si..." ⇒ "...as if..."

"Gracias por el regalo, Tia." ⇒ "Thank you for the gift, Aunt [Mito]"

"De nada, Gon." ⇒ "You're welcome, Gon."

"Feliz Navidad, mami." ⇒ "Merry Christmas, mom."

"Feliz Navidad, nene." ⇒ "Merry Christmas, baby/child" (Note: nene has no literal translation and is a term of endearment.)

"Hijo... Gracias." ⇒ "Son... Thank you." (Note: Hijo/Son is a term of endearment.)

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Summary

When Killua tries to reply, Gon interrupts him, pressing their foreheads together, his eyes shining and brimming with unshed tears—so overwhelmed that he switches into Spanish. "Te amo con toda mi alma. Con todo lo que puedo darte, eres mi único amor. Mi salvador y mi ángel, eres mi mejor aventura."

Chapter Notes

For any Spanish phrases, translations in English are in the End Notes!

WARNING: This chapter contains a semi-explicit make-out scene, and a smut scene. The smut scene is not explicit, though if you read it you can definitely understand what they’re doing—so it’s not entirely vague either. I tried to be as vague as possible, and it focuses mainly on feelings and not the actual sex.

Making out begins at: "Killua, I'm really sorry, it was a dumb idea—"
Making out ends at: “A mewl resounds from the living room...”

Smut begins at: “As the second's pass, Killua keeps kissing Gon…”
Smut ends at: “Everything is perfect.”

If you are uncomfortable with smut or making out, I’ve written it here so that you’re aware and can skip it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's during a free match that it happens.

Well, a lot happens.

Really, Killua isn't expecting anything to have come out of it. It's a weekday fight, and Bisky had mentioned that Gon should probably make an appearance at least once this week. So Gon had picked Killua up from his ballet studio—had shown up at least ten minutes before his practice was over, and if his smug smile meant anything, it was probably that he came early only to admire Killua's form during practice.

And arriving at the ring had been a conversation filled with laughter and chatter. Gon had taken to
calling Killua pet names in Spanish—so many different words thrown around and Killua was sure there weren't that many ways to say "babe" in Spanish at this point—until Killua was demanding that Gon teach him words too.

To his credit, he did. But it was with loud laughs as Killua struggled to properly form the words past his lips. He couldn't roll his r's like Gon, and couldn't tell the difference between a single "L" and double "L". Even then, Gon was patient, and Killua grumbled in resignation when he couldn't pronounce **amor**, stuffing his hands in the pockets of Gon's hoodie and sinking into his seat.

Ever since Christmas, they'd gotten closer, so much closer—and yet in the two months since then, Killua hadn't heard the word he'd been looking for.

Neither of them expected the whistles when they do enter the ring. Killua is clad in black tights, Gon's hoodie falling just past his waist—pooling there—every step makes Killua's thighs flex the muscle, and there are people ogling him and making unnecessary comments that has Gon frowning every which way. The comments continue until Killua frowns and pulls down the hoodie further, and Gon barks at people to knock it off.

But now, Killua stands against the crowd control railing, watching as Gon takes down yet another opponent, sweat gleaming his skin. And Knuckle, Gon's manager, had spoken with him—nothing bad—but the manager's words had continued to ring within his head.

"Thank you. He seems brighter now."

The exchange hadn't lasted longer than two minutes, occurring in the time that Gon went to change, but the words clung to Killua's heart like the thorns of a rose. Killua was just there, but somehow—quietly, lovingly—he'd brightened up whatever disposition Gon used to have. Because he apparently wasn't this happy before. Or maybe Gon was always outwardly happy, but to the few who knew him, he was sad.

Killua's thoughts continue like a whirlwind inside his mind, tearing up every little what-if. It's fine, sometimes he got like this. Insecure, maybe a little scared. Not that he'd say anything about it—and definitely not aloud. But sometimes he sunk a little deeper into his mind than necessary. He gave in to the thoughts that were dipped in lethal poison.

Alluka could usually tell when it happened. But Killua had been spending so much time with Gon that the cycle had sort of unbalanced itself, the scale off—because Gon made him really happy—, and it was only about time until the thoughts returned, whispering words that had Killua's heart tightening and chest constraining with the struggle to breathe.
Just as easily as those thoughts come, Gon somehow manages to sense them—through whatever magical force—and dispells them with simple words.

When the referee rings the bell, signaling a winner, and announces Gon as the champion for the nth time, cheers resound, and Killua grins up at the man who sports a bruise or two, skin a little raw and red, but otherwise untouched and flawless in every way.

Seeing Killua looking at him, Gon smiles, and Killua adores the way his nose scrunches and eyes fold into perfect half-moons.

Killua thinks that maybe his grin melts into a gentle smile at that moment.

Without a single indication of hesitation crossing Gon's features, Killua watches as the man strides over—listens to the girls next to him who whisper in excitement at Friks coming closer to them—and Gon grasps the ropes of the boxing ring to push himself off and over into the crowd. The girls squeal in excitement, but Killua finds himself smiling as Gon gets closer, eyes soft, and leans over the barrier.

He fists Killua's hoodie, pulling Killua forward, slotting their lips together in a kiss that leaves Killua a little winded, and Gon leans back, a grin on his lips. He looks at the others in the crowd, the girls who are bewildered, and men who stand in muted shock.

"This is my boyfriend, so keep your eyes off him!"

There's a wide grin that forms on Killua's face until he can no longer hold it in and he bursts out laughing. Gon looks at him so tenderly that Killua's fingers twitch with the need to feel, and without wasting another second he's leaning forward—fingers grasping Gon's face and pulling him close—until their lips connect once again.

Killua turns to the crowd after breaking the kiss. "This is my boyfriend! So watch yourselves!"

The declaration has several people chuckling, and others hide their smiles within the confines of their hoodies and scarves. From the corner of his eye, Killua can see Bisky holding out her hand to Morel, who's frowning deeply and digging through his back pocket to fork over a wad of cash.
He can't believe she *bet on them*.

Even then, Killua doesn't have time to think over the implications of Gon's actions, or his for that matter, because Gon is announcing he's done fighting for the night, looking at Killua with expectant eyes.

"Meet me in the back in five minutes!"

Killua tilts his head in confusion but nods regardless, and watches as Gon scurries away—pace quick—and into the training room. The fights with other contestants resume, after the all-but-deafening declaration between Gon and Killua to the people there.

Five minutes pass slowly until Killua is tapping his foot in impatience and stepping into the training room, and Gon is standing facing a pipe column near the wall doing something Killua can't see.

"Gon."

Gon turns, face red, and he waves his hands frantically. "Killua! Ah, has it been five minutes?"

Killua deadpans. "Yeah. What are you doing?"

The flush that had been confined to Gon's cheeks spreads to his entire face, coating his ears and neck in red, and Gon scratches his cheek—a nervous tick that Killua has come to identify.

"Well, uh… Gosh, it seems really dumb now that I'm not doing it. But, uh—there was this thing I saw while watching a show with Aunt Mito and I really wanted to do it with you so, I thought here would be nice 'cause it's where we met and all but you might think it's dumb, I don't know, and—" Gon takes a shuddering breath, and Killua takes it as his chance to interrupt him.

"You're rambling," Killua says, stepping forward and shutting the door behind him. "Let me see."

Slowly, with hesitance, Gon steps aside. There, on the copper pipe column, in small, uneven letters, is Gon and Killua's name scratched inside a poorly-drawn heart. The entire thing is nearly
unnoticeable, but the flashlight on Gon's phone is on and aimed at the pipe, exposing the letters that were carved on after many repetitions.

Killua stares. His eyes drift from the heart to Gon, and back to the heart. He doesn't say a single word, and with every passing second Gon grows visibly more distressed at Killua's silence, until the shade of red on his face is deepening and he's waving his hands more frantically as Killua strides over. Killua's eyes are set on Gon's.

"Killua, I'm really sorry, it was a dumb idea—"

He doesn't let him finish—pushing Gon against the wall and gripping his jaw, and Gon is looking up at him with wide eyes, his chin held up by Killua’s fingers, watching through his lashes as Killua pauses just for a second to look between his hazel eyes and mouth, before slotting his lips against Gon's.

Killua's hands run down from Gon's jaw to his waist, staying there for a second, just to continue their course downward and grip his hips. Gon is shocked into stillness, until Killua is biting his lip, and Gon furrows his eyebrows, opening his mouth into the kiss and wrapping his arms around Killua's neck.

Taking it as his cue to continue, Killua presses his tongue against the seam of Gon's lips and delves inside his mouth. And it doesn't take long for Gon to arch his back, pressing into Killua's chest, and their breaths are mingling until Killua pulls back. Gon whines, trying to chase after his lips—looking absolutely destroyed with a high flush on his cheeks, fingers tangled in Killua's white hair.

"Kih—Killua, why'd y' stop?" Gon slurs, looking up at Killua with pleading eyes.

Breathe in, breathe out, Killua tells himself. He licks his lips.

"My apartment. Let's go."

Killua's hand is intertwining itself with Gon's, and Killua's dragging him along, grabbing Gon's duffel bag and heading out of the room. They get looks when they emerge from the training room, with Gon particularly disheveled and flushed, and Morel lets out a low whistle.

The drive to Killua's apartment is quiet, with lingering kisses and traveling hands that have Gon
gripping the steering wheel until his knuckles are white.

"We will crash if you keep this up."

Killua looks up, hand on Gon's thigh. "Keep up what, babe?"

Killua is acting all smug, and he can see the way it affects Gon. The man doesn't reply.

Elevators are much slower than usual. They have to be—because Killua's sure it's going much slower than usual. When the elevator finally does ping, signaling their arrival at Killua's floor, they stumble out, giggling and letting their hands wander. Gon is kissing Killua, taking all his attention as he fumbles to input the passcode.

The door clicks opens—and Killua is sure Alluka is out for practice—so he leads Gon inside, shutting the door and pinning Gon against the wall. He's sure he hears some items in the cupboard clatter. He ignores it in favor of pressing his lips against Gon's, and this time Gon doesn't take a moment to hesitate, instead pressing back into his lips fervently. Their mouths work against each other, Killua pressing closer into Gon, Gon arching his back, and Killua is running his hands down Gon's body until they're gripping his ass.

Gon breaks the kiss with a gasp, pupils blown wide, and pushes up against Killua.

A mewl resounds from the living room, and Killua wouldn't have heard if not for Gon freezing and looking past Killua's broad shoulders.

Tiny and camouflaging with the couch sits Nanika, looking at both of them with her head tilted to the side. She jumps off from the couch, trotting over carefully to look at the new man in the apartment.

"You have a kitten?" Gon whispers, and Killua wants to groan, because yeah, he has a cat, and he wants to continue kissing Gon—but the mood is ruined, and he can't just keep going at it with Nanika there. He removes his hands off Gon and nods.

"This is Nanika, she's a stray that Alluka and I took in."
Gon gasps, and Killua knows Gon is an animal-person, so he steps aside, and watches as Gon reaches out to pet her.

"She's a little skittish with new people, don't cry to me if she bites you or something," Killua warns. But to his amazement, Nanika simply sniffs Gon's hand, hesitating for a second before pressing her head against the man's outstretched hand. She rubs her head against his hand, mewling, and circles Gon.

"That's a first," Killua says plainly.

Gon turns back to grin at him, smiling wide, and Killua guesses that this is okay, too.

"Never thought you'd pick pussy over me, though."

Gon snorts.
The next time Killua has the chance to go to Gon's house, he's alone. Alluka had taken the weekend off to sleepover at a friend's, taking Nanika with her, and Killua has the sweet opportunity to stay the night with Gon. Much to his eagerness. Because if the changing seasons meant anything, it meant taking it up another step.

It's spring now. The snow has long melted, and with it went Killua's self-effacing morals. He's surprised that Gon and he have lasted as long as they have, but it's like Gon is attuned to him perfectly—and Killua to him—and they take things slowly, and gently, and with an aura of love that melts Killua's insides every time he thinks about Gon.

By now, Gon had long memorized Killua's apartment code. He came in as he pleased, sometimes waited for Killua to come back from classes, and by now Killua had grown accustomed to Gon cooking dinner with Alluka—teaching her meals from the cookbook he'd bought her, and Gon staying over a lot of nights.

So that leads them to now, with Killua taking a cab to Gon's house—despite Gon's complaints that it was a waste of money when he could just pick him up. And while that was nice, Killua wanted to surprise Gon with some pastries in the early morning. The time reads 10:04 a.m., and the Spanish pastries in the white box warm his lap.

He hadn't known what to buy, but Gon likes guava pastries, and tequeños, so he asked for several of those, and he's arriving at Gon's, knocking on the door after shooting over his text that he'd arrived. The door opens several minutes later, with Gon in a muscle tee and black sweatpants. His hair is a mess, but he grins, eyes shaking off the remnants of sleep.

"Killua, you're here!"

Killua smiles, stepping inside. He holds up the box for Gon to see. "Brought breakfast."

"Mmm. Smells like pastries. C'mere."

Gon presses his lips against Killua's in a chaste kiss. The door shuts, and Gon wraps his hands in Killua's, pressing close.

"Glad you're here—missed you."
Killua laughs, setting the box in the kitchen. "You saw me yesterday, *amor* ."

"Mmhm, but it's been five months since Christmas, *cariño*, so that means it's been five months since you've stepped foot in this house."

Gon opens the box, gasping when he sees pastries filled with guava. Killua smiles, sliding the box closer to him. "Got them for you, I'm not too hungry."

"You'd better eat something before we start our movie marathon. Can't believe you haven't watched *Thirteen Going On Thirty*." He pouts, reaching up and taking out plates from the cupboard.

Killua swats at Gon's shoulder, but helps him with the plates and drinks. "Sorry some of us don't watch movies."

Gon sticks out his tongue, holding the pastry in his hand. "That's not very classy of you."

They take the breakfast upstairs, where Gon has a tiny projector set up on his desk, and *Thirteen Going On Thirty* sits on the projected screen against the wall, ready to play at the click of a button. As Gon sets down the food and moves the pillows, Killua's gaze wanders to the wall of photographs—more filled with pictures of Gon and him on dates, or pictures of Killua sound asleep with Nanika by his side.

The memories make him smile.

When the movie starts, Gon shifts to face Killua—and Killua is laying already facing Gon—, their bodies close enough to barely touch, and the proximity isn't missed by Killua. It's a nice fairy-tale, and Killua's sure it's going to end well—if the PG-13 rating had anything to do with it. The message is clear, but Killua can't help but let his attention drift to Gon when the main character slowly begins to realize she's in love.

Yeah, he's pretty in deep with Gon.

It's past the point of sink or swim—he'd gladly sink in these feelings. There's no use fighting them. Because liking Gon—loving Gon—was simple. It was waking up in the morning to his texts, or his calls, or his face. It was staying up late and training, or going out on a date to walk around the city.
Loving Gon meant loving their little moments, where Gon was so delighted with teaching everything there was to know about Spanish culture when he'd expressed interest. It meant little study dates, and photoshoots, and shared meals.

It's because Gon was easy to love—his attitude, and smile, and dedication. Gon was light, shining so bright that maybe Killua sometimes had to redirect his eyes somewhere else. Had to pretend to rub at his eyes to hide his too-gentle eyes that didn't fit the moment. If Gon was light, then Killua was darkness—the yin to his yang—but not in a negative sense. Killua was darkness even before meeting Gon, but Gon made him want to better himself. He wanted to be better.

And at that moment, knowing that he fell slowly—teetering on the edge before falling, tumbling down, really—has his eyes watering. He doesn't cry—holding his eyes open until the wetness in his eyes subsides—but he tightens his grip on Gon's hand, and when Gon directs his attention to Killua with a questioning gaze, Killua is leaning forward, inching just a little, until his lips meet Gon's ever-so-gently.

As the second's pass, Killua keeps kissing Gon, until he breaks the kiss and leans back, looking at Gon, and Gon chuckles, low and soft and gentle, before he's pushing himself up and on top of Killua, kissing him again with a grin. The kisses turn to open mouth kisses as the second's tick by —until Killua is biting at Gon's lips and Gon is fisting his shirt weakly in an attempt to ground himself.

They switch positions. Killua on top of Gon, and Killua's knees feel weak, like they might give out, because he's leaning over Gon's body—Gon, who looks up from his lashes and flashes a shy smile —and his heart stutters in his chest because everything about Gon is wonderful and alluring and bright.

They stare at each other, and Killua gets back to work. One chaste kiss to the corner of Gon's lips, and he's working his way down. Down, and down, and down. He peppers as many kisses as he can —on Gon's jaw, and neck, and shoulders. No amount of kisses can amount to all the love he has—it's not relative in numbers: can't possibly be.

He helps Gon remove his shirt, and Gon removes his. It's quiet, save for their breathing, and the movie still going in the background. But the volume had been low to begin with, and with their attention now diverted, it was nearly inaudible.

The slow kisses have Gon gripping at the sheets, legs spreading, and Killua takes it as his answer to continue. Gon's form relaxes, sinking deeper into the sheets when Killua moves to kiss his stomach, hands at the man's hips and rubbing soothing circles. Even then, at the slow huffs becoming more occurrent, Killua moves up again, kissing every inch of Gon. His collarbone, and hands, and chin, and forehead.
He presses kisses at every inch of surface available, until Gon is taking Killua's face into his hands, begging and whining and crashing their lips together.

It's a blur after that. Killua tugs down the black sweats. Gon's hands running down Killua's back. Killua pushes himself against Gon, until their noses are almost touching, pressing their foreheads together when working in. Gon furrows his eyebrows, bites his lip in concentration. Killua doesn't move.

A shift of hips; a slow rotation. Testing the waters, and Killua starts. Hands travel, until Killua is intertwining his fingers with Gon, rocking together, and Gon's soft huffs and pants and whines have Killua dizzy and in a state of delirium, until he's slotting their lips together once again and drinking up every sound—parting only to take a breath and speak without abandon:

"I love you—I love you so much, oh god."

And Gon's eyes are filling with tears all of a sudden, and Killua nearly falters—fearing he said the words too soon—but Gon laughs, every syllable pronounced rounded and soft, and he replies:

"I love you, too, Killua. Love ah—all of you."

And Killua chokes, pressing closer to Gon, pressing his face into his arched chest, and lets the tears fall. Lets himself kiss Gon fully, deepening the kiss as everything slows. Silence follows, their breaths shallow, quiet inhales and exhales against their skin, hands still intertwined.

Everything is perfect.

And warm.

And when Killua awakens, Gon is by his side. The clock reads 1:57 p.m., and Killua smiles, looking at Gon's sleeping form, working slowly to untangle himself from him and quietly creeps outside. He returns ten minutes later, with a glass of water and a light meal, gently shaking Gon awake until he's groaning and frowning, opening his eyes to pout.

"Everything hurts." He says, and Killua chuckles.
"Sorry. Made you lunch."

Slowly, Gon sits up, back against the wall and winces. He takes a long drink of water. "We missed the entire movie." He whines, taking a slow bite of the sandwich.

"Stop whining, we can rewatch it now."

That answer is enough for Gon, who grins despite still mid-bite, and the sight makes Killua snort. Killua shuts the bedroom door, and swipes at the mouse, resetting the movie to the very beginning.

Gon is warm, and swaddles himself into Killua's form the moment Killua sets himself down on the bed. And as the movie begins, Killua presses a kiss to his forehead.

"You'd think you'd get bored of watching me practice the same routine."
Gon laughs. "Nope! Because it gets better every time!"

Killua flushes, turning his attention away from Gon, averting his gaze out the window and looking at the building passing them.

"That's like me saying I like watching you fight."

"But you do."

Killua grumbles under his breath. They pull up at Killua's apartment, and Gon pulls up to the garage, waiting until the gate opens and lets them underground to the parking lot. They step out quietly, and Killua waits for Gon to step around the car before linking their hands together.

"Y'know our one-year anniversary is coming up, right?"

Gon nods. "Yeah, I have it marked down."

Killua snorts. "Anything you want to do?"

As they step inside the elevator, Gon hums, swinging their intertwined hands. "Dunno. Wanna surprise me?"

The elevator pings, letting them onto Killua's floor. Killua runs his thumb back and forth on Gon's hand, grinning. "Sure."

Alluka isn't home yet. She had an art studio class, and then critique, and so Killua didn't expect Bisky to bring her back until seven or so. That means there's an hour between waiting for her arrival and spending the evening with Gon. Nanika greets them at the door, mewling demands for Gon to pick her up.

"Anything you wanna eat?"
"What're the chances you have ribeye?"

"Honestly? In your favor."

Gon opens the freezer as Killua takes off his coat and places it against the couch. The television turns on with a click, and the news is reporting some incidents in the area. Gon makes a noise of excitement.

"Guessing we have ribeye?"

"Yup! You have two, c'mere corazón, help me cook this so we can eat."

Cooking the steak is fast enough, searing the meat and basking it in butter and garlic, and while Gon stands at the stove to flip the searing side, Killua comes around his back, pressing close into him and wrapping his arms around Gon's waist, propping his head against Gon's shoulder. Gon giggles, and Killua leans forward, pressing a kiss to Gon's neck.

"You're beautiful."

Gon laughs, leaning into Killua's embrace, and within ten minutes they're sitting at the counter and eating their meal. It's quiet, and Gon gets a bright idea then—Killua can see it in the way Gon's eyes light up—and he's taking their empty plates, placing them in the sink, and thumbing through his phone quickly.

A slow song comes on, and Gon is extending his hand out to Killua. Tender hands reach out, grasping the inviting fingers, and Killua is standing to face Gon. Inches apart, their eyes meet, and Gon gives Killua a warm smile—filled with every fiber of love.

The apartment is dimly lit, filled only by the kitchen lights and cityscape. Their breaths mingle when they kiss, and Killua can't help but smile into the kiss as they sway together, spinning around the room, and Gon laughs quietly. Gon's arms are around Killua's neck, Killua's loosely around Gon's hips, and they pause to look at each other.

Looking up from his lashes, Gon speaks quietly, as if to avoid ruining the moment. "Killua, I love you."
When Killua tries to reply, Gon interrupts him, pressing their foreheads together, his eyes shining and brimming with unshed tears—so overwhelmed that he switches into Spanish. "Te amo con toda mi alma. Con todo lo que puedo darte, eres mi único amor. Mi salvador y mi ángel, eres mi mejor aventura."

And Killua doesn't need to know all the Spanish words, doesn't need to know the exact details of his words, because a tremor runs through his hands, and he grips Gon's hips tighter, slotting his lips against Gon's gently. Gon smiles into the kiss, and a chuckle bubbles past Killua's throat when he leans back.

In the best Spanish he can manage, from the near-twelve months he's been with Gon, to the seven months he's been studying with Gon, Killua whispers back:

"Y eres el único para mí."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Sixteen of “You’re Breaking My Guard”!

Hello everyone! I’m really excited to release this chapter. It had me in my feelings several times—and not gonna lie, I cried typing this chapter roughly eight times. It was just so soft. It’s my first time writing a make-out and smut scene, so I hope it was okay. I wanted to focus more on their feelings than the actions—so I hope that came across correctly. I am aware that some readers thought “soft-core” smut was more fitting, so I wanted to write that!

Anyways! This chapter featured a lot of time skips. Essentially, time is passing very quickly, because we need to move onto the next arc of the story. I hope the transition was smooth and not too jarring.

Killugon’s relationship has reached completely new heights, and it makes me very happy. They’re just so in love, it’s painful. I love writing them. Writing in Killua’s POV is also really hard for me, so I hope I accurately portray him and this isn’t too OOC.

Now would be a nice time to remind everyone: This fic is tagged angst ;)

Funnily enough, this chapter caps the fic at a total of 69,000 words (69,696 words if ao3 doesn't change the amount I typed; yes, I did the math.)

Remember to leave kudos/comments on what you thought of this chapter! I look forward to everyone’s reaction to their love-y dov-y smut. They were really going through it.
ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
Amor ⇒ Love (term of endearment)

Cariño ⇒ Honey/Sweetie (term of endearment)

Corazón ⇒ Heart/Love (term of endearment)

“Te amo con toda mi alma. Con todo lo que puedo darte, eres mi único amor. Mi salvador y mi ángel, eres mi mejor aventura.” ⇒ “I love you with all my soul. With everything I can give you, you are my only love. My savior and my angel, you are my greatest adventure.”

“Y eres el único para mí.” ⇒ “And you are the only one for me.”

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Seventeen

Chapter Summary

“You like my brother.” It’s not a question.

Silence, before a weak chuckle fills the air between the elevator. “Yeah. Pretty sad, isn’t it?”

Alluka doesn’t humor his response, instead leaning against the wall of the elevator, staring straight at him with hard eyes. “How long?”

Chapter Notes

For any Spanish phrases, translations in English are in the End Notes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A tremor runs through Killua’s hands.

Gon’s and his first anniversary is tonight, and with it came every nervous thought imaginable. What if they hadn’t reserved his table? What if it rained? What if the meal wasn’t good, or it was too crowded, or they got stared at? Or, or…

“Big brother,” Alluka says, looking up from her spot on the couch. “You’re thinking really loud.”

Killua looks over, already wearing a black dress shirt and pants, with a sky-blue coat in his hands. His white hair is tousled, and Alluka had been lovely enough to demand to do his make-up once again.

“Sorry.” He says, hands fumbling with necklace Gon had bought him.

Alluka waves her hands in disregard, staring at him with a look of disbelief. “You’re stressing for nothing. You’ve been dating for a year. I’ve run through the weather report five times today; It’s perfectly clear tonight. Loosen up, everything’s gonna go great.”
Nanika mews as if to agree, and a gentle smile crosses Killua’s features before he sighs. “You’re right. I’m just nervous for no reason.”

“You’re acting like this is your first date with him.”

Killua frowns, pocketing his phone and grabbing his wallet. “It’s a big milestone.”

Alluka laughs, though there’s no malice. “Yeah, and that means it’s worth being celebrated—not being anxious over it.”

At that moment, Killua’s phone pings with an alert, and Alluka arches an eyebrow. “What are you waiting for? He’s here.”

Counting his blessings, Killua nods, and steps out the door, counting one breath after another—makes sure he’s breathing, because his stomach is swarmed with butterflies—and takes the elevator down to the lobby. There’s no one loitering the lobby, save for the doorman. He’s an old man who’s been working there for years, and he greets Killua with a gentle smile.

“Going out with the gentleman?” His voice holds a lilt.

Despite the flush that spreads across Killua’s face, he nods. “Something like that.”

He chuckles, opening the door for Killua. “Have fun, my boy.”

When Killua reaches the sidewalk, he recognizes Gon’s truck, and he’s able to see Gon’s face lit up by the phone he’s holding up. He knocks on the window, and Gon startles, dropping his phone, before clicking open the lock.

“Did I scare you?” Killua asks, teasing despite the uneasiness in his heart.

Gon pouts, “Hello to you too, cariño .”

Killua takes a seat, leaning over the compartment to press a kiss to Gon’s lips. “Hi, amor . Still
didn’t answer my question.”

“Don’t plan on.” Gon replies, just as snarky, huffing and turning on the ignition. “So, where are we going?”

Elbow resting on the window, chin on his palm, Killua hums, turning his gaze to Gon. “Just drive. I’ll tell you how to get there.”

A whine, and Gon’s right hand is coming to interlock with Killua’s left. “I don’t trust your navigation skills.”

Killua bristles. “If you put it into the GPS, it’s gonna give away the name of the location and I want it to be a surprise.”

Gon huffs, pulling out of park to drive. And for the most part, the drive is quiet. Killua runs his thumb across Gon’s in repeated successions, and Gon is grinning as he stares onto the road.

At that moment, Killua is able to take in Gon’s outfit—the way they’re almost practically matching despite not having coordinated their outfits. Gon has on a beige long coat, paired with ripped jeans and a white turtleneck, and Killua thinks for a second that maybe Gon has picked up bits and pieces of Killua’s style in the passing months. Not that he’s complaining.

_The white compliments his skin color_, he thinks.

Killua hides his smile into his palm, redirecting his attention to the passing buildings.

It had been twenty minutes of straight driving under the city lights, impaired by just a little traffic in the city. Much to Killua’s amusement, and Gon’s chagrin, they do arrive at their location without trouble—and Gon mutters something about it just being a dumb stroke of luck.

The building they pull up at has Gon making a noise of awe—it’s at least twenty stories tall, and the ocean is visible from the other side of the property. Killua chuckles at his reaction, stepping out of the truck when the parking attendant walks up to take the keys.
Gon hands the attendant the keys, before walking to Killua and linking their hands with a grin. Killua smiles back, leading him to the door, where the doorman slides it open, and Killua lets Gon bask in his amazement of the business.

“Where are we?”

“You’ll see. We need to take the elevator to the seventh floor.”

Killua leads Gon to the elevator, and Gon swings their hands as they wait—until the elevator dings and opens, revealing an open-concept restaurant, with glass walls and hanging lights.

“Woah…”

Grinning, Killua strings Gon along, telling the hostess his name and reservation. She nods, and they follow her to the outside, to a table on the balcony, surrounded by the sea breeze and ocean view.

The stars are shining well above them, and the gentle waves provide a nice background noise besides the murmurs of chatter among other patrons. Gon is still looking around, unable to take it all in, and Killua wants to laugh at the tenderness of it all.

“Here are your menus, is there anything you’d like to drink?”

Gon looks overwhelmed, so Killua takes charge and waves her off. “Just water, for now, is fine.”

She nods, leaving them alone and Gon looks at the menu.

“Killua, there’s no prices.”

Killua looks over. “Well, yeah. It’s a high-end restaurant by the ocean.”

Gon bites his lip in worry, eyes flicking between the various foods and drinks. “Then, how do we know how much to pay?”
Putting down his menu, Killua looks over. “Gon, it’s our anniversary. Don’t worry about it—I’m paying.”

Hesitation flashes in Gon’s eyes, before he smiles: gentle, and loving, and in gratitude.

“Gracias, cariño.”

They order crab cake for appetizers, and upon seeing the prime sirloin steak on the menu, Gon’s eyes turn into stars, and he grins widely. Killua finishes his plate long before Gon and opts to stare at him as he eats, chin on his palm, and his features soft.

The waves crash and seagulls squawk in the distance. From where they sit, there’s a clear view of the sandy beaches below them. It’s dark, too dark to see really anything in the distance, but the image that forms in his mind is perfect regardless.

Gon catches him staring, and he gives Killua an eye-smile mid-bite into the sirloin. “You’re staring.”

Killua chuckles. “Wasn’t aware I wasn’t allowed to.”

The temperatures aren’t as low as they were last year, and snow had yet to fall this week, but Killua is sure Gon would melt it all away regardless.

Killua looks at the nearly empty plate with a smile. “Do you want dessert?”

A shake of his head. “Nah, I’m full. Are you, though? You didn’t eat that much.”

“Don’t worry, I wasn’t too hungry to begin with.”

The waiter comes over with the bill after Killua requests, and he places his card inside the black check presenter. Gon looks fidgety at the check, but Killua gives him a stern look that says, ‘I’m paying, so don’t you dare.’ He relents, letting Killua pay, and they’re up and grabbing their things.
“There’s a door out to the beach if you wanna walk for a while.”

Gon smiles, hand intertwined with Killua’s, and he leans into Killua’s presence. “Sure.”

The waves are gentle, and the tide isn’t all that high. From where they stroll, hand in hand, there’s a clear view of every star in the sky.

“Y’know,” Gon begins, “This kinda reminds me of our first date.”

Killua looks over, humming.

“Yeah, the stars—’n the food.” Gon pauses mid-sentence, stopping to turn and stare at Killua.

Killua stops his pace, attention turning to Gon, and he feels a flush form on his cheeks when Gon stares at him so tenderly.

Gon presses his lips against Killua’s. Softly, lovingly. It’s sweet, and chaste, and everything nice that has Killua craving more, but Gon pulls back with a flush of his own.

“*Mi corazón.*” He says. “Thank you for today. I’m really happy that we’re celebrating this.”

A grin pulls itself onto Killua’s mouth, and he’s leaning back into to press another kiss to Gon’s lips.

“Always, *amor.*”

Both hands clasped together, Gon smiles into the kiss, pulling back with his eyes holding so much fondness that Killua himself feels overwhelmed. Hesitantly, tentatively, Killua pulls his hands back from Gon’s grasp, reaching into his coat pocket to take out a box.

“I bought this for you, it’s a bracelet.”
Gon reaches out, fingers dusting the red box, before meekly grasping it. His fingers skim over the gold cursive engraving, lifting off the lid to reveal a black-corded bracelet, with white gold and black ceramic circles entwined.

Killua’s cheek flush when Gon looks up at him with complete adoration. “The jeweler said that the two signified a passionate romance, I thought...” Killua trails off, averting his eyes and stuffing his hands in his pockets.

“Killua…” Gon whispers, “It’s lovely. Can you put it on me?”

Looking up, shy blue meets eager hazel, and Gon’s expression is nothing less than devoted love. He outstretches his arm to Killua, who slowly takes the bracelet from the box, passing it through Gon’s fingers and tightening the clasp around his wrist.

Once the bracelet is on, Gon brings back his hand to marvel at the details of it. The diamond cuts, the different colored circles. It’s light and dark. White and black. It’s utterly them.

Gon takes a shuddering breath, and with a voice barely above a whisper, he speaks: “I really love it.”

Leaning forward, Gon presses a loving kiss to Killua’s mouth, taking his hand into his own, and they continue their walk down the beach shore.

Under Killua’s blue coat, the same black-corded bracelet sits against his wrist, peeking out from under the sleeves.
When finals come to a close, Killua feels that he deserves just about every party to be thrown in his name.

Grueling didn’t come close to explaining the stress-inducing week-from-hell he’d received. Even he, who was well-advanced in most topics and finished assignments the very day they were assigned, felt the weight upon him. And with that weight came a lot of doting from Gon.

Which he didn’t mind.
Not one bit.

They’d go on small dates, or Gon would pick him up from classes—not just limited to ballet anymore—, or they’d have dinner together in the confines of Killua’s apartment that more-so resembled a bat cave with every passing day due to finals. And if they went a little further than making-out, no one needed to know. Gon was patient, and loving, and everything Killua needed.

And as such, appropriately-so, Killua decided a movie night was well deserved.

It would be nice. A group of friends, all celebrating their survival of finals week, watching a movie, or two. Or several. A sleepover would be fun.

Ikalgo had easily agreed, and Gon was down for anything. So Killua tells Gon to bring a friend, and that they’d spend the day relaxing. Which was simple. It was something enjoyable to do as a group, and Killua finds himself going to the supermarket to buy loads of sweets and snacks for the night.

Which leads to the current scene before him: Alluka and Gon hasting around the kitchen to make some natilla, with Nanika mewling on the counter as Killua heaved furniture out of the way to make space for the five of them.

“Corazón,” Gon says, looking over from the kitchen with a worried frown, “Are you sure you’re okay moving all that yourself?”

Killua deadpans. “Gon Freecss, I have survived twenty-three years myself. Furniture will not be my demise.”

“That’s not true!” Alluka chimes in, tutting her spoon of batter at Killua, “I was there for a good portion of it.”

Sticking out his tongue to refute, Killua goes back to working on moving the couch and tables, pressing them against the wall. He sighs when he realizes he has to set up and update the soundbar for their television again.

A hand is pressing into the small of his back, and lips grace the side of his jaw—a chaste kiss.
“You look a little stressed,” Gon says softly.

Killua hums. “There’s a lot to do, and everyone arrives soon.”

“Let me help. What needs moving?”

Killua motions over to the other couch in the middle of the room, perpendicular to the couch already against the wall. “Need to lift that one closer to the other couch, and I gotta update the soundbar.”

“C’mon then, *ven pa’ca*.” Gon stands at one end of the couch, and Killua takes the other. “On three, okay?”

Nodding, they manage to heave the couch over, and Gon helps Killua setup the soundbar just in time for the first knock on the door. Alluka takes it, and there stands Ikalgo, holding a bag of groceries in one hand and chocolate cake in another.

“Yo.” He says, greeting Alluka with a hug.

Killua peers over, leaning over Gon to wave at him. “Hey man, what’d you bring?”

Ikalgo lifts the bag in his hand. “Chips, and chocolate cake.” He grins wide when Killua laughs.

Gon peaks over, leaning to see who’s at the door, and Killua quickly introduces him. “Oh, this is Gon, my boyfriend.”

Gon waves and Ikalgo sets down the bag and cake, extending his hand for a handshake that Gon easily takes.

“Nice to meet you, I’m Ikalgo.”
“So I’ve heard. I’m Gon.” Gon laughs, “Thank you for coding the website for me. I promise I’ve been putting it to good use.”

Killua leans into Gon, wrapping his arms around his torso. “You should see how many interactions he gets from the blog, it’s crazy!”

“Oh, he’s gonna go on a tangent about statistics again.” Alluka groans, but there’s no malice to her words—on the contrary, she’s grinning, too.

Ikalgo laughs, letting his hand run over Nanika’s head to quiet her demands for attention.

“He gets an average of two-hundred users a day, and fifty percent of those users are returning users! And their average session rate is an hour. So that means they spend an hour just going through his blog posts and looking at pictures.” Killua looks so excited, and Gon smiles fondly.

“See, amor, I told you that your pictures would do amazing online.” Killua presses a kiss to Gon’s forehead.

Ikalgo looks between Killua and Gon, not saying a word, but smiling, and a knock at the door has them diverting their attention to it. Ikalgo takes it, opening the door, and there stands another boy, smaller in stature, with short brown hair and eyebrows so thick they rivaled Ikalgo’s.

“Zushi!” Gon calls out, and the boy looks over Ikalgo, waving.

“This is Zushi, he’s one of my best friend’s since I started middle school.”

“Ah—Gon, don’t say stuff like that, it’s embarrassing,” Zushi says, and he stands timidly.

Killua waves him off, motioning him to come in. “Nothing is more embarrassing than Gon and I wearing matching pink sweaters. I’ve got you all beat.”

Gon huffs. “Well, you didn’t complain when I brought up the idea.”
Shoving him, Killua laughs, narrowly dodging Gon’s arm coming out to shove him in return. “That’s because you’re stupidly adorable.”

“Yeah, I’m stupid!” Gon retorts, and they all burst out laughing at the bickering ensuing between Killua and Gon.

Ikalgo helps Alluka serve drinks and snacks, while Killua updates the soundbar, and both Zushi and Gon’s heads smoke with the indecision of picking a movie. Alluka peers over from the kitchen, looking at Gon as he struggles to pick between two horror movies.

“Why are we deciding on a horror movie in November?”

“Because it’s just about the only thing we own.” Killua deadpans, looking up from his seat on the floor.

Ikalgo chuckles. “I doubt either of you have bought anything else besides the onslaught of horror and action collection you have.”

“Okay but…” Alluka begins, pouring glasses of coke, “We have multiple streaming services? We can literally watch anything. Why horror?”

The microwave beeps, signaling the last batch of popcorn being complete, and Zushi rushes to the windows to shut the shutters.

“Why not?” Killua shrugs, and in a moment of boredom, Gon loops both of his arms around Killua’s neck, chin resting on Killua’s head as he hums.

“The choices aren’t that scary anyway.”

“Then let's watch a comedy or something—because we are not doing a disservice to the horror genre by watching *Scary Movie Two*.” Alluka pouts.

A lightbulb goes off in Gon’s head, and he stands quickly, unwrapping his arms from around Killua’s neck. “We can watch *Pan’s Labyrinth!*”
Silence fills the room. Ikalgo shudders and Zushi goes pale. Gon pouts, eyebrows furrowing and puffing out his cheeks petulantly.

“C’mon guys, it’s not that scary. It’s psychological horror.”

The others give in—with great hesitance. Killua remembers watching it when he was much younger, and while it hadn’t featured any jump scares, it was sure to be anxiety-inducing. Alluka had never seen it, but she’s a tough nut to crack when it came to movies like this anyway.

They take their seats on the couch, with Ikalgo at the furthest corner of the couch and Zushi by his side. Alluka sits on the other couch, along with Killua and Gon—who are not at all subtle in their public display of affection. Gon sits on Killua’s lap, balancing the paper plate with food on his lap, while holding a cup of soda, and Killua has one arm around his waist, the other working smooth circles into his thigh.

“Neither of you are slick,” Zushi says dryly, and Alluka snorts.

“If you think they’re bad now, you should’ve seen them when they first started dating.”

Gon huffs, “We just want you to have more space on the couch.”

“Right…” Alluka says, side-eyeing Gon, “We all know you just like sitting in big brother’s lap.”

Cheeks reddening, Gon averts his gaze. “Dunno what you’re talking about.” Killua chuckles.

Ikalgo stays quiet, observing the bickering in front of him, before looking at the television with a quiet smile. It continues like that: Ikalgo’s uncharacteristically mute nature. Killua notices it when he’s pressing a light kiss to Gon’s nape, hands holding his waist, and Ikalgo shifts uncomfortably.

Killua doesn’t comment on it—tries not to draw attention to it. Ikalgo had been acting off even when he arrived, and while he hadn’t been outwardly sad, or angry, or anything negative-looking, Killua hadn’t talked to Ikalgo personally, one-on-one, for a bit.
When Gon quietly demands Killua to feed him some of the chips, leaning back into Killua’s embrace, Ikalgo’s eyes avert from the screen to them—and before Killua can notice, back to the screen. But Alluka sits in-between this mess, and her eyes definitely pick it up. She lightly taps Zushi, who also nods, and she stands abruptly, mid-scene where the main character running from the creature in the dining hall.

“Just realized we didn’t buy enough soda! Zushi, Ikalgo, and I are gonna go get some!”

Killua and Gon nod absentmindedly, too busy in their own world, where Gon sits on Killua’s lap giggling at the dancing of Killua’s fingers on his sides—ticklish to a fault. Killua himself is grinning, and nods.

“We’ll wait for you to get back then,” Killua says, and Gon pauses the movie.

Alluka looks at Ikalgo expectantly—who gives her a bewildered look.

“C’mon.”

Before they step out the door, Alluka leans in, shouting in her loudest voice: “Clothes better be on when we get back!”

Ikalgo cringes.

She slams the door before she can hear the shouts of indignance, and pulls along both Ikalgo and Zushi until they’re in the elevator, making their way down to the lobby. Alluka takes a deep breath, looking at Ikalgo, and sighs.

“You like my brother.” It’s not a question.

Silence, before a weak chuckle fills the air between the elevator. “Yeah. Pretty sad, isn’t it?”

Alluka doesn’t humor his response, instead leaning against the wall of the elevator, staring straight at him with hard eyes. “How long?”
Ikalgo doesn’t reply right away, staring at her and then averting his gaze, a wet laugh bubbling past his throat as he runs his hand down his face. “Since high school.”

Three, four, five, six. The numbers fill themselves out in her mind, as she counts with her fingers the years backward. When the realization dawns on her, she snaps her head up to stare at him. Zushi looks between Alluka and Ikalgo, just as bewildered.

“Ikalgo… you just sat on that for six years?”

He nods.

“Fuck.”

The elevator dings, the doors sliding open as they step out, and Ikalgo gives a feeble laugh. “Y’know, that’s the first time I’ve heard you swear. Don’t think you should use your first in this situation.”

Alluka’s hand smacks his shoulder. “This is serious! You know he knows, right?”

In any other given circumstance, Alluka would laugh at how quickly Ikalgo pales.

“He knows?” He hisses, eyes wide, hands quivering.

Lots of thoughts run through Ikalgo’s mind at that moment—spiral his thoughts into complete disarray. How long had Killua known? For months, or days, or even weeks? Had Killua known before or after he’d started dating Gon—the man who’s completed captured his heart, and mind, and soul?

What if Killua had thought of him differently upon finding out his best friend of six years liked him? How does he convince Killua that he’d thought wrong and that Ikalgo himself absolutely wasn’t in love with him since the time Killua had proclaimed they were friends in high school?
How does he lie about something that’s true? Ikalgo can feel the panic seize his heart like a chain, sinking further and further—dragging his heart to his stomach. He feels breathless, and not in a good way. The memories of the past filter through his mind, one after another, every memory he’s cherished tucked in a small corner.

Alluka waves her hands, sensing his distress. “Well, I don’t know if he knows the actual case. But he’s not stupid, and you’re not doing a very good job of hiding it, either. He nodded to me when I said we were gonna go buy more drinks.”

A small weight lifts itself off his shoulders, and he sighs. “That’s fine. I can say I just don’t feel well today.”

“Alluka says dryly, “Are you expecting?”

It cracks a smile out of Ikalgo, and Zushi stifles a snort.

Throughout the entire ordeal, Zushi had stayed silent, but he looks at Ikalgo then. “Ikalgo, do you know the nature of how Gon and Killua met?”

Ikalgo furrows his eyebrows, deep in thought. “Not really. Now that you mention it, I don’t.”

“Gon fights in an underground ring for money. Killua went during one of his fights and that’s how they met.” Alluka says.

Ikalgo’s eyes widen. “Killua is involved in underground fighting? Has he forgotten his last name?”

Alluka interrupts him with the raise of her hand. “No—no, he doesn’t fight. He just watches. And our parents won’t get involved. Killua is still doing fine in his classes, and he replies to their check-up texts. They have no reason to ask about what he’s doing.”

“I just thought you’d like to know how they met,” Zushi adds.

“So Killua is involved with some shady guy who can probably get arrested at any point?”
Zushi makes a face, mouth downturned. “Gon isn’t a bad person. He would never hurt Killua. I’ve known Gon since middle school, and he’s always put others’ well-being before himself. Plus, I’ve been to the ring a few times. They’re really tight about security, believe it or not.”

“Yeah, Gon is really sweet. Don’t think so shallowly of him, Ikalgo.” Alluka scolds.

Ikalgo slumps, sighing. “Sorry, it’s just a lot to take in. And them…” He trails off.

“Being them.” Alluka supplies, with an understanding smile.

He nods, head down. His hands tighten into fists. “But it’s fine. I won’t stop being Killua’s best friend because of these feelings.”

Alluka smiles—appreciation clear. “Thank you for looking after my brother.”

After a beat of silence, Zushi speaks: “We should probably get going up again. We’ve been standing around in the lobby for a while.”

When they do get back, Alluka is the first to enter, loudly declaring that she’s entering before even opening the front door. There are no sounds of scurrying, so she tentatively takes hold of the doorknob and pushes in. The apartment is dark, and the only thing illuminating the living room is the television screen, still paused on the scene of the girl running.

“There were no stores open, go figure!” She says—though she receives no reply.

A beat of silence. No movement.

“Killua? Gon?” Alluka calls out. Ikalgo and Zushi enter behind her, glancing around the empty apartment.

There’s not a single sound that comes from anywhere.
“I swear if they’re doing anything less than kid-friendly in Killua’s room…” Alluka mutters, just about ready to stomp her way over to her older brother’s room.

Suddenly, two figures pop out from behind the couch, yelling, and Alluka screams—both Ikalgo and Zushi startling, and Ikalgo reaches out to grab Alluka and pull her away.

Laughter.

Loud laughter, until the figures are choking on their laughs and holding onto each other for support. Alluka catches a glimmer of white just before Zushi switches on the light in the kitchen, and there stands both Killua and Gon—laughing uncontrollably. They’re both slumped over, shaking, and they can’t even form a coherent sentence without choking and falling into another uncontrollable fit of laughter.

“Big brother!” Alluka pouts, cheeks puffing out in annoyance.

“Suh—Sorry, Alluka!” Killua wheezes, and Gon grips onto his waist as he struggles to stand.

“It was Killua’s idea!”

Killua shoves Gon playfully, while the three others stand in muted shock. “You’re so quick to throw me under the bus, huh? You wanna tussle, stupid?”

Gon grins, wide and happy, bubbling into another uncontrolled laugh. “Yeah, let’s go! Since I’m so stupid!”

Alluka quickly interrupts. “There will be no fighting in this apartment!”

Ignoring her, Killua grabs Gon’s wrist, pulling him forward into his embrace and kisses his forehead dramatically loud. Gon snorts. They look at Alluka, Zushi, and Ikalgo with grins.

“Would you like to explain why you thought scaring us was any level of funny?”
“It was kinda tense before you left.” Gon says simply. “So if it was still tense when you got back, what better way to get rid of it than with a scare?”

Killua nods. “You alright now, Ikalgo?”

With the attention directed to him, and both Alluka and Zushi looking at him expectantly, Ikalgo waves his hands—giving a laugh. “Yeah, don’t worry. I just feel a little sick today.”

“Good, you had me worried.” Killua smiles, dragging Gon down onto his lap to sit again. Without missing a beat, he continues: “C’mon. Everyone sit your ass down and let’s finish this movie.”

Plates are grabbed, drinks are refilled, and they unpause the film—but the conversation Alluka had weighs heavy on her mind, and completely occupies her thoughts.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Seventeen of "You're Breaking My Guard"!!

Hello everyone! Christmas came early: here's another chapter! I think this is my third update this week? I dunno. But, school has officially put us on a two-week break—so chapters will be able to pick up their pace hopefully (at least, for these coming two weeks)! This is our final home-stretch before everything goes haywire, so please do enjoy this chapter!

I hid in some foreshadowing, kudos to whoever figures it out—and we gotta a revelation with Ikalgo! What a poor boy, he's so precious. I honestly felt bad for him when writing out this chapter, LOL. Hopefully, everything was in character, and you all enjoyed this chapter. I'm aware it may have been a little uneventful, or boring to read—but it contains some necessities I needed to write.

Before we start falling deep into angst: did you notice the foreshadowing hidden within nearly every chapter? It's in the form of actions, words, thoughts, and proper nouns! If you decide to go hunting, have fun! (You can possibly save yourself the absolute pain and devastation by figuring it out beforehand, ngl.)

Please remember that kudos and comments keep the motivation going! I love to reply to everyone, so do make sure to comment! I look forward to your on-coming reactions!

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
Amor ⇒ Love (term of endearment)
Cariño ⇒ Honey/Sweetie (term of endearment)

“Gracias, cariño.” ⇒ "Thank you, honey/sweetie."

"Mi corazón." ⇒ "My Heart/Love."

Natilla ⇒ Custard

"... ven pa’ca.” ⇒ "... c’mere."

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Eighteen

Chapter Summary

For Killua, the sound around him ceases at that moment.

Gon’s form is falling.

Gon is on the floor.

Gon isn’t moving.

Killua’s heart stutters in his chest.

Chapter Notes

For any Spanish phrases, translations in English are in the End Notes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gon has another scheduled fight.

“Don’t you think the circumstances are unusual?” Killua asks, fiddling with Gon’s hand in his own.

Gon hums, staring at the road as they make their way to the Industrial Zone.

“I mean, Meleoron hadn’t mentioned the scheduling to you until last night—it was spurred onto you and I worry whenever I think about that deal you made with the sponsors.”

Running his thumb on Killua’s hand soothingly, Gon looks over momentarily. “Cariño, it’s gonna be fine. It’s been a year since I made that deal.”

Killua sighs, slumping in the passenger seat. “Yeah, and they still hadn’t used that deal. Until today—you realize that right? You were supposed to have this week off. Something doesn’t feel right, Gon.”
It’s silent before Gon is turning the steering wheel to the right, pulling the truck onto a curve. They’re parked in front of an abandoned factory, boarded up and falling apart. He brings the stick shift into parking and turns to Killua with a tender smile.

“Hey, look at me.”

Nervous blue meets confident hazel in the darkness of the truck.

“When have I ever lost?” Gon says, grinning. “And how am I supposed to be confident when the love of my life doesn’t think I’ll be okay?”

Gon leans over, pulling Killua forward and pressing a kiss to his lips. Killua sighs into the kiss, even if dread drowns his lungs and spikes of fear prick his heart. The sentiment is appreciated, but it doesn’t lessen the furrow of Killua’s brows from him, and when he opens his eyes, they’re a tired, worried blue.

“Sorry, I just…” Killua trails off, averting his eyes. “I don’t like the feeling of this.”

A hand comes to turn Killua’s face—to bring back his eyes onto Gon. “And that’s fine. I don’t expect you to like it.” Gon says, still close. “But it’s going to be fine, I promise. I’ll finish the fight quick, like always, and we can go home.”

“Which home?” Killua asks, voice small, and Gon laughs softly.

“Home is wherever you are—so whether you want to go to yours or mine, is fine.”

Finally, Killua manages a small smile. And he nods, taking Gon’s hand and enveloping it in his own. On both their wrists, the bracelet Killua bought sits heavy, and Killua takes a moment to look at it before looking back up at Gon.

“Okay, let’s go to mine, then. We haven’t gotten some alone time in a while, and Alluka is out with Bisky. We can stop for hot chocolate on the way there.”

Gon grins, pulling into drive and getting off the curb. “Hot chocolate is our thing, isn’t it?”
He’s trying to get my mind off of things, Killua thinks, but he nods regardless.

“I’d hope it be, seeing as your dumbass drank it on our first date.” He replies, snarky and in good jest, and Gon giggles.

“And we’ve been consistent about it!”

“Yeah, we have,” Killua says softly.

The ring isn’t far from where they are, and within minutes they arrive. It’s more full than usual—even for a scheduled fight night with Gon as one of the contestants. There are some familiar faces, but for the most part, Killua doesn’t recognize most of the faces waiting in the crowded line. It should’ve been the first thing to tip off the red, blaring warning in his head.

With the truck parked inside the private parking lot, Killua and Gon get out, and Gon grabs his duffel bag from the backseat, slinging it over his shoulder and walking with Killua by his side. When they enter through the doors, Killua’s breath gets stuck in his throat. The entire ring is full—absolutely to the brim. There are extra chairs pulled out, and the crowd control barrier had been moved closer to the boxing ring.

There are already so many people seated, a loud chatter buzzing in the air, coupled with static energy that has Killua biting his lip in worry. They know something. They all know something that Gon and he don’t. He doesn’t recognize anyone sitting in the back. Morel is at the door trying to control rowdy, new people who don’t know how this ring works. Bisky hadn’t come today, out with Alluka, and Killua is starting to regret having suggested that idea at all.

The chatter dies down when Gon enters—when they see Killua with Gon, hand in hand—and Killua can feel the stares tearing apart at him. Whispers spread, chuckles resound, eyes pry, until Killua is pulling Gon along a little faster—a little quicker—into the training room and shutting the door.

“The ring is at over-capacity,” Killua says.

Gon nods. “They probably set me up with some other big-name fighter.”
Killua grinds his teeth, tightens his hands into fists. Cold settles in his heart and he can’t shake it off. His lips quiver.

“God, Gon. Please be careful. I’m telling you, if you can’t handle it—”

Lips press against his, effectively silencing him, and Killua slides his hands down onto Gon’s hips, tightening his grip as Gon deepens the kiss.

When he pulls back, Gon’s eyes are blazing hazel in excitement, and Killua recognizes the look. Recognizes that Gon loved the danger and unpredictability of a fight.

“I’ll be fine—you just watch, okay?”

Killua sighs in defeat, knowing nothing he says will change Gon’s mind, and nods. “I’ll be in the standing area. Probably towards the middle, seeing as it’s already so full anyway.”

Gon smiles, affectionate and reassuring in every sense. “I’ll see you after the fight, then.”

And with that, Killua is stepping out of the training room, back into the wide-open factory, filled with even more people than before. Killua looks around, searching, but not even Knuckle is around, and anxiety claws at Killua’s stomach. It takes him a moment, but he manages to squeeze into the standing area, smacked between two larger men who talk much too loud and much too excitedly.

“Someone is going to get brutally beaten.”

“Who did you place your bet on?”

“Not that faggot that entered, that’s for sure.” They chuckle.

Killua resists the urge to wipe the floor with them, punch them until his knuckles are raw and bloody.
“What ‘ere the sponsors thinking—setting up that boy with him?”

“He’s going to get killed in that ring.”

The sinking feeling in Killua’s stomach deepens, and he’s opening his mouth before he can control his untempered sprout of rage.

“Friks will be fine.”

Both men glance over at him, before sharing a look and bursting into laughter.

“Sounds like you’re trying to convince yourself, boy.”

“Ain’t you the one who entered with him? Another faggot.” The man looks over Killua to the other and laughs, “Y’all fucking or something?”

Gnashing his teeth, eyebrows furrowed and eyes glaring, Killua speaks: “Yeah, as a matter of fact, we are. He’s my boyfriend—so watch your mouth.”

The words are spoken with such venom, with such finality and hostility with no room to argue, that the men go silent, clearing their throats and looking up towards the ring.

More and more people are piling inside. There seems to be no end to the amount that pour in from the front entrance. Morel is still checking patrons for weapons on their person, and Shoot had to come to the front to help with the number of fights breaking out. Killua swears under his breath, realizing that today could’ve been the worst day he picked to suggest Bisky and Alluka hang out.

There’s usually space between the walls and the ring, but tonight, it’s filled to the very back with people. There’s not a single square foot of space available after every person is finally inside the ring, and Killua feels people shoving behind him, trying to get a better view before he’s turning and hissing for them to knock it off.

When the lights dim in the ring, Killua swears a part of him dims too. Cheers resound throughout the entire factory, uncontrolled whistling, and shouting, and chaos, and Killua is reminded of the
first time he came to the ring. Except this time, he knows the fighter in the ring. Except this time, his heart beats erratically in his chest—not in excitement, but in fear.

His hands are set in a permanent fist, lip bit until he tastes iron, and the referee is jumping over the ropes into the ring, a microphone in hand.

“Everyone!” He says, and the ring quiets. Everyone listens, attentively. “I’m well aware we’re all here for a fight that has been in the talks for months now.”

Cheers, shouting.

“So tonight, the YNC Underground Combat League is presenting you with those demands!”

As he speaks, Gon is stepping up into the ring, along with a man who’s taller, and slimmer. Gon’s eyes are blazing, and his mouth is set into a wide grin of determination.

“This is the biggest fight we’ve had since Friks’ appearance. You all sold out over five-hundred tickets, and those who didn’t manage to snag tickets have the opportunity to watch the Livestream on the IPTV channel!”

More cheers and whistling light up the air.

Killua is looking directly at Gon, eyes pleading, but Gon isn’t looking at him. The men around him laugh amongst themselves.

“On one corner, we have Friks, the undefeated fighter of YNC. He’s held his position for six years now, with a reputation unmatched by any other fighter. It’s rare any opponent makes it past the second round with him. He clocks in at a weight of one-hundred-sixty pounds, and a height of five-foot-eleven.”

Killua glances around. There are people nodding—he recognizes some of the regulars with grins on their faces. But other people are rallying, demanding that the other man get introduced. He stands, staring at Gon so predatorily that Killua’s blood freezes. There’s a smug smile set on his features, eyeing Gon up and down, completely ignoring the announcements of the referee.
“In the other corner, we have Hisoka. He comes in at a height of six-foot-two, and a weight of two-hundred on the dot. Over the past year, he’s established himself as a killer fighter, with every fight ending in death or KO for the opponent.”

His heart stops beating for a second. Killua’s head snaps to Gon, who’s eyes harden and stare back at Hisoka, unintimidated.

“YNC does not allow killing in its ring.” The referee says then, eyes set on Hisoka. “Therefore, Hisoka cannot use his trademark weapon and cannot follow any punches after a critical hit.”

There’s boo-ing. Disappointment. Men around Killua sigh, muttering to themselves, and Killua takes a deep breath, shuddering. *Animals, they’re all animals,* he thinks. Turning his gaze to the back, he catches Morel standing there, but he’s not staring at the ring—his stance is ready to intervene. Shoot is next to him, eyes trailing around the ring to make sure no one is participating in anything shady.

At the ringing of the bell, Killua does a double-take, redirecting his attention back to Gon.

Neither men are moving, until suddenly, Gon is. He lunges forward, guard kept close, arms raised to cover his chest and head, and he pulls a fake—punching with his forward arm before retracting and instead bringing up his right leg to kick. But Hisoka’s movements are swift, and he effortlessly dodges Gon’s advancements, simply side-stepping and pushing Gon to the side for his back to be exposed.

Gon’s right foot isn’t even on the ground by the time he starts turning, and he’s shifting his body towards Hisoka again. The second his foot makes contact with the ground, his left foot is swinging out, aimed with his heel, and comes down on Hisoka quickly.

Hisoka narrowly dodges, letting out an impressed whistle. “You’re not half bad.”

The furrow of Gon’s brows deepens, eyes challenging. He doesn’t reply.

Instead, he quickly steps forward once again, leading punch after punch, all which Hisoka deflects with ease. Killua recognizes some of the movements, but for the most part, the man fights in his own style. Hisoka swings and Gon manages to avoid the swing of his jab but is thrown back by a kick to his stomach.
He stumbles back but doesn’t fall, and the crowd goes silent. The tension is thick. Killua’s eyes follow Gon’s movements and interpret Hisoka’s actions.

The stumbling back doesn’t deter Gon, however, and he continues his onslaught of attacks. Multiple punches, thrown at similar speeds and strength—and all are deferred. Hisoka’s grin widens. At one of Gon’s punches, Hisoka manages to push his hand down, sliding his other hand against the grain to punch Gon straight in the face.

For Killua, the sound around him ceases at that moment.

Gon’s form is falling.

Gon is on the floor.

Gon isn’t moving.

Killua’s heart stutters in his chest.

Hisoka is stepping close.

Too close.

He’s too close.

He’s going to hurt Gon.

reaching out.

His hands are

They’re not helping Gon.
Get him away from Gon.

Where is the referee?

Hisoka’s hand is coming for Gon, aimed to kill, and Killua opens his mouth to yell, before Gon is twisting his legs around Hisoka’s ankles and pulls him down with force. Hisoka’s body slams against the ground, his eyes wide, and Gon is pinning him down, raising his arms to deliver punch after punch until the referee pulls Gon away.

“Time!” He shouts.

Gon stumbles away from Hisoka, stepping back. His face his bloody, blood smeared at the corner of his mouth and nose, and his form is hunched over slightly.

“One point, Friks!”

Cheering erupts, and Killua looks around him.

Those who bet on Hisoka’s ability don’t look at all concerned. No. They’re grinning wide, smiles hidden behind sweaters, and hoodies, and mouth-masks. Something isn’t right. The feeling sits heavy in his stomach. Hisoka is less smiley than before, his mouth set in a thin line, and his eyes run over Gon’s figure before he’s licking his lips.

Hisoka was already dangerous, Killua knows this because he gives off an aura that’s completely unparalleled to anyone he’s ever seen. There’s something about him, the way he holds himself and the way he fights, that puts him leagues above Gon, and Killua doesn’t know what it is, but the knowledge that Gon is fighting a losing battle sends his mind into overdrive.

And Killua is the first one to realize that Gon isn’t completely okay, either.

As soon as the second record begins, Hisoka pushes forward. He’s not standing around anymore, swinging his fist to Gon’s jaw, and Gon blocks with his guarding arm, forearm coming up to break the speed and strength. But Killua sees the way his eyes widen, biting down on his lip, and Killua recognizes the way Gon schools his expression back into neutral.
He’s hurt.

Something has to be broken.

Killua searches, runs his eyes down and around every inch of Gon’s body—searching. And he thinks back. Thinks about every single action. When he fell, he could’ve sprained his wrist, or injured his arm. He’s not sure—doesn’t know what to think. But Gon is biting back the pain from showing, and tears are welling in Killua’s eyes, and he doesn’t know how to control it.

Gon has bruises littering his arms from blocking Hisoka’s advancements.

And the punches don’t stop coming.

In one swift movement, Hisoka is bringing up his leg high and landing a perfect kick against Gon’s abdomen. Killua shudders when Gon stumbles further back, clutching his stomach. But he doesn’t relent and steps forward again—aiming a punch at Hisoka’s liver to knock him out, but Hisoka sweeps at his feet, and Gon stumbles forward.

At that moment, Hisoka connects his knee against Gon’s chest, and that gets an audible, wretched-gasp out of Gon—a wheeze that sounds so ugly, and then he’s collapsing against the ring floor and coughing. The referee comes quickly, separating Hisoka, but not before Hisoka manages to land another punch to Gon’s shoulder.

“Separate!” He demands, and he switches his attention to Gon. Words are exchanged lowly, and Killua can barely read Gon’s lips, but the referee sighs and stands.

“Time! One point, Hisoka!”

Loud cheers erupt, completely disregarding Gon, and Hisoka looks down on Gon with a satisfied smile gracing his lips. The type of smile that will egg Gon on to continue to fight. Gon winces when he takes a deep breath, slowly pushing himself off the ground.

Right before he stands, he freezes, eyes widening, and he starts coughing uncontrollably, until red spats from his mouth. He’s leaning forward, forehead pressed against the floor as he takes a
gasping breath and wheezes. Blood. Gon is coughing blood. Killua’s lips tremble, hands shaking as he tries to reach forward into the crowd.

“Final round!”

No.

No, Gon wouldn’t.

Gon wouldn’t ask to continue and go into the final round. Not like this.

The thoughts completely overtake Killua’s mind. He’s pushing forward, shoving past people. Someone tugs Killua back.

“Begin!”

Even in his battered state, Gon rushes forward, injured hand now on the inside of his guard. His steps are slower, and Killua can see the way his knees buckle with every step.

Gon is moving forward and manages to land a kick to Hisoka’s side. But Killua realizes the moment that Gon is too close to back away in the state he’s in—it was intentional. Hisoka wanted Gon to kick him, because he’s quickly gripping Gon’s leg and tugging hard towards himself.

And Gon stumbles forward, eyes wide as he realizes what’s happening. And he can’t react—there’s no time, no space, no nothing. Killua is nearly at the front of the crowd, shrugging off the person who’d grabbed him, erratically rushing to the front. Gon can’t put space between himself and Hisoka, before the ball of Hisoka’s foot is connecting against Gon’s stomach, and his fist is colliding with Gon’s jaw.

“Gon!” Killua screams.

At the moment, Killua ignores the boo’s and the shouts of him to get out of the way, effortlessly jumps over and past the barriers, over the ropes and inside the boxing ring. And he’s stumbling, letting himself fall to the ground to grab Gon’s beaten body, gently lifting his face, back facing
Hisoka to act a barrier between the man and his boyfriend.

The world around him becomes white noise.

He cradles Gon’s beaten and bruised face in his hands, uses the sleeves of his sweater to gently wipe away at the blood covering his mouth and nose. At the very least, his nose doesn’t look broken. It’s the only thing that keeps him sane, because Gon is shallowly breathing to reduce the pain in his chest.

“Time, the winner—”

“I forfeit,” Hisoka says then, peering down at Killua and Gon with a smile.

Killua snaps his head back at him, grinding his teeth, eyes ablaze as he glares.

Chatter arises, people are arguing against Hisoka’s choice with visible confusion. The referee looks just as lost.

“I had no intention of winning tonight, I was just here to observe my opponent. I’ll come back in a year—we can fight then, darling.” He looks at Gon directly when he says that, and Killua restrains himself from turning and swinging.

As Hisoka steps off, he brings his hands up to signal at Killua. Killua doesn’t even spare him a look, but he can see the arm raised from the corner of his eye. He continues to tend to Gon, gently stands and helps him up.

Hisoka speaks, quiet and for only him to hear: “Love is a disease. Remember that.”

Despite the sinking of Killua’s heart, he ignores the comment, helping Gon walk to the edge of the ring. Morel rushes over with Leorio, and they help Gon through the bands which connect the boxing ring. Killua walks beside him, holding his hand tightly, and Leorio examines him as they walk.

They ignore the boo-ing from the crowd and the announcement of Gon as the winner. Leorio
flashes a tiny light in Gon’s eyes, makes sure he’s responding. When they get to the back room, one that Killua has never been into, Leorio is seating Gon on the hospital stretcher at the corner of the room.

There’s a portable x-ray already set up, and a quick examination has Leorio concluding that Gon has four broken ribs, along with a sprained wrist. No broken nose.

Leorio sighs. “You’re lucky that the only thing broken is your ribs. It could’ve been a lot worse. Your jaw is going to be bruised, and you’ll experience some pain in your wrist—but that’ll subside after a few days. You’ll be bedridden for two months, so absolutely no fighting until then.”

Gon is still gripping onto Killua’s hand, silent throughout the entire examination, and when Leorio mentions his bedridden state, his grip tightens.

Killua bites his lip, looking at Leorio. “Is there are pain medications you can give him?”

Leorio nods, “I’ll prescribe him oxycodone for the pain. He should stop taking it after the first week since there’s a high risk of dependency. And he has to do breathing exercises every six hours or so. If he has any pain after the first week, give him ibuprofen. I’d encourage him to walk around after a couple of days of resting since light exercise is essential to the healing process.”

The wetness in Killua’s eyes doesn’t leave, even after Leorio gives him an understanding look, handing him a bag filled with bottles of oxycodone pills and stepping outside. The door shuts with a click, and it’s silent. Gon doesn’t speak. Killua can’t even bear to look at him in fear of bursting into tears.

But Gon is pulling at his hands, signaling for Killua to look at him, and slowly—Killua does. His eyes meet Gon’s, and Gon speaks: “It’s okay. It doesn’t hurt.”

It’s bullshit. Killua knows it is, because Gon’s voice is shallow, and quiet, and spoken so gently as to avoid the pain of breathing, and Killua can’t bear to keep his emotions in check when Gon manages a pain-laced smile. The tears fall quickly, and quietly, and he chokes back a sob, hands pulling themselves free from Gon’s grasp to rub at his eyes.

His lips quiver and he takes a shuddering breath until he’s outright crying, and he hunches over, covering his face from Gon.
“Duh—Do you realize how *scary* that wuh—was?”

Gon reaches out again, and Killua lets him hold him.

“Yuh—You made me stand there and watch you get beaten!” Killua cries, and he can’t control the way his voice raises. “God, I—I thought you were going to *die* there!”

Arms wrap around him, pressing him closer, and Gon’s fingers dig into Killua’s shoulders.

“I’m sorry, Killua. *Perdóname, cariño.*”

And slowly, Killua brings his head down, until his forehead is in the space between Gon’s shoulder and neck, and cries. His tears soak Gon’s skin, drown him in guilt, until Killua is forcing himself to get it together, and he’s pulling back, grabbing Gon’s things.

“C’mon, we need to get you home.” Killua sniffles before continuing. “Can you stand?”

Gon nods, standing weakly, and even as they slowly make their way to his car, Killua doesn’t miss the distant look in Gon’s eyes.

Killua drives Gon back to his house, after a quick message to Alluka with a promise to call her as soon as possible. When they arrive, Mito is absolutely shaken, hands quivering when she sees Gon’s bruised state, but she keeps it together, opening the door wide and helping Killua bring Gon inside. She prepares ice packs and warm blankets—fixes up Gon’s room as Killua helps him remove the grime and blood off himself in the bath.

When Killua explains the situation to Alluka over the phone, she gasps and sends get-well wishes to Gon, who smiles appreciatively. They talk for a bit, as Killua is forced to re-explain the experience, and Alluka demands that he stay with Gon—as if he hadn’t already planned on doing that.

He’s not done until well after midnight, and his heart clenches when he sees Gon grind his teeth in pain, watches as he sucks in a sharp breath at the simple action of lifting his arms to remove his shirt. Killua ends up having to help him undress—even if it’s a clear blow to Gon’s pride. He presses a kiss to his forehead in an attempt to take Gon’s mind off of things.
“I’ve got you now.” He says, quiet and loving, whispered gently into his ear, and Gon’s sighs—smiling.

That night, Killua falls asleep at the edge of the bed, with Gon’s hand in his. And it should be uncomfortable, but knowing Gon is okay—face bandaged and cleaned up, wrist brace covering his sprained arm, ice pack sitting on his chest—lets Killua fall into a light slumber.

And yet, in his dreams, the only thing that replays is Gon’s body hitting the ground—unmoving.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Eighteen of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hello everyone!! I wrote the next chapter fairly quickly, so I'm just publishing it now. Consider it a gift for those of you who survived finals week (and mid-terms).

: ) It begins.

Please remember to leave a comment and kudos, as it keeps the motivation going!

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
Cariño ⇒ Honey/Sweetie (term of endearment)

"Perdóname, cariño." ⇒ "Forgive me, honey/sweetie."

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachijnari
Chapter Nineteen

Chapter Summary

It takes two weeks before he’s able to walk at a semi-normal pace again. His wrist sprain has long-since healed, but the distant look in his eyes hasn’t. Killua knows that the fight was a blow to everything Gon had worked hard for, but he can’t help the worry gnaw at him when he sees Gon so lost inside his own head.

Sometimes, it takes him a minute to realize Killua is talking to him at all.

Chapter Notes

For any Spanish phrases, translations in English are in the End Notes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first week of recovery passes by too slow.

Day one, Killua opens his eyes with a groan, neck stiff, and Gon is still sound asleep by his side. There’s a furrow to his brows, and he’s taking shallow breaths in his sleep, but at least he’s resting.

When Gon awakens, he opens his mouth to speak, but Killua quickly interrupts him, pressing his index finger against Gon’s lips.

“If you speak, I’ll break your remaining eight ribs.”

And that gets a laugh out of Gon, one that he tries to bite down with the pressing together of his lips, but ultimately failing at, until Killua is yelling at him to stop laughing—and Gon laughs harder despite gasping out that it hurts.

Eating and changing is a challenge, and Killua can see the way it hurts Gon’s pride to be forced to depend on someone when he was so used to doing things on his own. He can barely walk, or talk, and the medicine Leorio had prescribed throws Gon’s mind for a loop—making him lightheaded, and dizzy, and weak.
Alluka stops by with Bisky, with a duffel bag filled with Killua’s things. His laptop, and clothing, and chargers. She hands it to him with a smile. They stop by Gon’s room to check on him, but he’s sound asleep, and Bisky mutters about giving him an earful another day. Despite her words, her eyes are soft and filled with worry.

The breathing exercises aren’t any easier in the passing days. Gon grips his hand tighter whenever he has to take anything remotely close to a deep breath, and coughing makes tears line his eyes until they’re spilling down his cheeks. It hurts Killua as much as it hurts Gon.

“Gon,” Killua would say, running his fingers through his black hair, “Wake up. You need to eat and do some more breathing exercises.”

And Gon would groan, furrow his eyebrows and open his eyes, blearily staring at the ceiling before shifting his focus onto Killua, and a smile would grace his lips. The medicine makes him dopy, and he’d spew so many unfiltered thoughts to Killua that had him blushing a fiery red within seconds of their utterance.

“Killua is s’pretty,” He would slur, hand snaking on the bedsheets until it intertwined with his, “I love Killua s’much. He cares s’much.”

Despite wanting to be mad at him, Killua is gentle with him. Every step of the process, he holds Gon’s hand, whispers words of encouragement, and Mito sometimes stands by the door with a distraught smile—her only son alive but in so much pain that she finds it unbearable. He hears her cry about it, sometimes. Downstairs—when he’d quietly gone down for another refill of water for Gon—she’d sat at the table, head in her arms and crying quietly.

Killua doesn’t tell Gon that Mito is suffocating in guilt.

When Gon has to try and walk again, it’s hard. It’s day six when Gon can manage to walk across his own room—restless from being bedridden. He’s less out-of-it now, with Killua cutting back the number of times he gave Gon the oxycodone pills. But walking is nothing short of a difficult task, and short distances make him huff in an exhaustion he’s unfamiliar with.

If the hollow look returned to his eyes, Killua would stand and take his hand—gently leading him back into bed to rest.

Of course, no one asked him to do all this, but leaving Gon like this—alone, and weak, and too-far-
into-his-own-head—fills Killua’s heart with dread. Killua does a lot with the time he has to spare while he’s looking after Gon. He’s lucky that he’s currently on break. However, break only lasts so long, and Killua knows in two weeks he’s due to return to his rough curriculum of classes.

So he does the only thing he knows how to do, and lays next to Gon while he sleeps, one hand holding his, the other thumbing the trackpad of his laptop, reading and internalizing every bit of information he can. He writes his papers weeks before they’re due—in the hopes that it will be enough for what he’s about to ask from his professors.

Typing is slower now, limited to one hand and five fingers, but he manages to send out an email to each and every professor he has. He types it in a formulaic format, each one starting with a greeting, followed by his apologies that had sprung from a family emergency. He asks that the professor understand his situation, and accept his absences in lieu of the completion of most future assignments due within the next two months.

All the responses are returned within the span of two days, and each professor understands his situation without further questions. With his notices in, Killua sighs and manages to set down one anxiety to cope with the rest.
Gon’s condition slowly improves.

Slowly, being the keyword. It takes two weeks before he’s able to walk at a semi-normal pace again. His wrist sprain has long-since healed, but the distant look in his eyes hasn’t. Killua knows that the fight was a blow to everything Gon had worked hard for, but he can’t help the worry gnaw at him when he sees Gon so lost inside his own head.

Sometimes, it takes him a minute to realize Killua is talking to him at all.

“Gon, do you want to take a walk around the neighborhood? We can go feed the ducks in the lake.”

Silence.

Sometimes, Gon doesn’t realize Killua is talking to him at all—and Killua is forced to repeat himself, this time less enthusiastic than the first.
“Ah, sorry, Killua. Yeah, I’d like that.”

And every passing day, that smile Killua has come to love and adore is less sincere than the last. The hollowness grows, at a steady pace, even if Killua tries to ignore it. *Gon is still Gon,* Killua has to remind himself, *he’s just under the weather from what happened.*
A month into this endeavor, Killua realizes the weight of the situation.

Without Gon’s earnings from the ring, Mito and Abe are struggling with paying off basic necessities.

Gon doesn’t know this. They’ve kept their mouths shut around him—not wanting to risk breaking Gon even more—but Killua knows. He sees the bills on the table when he’s helping Mito with breakfast. And he doesn’t bring it up, because she waves him off and quickly shuffles the papers away, but it doesn’t erase the prices he saw or the expenses they have yet to cover.

And so quietly, one night while Gon is asleep by his side, resting easier than usual, Killua opens his browser to the property taxes website and quietly pays it off. It’s the least he can do, and Mito’s shocked voice the next morning at an anonymous donation to cover the full expense is enough to make him smile.

From then on, he takes to grocery shopping for what Mito needs. Once a week, with a list of hand-written items from Mito herself, Killua treks over to the small local grocery store and buys the items. He always offers to pay, but she shakes her head with a smile. Mito had sat him down one night, while Gon was resting and Killua had just finished showering. Careful calloused and bandaged hands led him downstairs to sit at the table.

“Killua,” She said, looking at him with the same glint he saw in Gon’s eyes, “Thank you for helping out around the house. I really appreciate that you do all this when you don’t have to.”

Killua flushes, embarrassed. “It’s the least I can do.” He averts his eyes. “You’re letting me stay here, with Gon, and I’ve become an extra person to look after—I’m sorry about that.”

Mito laughs then, quiet, and shakes her head. “You’re hardly that. You’re out of the way, and stay with Gon, and you eat outside of the house using your own money. I don’t think I’ve ever seen you eat here unless it was to make something for Gon.”
She drags another chair from out of the table, sits in front of him.

“Your love is quiet.”

Killua feels his heart squeeze.

“The small things you do speak the loudest. I’d hardly remember you’re here if not for the little things you do around the house. You clean up the kitchen, do Gon’s laundry, sweep the house. You’ve even brought back little snacks for Gon, Abe, and I sometimes.”

Mito takes a deep breath, steadying herself, and Killua sees the way her mouth twitches and eyes water.

“I’m really thankful for that. Getting back from work is hard—it’s always been hard, but in the last few years I had to worry less about it because Gon was working, no matter how much I disliked his work and how much it scared me. But you came along, and you brightened up his disposition.” Her voice cracks, and she takes a shuddering breath.

“And you don’t speak much about yourself, but I’d love to get to know more about the lovely man my son has fallen in love with.”

That’s the breaking point for Killua. His hands tremble, and lips quiver, and he covers his face with his hands to hide the tears. Mito leans in and hugs him, and Killua can feel her own tears soaking his skin.

“Gracias,” She says softly. “Thank you so much for coming into my son’s life.”
Two months finally pass.

Killua had marked the date on his calendar in red—a giant circle that gave an approximation of when Gon could finally be better.

And surprisingly, Gon’s condition was much better by the first month, but Killua had forced him to rest an extra month, much to Gon’s chagrin. By the second month, Gon was able to walk normally again. He still struggled for his breath sometimes, but otherwise, he was alright.
In the span of his recovery, Killua had taken Gon on short dates to the city—driving him downtown where they could have lunch together, or walk down stores holding hands. And Gon enjoyed those, with a smile on his face and hand gripping Killua’s tightly, he’d drag Killua along to different stores, or kiss him randomly as they walked.

It always managed to make Killua smile.

The weather is still chilly, and Gon still complained of the cold, so they take a short trip to Near and Far Cafe, where Killua orders two hot chocolate’s to-go. Within minutes, he’s out the door again, handing the steaming cup to Gon, who sits inside the truck with his hands near the air vent, trying to get heat.

“Killua!” Gon says, tangling his hand into Killua’s as soon as Killua is inside the truck.

“Gon, your hand is so warm.” Killua laughs.

Gon takes a sip from the cup. “Really? It feels numb. I’m so cold.”

Turning the ignition on, Killua smiles into his cup of hot chocolate. “It’s okay, we’ll be home soon. And I’ll throw the blankets into the dryer to warm them up if you’re still cold by then, you big baby.”

Killua looks over, ready to tease Gon and grab his cheeks, but he freezes.

Gon’s eyes are empty.

Killua takes a steadying breath, lips wobbling slightly but entirely unnoticeable. An awkward laugh, Killua runs his thumb soothingly on Gon’s hand, their hands still intertwined.

“Gon?” He asks, gently—quietly.

And Gon doesn’t react, at least not for a few seconds. But he blinks after a moment, shaking his
head and looking over to Killua.

“Sorry, Killua. I was just thinking.”

Killua hums. “You seem to be doing a lot of that lately.”

“Sorry,” He apologizes once more. “Was just thinking about the fight. I need to start training again.”

Killua presses his lips together in an attempt to hide the increasingly evident quivering of his lips.

“You don’t have to do anything, Gon. You don’t have to bend yourself backward for some fight.”

Gon looks over, his eyes looking into Killua’s. Dying hazel meeting anxious blue. A certain coldness settles in Killua’s heart when Gon continues speaking.

“I have to. I have to start training again. I won’t settle for less.”

The words are absolute. Killua knows this. There’s nothing Killua can do to change Gon’s mind, because Gon’s mind is already made up, but the way Gon is regarding the situation is worrying.

Killua sees the way Gon tightens his grip around the cup of hot chocolate, the way there’s a certain tremor to his hands, his eyes set forward, staring into nothing. “I have to get stronger—to beat Hisoka in a year. I was too weak this time, and I’m glad you made me wait two months before I could train again. It gave me a lot of time to think.”

*But that wasn’t the reason,* Killua wants to say it him, *that wasn’t the reason I wanted you to rest, Gon.*

Killua sighs. “Fine. You can start training again—but I’m training with you.”

“Ah, Killua, you don’t have to—”
“I do,” Killua says firmly. “If you’re going to insist on training for the year mark, then what better way to get better than to train with the guy who knows seven forms of martial arts, huh?”

He masks his worry behind the pretense of helping Gon improve. If Gon thinks that he’s going to help him improve, he’d be more inclined to accept. Gon doesn’t have to know he’s only going because the agony in his eyes grows, even when Killua does his best to warm it.

Gon finally smiles, and a little bit of the seriousness washes away. “Killua, you’re the best boyfriend ever.”

And Killua smiles back, knowing that whatever Gon is thinking is eating him up inside.
It’s scary how quickly Gon gets back into the swing of things at the ring.

Gon had insisted on going the day Killua returned from his college class wrung out from his test. He wouldn’t say it aloud, especially not to Gon, but the class was definitely kicking his ass, and the test was long and grueling over-complicated. And Killua had returned to Mito’s house, expecting to spend his last day with fully-recovered Gon watching a movie or something—but Gon was waiting for him outside Mito’s house, duffel bag in hand, and Killua knew.

So he sucks it up, and smiles, and kisses Gon when he enters the passenger seat.

“Hey, cariño,” Gon says softly. “How was the test?”

Killua laughs, lets himself bask in momentary happiness when Gon’s hand comes to grab his.

“Absolutely kicked my ass. It wasn’t hard—the professor just likes to over-complicate shit for no reason.”

Gon hums and silence fills the truck.

“Are you sure you’re feeling well enough to start training again?” Killua asks, eyes not leaving the road, but he can feel the way Gon’s hand loosens its grip on his own.
There’s really no point in asking the question anyway. They’re halfway to the ring, nearing the highway exit, and turning around would be a wasted trip. But Killua wouldn’t mind the wasted trip—not if Gon said he suddenly changed his mind. That he didn’t want to go to the ring tonight.

“Yeah. I don’t think I can do anything heavy like weights, but general sparring should be okay.”

And Killua nods, because that’s all he can really do. Even if Gon’s fixation with training wasn’t necessarily good, as long as he didn’t over-do it, and was mindful, then there wasn’t really any problem. He sees a younger version of himself in Gon—absolutely enthralled with training at every breathing moment. And Killua hopes, as his hand twitches on the steering wheel, that Gon won’t fall down the same path he did in the past.
Killua doesn’t exactly know why he’s surprised when he knew exactly how this was going to go down. It doesn’t mean that the feeling doesn’t eat him up inside. Or that Gon’s red, raw and bloodied knuckles are any more pleasant to look at.

They’d only just arrived at the ring an hour ago. Morel looked surprised to see them both back so soon.

“Take it easy,” Killua says, sweat trickling down his neck.

Gon takes a deep breath, brows furrowed in frustration, and he’s huffing for his breath.

“I’ve been outta commission for two months, Killua. Look how out-of-shape I am.”

At the next swing, Killua catches Gon’s fist, tightening his hold to keep him from continuing.

“And overexerting yourself accomplishes nothing. We need to tend your knuckles—your form is suffering because you’re focusing on powerful punches.”

Gon says nothing, but his gaze holds nothing short of annoyance. Killua sighs, dropping his grasp on Gon’s fist.
“You know better than anyone that power is in your core and legs. If your form is loose, your strength will suffer. And you’re attacks are too obvious—you’re winding back before landing an attack.”

Killua leans forward, hands cupping Gon’s cheeks. “Let me treat your knuckles, and then we can focus on new techniques.”

Gon nods, closing his eyes to sigh, and Killua drags him closer to the duffel bag.

“Sorry,” Gon says, “for being so uptight. I’m just—I was weak, Killua. I was weak and it finally —”

Killua interrupts Gon as soon as the words come out, pressing his lips firmly against Gon’s. And he leans back, holding Gon’s gaze with such intensity that Gon is forced to avert his eyes.

“Look at me,” Killua says firmly, and he doesn’t continue until Gon’s eyes meet his again. “You aren’t weak, Gon. You fought unbeaten for years—rarely has anyone made it to the final round against you. Hisoka participates in rings that allow killing for sport. You can’t compare yourself to him.”

Gon presses his lips together, looking down. “I was still weak, Killua.”

Killua sighs, exasperated. “Gon, you can’t train with that mindset.”

Trying to lighten the mood, Killua continues: “C’mon, you big baby, Hisoka’s got nothing on you. You’re far better than him in every sense.”

Killua smiles, pressing his lips against Gon’s bandaged hands. But Gon doesn’t listen, shrugging him off as soon as his knuckles are wrapped, his eyes hard, and Killua feels the smile slip from his face.

“Let’s continue training. You said you’d show me new techniques.”
And Killua swallows hard, nodding slowly, following Gon back to the mat. His heart sinks just a little.
When Killua gets a text from Bisky, his first thought is that she’s going to scold him for not practicing ballet as often as he used to.

After all, he hadn’t been to the studio in the two months that he was tending to Gon, and even before then, he’d been hanging out with Gon in favor of going to practice. And after Gon’s recovery, Killua was swimming in homework and assignments that left him drained after completion.

Which is why he’s absolutely not expecting Bisky’s onslaught rant of complaints. Not directed at him, but instead at Gon.

Bisky:

9:24p.m.: You need to have a talk with Gon.
9:24p.m.: I don’t care what the hell you do, but he seriously needs to cool it.
9:25p.m.: He’s been fighting without restraint for a while. Which is fine. I don’t give a fuck. It sells—so whatever. But I just had to sit there and watch Gon beat the shit out of some new kid who knows no better.
9:25p.m.: I don’t like watching the referee ripping Gon away from a rookie because he kept kicking him down.
9:26p.m.: And honestly? I’m really fucking disappointed in him. Knuckle is, too. He’s being rash in the ring and none of us can talk sense into him. I know you’ve been tiptoeing around the situation. I know it’s a sensitive subject, Killua. But your boyfriend is out of control.
9:27p.m.: And I get it, it’s not your job to control him, but I’m hoping—we’re all hoping—that he’ll listen to you.

The texts come in so quickly, with so much direct anger, that Killua feels himself bristling to defend Gon. But at the same time, he re-reads the texts in muted shock. Repeats the third one to himself several times. Because, yeah, Gon had been more reserved—more insistent on training—to the point where Killua wasn’t able to accompany him because he had classes or studying.
Killua:
9:30p.m.: *I’ll talk to him.*

Bisky’s reply is instant. Clipped and soaked in thinly-withheld rage.

Bisky:
9:30p.m.: *Thanks.*

Killua thinks his words over carefully. He has to. He types and retypes his message to Gon several times before he can articulate something that sounds remotely okay. And even then, he feels like the message doesn’t adequately express his worry—that the words aren’t coming out correctly. He growls in frustration after pressing send.

Killua:
9:49p.m.: *Hey, amor.*

9:50p.m.: *I know you’re at practice right now. Just wanted to check up on you. Bisky mentioned she was worried about you. I know I haven’t gone to the ring in a while, and you’ve been there a lot more often recently. Are you alright? What’s going on? Talk to me.*

It takes two hours before he receives a text from Gon—when he’s at the cusp of sleep. His phone rings with the ringtone he’s set specifically only for Gon, and Killua reaches out, blindly feeling around for his phone on the charging mat.

Gon:
11:34p.m.: *sorry for the late reply cariño, just left.*
11:34p.m.: *you don’t have to fluff it. she’s beyond pissed at me.*
11:35p.m.: *but it’s fine. don’t worry about it.*

He doesn’t bother with a reply. Killua presses the home button, thumbing along the screen until he reaches his contacts and pulls up Gon’s name in his favorites. There’s no hesitation when he presses the call button. The line dials once before there’s a click and an answer.

“Killua?” Gon says softly, and Killua can hear the hum of the car engine in the background.
“Gon,” Killua says gently, flopping on his back against the mattress to stare at the ceiling. “What do you mean it’s fine when it’s obviously not?”

There’s no response on the line, so Killua continues.

“I get a text from Bisky saying you beat the shit out of some rookie. Gon—you’ve never done that. You’re the one who got upset when put against rookies because you knew they didn’t know any better.”

Killua sighs, pushing against the mattress to stand. “This isn’t you. You’re not acting like yourself. You haven’t been yourself since Hisoka’s fight.”

It takes a moment before Gon replies, voice low and hollow, and it makes Killua’s heart drop.

“Then they shouldn’t pair rookies against me, knowing that I’m a lot stronger than them.”

Killua bristles. “Gon. You can’t just say that. You beat up a man even after he was down. The referee had to grab you. That isn’t okay. You can’t just—you can’t just do stuff like that. It’s wrong.”

Taking a steadying breath, he continues: “What if it was me, huh? What if I was that rookie? Would you have stood there and beaten me senseless? Better yet, what would you do if it wasn’t you in the ring, and I got beat senseless, Gon?”

There’s an intake of a shaky breath, a choked sound, on the other side of the line. “Killua, I wouldn’t ever—”

“Right. Because it’s me. But you have to think like that for everyone. You care about people, Gon. It’s in your nature. God, I hate—I hate even making this comparison. But if you continue like this—it what separates you from Hisoka? Talk to me, Gon. Please.”

Those words are enough because Killua can hear another shaky breath from Gon’s line, and then he’s speaking. “I’m sorry, Killua. Caríño, I’m so sorry. I’m just weak. I’m so weak, and I need to get stronger.”
Gon is sniffling, Killua can hear him, and he speaks in the gentlest voice he can manage.

“You’re not weak, *amor*. You weren’t weak before, and you’re not weak now.”

Silence, before Gon pipes up, low and broken and shaken. “Can I come over? I miss you.”

Killua is already standing, opening his bedroom door to a quiet apartment. “Yeah. Yeah, you can spend the night here. I haven’t seen you in a while, either. I miss you.”

*I’ll be up soon*, is the final thing Gon says, before the phone call ends, and Killua scurries around the apartment.

Some of Gon’s clothing is here, in his closet, and he takes it out from its spot, placing the folded clothing on his desk, and he rushes to the kitchen to prepare a cup of instant hot chocolate. *It’s their thing*, Killua thinks to himself with a smile. The front door clicks open, along with a chime from the automated alarm system, and Killua peers over the wall to the hallway.

Gon stands there, the dim light from the hallway illuminating his form. His eyes are red, face blotchy, and he drops his duffel bag at the corner of the hallway, taking shaky steps until he’s in front of Killua and pressing close, arms coming around and hugging him.

He takes a deep breath, pressing his face into the space between Killua’s neck and shoulder, and Killua feels a trembling exhale against his throat. Killua sets down the cup of hot chocolate, wrapping his arms around Gon, running his fingers through his hair soothingly and massaging his scalp.

“Hey, baby.”

“Missed you. So much.” Gon chokes out, fistig Killua’s shirt.

Killua leans back, looking straight at Gon before pressing a kiss to his forehead.
“Made you some hot chocolate. You can shower if you want—I put your clothes on my desk.”

Gon shakes his head. “I showered at the ring. Just wanna rest with you.”

And Killua nods, carefully handing Gon the steaming cup of hot chocolate, leading him with one hand to his room. Gon takes slow sips, pausing when Killua steps around him to shut the door, and taking the cup from him.

“Here, change into this. We can sleep after.”

Calloused, bruised hands take the shirt and shorts. Killua tries not to let the dark bruising littering Gon’s honey-colored body affect him. Green, and purple, and red splotches. He presses his lips together, averts his eyes to avoid seeing any more of the self-destructive damage. He busies himself instead, undoing the sheets on his bed further back and rearranging the pillows.

When he hears the bed rustle, he sees Gon, knees red and arms scarred, slowly makes his way to Killua. And Killua smiles, as gentle as he can, settles himself in bed and lets Gon wrap himself around him. Killua cradles him, one hand on his waist, another running his fingers through his hair, and Gon sighs.

Killua forces himself to fall into an uneasy sleep. Restless and blighted with worry.

Because the coldness in Gon’s eyes is still there. And stronger than ever.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Nineteen of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hello everyone! Merry Christmas, I'm here to ruin it in the best way possible (as I, the Grinch, should). I hope you all enjoyed your Christmas' and Christmas Eve's! Fun fact: I cried a total of nine times typing this chapter. A lot of scenes in this chapter, though they were necessary! Hopefully it wasn't too jarring.

The plot thickens. And unfortunately, Killua's skin has to do the same. Aunt Mito is such fun to write, I genuinely love her so much. She's the reason I cried seven times out the nine, HAHA. Gon's self-destructive tendencies are finally having
repercussions. We'll see more of those effects in the next chapter.

Seriously huge thanks to my IRL @starrynghtisa for helping me with this chapter. It's an even exchange for the both of us; every word I type here is one word closer for me to start the killugon android au she wants me to write, LOL.

Please don't forget to kudos/comment! I look forward to everyone's reactions to this chapter. It was seriously painful to write. Remember: Comments keep the motivation running!

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
Amor ⇨ Love (term of endearment)
Cariño ⇨ Honey/Sweetie (term of endearment)
Gracias ⇨ Thank you

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Twenty

Chapter Summary

Killua nods, and his voice remains soft as ever. “Yeah. I don’t know—it’s been on my mind for a while.” Killua pauses to look at Alluka, their eyes meeting. “I really love him, Alluka.”

Chapter Notes

For any Spanish phrases, translations in English are in the End Notes!

WARNING: This chapter contains a semi-explicit smut scene. The smut serves a purpose within the context of the text and is used for parallelism and the reflection of their relationship. If you are uncomfortable, these are the stamps to skip.

Smut Begins At: AT THE VERY BEGINNING OF THE CHAPTER.
Smut Ends At: "Everything is still. Silence. Warmth..."

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s hot.

Too hot.

Killua’s senses awaken, and he feels muddled, drowning in a heat that has him huffing and twisting in discomfort—eyebrows furrowed. He groans, nose scrunched, and opens his eyes, squinting and feeling around for Gon.

But the spot beside him is empty and cold, and he uses his forearms to push himself up—eyes adjusting—before he realizes that there’s a hand coming to push him back down.

Gon is sitting between his legs with a lazy grin, mouthing his boxers, and Killua’s face flushes red embarrassingly quick.

“Gon!” He says, words ushered in urgency and choked, but Gon doesn’t reply.
His fingers are thrumming on Killua’s hips, and Killua shudders, squeezing his eyes shut to reign in his control. Gon continues his assault before Killua has had enough, pushing Gon away and switching their positions, hands gripping his wrists above his head.

Killua huffs before speaking. “What the hell has gotten into you?” His voice is hushed. “My sister is here, Gon!”

Gon is looking up at him with doe eyes, lips parted just slightly, and he’s leaning up to kiss Killua hard. “She left a while ago.” He says when he breaks the kiss. “Want you.”

And Killua is weak, completely in love with one single man—one who holds his heart so tenderly and with so much care that Killua relents. He stares at Gon, before pressing their lips together gently in an open-mouth kiss. And he works his way down. Down, down, and down, until Gon is withering in his grasp.

Fingers dance delicately on the skin of his waist, and Gon shudders, lip bit. Killua presses kisses on every purple, green, and red bruise he can find—pushing Gon’s shirt up. But Gon is grabbing his face and pulling him up to crash their lips together.

Gon is rushing this, averting Killua’s attention to himself instead of the bruises littering his skin, and Killua’s heart clenches with the notion. He’s cradling Killua’s face with his poorly-bandaged fingers, brows furrowed.

Killua breaks apart from the kiss with a gasp. “Gon, slow—”

A shift of hips. Pushing forward. Killua makes a choking sound, fist the sheets beside Gon to regain his composure.

Gon is setting the pace. Gon is controlling how this entire thing goes down. Gon is grabbing Killua, pushing him forward, forcing him to comply with what he wants. Killua feels the wind knocked from his lungs.

It’s not enough for the man.
“Killua—harder, be rougher!” Gon whines, running his hands down his body. Killua is shell-shocked, throat parched, and he’s not expecting for Gon to groan in frustration, hand coming up against Killua’s chest to press him back until he’s against the mattress and Gon is atop him.

The eyes that peer down at him are a void of darkness. Gon is there with him, but not really—Killua knows.

Killua takes a quivering breath, lips trembling, a tremor running through his hands as Killua reaches out.

Hands find purchase, spines arch. His hip grinds against him; a staccato of moans. Killua bites the inside of his cheek.

He doesn’t like where this is going.

Gon is kissing him, leaning forward.

Everything is still.

Silence. Warmth. Gon’s figure on top of Killua’s, and Killua wraps his arms around him, fingers playing with his black hair.
When Killua opens his eyes again, it’s cold.

There’s no familiar weight on him, and the spot beside him is empty once again. Killua screws shut his eyes, willing the tears to go away. He brings his hands up to rub at his eyes.

The voices inside his head speak. Killua ignores them.

There’s a shadow by the side of the bed that Killua notices then.

Gon is standing by the window, wireless earphones in, gloves on, as he runs through technique after technique meticulously. A left punch, a right punch, jab with one hand, jab with another, an upper-cut.
He’s shirtless, clad only in his boxers, but his form is drowned by the light outside his window—his entire figure shrouded in darkness. His thighs flex, straining as he runs through several degrees of kicks slowly. A deliberately slow front kick, which turns into a side-kick going past the height of his own head.

His eyebrows are furrowed in concentration. He hasn’t even realized Killua is awake. Sweat trickles down his jaw, and the light defines every muscle of Gon’s body.

It’s only when Gon does a quick pivot on one foot, form turning a complete three-hundred-sixty-degrees, that he notices Killua is sitting up, leaning against one arm to stare at him with a fond smile. Gon is panting, wiping the sweat from his cheek with the dorsal of his hand.

He removes the earphones. “Killua, you’re awake!”

Killua catches a glimpse of life in Gon’s eyes.

Gon is coming forward, dropping the earphones, and his hands are cradling Killua’s face and kissing him softly. Killua smiles into the kiss, wrapping his arms around his waist and pulling him towards the bed until Gon is atop him and they’re both laughing.

Tangling their fingers together, Killua huffs a laugh, lifting his back off the mattress to press a kiss to Gon’s forehead.

“Good morning, amor.” He says, quietly, with every ounce of love he can pour into the words.

“Buenos días, cariño.” Gon whispers back, leaning back to look at him, pausing to let his eyes run all over him, before giggling and peppering kisses all over him.

Killua laughs, curling up against Gon’s body in an attempt to shrug him off.

Everything calms, slowly. Gon takes a breath.

“Was waiting for you to wake up.”
Killua hums, looking at him in question. He pinches Gon’s stomach, and Gon yelps. “Why?”

“Mm, didn’t want to leave while you were sleeping. I gotta go train.”

Killua feels his heart drop, just a little. He’d been hoping to spend the day with Gon—stay indoors and just be within his presence. Hold him in his embrace. The number of times they spent together was beginning to dwindle, with Killua’s studies and Gon’s fixation on training coming into play.

Killua reaches out, shaking away the thoughts, pressing their foreheads together and he exhales. “Stay for breakfast, at least?”

Gon smiles, nuzzling, and laughs quietly, closing his eyes. “Of course, cariño.”
After Gon leaves, Killua is left alone in an apartment that is all-too-big and all-too-cold. Which is odd. Because he’s never had this problem with the complex. He sits in the living room, sipping the leftover hot chocolate he’d made with Gon, staring out the window. Nanika is sitting in his lap, contently asleep.

The voices in his head get louder.

Before he can think any further, the door is clicking open, and Killua whips around.

Alluka is standing there, laughing loudly and walking in with Bisky right behind her.

“Alluka really liked those, she’s such a simple girl.”

She shows him the little black and white bag, carefully opening the box to show him a set of thin rings dazzled with small jewels. Nanika mewls from the couch, perking up in interest to sniff the new item in front of her.

Bisky takes a seat from the kitchen and drags it near them. “Alluka really liked those, she’s such a simple girl.”
The older woman unwraps her own bag, showing off a large jewel hanging from a necklace.

“Bisky had it polished at the store five times before we left, that’s why we took so long.”

Bisky huffs, turning her head. “It wasn’t polished enough, I’m telling you.”

Alluka and Killua share a laugh, and Bisky looks around.

“Did he leave?”

Killua looks at her quizzically. “Gon? Yeah, like, thirty minutes ago.”

She sighs in annoyance. “I should get going to the ring to keep an eye on him then. You talked to him?”

He nods. “Yeah. He regrets what he did.”

“He’d better,” Bisky mutters, fumbling to put the necklace back in the bag. “I’ll get going then. See you both later.”

And with that, she’s taking her leave, leaving Killua alone with Alluka in an all-too-quiet room. Killua stares at nothing in particular, but his sight seems to trail to the bag in Alluka’s hand. Alluka peers at him curiously.

“Something is on your mind.”

Killua hums.

“Your eyes stayed on that ring a little long.” Alluka teases, hopping onto the couch next to Killua and pressing her shoulder against his. “You planning on proposing to Gon?”
Silence. One, two, three seconds—before Killua speaks up.

“Yeah.” His voice is soft. “I kinda really want to.”

Alluka freezes. She scrambles to sit straight, to really look at him. “Wait—seriously? You’re really thinking of proposing to him?”

Killua nods, and his voice remains soft as ever. “Yeah. I don’t know—it’s been on my mind for a while.” Killua pauses to look at Alluka, their eyes meeting. “I really love him, Alluka.”

His voice is barely above a whisper. And Alluka is looking at him, eyes wide—and this is the first time Killua can say he’s stumped his sister into such a state. She opens her mouth and closes it several times, before managing to articulate anything at all.

“Big brother.” Alluka’s voice is wet, eyes glossy, and her hands are coming up to come in a soul-crushing hug. Her fingers tangle in his hair, and Killua lets out a shaking breath. “I’m so proud of you.”

A wet laugh manages to bubble past Killua’s throat, and he screws his eyes shut to keep in the tears that stung his eyes.

“I just really love him, is all.” He repeats, and Alluka nods.

“I know. You should do it.” Her voice wavers. “Gon and you are that type of couple. You both just connect. And that means you know when you want to be with him for a long time.”

Killua buries his face in Alluka’s neck, runs his hands into her black locks. “I’m really grateful to have the best little sister I could ever ask for.”

“I’m so happy for you, big brother. You deserve this so much.” The arms around him tighten their hold. “I’m so glad you’re not letting your fears consume you anymore.”
Killua hums, and she continues. “You don’t have to be afraid anymore—of failing him. Or that you’re going to get hurt. He loves you a lot too, big brother.”

It takes a moment for Killua to speak. “I know,” He says simply, “Despite there currently being problems affecting us, Gon and I haven’t had problems with each other. It’s just outside stuff.”

Alluka hums. “That fight has him fixated.”

Killua nods, “Yeah…”

Alluka leans back, puts space between the both of them, and she gives Killua a sly grin, wiggling her eyebrows in suggestion—trying to lighten the mood.

“So then—does this mean you’ve been ring shopping, too?”

His cheeks warm faster than they ever have, and he shoves her playfully, giving a shout of indignance.

“Alluka!”

She snorts, stumbling away from his reaching hands.
The phone rings for three dials before it's picked up.

“Hey, amor.”

“Hey.”

Gon’s voice is absent of excitement. Killua furrows his eyebrows.

“Are you alright, Gon?”
“Yeah.”

His words are clipped—short and to the point, and Killua can hear the monotonous sound of his voice.

“You don’t sound alright. Are you stressed?”

There’s huffing on the other side of the line. “It’s fine, really. What did you need?”

Killua pauses, having forgotten his purpose for calling. “Oh, just wanted to know if you wanted to go out to eat tonight?”

Silence. “Can’t. ’M out for the entire night training.”

His heart drops. This is the first time—the first time Gon has ever said no to anything offered. The voices grow. Killua needs to get a grip.

“Oh, that—that’s fine. Do you want to go eat sometime later in the week then?”

Gon sighs. “I’m busy, Killua. I’ll have to see.”

“That’s fine. Just—Just let me know, okay? I love you, and I miss you.” He speaks the words softly, no matter how torn his heart feels.

A humming sound of acknowledgment comes from the other side of the line. “Will do. Love you.”

The line ends with a click, and Killua is staring into nothing. As more time passes, Gon strays further from him. And it’s gotten to the point where Killua doesn’t see Gon often. Gon’s been fixated on training for months now. He’s not there with him—sometimes they go days without saying a single word. But when Gon is there with him, he’s not mentally there. Physically, sure, but not always mentally.
His mind is elsewhere.

The voices in Killua’s head speak louder. The fear is beginning to consume him again.

What if he isn’t enough anymore?

The voices speak roar—spread negativity harder and faster than they had before. He’s going to fail Gon if he lets this get to him. They’re fine. They weren’t having problems—it was an outside issue that was affecting them. They were okay. They were okay.

It’s past the point of sink or swim—the feelings he was once alright with sinking in are now suffocating him.
Even though Gon couldn’t make it out on a date with him, Killua decides to put his time to good use.

Chances are if Gon is focusing on training, then Mito is left to work at the house alone.

And he’s right.

When the cab pulls up at the gated community, and he inputs the code he’s all-too-familiar with, he can see Mito rushing around outside, a bucket of water in one hand, broom, water hose, and window wipers scattered on the pavement near her.

“Mito!” Killua calls out, and she turns around, eyes wide in surprise.

“Oh, Killua. Hola, amor. What a pleasure to see you.”

He greets her hello with a kiss on the cheek, leaning down to reach her small form, already used to the customs in Gon’s family. She smiles at him.
“Gon isn’t here, he’s out training.”

“I know. I thought I’d come to help you since I know you’re cleaning today.”

Mito’s eyes soften, and she laughs. “Gracias, papo. I won’t deny you from helping. Would you mind pressure-cleaning the driveway?”

Killua nods, and gets to work.

It’s a nice distraction from his thoughts. The whirling of machinery from the pressure-cleaner doesn’t let Killua think—an absolute blessing—and he preoccupies his nervous hands with the hose. The sun is beating down on him, but the feeling isn’t unwelcomed. He works slowly, making sure to clean every last spot. He shuts it off as soon as he’s done.

Mito is wiping the windows clean, working diligently and quickly, reaching up on her tiptoes to reach the top of the window. Killua hides a snort with the back of his hand, trying to stifle it. She hears it regardless, turning around to pout, wiping the sweat on her forehead with her hand.

“C’mon, don’t be like that. Not all of us are blessed with tall height!”

Killua laughs out-right then. Mito doesn’t even look mad, sporting her own grin. He walks over to help her, taking the rag from her hands and easily reaching the top of the windows.

“Gon is pretty tall, though.”

She huffs. “Unfairly so. I don’t understand how he got so tall when no one in this family is. It’s an anomaly, I keep telling Abe.”

“Really?”

Mito nods, taking another rag to dry the wet glass. “Absolutely no one in the Freecss family is tall, not even Ging is all that tall. Last time I saw him, he was around my height.”
“Gon’s father?”

“Yeah. C’mon inside, I’ll get you a glass of water, you’re sweating.”

The inside of the house smells clean. The type of clean you got from mixing chemicals with water and lighting up candles to scent the room. Killua takes in the smell in appreciation, following Mito to the kitchen.

“Y’know, Ging hasn’t been around since Abe won custody over him.”

She sets the glass cup of water in front of him.

“Gon has never met his father, and I don’t have any pictures of him. Whale Island—it wasn’t very technologically advanced when I was young. And Ging wasn’t much of a photo person regardless.”

Killua gives a small chuckle and hums, taking a sip of the water.

“And I raised Gon myself very young—too young, really—because Abe, despite having legal and physical custody over Gon, was too old to care for a baby. And I tried so hard to be a good mother for him, but I think Ging’s absence damaged Gon a lot.”

His heart clenches, but he understands. Killua’s parents were there, but they weren’t the type of parents any child should have. He understands that now, older and wiser and more understanding of the world around him.

“When Gon was younger, he cried a lot about why Ging left him. I know now that it’s shaped him into who he is.” Mito takes a deep breath, looking at Killua. “He was the type of kid who didn’t ask for anything because he didn’t want to burden anyone with his wants. I wish that I’d encouraged him to be more open with his thoughts.”

Killua looks at her. “You know.”

She nods. “A mother always knows.”
Her voice is soft, and she doesn’t need to elaborate further. He understands. He gets that Gon is hurting. He gets that Gon needs time to heal the wounds his absent father left.

Killua sighs, scratching his cheek, flushing in embarrassment.

“Actually,” he starts, averting his gaze. “I was hoping to talk to you. I don’t know—today, or some other time. With Abe, too.”

Mito looks at him curiously.

“Would you like me to fetch her?”

He doesn’t say a word, but nods. And Mito smiles, excusing herself. She comes downstairs with Abe, holding her hand, and the older woman gives him a wide smile.

“Killua, pero que pleasure it is to see you!”

Shaky hands reach out to grasp him into a hug, and Killua laughs, leaning close to greet her with a kiss.

“It’s nice to see you too, Abe.”

Both women take a seat at the table, staring at Killua, and Killua feels himself flush all over again.

“Gon and I have been dating for well over a year now. And—And I know this might be a little soon, but I really love him a lot.” Killua nearly chokes on his words. “His dedication, and love, and compassion; his drive for photography. He’s such an amazing person. It wasn’t my intention to ask you today, because I truly came just to help Mito around the house, but I want to marry Gon, and would like your blessing.”

There’s a silent smile splayed across Abe’s features, one so soft and delicate, with olden eyes creased in a crescent smile so familiar to Killua that Gon’s image flashes in his mind. Mito is
looking at him with wide eyes, eyes glossed over, and she’s standing suddenly, striding over to Killua and enveloping him in a crushing hug.

“You’d have my blessing regardless if you had even bothered to ask or not.” The words are wet, and a laugh bubbles past her throat. “I cannot think of a single man better for my son.”

Killua smiles softly, returning the hug just as tight.

“I’m glad.” He whispers.

“Si, si, and what about the ring?” Abe asks, voice smothered in glee. “You do have a ring picked out, right?”

A loud chuckle. “Yes, I do. I don’t have it on me, but I have pictures—if you’d like to see.”

“Oh, ah, 

ven pa’ca, hijo . Let me see what you got my grandson.”

Mito drags him to take a seat at the table, holding his hand, smiling wide as Killua takes out his phone and unlocks it.
Mito and Abe’s blessing is really the final push Killua needed.

He’s going to propose to Gon.

He feels like he’s on his fifth shot of caffeine the closer the date gets. And really, Killua would’ve waited the few extra months for their anniversary, but the prospect of engagement with Gon fills Killua’s stomach with butterflies and an excitement he’s never known. He wants this, he wants this so bad—it’s killing him.

The ring sits in his pocket, a small velvet black box that encased an elegantly simple white gold ring. It’s banded, with nine diamonds splitting the band in the center. Killua had made sure the
design was minimalistic and rounded, because Gon did fight, and any extravagant ring would undoubtedly break from the force of his blows.

Alluka is dancing around in a barely-tuned-down excitement, steps light around the apartment, humming a happy tune to herself. Even Nanika senses the lively energy, trotting around the house and mewling every so often.

Gon doesn’t suspect a thing. Which is good—it’s what Killua had wanted in the first place. And Gon had agreed easily enough to go on a date, because it had been a while since they’d done anything together, despite texting back and forth every so often.

Killua missed Gon so much it hurt.

He pairs his long blue coat with a black turtleneck and dress pants, and he’s reminded of the outfit he wore on his first date with Gon. Killua smiles in the mirror, looking over everything. Planning had been meticulous. He wants to propose in Central Park, after grabbing a cup of hot chocolate from Near and Far Cafe.

Before Killua can step out the door, Alluka is grabbing his hands, spinning him around and hugging him tightly.

“I’m so proud of you—of everything,” She says, voice low, whispering into Killua’s coat. “I’m so happy that you’ve found happiness.”

Killua smiles, pressing a kiss to her forehead and ruffling her hair.

“Thank you, Alluka.” His eyes are tender, holding compassion. Alluka waves him goodbye, cheers him good luck, shouts every piece of good-luck phrase she can think of. Killua grins even as he makes his way down the elevator to the lobby. Today is good. His entire being is thrumming in excitement, unfiltered and pure love. He can’t wait to see Gon and kiss him.

He can’t wait to slip the ring on.
Gon is late.

Killua is standing outside the cafe, waiting. They had agreed on meeting up there, and Killua had already been standing outside an extra thirty minutes. He anxiously thumbs with his phone, debating on whether to call Gon or not. He doesn’t want to be clingy—but he’s worried about him.

“Killua!”

Killua looks up, and Gon is rushing over with a grin, wrapping his arms around the taller man.

He breathes a sigh of relief, “Hey, amor.”

Gon’s voice is soft. “Hey, missed you.”

Gon tilts his head up, locking Killua’s lips in a chaste kiss. His eyes are crescents, and Killua smiles gently.

“You’re a little late, was everything alright?”

“Yeah, I just got caught up in training.” Gon intertwines their hands.

Killua hums, opening the door to the cafe. “Yeah. C’mon, let’s get our drinks and we can sit outside—the weather is nice.”

Gon is absent-minded—doesn’t reply—but lets Killua drag him along inside. His hand is loose in Killua’s grasp, and his eyes look into the distance to something that isn’t physically there. Killua presses his lips together.

“Gon—” Killua tightens his hold to grab his attention, “What do you want?”

He blinks, eyes switching from Killua to the barista who stares at him impatiently. “Ah, hot
chocolate is fine.”

The payment is quick, and Killua can feel the ring in his pocket shift as they sit. Gon’s hand reaches out over the table, resting on the wood to grab Killua’s. Slowly, Killua lets his thumb caress Gon’s hand as they drink in silence. It’s different from usual.

“Gon, are—”

“Is this date going to take long?”

Killua feels his eyes widen. He makes a noise of confusion. “Uh, well, I was thinking, ‘cause we haven’t spent—”

“I really need to get back to training.”

Killua takes a shaky breath, looks at Gon and holds his breath. He drops his eyes, and the voices return all the same. The whispers haunt him.

“Can’t we just—Can we spend today together?” Killua asks softly, and swallows before continuing. “I was looking forward to being with you today.”

Gon’s silence is answer enough.

His gaze is glazed, and Killua finds it hard to breathe at all. This isn’t what he’d wanted at all. Gon is drifting further, and further. His actions are supplementary—done only to please him. Killua doesn’t want that. He wants Gon back with him.

He misses him so much.

He licks his lips and tries again.

“Gon—You don’t have to train so hard. You’re already so strong, beating Hisoka doesn’t prove anything.”
Gon’s grip loosens even more, and Killua gets desperate, eyes wide and searching. His heart drops to his stomach, and a sense of nausea overcomes him. The hot chocolate isn’t sitting well with him, and his eyes well with tears.

“Please, Gon. You’ve been so out of it lately. This isn’t you.” Killua chokes back a wet cry, eyes stinging. “You’re not here, with me. You’re—you’re just a husk. Is this about Ging? About compensating? You’re not weak, Gon.”

Gon finally gives a reaction, then.

He bristles, grinding his teeth, and rips his hand from Killua’s grasp. His hand’s clench.

“God, Killua—” He starts, voice tight. “That’s not it. It’s none of your business. It’s— It’s not like we’re married or anything. Stay out of my shit. We’re just dating!” His voice is raised, and hissing venom.

The voices inside his head are clamoring.

Pathetic, they whisper—they taunt. They repeat, over and over again and Killua—Killua can’t.

Killua can’t quiet them this time.

As quickly as those words come, Killua’s heart comes to a complete stop. The ring—the ring in his pocket, it feels so heavy. It bears a weight Killua can’t stand. His throat seizes, constraining, airflow locking, and he can’t get a single word out. He can’t breathe.

Silence hangs in the air.

The hot chocolate isn’t hot anymore.

Killua’s lips wobble, just barely before he schools it into a neutral expression.
Gon’s words finally catch up with him, and his eyes widen, mouth agape, inhaling sharply.

And Killua grits his teeth—raises his eyes to look at Gon. God, he can’t even meet his eyes longer than two seconds. The hazel in his eyes is completely consumed in fear, and if he stares any longer, he’ll forgive him. He’ll forget the words, chalk it up to his fixation and stress. Because Killua loves him too much. So much, it hurts.

*It hurts.*

Killua gives him a lackluster smile, even as his heart squeezes and feels as though it’s oozing every drop of blood in him.

The ring in his pocket sits heavy.

“You’re right.” Killua’s voice is hollow, he swallows back the emotion, gives an incredulous, dry laugh. “You’re right, Gon. We’re not married. But you’re wrong about something.”

Killua takes a choking breath, even as he screams internally. He wants to claw at his chest. He struggles to speak the words.

“We’re not dating, either.”

The words are final. They hang heavy in the air.

“I won’t kill myself for you.”

Killua is standing. The background noise around them is quiet—too quiet. It’s like the world has paused to view this unfold. The chair makes a screeching sound against the pavement. And Killua is taking out his phone, ordering a cab.

“K-Killua—” Gon’s voice rings out, and he reaches out, grabbing Killua’s wrist.

The touch seers his skin. It *burns.*
Killua wrings himself free of his grasp.

“Don’t! Just—don’t. When you have your shit sorted, I’ll be here. For now, we’re done.”

Gon is forced to watch, hands trembling, lips quivering, as Killua steps further and further away from him. Until he can barely see him. And all that’s left in his wake is a cup of hot chocolate gone cold. He sits there for minutes that seem endless, trying to control the onslaught of emotions. His features contort, and he hides his face in his hands, head down. His fingers tug at his hair as he takes a deep breath.

There’s someone standing in front of him.

“Are you Gon Freecss? I was the cab driver ordered for you.”

And hesitant movements have Gon looking up and standing shakily, knees weak. He feels like he’s been stabbed over and over and over again. It’s kind of hard to breathe. His bottom lip juts, ready to cry, but he holds it in. Holds it in, because there’s nothing else he can do.

Even in his most disappointed moments, Killua manages to think of him.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Twenty of “You’re Breaking My Guard”!

: ) Hello everyone. I'm sure everyone hates my guts right about now. It's here. We have finally reached the point of no return. And our descent only continues to spiral downward, fellas. Hope you enjoy the rest of the ride.

I'd like to remind that this fic IS tagged "Angst with a happy ending". If any of you are interested in what the ring looks like, click here: Ring

Please don't forget to comment/kudos, I look forward to everyone screaming at me and tearing me apart!

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
Amor ⇔ Love (term of endearment)

Cariño ⇔ Honey/Sweetie (term of endearment)

“Buenos días, cariño.” ⇔ "Good morning, sweetie/honey."

"Hola, amor." ⇔ "Hello, love."

"Gracias, papo." ⇔ "Thank you, baby." (Papo has no literal translation, it's a term of endearment.)

"...pero que..." ⇔ "...but what..."

"Si, si." ⇔ "Yeah, yeah."

"Ven pa’ca, hijo." ⇔ "C’mere, son."

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Twenty-One

Chapter Summary

Killua had been so kind. So sweet. A tender warmth that was always there to keep him from going too far. And just like everything else in his life, now he was gone. Because Gon wasn’t worth keeping around.

And Gon tries.

He tries so hard.

Chapter Notes

For any Spanish phrases, translations in English are in the End Notes!

Killua feels like he can finally breathe when he’s a safe distance away.

When Near and Far Cafe is well over twenty blocks away and there’s no chance of Gon rushing after him unnoticed.

His knees feel weak. So weak. Like they might give out at any second. And he struggles to reign his emotions in completely—struggles to cap down the feeling of agony that courses through his veins like a poison he has no immunity to. The words reply in his head, the scene, the voices, over and over and over and over and—

The cold air burns his lungs at every inhale, fogs up in front of him at every exhale.

Killua takes a seat on a bench. An empty bench that’s far from the public, under a tree that keeps it hidden and separate.

He’s alone.

He’s alone, and in Central Park, and not very far from the place where he’d planned on proposing.
He looks at the spot, and can only see memories that will never happen. Ideas and daydreams and concepts that fill his head that won’t ever get fulfilled.

The ring feels heavy in his pocket.

Killua can’t bear to look at it.

His head is swung back, neck resting on the back of the bench, eyes empty and glossed over and looking up at a grey sky, and a wetness he hadn’t thought of prior to fills his eyes.

He’s crying.

Of course he is. He’s weak. So weak. So in love, and so frail, and he was ready. He was ready to commit everything to the one person he loves. Gon was it for him. Gon was light; Gon was admirable in every sense. And yet here he sat, reconsidering those very words. The very words he uttered every day—thought of every waking moment. The very words that plagued his mind for better or for worse.

His love.

All the love he had to give.

All the love for Gon and only Gon.

Shaky hands tremble, reaching into the pocket of his pants.

Killua swallows, forces himself to man up, to tear his gaze from the sky and look down at the object of his destruction in physical form. Anything would be better than this. Anything. Anything to replace the feeling of scorching pain, and agony, and despair, and every negative human emotion known to man.

The voices won’t quiet. They continue to ring, to clamor, to shout and scream and yell.
And he leans forward, slumped over to fiddle with the black velvet box. His fingers toy with it, spin it and observe every which way to prolong opening it. He doesn’t think he can.

He isn’t strong enough for that.

And yet, even as the tears silently fall, he forces himself through it. Because he needs this—he needs to do this for himself. And he feels so sick to his stomach, like he might throw up. He’s certainly almost there, if he keeps pushing himself like this. He thumbs at the box before flipping it open, and there sits the ring. New and gorgeous and unused.

The diamonds glisten under the light from the sun, showing the engraving on the inside of the band.

*Mi amor.*

A sob tears through his throat.

He nearly drops the ring right then and there.

And then he can’t stop.

He’s crying until his voice feels hoarse, until his throat is parched and eyes can’t cry. His hands are trembling, reaching up to cover his eyes, trying to wipe away all the tears that fall. Every single drop another ounce of love lost. He can’t, he can’t, *he can’t.*

He can’t breathe.

Killua’s lips are quivering. His shoulders shake, fingers shutting the box more aggressively than necessary. He pockets the ring again, takes out his phone. There’s a notification says that the cab had successfully arrived at its predetermined destination.

Another sob bubbles past his lips.
He runs his fingers through his hair, tousles the white locks, sets his phone on his lap to grip the bench armrest. To ground himself. He needs to breathe. Killua can’t even swallow; he just coughs, and there are no more wet trails running down his cheeks because there are no more tears left to spend.

He sits like that for a while.

Lets the silence consume him.

Tries not to let his thoughts trail back to one man.

His heart clenches.

Shaky fingers unlock his phone, opening his contacts folder and typing in the name of one person he could always depend on.

One, two, three rings.

A click.

“Killua?” The voice is loud and contains a lilt of confusion.

With all the crying and silent screaming, all Killua can manage to whisper is his name.

“Ikalgo.”

And god, does he sound pathetic. His voice cracks, and he can’t hold in another agonizing sob that runs through him.

There’s rustling on the other side of the line.
“Shit, Killua—what the fuck happened?”

Killua doesn’t think he can explain everything. He can’t put himself through that. Not yet. Not again. So he sums it up in simple words: easy words anyone can understand even with no context.

He sniffs, chokes on another cry. “Wuh-We broke up.”

“Fuck.”

Killua can hear rustling on the line, the sound of keys jangling. A door opening.

“Don’t come. Yuh-you don’t have to pick me up or anything. Just wanna be alone for now.”

He can hear the way Ikalgo considers his words—the slowing of his steps. There’s silence on the line, and then, muttering.

“Are you sure, Killua?” His voice is soft.

“Yeah…”

A door shuts. The keys are put against something—probably a countertop. “Okay, fair,” Ikalgo says, pauses and sighs. “Then talk to me.”

And Killua doesn’t know if he can. So much has happened, so many little details, so much time spent together. And it’s all just gone. The thoughts plaguing him are like rubbing salt into open wounds—they sizzle and burn his skin, and every passing second makes him want to cry louder.

After a beat of silence, Killua opens his mouth to speak, but Ikalgo interrupts him over the phone.

“And, just for the record, it can be about whatever you want. Not about…” his voice trails off.
Killua gives a small, appreciative smile. Gently, he wipes the tears away, pockets the ring, takes a deep breath.

He tries to steady himself.

“Alluka’s doing really well in her art classes.”

Ikalgo hums. “You got her in?”

“Yeah. I got her in through the alumni status. Since I’m attending, she gets automatic admission.”

A laugh. “So what I’m hearing is, Alluka scored big with having a smart big brother?”

Killua smiles, sniffs quietly and coughs to remove the wetness in his voice. “I’m not smart. I just know how to apply myself. I’m glad the university gives her so many connections and opportunities. You should see how fascinated the professors are with her work.”

“I’ve seen some of her paintings on her social media. Really great stuff.”

The conversation lulls into a silence.

“Sorry,” Killua mutters. “This conversation isn’t very… interesting.”

He can almost picture the way Ikalgo’s brows must furrow in confusion when he speaks.

“The hell are you talking about, man? This isn’t about me.”

“Yeah, but—”

Ikalgo sighs. “Listen, I don’t know what caused a change in plans today—I know you want to be alone, but I think you should head home and rest.”
Killua hums, hands still a little shaken, and he feels lightheaded from all the crying.

“I might just listen to your advice…” He laughs weakly, trails off.

“You’d better. Or else what the hell have we been best friends for all this time?”

He can feel his mood lift, just a little, and he tries to joke. “You mean to tell me you were my friend not just for the money?”

Ikalgo chuckles. “I guess we’ll never know.”

They both laugh before Killua sighs softly and looks at the people who are walking about.

“I’ll go home, then.”

“Fair. Get home safe, Killua.”

Killua makes a noncommittal sound, ending the call. And in the quiet around him, the reality of the situation slowly sinks in once again. He presses his lips together, forces himself to get up and stagger home. No matter how painful of a reminder the ring in his pocket is.

There’s no fixing the gaping hole in his heart.
The cab drops Gon off at his house. Which is really the last place he wants to be.

His head hurts with an indescribable pain, and he rubs circles between his brow to try and ease the pain. A permanent crease set on his features, eyes wet and red, he thanks the driver for the drive in a barely-audible whisper, and steps out. His movement is sluggish—and his hands feel like they’re trembling when they’re clearly not.

Quietly, he unlocks the front door, steps inside with the gentlest of steps.
In his mind, he continues to replay the words.

“But you’re wrong about one thing—we’re not dating either.”

His eyes sting with tears that threaten to overspill.

“Gon!” Mito says, and there’s such a wide smile on her face.

Both Abe and her are sitting at the table, sipping coffee, and looking at him expectantly.

He feels annoyance bubble within him.

“How was the date with Killua?”

Gon feels himself stiffen, a tremor running through him. He grits his teeth, tries to level his voice. One tear manages to escape his eyes, and he roughly brings his hand up to rub at it aggressively.

“There was no date,” he says coldly, “Killua and I broke up.”

And he can see the way it takes Mito a moment to register the words—the way Abe’s eyes widen. Mito furrows her eyebrows, opens her mouth to speak, but Gon doesn’t even look at her before he interrupts her train of thought.

His voice chokes up. “I’m going upstairs.”

Mito’s hand grasps his arm, and her eyes are searching his for an explanation. He shrugs her off. “Please, Aunt Mito. Not right now.”

She sighs gently and lets her hand fall to her side. No more words are exchanged, but Gon can hear them whisper amongst themselves as he continues upstairs. The door is shut, and Gon feels his hands tremble as he grips the doorknob. He’s dreading opening the door: takes a deep breath and
closes his eyes before pushing it open.

As soon as he’s inside, he shuts the door—lets himself slide down against it in defeat.

In the silence that surrounds him, memories filter through his mind.

And he breaks.

A sob wracks past his throat. He stuffs his face in his hands, knees up to his chest.

Everything feels wrong.

The words repeat in his head.

What was said, what wasn’t, what was left to emotions and what was left to remember.

So many scenarios escape his mental grasp. He thinks about what could’ve been if he hadn’t been stupid. If he hadn’t opened his mouth and been so stupid—uttered words he hadn’t ever meant. If he hadn’t kept pushing, and pushing, and pushing.

He’s just not strong enough.

Not strong enough for Ging.

Not strong enough for Kite.

Not strong enough for Killua.

He failed them all, failed them time and time again. He burdened them, all of them. He wasn’t even strong enough to keep them around. He’s just weak. So weak. So weak and pathetic. The words are venom in his mind.
Even the darkness of the room can’t hide it—the photographs on the wall. The photographs on his desk.

As time had passed, less became of nature. More of Killua and him. There are dozens of photographs, of their memories together. On dates. On their adventures. Home together.

He’d pasted each one carefully on the wall—framed one of Killua sleeping peacefully with Nanika on his chest; It sits on the only organized area of his room—his desk. There are pictures of Killua laughing, or smiling, or holding his hand—pictures of Killua and him, or Killua alone and surrounded by nature.

There’s one picture of Killua mid-turn, facing the camera with a dazzling smile, hand outstretched and reaching for him.

Gon chokes on a sob, stands on shaky legs.

Ever since he lost—lost, because that’s what it was. He didn’t win against Hisoka, even if the man forfeited. He lost, and he deserved unrelenting punishment—his mind has been elsewhere. Reminded of Kite. Reminded of what happened, of the fight and the hospital and—

He should’ve ended up like Kite.

The curtains are drawn shut: a smothering darkness. It doesn’t hide the mess of his room.

He’d been too embarrassed to let Killua into his room.

To let Killua see how far he’d spiraled.

To burden Killua.

Bandages cover the floor and foot of his bed. New, unused packages next to opened sets. There are topical creams and ointments and bandaids piling—some empty. His knuckle guards lie bloodied
And torn. Water bottles litter the floor, and clothes are stacked against his chair. Several of the hanging lights in his room have gone bad and no longer work—others struggle to cling to life and flicker on and off.

And Killua had been so kind. So sweet. A tender warmth that was always there to keep him from going too far. And just like everything else in his life, now he was gone. Because Gon wasn’t worth keeping around.

*And Gon tries.*

*He tries so hard.*

He lets himself fall against the bed in defeat. Lets himself wallow in the heartache and the pain. He failed Killua. He failed Killua with every fiber of his being—said the words that made his lips tremble for a split second. Gon had recognized instantly when he’d fucked up. When Killua’s gaze had gone from anxious and distraught to empty and schooled.

When he feels an uncontrollable sob being to form at the base of his throat, Gon stuffs his face deeper into the mattress to wail a cry of pain.

His lips quiver, eyes scrunched shut, eyebrows pinched.

The photographs of Killua mock him now.

So many on his wall. Filled with an eternal scene of happiness. Unsuspecting of a sadness barreling its way. The happiness mocks him. He’d put them there because he wanted to always have something to remember Killua by every morning and every night.

He’s undeserving. He failed him. Failed *them.*

He should remove the pictures.

Put them in the box with Kite’s.
Even if it tears him apart to do it.

Shaky hands reach out, for the first picture. The one of Killua smiling so brilliantly and reaching out for him. Gon can see his own reflection in the photo when it comes off the wall with a soft rip. His vision blurs, lips tremble and he tries to press them together, breath stuck in his throat.

It’s kind of hard to breathe.

He slowly lifts himself from the bed, lets his fingers reach for the next photograph before there’s a knock at the door.

“Gon,” a soft voice. “Cariño .”

For a moment, Gon is reminded of every moment he’s called Killua that.

His chest tightens, breath hitches.

The door tentatively opens with a quiet creak.

Mito is standing there, eyebrows knit in worry, and she steps into the room carefully. She maneuvers past the water bottles, the bandages, the clothing. Gon doesn’t shift from the bed—lets himself just stare at her in silence.

“¿Nene, que paso ?” Her voice sounds choked, drowned in worry, and her hands reach out to gently to grab his unoccupied hand.

Gon doesn’t reply, just swallows, but Mito can see the way his lips quiver.

She looks at the photograph in his grasp, and hums. Her thumb rubs soothing circles into the dorsal of his hand, and the other comes carefully to take the picture from him. Not a single second spared, she sticks the photo back into its little spot in the center of the wall.
And she stares at it, just for a moment. She lets her gaze sit there before it moves back to Gon, and there’s a glassy look in her eyes.

Mito reaches out, wraps her arms around Gon, tightens her grip as much as she can—as comforting as she can—even if Gon’s arms sit limp by his sides.

“I’m sorry.” She says, and Gon’s eyes widen.

“Perdoname, Gon.”

The words make Gon’s eyes brim with tears until they’re spilling. Until he’s reaching up and hugging her, hands gripping her shoulders and fisting the back of her shirt and he’s sobbing loudly. And she stifles her own cry, feels as Gon stuffs his face into the space between her neck and shoulder.

“I’m sorry that I wasn’t a good mother, that you feel like this. I should’ve always told you that you were such a strong boy.”

Gon shudders in her hold, lets her continue.

“Gon. You’re so strong.” She takes a deep breath. “I’m so sorry, Gon.”

He shakes his head, tightens his grip, furrows his eyebrows and grits his teeth. And the tears won’t stop. He chokes back another wailing cry. He’s crying until he’s shuddering for oxygen, lips trembling and ears ringing, and Mito holds him—just like she did when he was a child. With patience, and love, and care.

They hold each other through the silence, the only noise is Gon’s cries and sniffles, and then even those sounds die down—until it’s quiet, save for their breathing.

When she pulls away to look at him, her nose is red and her eyes are irritated. And Gon is worse off, covered in dry tears that pull at his skin, brows still pinched in sadness.

He finally speaks. “I said some pretty rotten things to Killua.”
Her face flashes distraught. “That you didn’t mean?”

Gon’s face crumbles, and he shakes his head, taking another choked breath: “That I didn’t mean at all.”
When Killua gets to his apartment, Alluka is sitting on the couch. She looks so content, happily chatting with her friends over the phone, with Nanika sitting asleep by her side.

Killua feels bad about coming home.

At least, he feels bad for returning when he still doesn’t have his shit together.

The door shuts with a click, and she’s looking up. A face of surprise fills her features, because her eyes are wide and searching for answers, stunned to see him back so soon, eyes traveling from his figure to the clock on their wall, and back to him.

“I’ll call you guys back later.” She says—doesn’t even wait for a response—and hangs up the phone.

Killua feels close to breaking all over again.

“Big brother? Why are you back so soon?”

His lip wobbles, but he can’t find the energy in himself to give her a full explanation.

“Gon said no—to the proposal.”

Alluka makes a noise of shock, goes to stand, but Killua waves her off.

“Don’t worry about it. I’ll...” His voice trails off and he takes a shuddering breath. “I’ll be in my
room, okay?” The words are no louder than a faint whisper.

And he manages to keep his tears at bay, just barely, quickly stepping into the hallway and opening the door to his room. He needs—he needs to get out of this outfit. Get it off. Put it somewhere else. He doesn’t want to think. He just wants his mind to not process what’s happened in the past hour and a half.

He doesn’t expect to be met with Gon’s hoodies on the hangers—fresh from the laundry two days ago.

His lips quiver.

Trembling fingers come up, and he passes them through the hoodies. Lets his fingers run through each hoodie. The hangers slide with every passing movement. He remembers taking the hoodies from Gon’s closet, bringing them to his apartment to sleep in them. They’d both laughed about it, back then.

Gon had called him a hoodie thief.

_He can’t breathe._

Reaching for the drawer with his shorts and shirts, he spots Gon’s pajama’s neatly folded there too.

His heart sinks, and he narrowly manages to grab his own set of sleepwear.

Killua shuts the closet door with more force than needed—swings his bedroom door open. The bathroom isn’t any better. Gon’s spare toothbrush is set near his, and there are two cups for water, and two different kinds of toothpaste because Gon always complained about how gross the mint one he owned was.

He feels like he’s going to be sick.

Everything is just a reminder of Gon. A painful reminder that serves more like a taunt than anything. The universe jeers at him without care: spares him no sympathy.
The mirror doesn’t hesitate to reflect his destroyed state back to him.

Hair tousled, eyes bloodshot, nose red. His lips still quiver, hands still tremble—a tremor still runs through him. He feels pathetic and cold.

He throws off his shirt, takes off his pants, splashes his face with water in a weak attempt to freshen himself. *Maybe he’ll feel better,* he thinks.

It doesn’t really help.

Killua trudges back into his room, heart practically dragging on the floor. He feels numb. And he can see the way Alluka looks at him from the living room, standing distraught and unaware of what to do. *It’s fine,* he wants to say, *I’ll be okay soon,* he wants to tell her.

The words don’t come out.

Instead, when he steps foot in his bedroom, he lets himself sink into his bed; feels around for the blanket blindly. His insides feel like they’ve been turned upside down. Killua sets his phone to charge, and it’s almost like seeking the pain at this point—because it lights up and shows the wallpaper of Gon and him smiling.

A sob bursts past his lips again, and he hides his face in the blanket to cry.

It all comes rushing back to him.

The fears, and the insecurities, and the voices.

There’s no end to them.

The ocean he was sinking in for Gon is no longer suffocating. It’s excruciating. It’s burning his lungs and filling his insides with water. He’s no longer just trying to hold his breath for him. He’s drowning and he can’t stand the pain.
A soft knock on the door is followed by Alluka entering without a word. Killua doesn’t hear her enter.

All that meets her vision is Killua clutching the blanket, and bringing it up to cover his eyes and stifle his cries. Her chest tightens, and she reaches out, lightly touching his shoulder and sitting at the edge of the bed. She doesn’t know what to say. She doesn’t know if there’s anything she can say.

Killua laughs brokenly. “Sorry, Alluka. I just—I need a moment.”

Alluka lets her hands tangle themselves in his hair, runs her fingers gently on his scalp to calm him. She doesn’t say a word.

“When—” His voice cracks. “I didn’t even get to ask him. He rejected me before I could even ask.”

“It’s okay, big brother.”

The frown doesn’t disappear from her features, and the sadness doesn’t slip from Killua’s eyes. He curls further into his blanket and trembles when a thought seems to cross his mind. As slowly as she can, Alluka pulls off the blanket, and pushes her arms under Killua, until she’s able to snake her arms around him and hold him. She lets herself lie next to him on his bed, and it’s like that’s the final straw for him. For him to open to her, just a little. To just let her into his thoughts.

His bottom lip is jutting out, tears falling freely, and hesitantly, he returns her hug.

He struggles to swallow before speaking, and even then, Alluka can hear how broken he is.

“I thought I didn’t have to be afraid anymore.”

The words sting Alluka. Sting her heart and her eyes, and she forces back her own tears because Killua didn’t need that right now. Even now, she doesn’t know what to say.
He repeats himself, stuffing his face closer to Alluka.

“I thought I didn’t—thought I didn’t need to be afraid of getting hurt anymore.” His breath hitches and he struggles to breathe. Alluka runs her hands on his back soothingly before he continues. “I thought he wouldn’t hurt me, not like this.”

There’s nothing she can say. Not really. Nothing will fix this.

A silence lulls between them. One that is filled only with his shuddering breaths and sniffles.

His voice is low: quiet, and weak, and nothing Alluka likes. He’s mumbling. “I know I did the right thing. But it hurts so much, Alluka. It hurts so much.”

He loves Gon so much.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Twenty-One of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hello everyone! I gift you all this chapter just before New Years. What a way to go out, huh? This chapter was really emotional for me to write—I cried about 7 times typing Gon's portion of the story. We finally get some insight on his thoughts and what he's going through. While it doesn't justify how he treated Killua, I think it's important to understand it isn't entirely his fault either. So please don't hate him too much!

Also, this chapter is kind of Parallel Hell. It was mainly focused on thoughts and feelings, so I hope it wasn't too boring to read. I went pretty liberal with grammar conventions/rules (since it is, after all, conveying mainly their inner thoughts), and went a little wild with the spacing of paragraphs—hope it isn't too annoying to read. Also, some mention of Kite and Ging—I know I'd previously mentioned Ging, but Kite is also a part of this story and is just as important to Gon as he is to him in canon!

Please don't forget to leave kudos/comments! I'd love to know what you all think of this chapter—whether you understand Gon's actions a little more now or whether you all still want to burn him (and me) alive at the stake! I look forward to your replies!!

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
"Cariño" ⇒ "Sweetie/honey." (term of endearment)

“¿Nene, que paso?” ⇒ "Baby, what happened?"

"Perdone, Gon." ⇒ "Forgive me, Gon."

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Twenty-Two

Chapter Summary

It’s then, on his fourth mojito, that he sees someone who looks a little too close to home, and at the same time, not like home at all.

There’s a girl, short hair roughly cut, and she’s holding a glass of a near-empty red drink.

For a moment, the fluffed mess of white hair reminds him of Killua.

Chapter Notes

For any Spanish phrases, translations in English are in the End Notes!

TW (Trigger Warning): Slur(s) are present towards the middle of the chapter, discretion is advised.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It shouldn’t come as a surprise that Killua begins to slip.

In more ways than one.

It’s hard to get up in the mornings. He can hardly open his eyes without choking on a sob, scrunching up his features to pull the blanket to his eyes and heave a shuddering breath when he remembers. Sometimes, he can’t sleep at all—and other times he’s rushing to the bathroom to throw up the contents in his stomach.

Everything hit him a lot harder than he was honestly expecting it to.

And everything feels wrong.

His heart yearns, and aches, and cries, and Killua can’t even be mad about it. He can only sit numbly, let his hands fiddle with the last memory he has of Gon—the hoodies which sit clean and unused. Killua sits, hours upon hours in bed, sometimes spends the whole day in his room, and stares at the memories on his phone.
Maybe he’s a masochist.

A twinge of a smile rounds his features at the thought as the tears drop onto his phone screen.

His photo gallery has dozens of photos saved.

Of them.

Together.

He thumbs through the pictures, one after the next. He’s sure if glass wore, you’d be able to see an indent of his finger from the number of times he’s swiped left. Killua hugging Gon. Gon sitting on Killua’s lap. Killua and Gon holding hands. Smiling. Happy. Gon’s sleeping face, where his mouth is agape, eyes shut in a dreamy bliss. Killua misses that the most. The quiet, loving mornings.

Killua misses Gon.

He misses him so much that it hurts.

It’s like a knife laced with a poison he doesn’t know. One that was developed specifically to destroy him to the very end—that breaks every immunity he’s developed, broken down every single piece of him until he’s bare and wheezing for breath. Gon did that to him. Gon hurt him.

And at times like this, the bracelet which he’d bought for Gon and himself sits heavy on his wrist. The matching set, one for Gon, one for him. Their anniversary gift. The black cord seers his skin, reminds him of what happened. He doesn’t have it in him to remove the bracelet.

The voices return. The fears consume him.

Sometimes Alluka will stand by his door, face distraught, and she’ll watch. She’ll just stand, and quietly murmur if she can come in. Sometimes, Killua doesn’t respond.
He feels bad—being like this.

He’s not eating well. Or more so, he can’t. He throws everything up. And crying leaves him winded, with a bad headache that makes him just want to sleep the entire day away. But he’s been doing that a lot lately. It’s developed into a habit. Sleep off the pain—because it can’t follow you into darkness.

Until it can.

But until then, when Killua dreams, he dreams of Gon’s smiling face, and happiness. And in his dreams, they’re still together, and happy, and okay. They’re okay—and it’s more than any other thing Killua could ever want.

He’s spiraling.

And he has to get a grip.

If not for himself, then for Alluka. For them. For everything they’ve worked hard for since they left the Zoldyck family. Killua has a duty to his little sister, even if his body aches with every step, even if his vision sways with every inch moved, even if his heart drags itself through the ground with every second wasted.

Although he realizes this a little too late.

Because Killua is slipping, in more ways than one, and he wakes up one morning to the following message:

**Illumi:**

7:30a.m.: Hello, Killu. I am messaging you to let you know I have noticed a decline in your academic effort in the past few weeks. It is unfortunate that you should feel as though your education is not important anymore—seeing as you have a year until you graduate with your master’s degree. That being said, if you do not bring up those average grades back to stellar, I will have to inform father of this. And as you should know, he will stop sending you an allowance. If you continue to seek this academic performance, I will have a talk with him concerning your living arrangements with Alluka—perhaps he is proving to be a distraction.
And fuck.

If that wasn’t the last fucking message he needed in this pile of shit.

Killua tosses his phone to the side, stares up at the ceiling for answers. He brings his arm up to cover his eyes, groans lowly. He can’t focus anymore. It’s harder, now. It’s not as simple as it was—before Gon, or when he was… when he with Gon.

His mind is in disarray, and he can’t focus. And everything is so much harder now. There’s a weight on him he’s completely unfamiliar with—one that weighs him down to immeasurable depths in a darkening ocean.

Because as much as it hurt him, Killua was still sinking in this ocean of love, and he had no intention of breaking out into the surface until it was Gon who was there, arms outstretched, head in place and shit figured out. Killua didn’t want to get out of the ocean unless it was Gon.

Gon.

Trembling fingers reach for the floor, and Killua leans over the mattress to grab his laptop set comfortably within distance. He opens his university email, opens the student portal to check on his grades. When the site eventually loads, he nearly laughs aloud at the state of his grades in incredulity—his shoulders shake as he struggles to keep the laughter at bay.

The grades displayed are just a couple of percent lower than usual. It wouldn’t come close to damaging his grade point average. They weren’t perfect A’s, but god damn it, they weren’t anywhere near borderline A’s either. A ninety-five percent in marketing, ninety-three in ethical leadership. Ninety-four in strategic planning, and ninety-eight in international business.

Killua nears tugs at his hair in frustration.

Fuck.

Fuck.
Killua thumbs up the trackpad, lets his eyes filter through every email quickly. There are several email notifications concerning upcoming due assignments. Some of those assignments he’s already completed, others are nearly done. He has to catch up on the chapter readings—the review presentations were due next class.

**Killua:**

9:21 a.m.: *I’ll revise my academic plans and bring the scores up.*

The response is instantaneous.

**Illumi:**

9:21 a.m.: *I knew you would see to reason, Killu. Make sure you turn in those essay papers by tonight. Your pace has slowed.*

Killua grits his teeth.

It’s not like he wasn’t doing his work. He just wasn’t working as efficiently as he was before. *Not like he can*, with everything on his mind. But he was *trying his best*. And *fuck*, if he hadn’t been wanting to go to Bisky’s studio at least once this month and work on his routine—maybe it would help him improve his mental state and destress.

**Killua:**

9:22 a.m.: *Okay. Sorry.*

**Illumi:**

9:22 a.m.: *No need to apologize, Killu. I am only here to help you become the heir of the family business.*

He leaves Illumi on read and gets to work.
The ring is filled tonight. As per usual. And Gon doesn’t bother with smiling, doesn’t bother with waving or greeting his fans. He doesn’t care about saying hello to Morel at the door, or asking Knuckle about his day in the backroom. His skin is paler than usual, bags under his eyes and fists
chapped red.

He should probably get another set of knuckle wrappings. He’s not wearing any because his current ones are beyond repairable.

Gon looks at the crowd blankly.

He just needs to sort everything out—get stronger so that he can be better for Killua. And he is, he is getting stronger! At the cost of broken skin around his knuckles and yellow-bruised knees. But that doesn’t matter. Not right now. He just has to win tonight’s fight, and then he can train more.

And more, and more, and more.

He can stay longer tonight. There are no assignments due. Nothing to get back to at Mito’s house. Nothing important to do. He can focus solely on training.

On the calendar schedule on the wall, he’d seen his name compared to the others. Every day, he’d punched in his name. Gon was leagues above any other fighter in the ring, with a perfect streak having started the day after Killua’s words. Every single day, until the ring closed every night. Every day, after class. If he could help it, he would get here earlier.

Train more.

Because he has to be stronger for Killua. For them.

The words repeat in his head.

“But you’re wrong about something—we’re not dating either.”

The words still sting at his eyes.

He tries not to think about them.
He didn’t mean the words he’d said. Didn’t mean them at all.

When the referee rings the bell to announce the commencement of the fight, Gon doesn’t hesitate. He doesn’t hold back.

As soon as the figure is rushing towards him, he steps sideways and punches his jaw.

It’s an instant knockout—Gon isn’t sure if he’d broken some type of speed record, with how much the crowd is screaming. Or maybe they’re screaming at him for being too harsh. He doesn’t bother looking up at the crowd. It’s all just noise to him. The referee hesitantly lifts his hand to symbolize his win, but he isn’t paying attention. He stares at the ground, where Leorio rushes in to check on the other fighter.

Gon steps out of the ring, tugs the ropes up so that he can cross under them and make his way to the training room. He has to switch off the gloves, throw on the grappling gloves instead of these tough, professional gloves—they sacrifice comfort for power.

There’s a couple of women standing just outside the ring, staring at him. As soon as Gon is within distance, they’re reaching out, hooking their arms around his, lacing their fingers around his forearms, and shoulders, and back.

Gon is too heartbroken to care about reacting.

They’ll just leave him alone if he doesn’t pay them any attention.

“Friks.” One of the girls says, and Gon can’t help but divert his attention to look at her.

She’s looking up through her lashes, tugging a lock of hair behind her ear and looking up shyly. She gives him a mischievous smile then, laced with a choking poison—a smile aimed to lull him close to her. She plays with the hem of his shirt.

“Do you mind—” Gon starts, but he’s interrupted.
One of the girls presses her chest onto his arm, breasts enveloping his biceps, perfume all-too-strong to the point that it makes Gon’s nose burn. They follow him, even as he continues to walk. He doesn’t want to make a scene. Morel and Bisky aren’t looking at him. He sighs, tries again.

“C’mon, girls, I’m really—”

A man passes by them. Pauses to peer down at Gon and the girls, elbows the man next to him to look at Gon. “Look at ‘im. Guessing he got over that gay phase real quick, huh?”

The other one laughs. “So it really was that faggot’s fault that Friks was acting all like that?”

Gon grinds his teeth.

Don’t make a scene, don’t make a scene, he chants in his head.

He wasn’t ‘over’ Killua.

It wasn’t ‘a phase’.

But the women continue pestering him, and they continue touching him and prodding him, and as soon as they’re trying to enter the training room, Gon shrugs them off him. Shuts the door with more force than necessary. Locks it.

He can hear them clamoring, shrill voices exclaiming in annoyance. One of them has the nerve to pound on the door.

Gon puts his hands in his ears, covers them as tightly as he can. Killua’s voice resounds in his head at times like this. His voice, sweet and deep and usually filled with such warmth, now void and empty.

“When you have your shit sorted, I’ll be here.”

Gon lets the tears fall, opens his mouth to scream just for no sound to come out. When he looks up,
looking for his bag, his eyes catch the heart carved into the wall, Killua and Gon’s name carved perfectly there, just barely visible. Gon’s heart squeezes tighter, and he fists his shirt tightly in an attempt to ward off the pain.

He’s not ready yet—he hasn’t sorted out his problems. He knows what he said to Killua was wrong—it was wrong on so many levels—but he can’t. He can’t apologize yet when he’s still so concentrated on getting stronger. He can’t do that to Killua.

Not yet, not yet, not yet.

He has to get stronger.

And yet, as he sits there, in the quietness of the room, he can’t. Not today. He can’t even look up at the training mat, or the equipment. The weight machine mocks him. Right now, he has no drive. Everything in the room reminds him of Killua—not just the heart Gon had carved on the wall.

The mat, where Killua and he sparred, where Killua had pinned him and asked him on a date, where Killua had taught him move after move, technique after technique, to improve himself. The weights, where Killua would laugh and joke with him as they lifted, would pester him that he was slowing down and couldn’t keep up with him, would challenge him to carry more pounds. The punching bag stands tall, reminds him of when Killua would practice on the other side, and they’d feel the force of each other’s blows.

Gon can’t let go of the past.

In more ways than one.

Even as the minutes tick by, he’s forced into remembering every memory spent with Killua. He considers messaging him sometimes—when the pain is too much to bear—but that’s selfish of him. So selfish, for him to go rushing back to Killua without having fixed his issues first.

Instead, he takes to going through their conversations sometimes, the ones he saved and backed onto his phone.

Sometimes, late at night, wide awake and unable to sleep, he thumbs through their texts. The ones of happiness a few months back—not the most recent months. He’ll smile at every dumb joke or
image sent, at every keyboard smash trying to interrupt the other. The stupid memes or stickers or heart emojis that dripped in sarcasm.

He misses Killua’s love.

He misses Killua’s warmth.

He misses Killua’s presence.

Most of all, Gon misses Killua’s voice.

And it should be odd, but Gon found himself missing his voice the most. Because Killua’s voice nearly always meant he was close by, within proximity, just a lean or grasp away. And he missed the lilt of his voice, the teasing attitude or the gentle love. He missed Killua’s butchered Spanish—still struggling to completely grasp pronunciation—and he missed the way Killua’s voice sounded when he said the simple word:

*Amor.*

All Gon has to go off now are videos of them he’s saved—or the voice messages when Killua was too lazy to type, and would instead speak into the microphone of his phone and send those. Gon doesn’t ever check the voicemails Killua left because...because those were somber. Those were more recent, with Killua’s voice tired and worried and stressed, Gon doesn’t delete them, but he can’t bear to sit and listen to them either.

The training room feels cold.

Gon can’t stay here tonight.

Not tonight.

Not when he’s plagued by these incessant thoughts that threaten to completely destroy him.
So he doesn’t.

He grabs his duffel bag quickly, swings it over his shoulder and unlocks the door. The women aren’t there anymore, and the ring is still bustling with life. It’s not nearly late enough for people to start heading back. When Gon looks over at the crowd, his eyes drift to where Killua would usually sit to watch him.

Another man is sitting there, taking Killua’s place.

Gon presses his lips together in an effort to keep himself in check.

He needs to forget.

Just for tonight.

Maybe a little—forget about the pain.

Zushi would get mad at him—tell him that drinking isn’t a good idea. Because last time he drank, he ended up crying out his sorrows, five bottles downed just to get at some buzzed point. And he needs that right now. He needs to let go just a little, to where he can care a little less about what’s going on around him.
The ride to the bar near Mito’s house isn’t long.

It’s silent, the radio off, and Gon thrums his fingers on the steering wheel.

It feels kind of wrong—going to a bar.

He’s not looking to hook up, because he could never do that to Killua, nor could he lie to himself and think that someone else would ever take Killua’s spot—that anyone could amount to a fraction of what Killua means to him. But he craves the buzzing feeling in his head.
And Gon knows how to drink responsibly—he’s disciplined. He knows when to cut himself off, how to stay longest in that buzzing phase. He won’t be irresponsible about this. He just needs to forget the guilt that’s been building for the past weeks—he needs to forget the shame that he’s amassed since Kite’s accident, too.

The bar is full.

He’s not surprised. It’s a Friday night, and there are more men than women loitering around outside, eyes scavenging. Gon averts his gaze, keeps his head leveled and enters the door without hesitation. Inside, it’s a sea of bodies. Young groups of friends, hundreds of conversations. The clinking of glass cups, of voices ordering more drinks. Gon can’t see any of their faces in the dimly lit setting.

Someone grumbles at him as he walks past, forced to collide shoulders.

He just needs a couple of drinks.

A few to off-set his mind.

“Can you make me a mojito, double alcohol,” he tells the bartender.

The bartender laughs, taking a collins glass from under the bar. It makes a clinking sound, and Gon watches as the bartender makes the drink.

“You’re having one of those days?” He asks.

Gon manages a small smile. “I’ve been having several of those days for weeks now.”

The bartender hums, slides the glass over to Gon.

“Opening a tab?” He asks, and Gon nods.

Once the bartender goes to making someone else’s order, Gon averts his attention to the setting
around him. Rough paintwork on the walls and the tables he’d passed wore rough splinters at their edges. A strong stench of cigarettes has Gon scrunching his nose unconsciously. The men who stumble past him—feet colliding against the floor a little too hard, an unanticipated force of movement—wear a horrible smell. The smell of mint from his mojito can’t even cover the drunkenness.

Gon furrows his eyebrows just slightly in annoyance. There’s arguing happening some tables away. One man shoves the other. Accusations fly, and Gon sighs. Everything just manages to remind him of Killua.

He downs the mojito as fast as he can, turning to the bartender for another.

His eyes flicker around the room in boredom, palm seated against the edge of his jaw.

The buzzing phase starts to hit him, seeps into his pores and sinks into his muscles, when he’s on his fourth mojito. The bartender seems more hesitant to continue making him drinks, but Gon is a seasoned drinker and makes sure to order water after his second and third drink.

It’s then, on his fourth mojito, that he sees someone who looks a little too close to home, and at the same time, not like home at all.

There’s a girl, short hair roughly cut, and she’s holding a glass of a near-empty red drink. At first, Gon doesn’t notice her, because his field of vision had narrowed just slightly, eyes less sharp, and the sounds around him are a little dull. But she’s strutting up to him, one hand holding her glass delicately, the other at her side.

For a moment, the fluffed mess of white hair reminds him of Killua.

The pain returns to his heart all too easily, and Gon takes another swing of his mojito.

Her hand comes up to lean against the bar top, and she flashes Gon a sly smile, before turning her attention to the bartender.

“Can I have another sparkling pomegranate?”
A nod from the bartender, and as she waits for her order, lets her eyes meet Gon’s and holds his gaze. Gon breaks the gaze, looks away into the crowd again and takes a careful sip of his drink. He can feel her shift closer to him, just subtly enough for him to notice.

Silence stretches, until a clinking of glass against epoxy sounds, and her drink is being served in a champagne flute. She takes a gentle sip, lets her eyes run over Gon until she meets his gaze again.

“Do you mind if I sit here?”

Gon internally cringes, knowing full-well where this is going.

“Uh… no.” His words come out a little heavy. *Shit.*

She hums, taking out the seat from under the bar to sit next to him. The rest of the bar is a buzzing sound to Gon.

“Can I have a glass of water?” Gon asks the bartender. The man doesn’t reply, but quickly fills a glass and slides it over.

He really hopes that she won’t try to initiate something. He can feel the start of a headache already. *Fuck.* He’d just wanted to feel a little buzzed.

“Have you been here before? I’ve never seen you.”

Gon bites his cheek to avoid groaning. He didn’t want this.

“I’ve come here before, but not often.”

“Really?” She says, leaning closer to him, palm pressed into her chin. She’s acting interested. “Then, you’re alone?”

He doesn’t reply, keeps quiet until he mutters a quiet yes. He doesn’t want to be rude—doesn’t want to cause a scene. Especially not on a girl at a bar of all places. He tries to lean back further as
a hint of his disinterest, tries to put distance between her and himself.

“Mmm. Maybe you won’t be alone here for long?” Fingers graze his hand.

He shrinks back from her touch physically then, as openly as he can make it seem.

“I won’t be here at all for long. Sorry, I’m not interested.” He says, voice clipped, and he waves over the bartender, handing him five-thousand-five-hundred jenny. “Keep the change.”

The girl looks shocked, blue eyes wide.

Gon’s steps are a little wobbly, but he’s regaining his composure quickly. There’s enough water in his system to offset the alcohol. The blood roars in his ears, and he takes an unsteady breath, swings the bar door open. The outside of the bar features fumbling, stumbling idiots, slurring their words, smelling too heavily of alcohol.

The car isn’t far, just a block down, and Gon struggles just a little to navigate himself. His line of sight of still a little blurry, but it’s overall getting better—a gradual improvement.

With the flickering of lights, the door unlocks, and Gon gets in without looking back—doesn’t let his mind think about anything at all. Not the fight, or the bar, or the girl. The ignitions brings the car to life.

Killua’s anniversary gift sits heavy on Gon’s wrist, reminds him of who he loves indefinitely.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Twenty-Two of ”You're Breaking My Guard”!

Hello everyone! I apologize for taking so long to release the next chapter. New Years has brought a lot of bustling, and with school starting this coming week, I've had to focus my priorities there. That being said, I worked hard on providing you all this update as soon as possible—it's currently 2 a.m. and I'm mentally beat.

This chapter we get more insight on how Killugon are fairing : ( It's so heart-breaking
to write about them like this. I also want to apologize if the bar scene is kinda off? I'm eighteen, have never drank a single alcoholic drink in my life—much less stepped foot in a bar. So I hope the scene wasn't too janky? I tried to do as much research as possible!

Don't forget to leave comments/kudos! I'd love to hear all your thoughts concerning how Killua and Gon are coping with this new-found separation!

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
"Amor" ⇔ "Love" (term of endearment)

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Twenty-Three

Chapter Summary

The happiness that coursed through him has sunken away, rotted into an ugly feeling that claws at his insides, dissolves him like acid on flesh.

He can’t even bring himself to stop the welling of tears in his eyes, his mind a complete tangled mess compared to the calm disposition he was showing to the rest of the world—

“What the hell, Killua?” And Gon’s voice is so broken, and so soft, and he sees the way Killua’s features contort at his words.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There’s a knocking on Killua’s bedroom door.

He groans—opens his eyes to look at the shut door with a glare. His head feels light, and he stifles a yawn into the palm of his hand, blearily staring at the clock. It’s 11:34 a.m. and Killua sighs, lets his hand come up to cover his face. The door creaks open.

“Killua."

He startles, not having expected to hear that voice.

Slowly, he removes the arm from his eyes to glance at the door. “Ikalgo?”

The stocky man enters, wearing a frown on his face, and he’s staring at Killua.

“C’mon, get up.”

Killua groans again, pulling the blankets up further to cover his face. “Not today, dude.”
Ikalgo shuffles forward, tugs at the blanket at the base of the bed. “Not happening. You've been moping around for a month. You don’t go out unless it’s for class or to get necessities for Alluka and yourself. You need to get out of this room.”

“I’m fine where I am,” Killua mutters, turns to his side. The bracelet leaves a red mark on his skin from the position he’d slept in.

A huff of annoyance. “Alluka is the one who told me to come here. She’s worried about you, and so am I. How long are you going to sit and cry about what happened?”

Ouch.

The statement burns.

Killua grits his teeth. “I’m allowed to be upset about this.”

“Right.” Ikalgo’s words are clipped. “But you have to pull yourself together—for both your sakes.”

Silence rings.

“And I don’t mean for just you and Alluka. I also mean for you and Gon. You told me you’d said you wouldn’t kill yourself for him, but look at you. That’s exactly what you’re doing.”

“It hurts a lot.” The words are a quiet murmur, Killua’s hands shake a little at the memory.

“And I know that. Believe me, I know. You’re allowed to be upset, but crying accomplishes nothing.”

Killua averts his gaze to the curtain-drawn window.

The lack of attention doesn’t stop Ikalgo’s triad of statements.
“Have you taken a look at yourself in the mirror? Because I don’t think you have. You’re thin as fuck, and that’s scary—you can’t sit here and keep letting this shit consume you, dude.”

There’s a certain point where Killua can only take so much criticism. He’s tired, *so tired*, and he’s stayed up catching up on assignments to avoid Illumi’s prying texts, threatening statements, and absolute resolve.

He snaps.

“I don’t remember asking for your take on the situation. You don’t know what it feels like to be heartbroken over someone you love!”

The words sound louder than he intended. Killua chokes back a noise of shock. A beat of silence. Ikalgo takes a shuddering breath and scoffs.

“Was I moping around when you started dating Gon?”

And suddenly, it’s like everything freezes for the both of them.

Killua sits up, stares at Ikalgo, eyes wide—searching. “Why would you mope around when I started dating Gon?”

Ikalgo tenses, averts his gaze. He refuses to meet Killua’s prying eyes. The gears turn in Killua’s head—slowly. Agonizingly slow. He connects the dots fairly quickly, then.

“Oh…” The man says all-too-quickly. “Let’s go to the coffee shop. We can buy a drink and chat. You need to get out of this room.” Ikalgo is shuffling around, pulling the curtains back and busying his hands.

He’s fidgeting.

“Did…” Killua starts, furrows his eyebrows. “Did you like me?”
Ikalgo pauses, then. Stops his movements to just stand still, and hesitantly looks back at Killua. He wrings his hands together, hides them behind his back as he turns to face Killua. He keeps his eyes averted though, takes interest in the clock on Killua’s bedside.

He sighs. “Yeah, I did.”

Killua feels floored, his lips open in an “o” shape, just slightly agape, and he stares at Ikalgo with wide eyes.

“But,” Ikalgo says suddenly, waving his hands frantically. “I don’t anymore. I got over it, so don’t worry your head over it.”

*Are you really, though?* Killua wants to ask, because Ikalgo won’t meet his eyes, and he keeps his body positioned away from Killua, and all Killua can feel is guilt.

“*Fuck, dude. I’m so sorry.*”

Killua doesn’t give Ikalgo a chance to speak before continuing his ramble. “I’m so sorry, Ikalgo. You’re such a great friend, and you deserve the world and more. I’m really sorry.”

Ikalgo chuckles, hand rubbing the back of his nape, and he can’t meet Killua’s eyes.

“It’s fine, dude. I told you, it’s in the past.” He pauses before their eyes meet. “But thanks—I appreciate the sentiment.”

Silence fills the space once again, and Killua offers a soft smile, one that’s just a little exhausted and high-strung, before Ikalgo pulls off the blankets wrapping Killua with a startling force.

“Right now isn’t about me, though. I told you we’re going out. So get your ass up—we’re getting out of this room.”

Killua groans again, curls up to stuff his face in his pillows. “I told you I don’t have the energy to leave.”
“And I don’t give a fuck! So c’mon, up.”

Before Killua can further whine and protest, Ikalgo is grabbing his wrist and pulling him up—practically dragging him out of the bed. He’s bustling around, stepping away from Killua to open his closet, taking out a set of pants and a shirt. Killua wrinlkes his nose.

“Your sense of fashion is shit, dude.”

Ikalgo snorts. “I don’t wanna hear you complain. Get your ass up and go to the bathroom, or so God help me, I’ll beat your ass.”

A noise of complaint, before Killua is standing on shaky legs—his world spinning for just a second—and he’s trudging himself out of the room and into his bathroom. By the time he gets back, there’s a better outfit choice set on his bed, though not that much of an improvement from the last.

Killua deadpans. “I’m not wearing that outside.”

“Ah, so you’re well enough to argue with me over outfits?” There’s a teasing lilt to Ikalgo’s voice.

“Damn straight—the hell is this?” Killua scoffs. “Who pairs a blue turtleneck with red pants? Just because it’s color theory doesn’t mean it’s sound at all.”

With the sound of laughter filling the room, Killua can feel his spirits lift. He’s not perfectly okay, not at all there, and he’s sure if Gon showed up he’d breakdown again, but Ikalgo’s words were true. He can’t sit around and do nothing—crying will accomplish nothing.

So he grins as best he can, even if it’s a weak one, and walks over to the closet—opens it as dramatically as he can to hear Ikalgo lean forward and wheeze another laugh.

“Let me show you actual fashion sense, you absolute octopus.”

Another shuddering laugh. “An octopus, huh?”
“Yeah. Feel like you have eight arms and just randomly picked some shit from my closet.”

“Well, you wouldn’t be too wrong.”

They share a laugh, and Killua feels lighter than he has in the past month.
Gon is exhausted.

In more ways than one, the weight on his shoulders increase with every passing day, and he wishes nothing more than to slide into Killua’s loving arms and hold him tight. Wishes to press his face into Killua’s neck and smell the shea butter shampoo—the one that Killua kept extra bottles stocked just in case he ran out without noticing.

Wishes he could hold his hand as he fell asleep, wishes he could rest his forehead against Killua’s and take a slow breath—look into his blue eyes and smile so gently that Killua would turn red.

His room has shed its constituted mess into something more approachable.

Mito had forced it to happen.

He’s long since picked up the sparse water bottles and put away the topical creams back in their place. His bed sheets have lost the memories they held of Killua, and now all Gon has left of him are the photos, the conversations, the spare clothing, the camera.

A wetness fills his eyes, and there’s a lump in his throat.

There’s not much left of him.

And Gon wants so badly to reach out to him—send him a message of apology. But he’s not strong enough to do that. He hasn’t even forgiven *himself* for the words he’d said to Killua.
The words ring in his head, from time to time.

They plague him, and he can’t escape the guilt.

He misses Killua so much.

The broken skin on his knuckles is slowly healing—not that it bothers him. But the skin has grown back harsh, and more calloused than usual, and he wonders, for a moment, if it’s something Killua would notice. Would Killua stop holding his hand, reminded of the issue that split them in the first place? Would Killua think his hands were too rough now? Too broken, too patched—nails too splintered and uneven, bitten down due to a swelling anxiety.

Gon hastily grabs the lotion he set on his bedside, squeezes a generous amount onto his hands.

A bit of the cream gets onto the bracelet around his wrist. He cleans it off with his thumb.

For now, his hands will feel soft.

For now, his hands will feel as though Gon hasn’t spent the last month training day and night at the ring, until at the brink of exhaustion.

For now, he can sit and pretend he hasn’t thrown everything he has into preparing.

In his mind, there isn’t much left of Killua. And Gon craves him, and his touch, and his scent, and him. Misses him so much, that some nights he just can’t sleep without the familiar warmth enveloping him. He doesn’t rest easy—can’t rest easy.

He stirs. In the silence of the room—in the darkness—he stares up at the ceiling blankly. A lot of memories filter through his mind. Mito and Abe are worried, and he knows he has to reassure them, but he doesn’t think he can—not when he’s still so utterly destroyed.

The camera Killua bought him sits at the edge of the bed, its presence strong. Gon reaches out, lets
his fingers clumsily touch the camera, runs the pad of his fingers on the lens, and the shutter, and the touchscreen. Slowly, he wraps his hands around the camera, brings it close to himself and lifts it up.

It turns on with the click of a button, and without hesitating Gon is going through each and every photograph, each and every video. Laughter fills the quiet room, and Gon can hear Killua’s complaints and chuckles as they walk. The sound isn’t perfect—Killua’s voice is just a little distorted, a little too low, but it works all the same.

Gon smiles softly, eyes reflecting the playing footage.

His gaze is fond as he watches Killua’s face scrunch up at the sour taste of his test-drink when Near and Far Cafe had released a new seasonal coffee. Gon had dared Killua to try it—and Killua had, much to his distaste. Gon swipes left. Another video, this one shorter, of Killua and him walking out of the cafe, hot chocolate in one hand, the other intertwined.

A sudden yearning fills his heart, and without a second thought, Gon is standing, putting the camera down and throwing on the first item he pulled from his closet. The keys jingle as he hastily grabs them, and he’s making his way downstairs, tugging the sleeves of his jacket on, keys hanging from his mouth.

There’s one place he hasn’t been to in a while.

“Gon?” Mito calls, and she pokes her head out from the kitchen to look at the stairs.

“Going out!” Gon replies, voice more light than usual.

“To train?”

“No, going out to the cafe!”

He imagines that a smile graces Mito’s lips, happy that he’s going out for a different reason today.

The drive to Near and Far Cafe is quiet, but Gon feels elated. He thrums his fingers on the steering
wheel, stares ahead at the road as he drives. The roads are, for the most part, empty, and Gon takes advantage of that—knows that he can get to the cafe soon enough as long as he doesn’t bleed into the lunch-break hour.

A smile is plastered on his lips, and he retells the memories in his head. He should be sad, given he’s going to a place that is filled only with memories of Killua and him, but he instead feels excited—knows that it’s their place, and an extra location he can come to for comfort.

As Gon is rounding the cafe, he glances inside, through the clear windows that let outsiders peer into the open-concept cafe.

And his eyes catch a figure that looks familiar, but one that he can’t quite place his finger on.

He furrows his brows, continues to stare at the figure—because he knows that person, he’s seen them somewhere.

And as Gon enters the nearly-empty cafe, he catches a glimpse of white.

His heart stops, dead and still, and for a second he can’t feel the oxygen reach his lungs.

The doorbell chimes, signaling his arrival. The woman standing at the register greets him. Gon doesn’t hear her.

Because it suddenly clicks.

Ik algo is standing there, leaning in front of Killua, close—too close, and Gon can’t see what they’re doing but he doesn’t have to, because his mind is making up countless thoughts and ideas and situations, and none of them are good.

He feels sick.

The happiness that coursed through him has sunken away, rotted into an ugly feeling that claws at his insides, dissolves him like acid on flesh.
The doorbell chimes, signaling his arrival, and Gon doesn’t hear the woman at the register, because Killua is staring at him, too, eyes wide, frozen in place.

He can’t even bring himself to stop the welling of tears in his eyes, his mind a complete tangled mess compared to the calm disposition he was showing to the rest of the world—

“What the hell, Killua?” And Gon’s voice is so broken, and so soft, and he sees the way Killua’s features contort at his words.

Ikalgo is staring at him.

Gon’s eyes travel down.

Killua isn’t wearing the bracelet.

Their bracelet.

Gon bites his lip.

And Gon feels stupid, so stupid, because his had been sitting so comfortably on his wrist, but now it just feels like a chain—a heavy piece of metal that’s weighing him down. And God, what if Killua had given up on him—what if Killua moved on, and Killua decided he wasn’t worth it, and—

He stifles a sob that threatens to spill past his lips. He smothers it down with every fiber of his being, stomps on it until he feels like he can open his mouth without crying out in anguish.

Killua looks thinner.

The realization is like a punch to the gut.
He’s a little thinner, and paler, and there are bags under his eyes.

And Killua was never like that before.

His eyes quickly run to the table, but there’s nothing there, no food, and Gon has to remind himself that he can’t just buy Killua a meal—can’t just offer to get him something to eat. Just a mug of hot chocolate sits on the table, along with some other drink.

Gon feels *sick*.

Killua had never been like that before. And he shouldn’t assume, shouldn’t hyper-analyze the situation—not when he doesn’t have the right to—but his thoughts suddenly wander, and Killua hadn’t ever done something like that before—when they were dating. And Gon’s thought process wanders further, and further, until it comes to a screeching halt and considers that maybe *he’s* the one to blame for Killua’s currently thin state.

He isn’t craving hot chocolate anymore.

He isn’t craving *their* drink anymore.

He feels so sick, and he can hear the blood roaring in his ears—the lightheadedness that fills him.

It feels as though the ground has been swept from under him.

And he doesn’t have it in him to stop the tears that do manage to spill—the few that escape his glossed eyes.

Gon’s hands shake, and his lips tremble, and the only thing he does manage to do correctly is turn quickly, fast enough that his head spins from the momentum, and he pushes the cafe door open, stepping out as fast as he can. Away, away, away. Away from this cafe, and Killua, and the memories.

Away from the heartbreak, and the pain.
The chime sounds so much louder in his ears this time.
Killua hadn’t expected it.

Hadn’t expected to see Gon the one time he decides to go out after so long having stayed indoors.

Anything would’ve been better than the sinking feeling in his chest—the way his heart had pathetically stuttered at the sight of Gon after going nearly a month without seeing him, without a single word exchanged between them. Killua is reminded then, right there, just having seated himself at the table, how absolutely in love he was with him.

Gon still looked gorgeous, still looked so happy—despite his haggard appearance. And he had been holding his jacket in his hand, with the bracelet Killua had bought him sitting on his wrist still, and Killua’s heart had swollen so exponentially he thought it would burst, because Gon was still wearing it.

Like Killua was.

_Gon still wore the bracelet._

Until Gon’s face had contorted, looking so crestfallen, and Killua had to do a double-take because Gon looked so hurt and he didn’t understand _why_. Until he did.

Because Ikcalgo had been placing his cup of coffee on the table when Gon walked in, and Ikcalgo had to lean over in front of him, and he’s sure that from Gon’s perspective, it looked more than that. It looked like Ikcalgo had been kissing him, and Killua’s stomach drops.

And as soon as Gon had uttered the words so softly, and looked so close to crying—_when he did cry_—Killua wanted nothing more than to reach out, grab his wrist and pull him close. Thumb away the falling tears, hug him tightly, kiss away every wet streak on his cheeks. Kiss him until Gon giggled and tries to pry him away like he always did.
But he couldn’t.

Couldn’t, because Gon hadn’t apologized.

Hadn’t apologized for his actions, or his words, or how he was currently destroying himself.

As soon as Gon is out the door, Killua takes a shuddering breath, lips quivering.

And he breaks once again.

And he can see the way Ikalgo looks so torn.

Because Killua had been okay today, after leaving his room.

He’d livened up, had looked a little happier and a little more open, and he hadn’t been wearing a face of despair. But Gon had been a whiplash he wasn’t expecting, an anomaly that crashed into their path when they hadn’t been expecting it today.

Killua puts his face in his hands, takes a deep breath, squeezes his eyes as tightly as he can. He can feel the ball in his throat, until a sob bursts past, and a tremor wracks his body, and he’s tightening his fingers into fists, looking down at the floor to get a grip.

The sleeve of his turtleneck runs down just a little, and reveals his bracelet, sitting perfectly there, clean and pristine. A reminder of their love.

A hand on his shoulder, Ikalgo is sitting close, eyes filled with such sorrow that Killua can’t control the sob that runs past him again the moment their eyes meet.

He can’t, he can’t, he just—

His heart hurts, and yearns, and for a moment he wishes he’d called out to Gon, had soothed his
heart, because Gon was hurting just as much as he was—the words he’d uttered confirmed it even more than Killua already knew.

“I…” Killua begins, and his voice cracks, and he covers his mouth with the palm of his hand to calm himself—to stifle the cry. He whimpers. “I want us to work out. I want Gon and I to end up working out this mess so badly, Ikalgo.”

There’s not much the man can say. Or offer. “I know.”

“I love him so much. God, I love him so much.” Killua curls into himself more, misses Ikalgo’s distraught expression.

Killua’s shoulders shake with the force of his cries, and his mug of hot chocolate sits on the table, forgotten. His mind replays the events that have just occurred. He thinks, over and over and over, of every second that passed, with Gon’s heart-wrenching expression of hurt staring straight at him.

Hurt hazel had stared into shocked blue.

Every inch of Killua was pained.

“Yuh-you know,” Killua adds—looks up at Ikalgo momentarily, face red and blotchy, eyes red, and he hiccup. “He… He probably thought you were kissing me.”

Killua’s eyebrows furrow before another sob erupts from his lips, breath shaky, fingers quivering.

“I know what he’s thinking. That I probably gave up on him, and god, I would never. Never give up on him. Not now and not ever, and if he could just see that. See that he’s the only one for me, no matter what happens—”

His voice cracks, and he lets out a pitiful whimper.

By now, his crying has caught the attention of what little people are in the cafe, and though they don’t know the entire story, or what has occurred, their gazes and stares are gentle and pitying, and Killua shudders at the attention. Ikalgo’s hand is still on his shoulder, fingers massaging the skin
there comfortingly—because there’s nothing else he can do.

And Killua feels so lightheaded that he’s slowly shrugging off Ikalgo’s hand, picking up his mug of hot chocolate to sip at it slowly. A soft sigh leaves his lips, as he tries to calm himself, heartbeat erratic, ears ringing, and he blinks his eyes roughly a few times to clear the gloss that covers his sight and blink away the tears that were still forming.

“Do…” Ikalgo begins, voice unsure, looking between Killua and a spot outside. “Do you want to go home?”

Killua hums weakly, nods his head.

“Well, that’d be nice.” He pauses, tries to make a joke to lighten the mood. “I have a killer headache.”

It manages to crack a small smile from the man, but if anything, it’s laced with pain, and Killua feels terrible.

“Ikalgo…” Killua reaches out, ready to apologize.

“Don’t. You don’t need to apologize.”

Killua presses his lips together. “But…”

Ikalgo sighs, turning to look at him, eyes tender. “It’s not your fault. You couldn’t have known he was coming today, and I don’t blame you for being so hurt after he left. I would be too. It’s not your fault this happened, Killua.”

Shoulders dropping, Killua lets out a quiet breath, and nods—the action meant to reassure himself more than anything.

Ikalgo is holding open the door for him, expression careful and worried, and he lets Killua pass first before catching up to his pace. Faintly, Killua can hear him mutter something under his breath, but he doesn’t question it—just continues walking down the block, down the familiar path where
he knows his apartment is.

The walk there is silent. No words are exchanged, and the happy atmosphere that they had prior to the incident is completely gone.

Killua feels like he’s stuck in a perpetual loop of sadness, one that taints him with so much ink that it’s impossible to see anything else except the darkness.

He won’t kill himself for Gon, but that doesn’t mean everything doesn’t hurt at the sight of his love, or the notion of him. The reminders of his love are everywhere—at the cafe, and the apartment, and the ice rink, and even here—on the blocks to and from his apartment.

There is no spot in Yorknew City that he hadn’t stepped on with Gon.

Everything hurts.

He wills himself not to think about it too deeply.

Instead, he busies his thoughts with the university, and his master’s degree just within his grasp. He lets his thoughts trail to the assignments he has due, and the group project he has to contact the other members about.

A second thought sits at the edges of his mind though, and serve as a painful reminder:

_The cafe’s name has never been more true to its name than it is now._

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Twenty-Three of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hello everyone! I've been looking forward to post this chapter since everything went down, and I hope I did the scenes justice. Writing Gon's thoughts are always so painful for me, because he's just as hurt as Killua is, he just copes differently, and I cry every
time I have to write about Gon and how he manages himself. I also managed to complete this chapter a day before our return to school, so hooray! Now I have to work on my AP Art piece due tomorrow that I totally *have not* started, LOL.

That being said, Ikalgo is the entire circus for exposing himself and his feelings to Killua. Stoopid. Absolutely clown of the century award goes to him. But I really enjoy writing Ikalgo and Killua's dynamic, I feel like they'd be close friends who lean on each other often for support. But aaa, Ikalgo suggesting to go to Near and Far Cafe today just wasn't a good move. Poor Gon and Killua. They still miss each other a lot :(

Don't forget to drop comments and kudos! I look forward to hearing everyone's reaction concerning their "meeting" at the cafe. Can't wait to see what you all think!!

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Twenty-Four

Chapter Summary

Killua:
10:03 p.m.: You have the wrong idea

Killua:
10:03 p.m.: About what you saw

Killua:
10:03 p.m.: At the cafe.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

This week has been hell and back.

After seeing Killua at the cafe with Ikalgo, it was the only thought that ran through Gon’s mind. Over, and over, and over again. It plagued him, and he conjured dozens of scenarios in his head—of Killua laughing with Ikalgo, and kissing him, and forgetting about him. And it wasn’t healthy, Gon knows, but he was so helplessly in love with Killua that every aspect of every minuscule thought burned straight into his soul.

And so he deals with it like he’s been dealing with everything else—by training.

Going to the cafe hadn’t been the seemingly best course of action, but Gon had just wanted to go to a safe space, a place where he held memories with Killua. Instead, he was met with a sadness that threatened to drown him.

He doesn’t bother with warming up before getting straight into his training.

Another punch is delivered to the punching bag.

It swings with the force of the blow.

He’s been skipping warm-ups for a while now.
Gon’s knuckles burn, and the wrapping leaves an irritating itch on his skin, probably worsening the state of his knuckles, but he doesn’t care.

He needs to empty his thoughts.

The chains holding the bag creak with the force of his punches, and Gon delivers move after move after move of everything he knows. He runs through the motions: jab, jab, right hook, left hook, uppercut, a knee kick. He turns his body completely, angling his elbow to connect with the bag.

Takes a deep breath, repeats the techniques.

His bracelet sits tightly wrapped inside the knuckle wrappings, secured by the bandages which envelope his skin, and it’s a comforting presence to feel.

At some point, Gon loses track of time—shifts his priorities from a mixture of punching and kicking to just punching, and he focuses all his energy on the jabs. Repeats, over and over, his technique, until he’s sweating profusely, huffing for breath, and he’s sure that his punches are delivering enough of a blow that it’s debilitating.

Until he’s sure Hisoka won’t be getting up from the mat.

He thinks about mixing moves, incorporates some of the forms Killua taught him so long ago into his stance. If he mixes a jab with a strong-enough uppercut, it could knock his opponent out. If not, he can follow through with a knee kick, or a sweep.

Gon doesn’t want to cheapskate this. He doesn’t want to knock Hisoka out with some stupid move that’s obviously going to cause damage regardless of who he went against. A liver shot won’t be satisfying—it won’t prove himself.

In his frustration, he angles his hand just right, and hits the punching bag so hard it goes swinging back, and the momentum of the force has Gon freezing in shock, because two-hundred pounds of bagged sand is coming straight for him, and he locks up, moving his hand to form a right jab in hopes of deflecting the incoming force.
The bag goes left, but then he’s registering a sharp pain, and he yelps, curses under his breath and holds his wrist tightly.

_Fuck._

He already knows—doesn’t need Leorio to check up on it, because he knows. His wrist is sprained. With the force he used to deflect the bag, he must’ve punched wrong, or turned just a little too far. Shit, shit, _shit_. He didn’t have the type of time to be dealing with a sprained wrist.

Gon’s fingers are trembling with the effort to remove the knuckle wrapping on his other hand—as long as he tightly compresses the wrist, he should be fine.

He mutters to himself, presses his lips together in an effort to keep the pain at bay.

A familiar ring fills the otherwise silent room, and Gon’s heart skips a beat.

Because—because, he knows that ring, knows the sound by heart, and he stumbles quickly, rushes over on burning thighs and shaky knees to reach for the cellphone in his bag. His lips quiver and a tremor runs through him. Gon takes a shaky breath, forces himself to calm down: inhale, exhale. _Breathe_, he tells himself.

**Killua:**

9:57p.m.: *Hey*

Gon doesn’t hesitate, doesn’t think, doesn’t _anything_—his fingers fly across the keys. His mind is blank.

**Gon:**

9:57p.m.: *hey*

Three dots flash on the left side of his app, over and over, and then a pause in the typing. Gon takes a deep breath, lets himself slowly come down to the floor to sit cross-legged against the wall. His eyes never leave the screen.
Killua:
9:59p.m.: Sorry, are you busy?

For a moment, Gon thinks of the worst. His mind trails to the thoughts of Killua injured, or, or Ilcalgo and Killua—that Killua was done with him, that Gon had taken too long to come back to him, that Killua didn’t want anything to do with him anymore. It’s been a month of zero contact, and now they were finally speaking to each other again.

Gon:
9:59p.m.: no i’m not, what’s up? are you alright?

Killua:
10:00p.m.: I’m fine. I just wanted to talk with you about what happened.

Killua:
10:00p.m.: At the cafe.

A shuddering breath. Gon stares at the screen, types a few words, tries to phrase his thoughts—articulate something—but he ends up pressing backspace for every two words he manages to get out. He just can’t express himself, or his feelings, or the whole situation. He ultimately decides that no answer is the best answer.

Killua:
10:03p.m.: You have the wrong idea

Killua:
10:03p.m.: About what you saw

Killua:
10:03p.m.: At the cafe.
Killua:

10:04 p.m.: And I’m still waiting for you to get yourself together.

Killua:

10:05 p.m.: I saw you wearing our bracelet, the one I bought for us, and I know you probably didn’t, or couldn’t, see it, but I was wearing it, too. I haven’t taken it off, not since everything, and I miss you so much. But you have to understand Gon, I couldn’t keep watching you destroy yourself. You were with me but you weren’t really here. It was so scary. And you can’t just ask me to put myself through that. Not when I care about you so much, that I shared your pain.

And it’s like everything slows for Gon. His breathing, his heartbeat—he feels something stuck in his throat when he rereads the message, over and over and over. And he doesn’t tire from repeating the same words in his head, he doesn’t tire from forming the same phrase again and again, because he can’t get enough of the simple words. Tears line his eyes.

“I miss you so much.”

Goosebumps form along the skin of his forearms, fill his arms completely—fill him with so many bumps, and he chokes out a breath. Steady yourself, he mumbles to himself—tries to calm his now-erratic heartbeat. The pain in his wrist brings him down from his high.

Gon:

10:06 p.m.: oh

The moment he presses send, he wants to slam his head against the wall, the floor, something. That was such a stupid response, and he’s beyond embarrassed. And he goes straight to type an apology, but Killua beats him to it.

Killua:

10:06 p.m.: Just ‘oh’??

Gon:

10:07 p.m.: sorry—sorry. it’s just that wasn’t a message i was expecting to get from you and i’m
And it’s true, because there’s a permanent smile set on his face—smile wide and eyes so unbelievably tender, his mouth twitches with the effort to keep his emotions in check.

**Killua:**

10:08p.m.: I’m glad. That makes me really happy to hear, Gon.

**Killua:**

10:09p.m.: Uh. Well, I guess I’ll go now. Take care, alright? And say hi to Mito for me.

His smile falls. Slowly. When the words register in his mind, and he realizes that Killua is leaving once again. Killua is leaving, and just because they have this conversation doesn’t mean the big issue between them—the rift—is fixed. It just means they’re getting a little better at communicating again. His heart falls, just a little.

He tries not to let it get to him, types a response as quickly as he can.

**Gon:**

10:09p.m.: right, i will!! sleep well killua and say hi to alluka for me..

The message switches from delivered to read, and stays like that; not a single other message enters—no indication that Killua plans on adding any more to the conversation than he already has. And hesitantly, Gon closes the messaging app, stares at the clock on his home screen for a little longer, watches as seconds bleed into minutes, hoping that Killua will decide to send him another message.

Something, *anything*.

Nothing.

Slowly, Gon pockets his phone and picks up his bag with his uninjured wrist. He’s ready to head home and apply god-knows how many packets of ice. He knows the rules of rice: rest, ice,
compress, elevate. But even so, the entire situation dumbs down his spirits, because he’s losing precious training time.

He’s losing time to get stronger.

And he continues in his thoughts, considers every technique he’s done—every possible flaw—until another ping to his phone has his eyes widening, and he drops his bag, hastily digging through his pockets to find purchase on the device.

**Killua:**

10:16p.m.:

His heart soars.

It flutters, and he grins wide, feels a familiar shaking in his hands that is finally no longer associated with sadness. His mouth twitches into a smile, and he unlocks his phone to see the message more clearly displayed. There, to the left of the scream, the UI displays that Killua is in the chat, waiting. He’s online.

Gon struggles to cap down the absolute overwhelming urge to open the emoticon keys and send a spam of hearts back. Instead, he swipes through the keyboard and picks out a heart, watches as his phone reads the inputted click, doesn’t hesitate to click send as soon as the emotion loads into the message box.

**Gon:**

10:17p.m.:

Each colored heart holds a special message. Gon doesn’t need to think twice to remember the blue color of Killua’s eyes. If Killua was blue, then Gon was green, and he wouldn’t have it any other way. And even now, in the situation they’re in, Gon’s heart feels so light with the notion that Killua continues to use the heart that holds such a special meaning to the both of them.

Gon doesn’t mind that his message goes from delivered to read, that no other message comes in. It’s enough for him. And the pain which radiates from his wrist dulls just a little when he thinks about the implication of Killua’s message. His hesitation in sending that heart doesn’t lose its meaning with Gon.
Killua still cares.

Cares so much, and Gon was going back to him—no matter what.

Gon would return to Killua, because his heart and his love would lead him there, and Gon is privileged to get to love someone, to fall in love with someone, as sweet and caring and warm as Killua. Gon would return to Killua, because he knew he always would. The problems they currently face are a test, it was just a test, he’d remind himself, because he loved Killua more than anything.

More than photography, more than fighting, more than strength itself.

Careful hands pocket his phone, and he pushes against the door of the room, stepping outside to the general training area. There are some people there, sparsely separated around the ring, and Leorio is on standby, careful eyes watching the fights in the ring duke it out.

When his eyes land on Gon’s wrapped wrist, he sighs and shakes his head, and Gon gives him a sheepish smile.

Today, he goes home a little more light, and a little more happy.
“Big brother?”

Killua looks over, with glossy eyes, and a smile spilling from his cheeks. He’s grinning so wide, overcome with so much emotion, and he’s struggling to tear his gaze from his phone for longer than a second because he wants to internalize the last message sent—

He’s so glad he sent the heart after so much initial hesitance.

Alluka peers at him in worry, staring at him from across the table, setting down her fork.
“You’ve been staring at your phone for a while, did something happen?”

He opens his mouth to speak, but a wet laugh bubbles past his throat, and he grins. Instead, he slides the phone across the table to Alluka.

“Take a look.” He can’t hide the giddiness in his voice.

She looks down, stares blankly at the phone, and deadpans. “Am I supposed to be impressed with him?”

Killua’s smile melts into a frown. “He’s getting better.”

“He also made you cry for a month. You’re just barely getting better at holding in your food again.”

Looking down, Killua diverts his gaze somewhere else. To his half-empty plate, or the glass of water, or Nanika, who sits content on the couch beside them.

“I know he messed up, but, y’know, he’s trying to get better, Alluka.”

Her eyes flicker from the messages on his phone to Killua, unwavering and hard, and she reads the messages prior to the hearts quickly—features softening—before she closes her eyes and sighs, looking back up at him with a gentle smile.

“Sorry, big brother, you’re right. I know he means a lot to you. It’s just hard to not be mad at him when I was the one who had to sit here and watch the after-effects unfold from his actions.”

Killua knows she’s right. The day before they broke up, Killua had been so content and buzzing with unlimited excitement that threatened to burst at the seams. And yet, the following day, Killua had been a shell of his former self—dangerously close to bursting at the seams for a completely different reason. And he would continue to be an empty, broken husk of himself well into a month until he was shaken from his crisis by Ikalgo and Illumi.
His mood dampens a little. “I know you’re mad at him. I would be too, if it was you. But I wasn’t the only one affected by cutting off the relationship—he was, too.”

Alluka presses her lips together, looks a little upset. “I am. I know I’m being biased, but I am mad at him. This wouldn’t have been a problem if he’d just talked with you and hadn’t pushed so hard on training.”

“I know,” he says, and pushes the plate of food away from him a little more—the sight of it makes him nauseous.

“And it’s not like I’m ignoring that fact. He hurt me, and I’m—I’m still hurt.” Killua swallows, and the words get stuck in his throat. “But people have their reasons for the things they do. You can’t expect me to be the only damaged guy here.”

She frowns, looks at Killua with a downturned expression. “You’re not damaged.”

Killua chuckles softly, averts his eyes. “I am. Even now, that fear of falling for someone and getting hurt is still here. And for a time, it really happened. There’s no erasing that. But I’m trying to get better, not just for him, but for myself too.”

A beat of silence.

“Plus, being sad obviously wasn’t helping the situation at all.” He adds.

Alluka pouts, cheeks puffed out adorably, black strands of hair falling onto her face. She huffs. “I wasn’t expecting this to turn into a full-blown lecture.”

And Killua laughs outright at that, startling Nanika who’d been resting peacefully beside them. “I just don’t want you to be mad at him when we don’t know the full story of his actions. Everyone has baggage.”

“Right, but still…” Alluka trails off.

“You still want to have a talk with him.” It’s not a question.
She hums. “And I don’t want there to be a grudge between us, if…” Alluka pauses, shakes her head to correct herself and look at Killua. “When you propose to him. Because that’s still happening, isn’t it?”

Nanika is up and mewling, demanding attention from Killua. Gently, he picks her up to carry her in his arms. The kitten licks at his hands, nuzzles her face into his knuckles, and Killua flexes his fingers to keep her entertained.

For a moment, Killua doesn’t say a word, but it doesn’t hide the flush on his cheeks. “Yeah.” He mumbles. “Not for a while. Until I know he’s, y’know… But I’d like to. I’d really like to. I think I hastened my pace and tried to ignore the growing problems.”

Alluka smiles. “Right. So then I just—” She quiets before making a sound of frustration. “I don’t know! I don’t even know what I want to talk to him about. But I feel like I have to say something to him.”

Killua hums and nods, lets his fingers graze Nanika’s ears as she nips his hand for movement. “Just try not to be harsh.”

“Have you seen me?” Alluka huffs, turning her head in mock-snob. “There’s nothing harsh about me.”

Pressing his lips together to hold in a snort, Killua looks away. “There’s my hint that you’ve been hanging out with Bisky way too much.”

A make-shift ball of paper towel is thrown across the table, and Killua sputters, head snapping to stare at Alluka, who sticks out her tongue. She laughs, yelping and clamoring to her feet to avoid a crumpled paper towel being thrown back her way.

“Big brother!” She yells shrilly, giggling as she rushes to take cover behind the kitchen counter.

Killua snorts then, grabbing a fistful of napkins and dipping them in his glass of water, winding back his arm and throwing it close to Alluka at full force. She screams, hand reaching out from below the cabinets to blindly feel around for the roll of paper towel.
“Alluka, c’mere!” Killua sings, completely off-tune, louder than necessary, and Nanika is meowing loudly at all the noise, trying to figure out what’s going on.

Alluka screams, laughing loudly, and as soon as Killua is rounding the kitchen corner, she’s running blindly into him, tackling him at full strength—though it does little to knock Killua off his stance. He grips her under her arms, pulls her up with every ounce of energy he has, until he’s spinning her around and Alluka is laughing, barely able to form a coherent sentence, and she’s trying to reach the floor with her toes.

“Alluka, c’mon, apologize!” Killua wheezes between breaths, laughing himself.

“No!” She yells, laughing harder when Killua lifts her higher, “Okay—Okay, okay! I’m sorry, big brother! Put me down now!”

With little hesitation, Killua drops her, and they look at each other for a full second in silence, before bursting out into full-blown laughter once again.
Mito is in the kitchen when Gon arrives home, sprained wrist and all.

Driving with one hand hadn’t been the issue. It was the uncomfortable swelling occurring that made the trip back to the house nearly unbearable. He manages to swing open the front door, stepping into the room and trudging into the kitchen for ice before Mito sees him.

She gasps, nearly tossing the ladle into the sink upon seeing the ugly purple swelling.

“Gon Freecss, what did you do?” She asks—or really, demands.

And Gon is holding out his hand, tongue sticking out, rubbing the back of his neck in embarrassment.

“Sorry, Aunt Mito…” He mumbles, “I sprained it while training. I just need some ice.”
Mito huffs, shaking her head. “Absolutely not. Sit down right now. I’ll go get the wrist brace and some ice.”

As she walks away, she mutters some unintelligible words Gon can’t make out in Spanish, and Gon knows better than to mutter anything under his breath—lest she hears him and he winds up with two sprained wrists.

His mind trails to the messages between Killua and him as he waits, and he tries to resist the urge to open their chat and re-read the messages for the nth time that hour. There’s a permanent smile etched onto his features, and he resists the urge to swing his feet in joy. He feels like a twelve-year-old.

When Mito returns with the brace, rushing downstairs to grab the ice, she slows her steps, staring at Gon as she fills a bag with ice.

After a moment of silence, she looks at him, gaze questioning, one eyebrow arched.

“You’re in a good mood.” She says simply.

Gon looks over. “Huh?”

“You’ve been humming since you stepped inside. And don’t think I didn’t notice that smile on your face.”

Embarrassed and flushing red, Gon averts his gaze, using his uninjured hand to cover his mouth and ever-blossoming smile.

“I talked with Killua today…” He mumbles, barely manages to get the words out because his heart picks up its pace at the mention of Killua’s name.

Mito makes a noise of surprise. “You did?”
Gon nods. “We, uhm, had a misunderstanding a few days ago. But it’s fine now! Well, I think it is. I don’t know. He seemed to be better than when I saw him, and uh, happy, and that makes me really happy, but I don’t really know because we just talked by text and it wasn’t that long to begin with and—”

“Gon, nene,” Mito says, laughing softly. “You’re rambling.”

Calling him out like that, Gon flushes a deeper crimson.

“I’m happy that he reached out to me.” Gon grows quiet, before mumbling, “He said he missed me.”

A smile grows on Mito’s face, and she resists the urge to laugh aloud at the abashedness of Gon’s character. She hums, looking at him as she presses the ice onto his wrist, apologizing quietly when he winces. “And what did you tell him?”

Gon’s eyes grow wide, and he quickly averts his line of sight, and now his ears are tinted red, too, and really, Mito is having a lot of fun with this. Teasing him like this. It’s such a refreshing feeling from the worry that seeped into her at Gon’s previous state of mind just prior to today.

“That, uh, I missed him too. And that I wanted to better myself for him.”

He’s rubbing his fingers against the dining table—a nervous tick that Mito has come to identify since Gon was just a child and left in her care.

“Really? And what did Killua say?”

“That he was really happy. And to say hi to you.”

Mito laughs, shoulders shaking in a barely-restrained fit of giggles. “So then, does this mean you’ve cleared up your mistake?”

Gon grows quiet, expression sombering just a bit, and Mito fears for the worst—fears that she accidentally set Gon back into his previous mindset of solitude and depression. He shakes his head.
“No, uhm, I don’t think that’s something I should do over text. And…” Gon trails off. “I’m still training, and the match is soon, and I’m still going through with it. Because I need to prove myself, but—but after that, I’m going straight back to Killua.”

Internally, Mito wants to tell Gon that he doesn’t need to prove anything to anyone—especially not to a crowd of strangers. But she holds back her tongue, doesn’t say that this mindset of his is what separated them in the first place. That this was the reason Killua broke it off. Not anything else.

And she’s not sure Killua will accept him again if he doesn’t realize the actual problem of the situation soon.

Instead, Mito smiles and ruffles Gon’s hair despite the sinking of her heart.

“Well then, if the fight is coming up, we’d better take care of this wrist sprain.” Mito lightly taps the slightly swollen-down portion of skin. And Gon jumps away from the touch, wincing, still smiling, and complaining audibly about the pain, but Mito doesn’t miss the slight shift.

It’s easy to cover up your thoughts, but body language gives a lot away.

And it’s hard for Mito to miss the way Gon’s eyes grow harder.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Twenty-Four of “You’re Breaking My Guard”!

Hello everyone, Happy Killugon Day!!! I worked hard to put out this chapter in time for Killugon’s canon meeting day celebration—and I would’ve put it out sooner today had I not had a mock exam in macroeconomics to study for (which I thankfully passed the first section!)

That being said, a lot of progress between Killua and Gon in this chapter! They finally reached out to each other, and talked. And that’s really important, because it’s the first stepping stone to rebuilding their relationship. Killua has fully realized he can’t be sad forever, and he’s making strides in his mental health improvement! Gon is still a little off the mark, still searching for “strength” and reason to prove himself. Hopefully he realizes this error soon!
With that, I let you all bask in the much-deserved warmth of Killugon finally speaking to each other and being happy and not just sobbing their eyes out like they have been in the past five and a half chapters. This fic is nearly done! There’s not much left in the outline. I’m sure we’ll find stuff to add to it, but as it stands, I’d like to think there’s maybe five or six chapters left at most? Maybe (most likely) less.

Strained relationships, begone.

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Twenty-Five

Chapter Summary

“So, you’ve realized?”

Gon nods.

“Then what the hell are you standing around here for, kid?”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Gon.”

Sweat dripping from his brow, Gon turns his attention to the figure at the door, relaxes his stance against the sandbag. His wrist had healed after a week and a half of impatient waiting, and as soon as Gon could, he was back in the ring, training and making up for the lost time.

Knuckle stands at the door, and his gaze is hard, eyes unwavering, and he’s staring at Gon in a way that makes him feel sixteen again—small and weak and with so much pent-up anger, that the man was forced to take him under his wing.

“They scheduled you in with Hisoka.” Knuckle’s voice is tight, and Gon can feel the worry gnawing inside Knuckle.

“Really?” He sighs, leans down to take a swing of water from his bottle. “When did they slot me in for?”

“Friday night, ten-thirty.”

Four days.

Four days isn’t very long.
Four days isn’t long to prepare.

Four days isn’t enough.

“So soon?” He asks, masks the distaste in his voice with indifference. “I thought they’d wait another month or something.”

Knuckle massages his brow, brings up his hand to run it down his face. There’s a frown fixed onto his features, unchanging, and he looks just about as unhappy as Gon’s ever seen him.

“Your insistence on training so hard has the crowd wound up. The ring sponsors know they can make a lot of money off of your fight, so they removed all other fights and slotted you in for the entire night.

Gon hums. He knows the sponsors are after the money that trails him, but he doesn’t understand why they’d remove more possibilities of making money.

“You understand, don’t you, Gon?” Knuckle shuts the door of the training room. “They’re banking on you losing the fight again, and that you’ll keep going on with the fight no matter the consequences.”

He understands the message between the lines: the sponsors are expecting Gon to not make it out of this alive. Or at least, not all in one piece. Not completely unscathed. They removed other slotted fights because they thought there was a sure-chance that Gon would be so injured they’d need to call actual law enforcement—that’s what Gon thinks.

The thought makes him shudder in excitement.

“That’s a wild card to bet on. Last time I lost because I was weak, but this time I won’t lose.”

Knuckle’s face of displeasure deepens. “Just how long are you going to keep up with this strength excuse, Gon? What happened to Kite wasn’t your fault.”

Gon grinds his teeth, levels his breathing to avoid lashing out. He won’t. He won’t, he won’t, he
won’t. He won’t think about what happened to Kite. Not right now. Later. Later, when he’s with Killua again. He wants Killua to meet Kite, and get to know him. There’s a lot of great things about Kite that Gon wants to share with Killua.

“It doesn’t have to do with Kite.” Gon’s voice is dry, and his posture is stiff. He’s staring Knuckle down.

Knuckle huffs—growls in annoyance and walks up to Gon. With his height, he towers over him, a menacing stature of a man who was all-too-soft to begin with.

“I was the one who picked you up after your fall. I taught you everything you know. I was the one who helped you channel some of that anger out with this agreement.” Knuckle takes a steadying breath, doesn’t lay a hand on him, but Gon knows the man wants to jab his finger against his chest in accusation. “I will not sit here and watch you throw this all away because you can’t get over a grown man’s decision. He decided to do what he did, Gon.”

“I’m not throwing it all away!” Gon shouts in frustration. “I will win the fight, and I will get back to Killua.”

The outburst leaves them sinking in silence.

Knuckle stares at Gon.

“But will Killua want you back?”

Gon’s heart stutters. A tremor of fear runs through him, and his eyes widen. His hands grow clammy, and he feels himself break-out in a cold sweat.

“What?”

“Will Killua want you back, when you haven’t settled your issues?” Knuckle repeats, voice softer now, and his eyes hold a certain sadness.

Gon shudders. “My issues are getting settled. After the fight, it’ll be settled.”
Knuckle looks at Gon with a gaze filled with pity. Gon doesn’t like the look. “Will it? Because you have yet to realize the actual problem.”

“What problem?”

No reply.

Knuckle shakes his head, and turns from Gon, heading out the door.

“That’s for you to figure out, Gon.”

The door clicks shut, and Gon is left alone in a cold and empty room.

The sweat that trickles down his body reminds him that he’s still physically present, in a room that’s all-too-moldy and all-too-old, and he knows that he doesn’t want to be here, but he needs to win the fight against Hisoka.

Knuckle’s words continue to ring in his head.

What problem?

What was the problem?

Gon wracks his head, thinks over every possible issue—the obvious and the not, what’s a given and what isn’t. Nothing comes to mind. And he continues to think until steam is pouring out of his ears and he’s struggling to get a grip of himself. He shakes his head, tightens his hands into fists, and gets back to work.

If he can’t think of an issue, then he’ll just train.
When Gon finally manages to work up the courage to message Killua, it’s a day later, when he’s home, in bed, and looking at their wall of memories.

He’d been thumbing his phone, switching between the messaging app and his home screen dozens of times, over and over and over again—unsure of whether to send the message at all. It’s selfish of him to ask, isn’t it? To ask Killua to come back to the place that screwed them up to begin with.

But, he’d like him there.

He’d like Killua to be there when he beat Hisoka.

In a moment of false courage, lulled into confidence by the photographs on the wall, Gon hits the send message.

Gon:

11:42p.m.: they confirmed my fight date it’s gonna be this friday night at 1030. i’m not asking you to go but i thought i’d let you know?? I hope you’re resting well, killua.

As soon as he hits send, he tosses his phone and regrets every word coded onto the message.

He doesn’t want to know to answer to his question.

Doesn’t want to see the message go from delivered to read.

Doesn’t want to know if Killua will leave him on read, or respond, or turn him down.

Gon doesn’t want to know.
Killua never responds.
The night of the fight, Gon is buzzing with energy threatening to burst at the seams.

He gets to the ring early, and he can already see the pile of people standing around outside, some shoving to get to the front, others shouting in indignance. Shoot is manning the private parking lot, and he nods at Gon through his windshield as he pulls up and parks.

Gon is reminded of the time he came with Killua, with Killua’s uneasiness and pleas to adhere to safety. To consider his own well-being before everything else.

The memories wrack his mind.

It’s nearly been a year.

Gon will manage this time.

He grits his teeth, grabs the duffel bag in the back seat and slams the door shut with more force than necessary. Killua doesn’t leave his thoughts. Doesn’t ever. His hand feels empty, even with the knuckle guards tightly secured on.

The bracelet sits inside, pressed securely into his skin.

He misses Killua’s warm hand gripping his.
The walk into the backdoor is quiet, and tonight, not even the crickets sing for him.

Gon wonders if it’s a bad omen.

A warning.

He shakes his head.

He’ll win.

His phone vibrates in his pocket. Quickly—Quickly. Quick fingers reach into the pocket of his basketball shorts, pull out his phone. The ringtone. The ringtone is Killua.

Killua:

9:49p.m.: Be safe, Gon.

Killua:

9:49p.m.: Please.

Gon doesn’t know why tears threaten to spill from his eyes the moment he reads the message.

Gon:

9:49p.m.: i’ve got this don’t worry

Killua isn’t coming to see the fight.

Gon is fine with that.
He’ll win.

For them.
Killua rereads the message Gon had sent over and over again—repeats the words in his head—because if you repeat a lie enough it becomes a truth. He repeats it until it’s burned into his memory, etched into the very pattern of his brain.

He needs the words to become a reality.

**Gon:**

9:49p.m.: *i’ve got this don’t worry*

But does he? Does Gon actually understand the weight of the situation? Killua doesn’t think he does.

Killua doesn’t have the willpower to stop himself. From grabbing the ring, tucked away inside a drawer in Alluka’s room. She’d hidden it away to soothe his pain, but Killua is reminded of the ring now—when Gon is entering another fight he may not come out unscathed from again.

Even as the microwave heats the hot chocolate pack, counting down the seconds until none, Killua stares at the little velvet black box. Turns it over, peers at it blankly. Opens it, counts the diamonds. Tries to distract himself. Alluka had taken the ring from him when she’d caught him glancing at it, sometimes he’d absentmindedly polish it a few times.

It was for his own good, she’d reasoned.

Gon’s message leaves his heart sinking in a thick substance of worry. When he’d messaged him
confirming the fight date, Killua had to steady himself—had to sit down and press his hands into his face, hide away the quivering of his lips, press away the tears that formed without question. Ikalgo had been with him then, and had peered at his phone, eyebrows furrowed.

_He wouldn’t kill himself for Gon_, he repeats to himself.

But the world has a funny way of working, and Killua finds himself still sinking into the abyss of fear for Gon’s well-being. For _him_.

The microwave beeps, and Killua shuts the black box—places the ring on the countertop, and grabs the mug of hot chocolate. The heat radiates and fills his hand with a certain warmth he craves.

Tonight, he sits on the couch, and Gon’s Christmas gift is wrapped around his neck, the red-colored winter cowl sitting high against alabaster skin, masking his quivering mouth and shaky exhales. The balcony curtains have been pulled apart, and Killua stares out the glass door—tries to view the stars despite the pollution that blankets the sky.

His balcony points in the direction of the Industrial Zone, and although darkness has overtaken the streets, he can faintly make out the towering dark buildings far in the distance.

Silently, Killua takes a slow sip of his hot chocolate, and not even the sweetness of the drink can swallow away the bitterness coating his throat.
The ring is more full than it was a year ago.

There are so many people that the standing section has become a mess. Gon can’t see where the
standing section ends and the bleachers begin. He doesn’t miss the whistling for his attention from patrons. The phrases they throw and the sneers they give him. There’s a lot of people in the crowd that aren’t regulars—faces Gon doesn’t recognize.

He can’t tell if the reason is because he’s become more disconnected with regulars or because they’re all from Hisoka’s side of the line.

Gon walks into the training room to warm up. It’s the first time he’s done that in a while. He can’t risk injuring himself during the fight with Hisoka again. No sprained wrist, no broken ribs. No nothing. He can’t afford it to happen. He needs his full strength.

He runs through some motions lightly, stretches his legs and arms, continues and repeats the process. Doesn’t get into doing anything heavy. He needs to reserve his energy.

Silence.

The door creaks.

Knuckle stands there, wearing a blank face.

“You’re up.”

Gon huffs, takes deep breaths to even his breathing. He nods. Knuckle holds the door out for Gon until he’s walking through the open arch, green boxing gloves fixed onto his hands. He wears a look of determination, eyes set hard, mouth a thinly-pressed line.

Hisoka is standing in the ring already.

Upon seeing Gon’s arrival, and his entrance into the ring, the crowd explodes. Screams, shouts, hollers. There’s no silence. Gon craves silence.

An energy thrums through his veins. Excitement crawls up his spine.
From the ring, he can see the entire room. His eyes scavenge the room.

There’s no familiar fluff of white hair.

Gon holds back in the urge to sigh.

His mood dampens just a little.

But he can’t be upset. He expected this.

*It was a selfish request.*

Hisoka is looking at Gon, mouth upturned into an absolutely hungry smile, and his eyes look at him as prey. An involuntary shudder shakes Gon, and he averts his gaze quickly. The referee is standing, staring at the both of them, and the man nods before opening his mouth to speak.

“Tonight we have one of the ring’s most anticipated showdowns since its establishment. A rematch, between Friks and Hisoka, one year in the waiting, will be occurring right here, right now.”

The crowd screams.

“Friks, at five-foot-eleven and one-hundred-sixty-five pounds, will be fighting against Hisoka, who comes in at six-foot-two and one-hundred-ninety-two pounds. Friks remains YNC’s unbeatable fighter, upholding a reputation most would think twice about trying to break. Last year, Friks nearly lost against Hisoka, but there was a forfeit on Hisoka’s part.”

Booing resounds, taking up most of the sound in the room. Gon grinds his teeth, and Hisoka peers at him with interest.

The referee chuckles. “That being said: YNC fights work in rounds of three—”

Hisoka’s voice speaks over the referee. “I’d like to propose a different arrangement.”
The ring quiets, and the referee sputters. “YNC doesn’t allow—”

“Friks and I fight until one cannot. In other words, a match that ends either in fatal injury or knockout.
Hisoka pauses to look at Gon. “That sounds fun, doesn’t it?”

An uproar ensues, and there’s shouting coming from every direction. Faintly, Gon can hear Bisky shout at the top of her lungs that “as a sponsor, she won’t allow it to happen.”

“If Friks accepts, then—”

“Absolutely not!” Bisky yells.

Gon doesn’t process her words completely, though.

He stares at Hisoka blankly, and Hisoka stares back—with that smile that urges him to take the bait and accept. Gon opens his mouth, hesitates, thinks of Killua’s words, before he pushes away the thoughts and forces himself to speak. To make a decision.

“Three rounds,” Gon starts, gaze set. “I won’t need any more to win.”

The biting words have the crowd erupting into hyped yells, a wave of excitement flowing throughout all patrons. Hisoka stares at Gon, doesn’t speak a single word, but the widening of his eyes is answer enough. He’d expected Gon to take the deal, to throw himself full-force at it.

“Alright!” The referee interrupts, and he gives an awkward laugh, “Because Friks has declined Hisoka’s proposition, the fight will continue as usual.”

“A pity.” Hisoka murmurs, eyes slanted to Gon, and a smile curving his features.

“Each round is three minutes. There are a total of three rounds. A knockout will determine the winner, or else the fighter with the most hits earned will win.”
Both Hisoka and Gon face-off, and Gon relaxes his muscles. Cracks his neck, and pulls his arms up into a guard. He doesn’t let himself tense, doesn’t let his thoughts wander. His opponent is Hisoka, no one else, and that’s all he has to focus on.

Hisoka doesn’t bother putting his arms up to a guard—just slightly tilts his head curiously to peer at Gon.

“Well then,” the words are spoken lowly, words spoken only for Gon to hear, “I see your lover isn’t here.”

Gon’s eyes widen—attention thrown off, thoughts filling with questions and images of Killua.

He sees red.

“Well!”

In hindsight, Gon knew the words were simply to provoke him, but he can’t hold back the rage that consumes him.

Stepping forward, Gon wastes no time on the first round, feinting Hisoka several times with his defense hand, before sweeping and extending his dominant hand to punch. Hisoka blocks it effortlessly, and Gon quickly uses his other hand to go for an uppercut.

Before the glove can connect, Hisoka is using his nondominant hand to run it down Gon’s previous punch, until the gloved fist is hitting his head, and Gon’s world tilts just a little. His vision blurs, and he stumbles back. Hisoka continues his unrelenting attack, punch after punch after jab after uppercut. He doesn’t stop, and Gon is forced to continue to move back, and back, because he still can’t get a grip on his line of sight, and the world of his axis is shaking.

He grits his teeth when he registers that his back has faintly touched the ropes of the ring, and he does his best to block every punch coming his way. But his thoughts seem to wander, even if he doesn’t want to, and he’s reminded of Kite, and Killua, and what they went through because of him. Sweat is gleaming his skin.
Gon lowers his hands.

Weakens his grip.

He feels his lips wobble.

He’s slipping. Again.

Hisoka lands a punch in his gut—aiming for another one—and the referee is jumping to separate them.

“One point, Hisoka!”

The crowd erupts into chanting and hollering once again. Gon doesn’t internalize any of the cheering, because his thoughts have wandered to his uselessness. The thoughts consume him. His strength wasn’t enough to save Kite, and it wasn’t enough to save his relationship with Killua, and it won’t be enough to win this fight. And, and—

Someone is yelling his name.

Someone is calling out to him, and Gon won’t turn, won’t look at them, because that means removing his eyes from an all-too-gleeful Hisoka, who stares him down like a predator who’s caught their prey right where they want them.

He lets the thoughts overtake him in favor of faintly registering the calls of his name.

The voice calling out to him sounds indistinctly familiar.

“Begin!”

The thoughts seep in again.
Hisoka pushes forward quickly, until Gon is stepping back once again, and Gon’s mind is filled with negative thoughts. Negative, unrelenting thoughts that punish him just as strongly as Hisoka does physically. That push him and test him and destroy him.

Useless, useless, useless.

Gon barely manages to block a punch to his jaw.

No one wants him.

A louder yell of his name. He doesn’t look over. Everything is becoming static, and his ears ring, and he’s sure there’s a bit of blood smeared at his nose.

“This is what you gave up Killua for?” The voice bellows.

Everything stops.

At that moment, everything flashes in front of his eyes. The memories. The memories of Killua and him are flashing throughout his mind, every single one. Training, hanging out, dating, kissing, photographs, and Nanika, and cooking, and dancing, and—

Gon risks it. He risks shifting his eyes to the crowd, to where the voice came from.

Ikalgo stands there, jaw clenched, staring up at Gon with a face of thinly-veiled rage, features glowering, where his eyebrows are furrowed and lips pressed together tightly.

Gon wants to choke on a wail, but instead, he’s realizing something.

He doesn’t want to fight.

He doesn’t care.
He doesn’t care about this fight anymore.

The guise of strength was his coping mechanism—just as Killua had said it was so long ago. It was his way to cope with his denial, with his actions and his past and everything that happened. It was how he coped with Ging’s absence, and Kite’s hospitalization, and Killua’s break up.

He had been substituting emotional strength for real strength.

He had been trying to make up for faults that weren’t his to bear.

Gon hadn’t been listening to Killua, or Mito, or Knuckle when they said those words.

The realization burns; burns his being and his heart and everything he has to give. It burns him so deep that his hands are shaking and legs quake under his weight, and he’s suddenly lifting his gaze and locking his eyes with Hisoka’s, and everything feels calm.

Killua’s bracelet secured tightly within the confines of his boxing glove is a gentle reminder of his love.

Hisoka seems to realize the change in demeanor, because he quickly brings his hands up to guard, eyes more serious, though the gleeful glint stays. Gon doesn’t care. He doesn’t give in to the excited tremor that runs through his hands when he knows he’ll win this, doesn’t give in to the thoughts he’s pulled free from—even though they try to reel him back in.

Gon steps forward, and it’s like the force of his step is a blow in-and-of-itself.

Hisoka inches forward, just barely.

Gon takes a deep breath,

And goes.

He lets his movements run on autopilot—lets the muscle memory do its job.
A jab, another jab, he swings his fist up into an uppercut, sweeps his foot to throw Hisoka off-
balance. The older man stumbles just a bit. With a punch aimed just for his liver, Gon grabs it,
grabs Hisoka’s wrist and pulls forward, just as Hisoka had done to him one year ago, and lets his
knee connect with the man’s stomach.

The smile that graces Hisoka’s face should be unsettling, if not for the blood he suddenly coughs,
or the disheveled state of his hair. Gon doesn’t land another attack. Just stares down at Hisoka, the
man’s form bent over to catch his breath. The crowd is stunned into silence. Hisoka is huffing for
oxygen now.

It takes a moment for the referee to react. “Time! One point, Friks!”

Hisoka stands himself up, an everlasting grin on his features, serpentine in every sense, and his
eyes are now sharp. He isn’t playing around anymore.

Gon doesn’t want to be here.

He wants to run to Killua and apologize profusely. He feels he’s strong enough now. That he can
cope better. That he’s gotten his shit together, as Killua had put it.

They get into position, in front of each other, just separated by the referee, intently staring at each
other

“Final round, begin!”

Hisoka moves first.

One fist connects with his forearm, and another is aiming for his chest. Gon’s winces from the
impact of the hit, and his eyes widen when he realizes the other hand is coming—brings his elbow
down to block away from the incoming hit. With his elbow dipped so low, Gon takes the chance
and uses one of the moves Killua taught him—fixes his forearm straight so that his dorsal faces
out, knuckles running down a straight line, and punches with all the force he can.

It’s a smooth, clean hit, and Hisoka stumbles just a little back. His nose quickly sports an ugly red
coloring, and blood begins to ooze out. But it’s not enough to deter Hisoka, and he presses his foot forward once again.

_He can win, _Gon tells himself, _he can win this. He can get back to Killua soon._

Thoughts of Killua fill Gon’s mind, and he’s working without thinking, his movements flow with what feels natural—and it’s the first time, Gon notes, that he feels truly at peace while fighting. This is the first time that his thoughts don’t overflow with what move to make next, his thoughts don’t scatter and blunder and worry.

He just wants to go _home._

In a moment, Hisoka is pushing forward, hand coming straight for Gon’s head once again, and Gon doesn’t hesitate, doesn’t stumble, doesn’t anything. One arm shoots forward to guard the side of his head, and the other comes up to feint Hisoka. Instead, he uses his foot to kick him square in the chest.

Gon swears he can hear a crack, and then Hisoka laughs.

_“Time! One point, Friks!”_ 

Gon doesn’t stick around for the cheers or the chanting of his name. He barely sticks around for the referee to lift his hand and claim him as the winner. The moment he’s announced the winner, he’s pulling his hand away, jumping over the ropes with unrestrained energy, rushing out the door.

Knuckle is standing by the door, holding his duffel bag. Gon doesn’t hesitate to grab it, but he slows his steps just slightly to pause in front of the man.

_“So, you’ve realized?”_ 

Gon nods.

_“Then what the hell are you standing around here for, kid?”_
Those are the only words Gon needs to hear before he’s grinning and his feet are hitting against the cracked pavement harder than they ever have before.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Twenty-Five of "You're Breaking My Guard"!!

Hello everyone! Sorry for taking a while for this next update! I was kind of unsure of how to approach Hisoka and Gon's rematch scene. I knew Gon had to ultimately win, but because Gon has never canonly fought Hisoka and won, I had nothing to base the fight off of. I'd imagine their fight to be more-so like Gon-San v. Hisoka, so like, idk. This story really is almost over! I'd say, there's maybe three or so more chapters left? And a hefty epilogue is being outlined!

I do hope this chapter (and story, in general) doesn't disappoint. As I wrote this chapter, I wasn't too happy with it—hence why uploading took longer than usual. And as we start to come to a close, I begin to realize that there are so many things that should've or could've been done differently to ensure a better story for readers to enjoy, and I feel as though the summary of this fic doesn't deliver on it's promise—so I'd like to apologize for that. I think I still have a long way to go as a writer. I hope I improve enough to where readers are able to completely enjoy the story and I don't feel as though I've written a piece of garbage, HAHA.

I've made a playlist for this fic, so if you'd like to check it out click here for the link to the Spotify playlist of "You're Breaking My Guard"! Fair warning, it continues a couple of Spanish songs! If you listen to it, I hope you enjoy it :D

That being said: Gon has finally learned his mistake, and it's finally dawned on him what the issue was to begin with. Despite Mito and Killua and Knuckle telling him what it was, he wasn't internalizing that information completely—or at all—and that was the issue! So hooray, he's got it! I think I can finally say the angst is coming to a close.

Please do not hesitate to comment or kudos; comments keep the motivation alive and wilding! I look forward to your thoughts on Gon's development.

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Twenty-Six

Chapter Summary

Tired blue stares into nothing.

Gon reaches forward, inches his fingers forward until they’re enveloping Killua’s, gently taking the hot chocolate mug and setting it aside on the table. Killua’s eyes look up at him, and it’s quiet, save for Gon’s labored, uneven breathing, and Killua’s own withheld breath.

Chapter Notes

For any Spanish phrases, translations in English are in the End Notes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The streetlights pass him in a blur.

Gon is taking huffing breaths, breath fogging in front of him as he runs—runs as fast as he can, until his lungs burn with the cold October air, and his eyes are watering from the sheer force of the freezing winds. His car is parked further down the street, and Killua’s apartment is still four blocks down, but he’d been unable to wait, and traffic had filled the streets tonight.
He hadn’t dared to wait any longer to apologize, hadn’t dared spend another second without explaining himself to Killua, and had promptly parked in front of Near and Far Cafe, hopping out into the night with his sweater barely shrugged on.

He wants to laugh, wants to cry and laugh and scrunch his eyes because his heart feels elated, and he can’t wait to get closer to Killua’s apartment building—can’t wait until he sees the familiar, high building in front of him and within his grasp. He hadn’t been home in a long time. There’s a giddy feeling that fills his body, one that coils the excitement and threatens to force him to burst at the seams.

Gon struggles to cap down the excited giggle that leaves his throat from the utter tension.

His jacket is whipping behind him from the speed, and he picks up his pace: running faster, faster, faster.

Closer.

He’s getting closer.

There are people staring at him. In their cars—they sit, stuck in traffic, an hour before midnight, and watch as Gon runs past them with unrelenting speed. His lips are quivering, hands shaking—bitten by the cold, raw red, and he’s sure he sports an ugly bruise on his biceps and jaw—but he doesn’t care.

A cracked piece of the pavement nearly causes Gon to fall flat on his face—he stumbles—but he doesn’t stop running.

Doesn’t stop, because Killua is waiting.

Killua is waiting for him.

And God, he’d been so stupid.
So, so utterly *stupid* for not having realized sooner.

For having placed his own importance to others on physical strength rather than his being.

He can’t believe he hadn’t listened to Killua the first time, or Mito the second time. Even the third time, when Knuckle had explained it so crystal-clear, he still hadn’t registered the words. Hadn’t thought twice about what was uttered to him. He knows now, he swears by it. He’s learned.

The apartment building comes into view.

Tall, extending further into the sky than most of the buildings around, granite walls on the ground floor reflect the car lights, and the fountains which line the greenery are on and buzzing. Easily thirty stories, and Gon recognizes the man standing at the front door. He’s smiling upon seeing Gon’s figure get closer.

Gon takes a breath, ready to speak, but the old man shakes his head and opens the door wide enough for him to burst through.

It’s nearly midnight, and there’s no one in the lobby except for the receptionist. He recognizes her, too, and she doesn’t chide him for his barreling entrance. Gon presses the elevator once, twice, three times—impatient, and fiddling with his fingers, tapping his foot anxiously. He can finally manage to catch his breath, although the prospect of facing Killua after so long leaves him feeling winded, drowning in a feeling of nostalgia and yearning.

The elevator beeps, and he’s tumbling inside, anxiously presses the button to the seventeenth floor at least a dozen times. He chews his lips, lets his eyes wander, reads the warning label on the elevator, the time, the floor number. Watches himself in the mirror. It doesn’t help speed up the ascent to Killua’s floor.

But when it finally does beep, Gon is squeezing out through the barely-opened doors, taking long strides to reach Killua’s door. He recognizes it, knows the building like the back of his hand, knows that turning left and then right, down three doors, Killua’s apartment door is the center one—the one with the balcony visible from the lobby, and Gon doesn’t hesitate.

He knows the passcode by heart, by memory.
The door clicks open.

And Gon is walking in, steps light and quiet, and he shuts the door, hands trembling to reach out and grasp Killua.

The first thing that hits him is the smell of the apartment. Sweet, fresh, ambrosial—it smells familiar, and like everything he’s come to know. Like home, and Gon doesn’t mind it in the slightest.

He can see Killua’s silhouette sitting on the couch, so lost in his own thoughts that he doesn’t turn to look at Gon. Or maybe he heard Gon, and just didn’t want to turn around—didn’t want to look at him. Gon swallows nervously, takes a careful step forward, one foot in front of the other.

Killua is right there.

Within his grasp, within arm's length.

He doesn’t hear the familiar mewl of Nanika. Gon’s attention diverts, just for a second. Averts his eyes somewhere else, to look for the tiny white kitten with black spots around her eyes. She’s not here.

But then he notices something else.

Sitting on the stable, to the side, near the corner of the wood, a little black velvet box, and Gon feels like choking. He tenses up, stares at the little thing, furrows his eyebrows, feels his heart stutter and restart in his chest just a little faster this time. He knows what it is. Realizes what it is, because yeah, he’s stupid, but not dense, and he knows what he’s looking at.

He thinks about the words he’d said at the cafe, at a time that seemed so long ago.

“That’s not it. It’s none of your business. It’s— It’s not like we’re married or anything. Stay out of my shit. We’re just dating!”
The words taste like venom in his own mouth even now, and he shakes his head, overcome with guilt and emotion and—how could he be so stupid. He turns his attention back to Killua, and his skin looks pale, not as bad as it had been before, but there are still bags under his eyes, soft white hair tousled, and he’s gripping his mug of hot chocolate.

Tired blue stares into nothing.

Gon reaches forward, inches his fingers forward until they’re enveloping Killua’s, gently taking the hot chocolate mug and setting it aside on the table. Killua’s eyes look up at him, and it’s quiet, save for Gon’s labored, uneven breathing, and Killua’s own withheld breath.

Killua’s eyes are a little sunken, and Gon’s heart shrivels up—rots under the weight of it all. He wants nothing more than to run his thumb across his cheek, press their foreheads together. Killua looks just as equally affected—because his eyes hold nothing but yearning, lips pressed just slightly together. He doesn’t move; he waits on Gon.

Gon takes a deep breath, feels the ball in his throat grow and grow and grow and he can barely get the words out before tears are forming. His hands tremble with the need to find purchase in Killua’s. He missed him so much.

“I—I didn’t give you up. I would—I would’ve never have given you up, Killua.”

For a moment, Killua says nothing, but he can’t hide the way his fingers clutch the fabric of his hoodie.

“You—You going through with that fight,” Killua starts, and he stumbles on his words, betraying the coldness set in his voice. “You going through with that fight might as well have been.”

And Gon feels Killua slipping from him, further, and further, and Gon is just barely grasping at the image left behind in an effort to keep him here.

“You were right, Killua,” Gon says suddenly, jumbling his words and speaking frantically as if to clear up everything and anything. The filter from brain to mouth disappears. “I didn’t understand before and I didn’t understand why everyone was so upset with me but now I do, because I was just trying to make up for my guilt and emotional state with physical strength. I thought if I was strong enough physically, it would keep you around, and that’s not the case, that was never the
case—and I was so blind and I just couldn’t see it until after the fight started—”

Gon pauses, takes a shuddering breath, because his hands are trembling harder, and his knees feel weak, and he has to press his hands into his eyes to keep away the oncoming headache. “I’m sorry, Killua. I’m sorry, I’m so sorry—I shouldn’t have, I shouldn’t have—”

He’s a blubbering mess, and Killua hasn’t spoken a single word, and Gon’s heart feels so close to shattering. He didn’t think—didn’t think everything would hurt this much again.

A quiet sigh, and cold hands are grabbing Gon’s wrist, pulling them away from his eyes. “Hey.” Killua’s voice is so soft.

Gon’s mouth quivers.

“Look at me.”

Anguished hazel meets equally-anguished blue.

“Are you ready to have this conversation now?”

And Gon can’t manage to do anything but nod his head; he lets Killua drag his wrist down onto the couch with him, until Gon’s next to him, and their knees are touching, and god, does it feel so good to be at arm's length again—to be home. Slowly, hesitantly, tentatively, the alabaster hands unwrap from Gon’s tan skin, and move back into his own personal space.

Gon craves the warmth they give as soon as their gone, no matter how cold they actually were.

“You really screwed me up, Gon.” The words are quiet.

Gon does a sharp intake of breath, eyes widening.

Killua chuckles gently. “You can’t just throw yourself into things headfirst. You can’t just—you can’t just decide things that impact the both of us wuh-without discussing it first.”
Killua’s lips tremble, and he looks at Gon with so much sadness.

“We’re supposed to be a team, Gon. You and me—we’re part of each other. And you just—you just shut me out.” Killua’s voice gives out, an octave higher than usual, cracked and laced with so much pain. “You shut me out, forced me to watch you become some side of yourself I’d never seen.”

Gon presses his lips together—he wants to reach out for Killua—but he stays quiet, lets Killua continue.

“And I know I said I wouldn’t kill myself for you, but god, would I without question. You destroyed me in the worst way possible—I couldn’t…” His voice trails off, distant, and Killua pauses as he tries to think of the right words. “I couldn’t keep up with you. It’s like you put me second—you put me behind you, instead of beside you, Gon.”

He tries his best, he really tries his best, but Gon is just so weak. He’s so weak, and so in love with the man that is Killua—with his personality, his attitude: the being that is him—that Gon can’t restrain himself. He lets his hands snake across the couch slowly until they’re resting atop Killua’s.

But he doesn’t interlace them.

He leaves it up to Killua to decide.

“I know, Killua.” Gon’s voice is shaky. “I became so obsessed with the idea of being physically stronger. I thought that if I wasn’t, you’d leave me. Like Ging did. I thought I wouldn’t be enough for you, because you’re just so amazing, and I’m just me. I was doing exactly what you said I was doing—I was compensating for something that didn’t need compensating.”

A shuddering breath, and Gon continues. “And—and, funnily enough, you broke up with me anyway: the very thing I was afraid of happening happened because of some stupid idea I had in my head. And that was—that was hard but I deserved it. It’s not something I’d ever want you to stick around for. Not—not with the way I was.”

Slowly, Gon feels a warmth begin to envelop his hands. Killua’s hands are wrapping around his— their fingers slowly intertwining. Gon feels like the oxygen is being punched out of him—like he’s just imagining this, and he’s still in the ring with Hisoka.
“You broke my guard, Gon.” And Killua looks so pained, tears brimming now, just at the edge of falling freely. “I didn’t ever tell you, but—my biggest fear is getting hurt because of love. It’s letting down someone I love. And you destroyed me, completely destroyed me and left nothing. After your first fight with Hisoka, you were just an empty husk.”

“I know.” Gon says, and he can’t keep the tears in anymore. “I know, Killua. I’m so sorry. I don’t—I don’t deserve you, not any piece of you, y’know? You’re so good to me, and I love you so much.”

The apartment is barely lit, but even in the darkness, Gon can see the way Killua’s eyes flicker from his eyes to his mouth. But as quickly as they’re there, they’re gone, redirected at his eyes.

“I…” Gon trails off, averts his gaze, but promptly shifts it back to Killua. The least Gon can do is face him—he deserves that, at the minimum. “I owe you an explanation about why what happened, happened.”

Killua nods slowly.

“When—When I was fourteen, I was involved in a lot of underground fighting. It wasn’t like the ring I’m at now. It was at Hisoka’s side of the world. It was dark, and bloody, and it was every man for himself.”

Gon scoffs lightly. “And I, uhm, I was really confident in my fighting skills. I had met a man. His name was Kite. And he taught me a lot of new things about fighting. I found out he was a friend of my father’s, but—”

His voice chokes, and he presses his lips together, eyebrows furrowing, sucking in a deep breath. And he knows Killua can feel his distress, because his hand tightens its grip, and he feels the all-too-familiar feeling of Killua’s thumb passing soothingly on the dorsal of his hand.

“But there was this fight. I was challenged by a person called Pitou. And Kite had a bad feeling about them, so he told the other fighter’s he’d fight instead of me. I—I was confident Kite would be okay. Because Kite was so cool. Kite was like the father figure I didn’t have.”

Gon’s hands tremble within the confines of Killua’s. “He taught me to fight, but he also taught me to love photography. He encouraged me to pursue it, and go to college for it.” He laughs wetly.
“And during the fight, I watched as Pitou obliterated him completely. It was so bad, Killua—”

A whimper has Gon leaning closer. “Pitou had shoved him back into some rocks, a really big boulder—I remember it like it was yesterday—all I heard was a crack. And everyone was cheering, and no one was helping him. And I knew Pitou had broken his spine, and his arm, and no one was helping. And after the fight, no one would call the cops because we’d get caught.”

“I had to drive him to the hospital myself. In his car. I was only fourteen, and I didn’t know how to drive, but I was determined to get him there. And—and ever since then—ever since I left him there, I haven’t gone to see him. It’s been nearly a decade, but I’m so consumed by guilt Killua.”

Gon’s voice is rough. “I killed Kite. Fighting was everything to him. He loved it, and now he’s disabled because of me. He’s stuck in a bed, paralyzed from the neck down. And—and I’m so sorry, Killua. Because I know exactly how you felt, because I was there. I was in your position, ten years ago, but I had ignored how you felt, and your worries, because I was so confident that I would be alright. And I thought that no matter the risk, I deserved whatever came for me. I’m so sorry, Killua. Nothing fixes what I said, or what I’ve done to you, but I’m so sorry.”

A choked sob and Gon finally looks up, “I forced you to feel the worst feeling possibly imaginable when it’s something I would’ve never wanted you to feel in the first place.”

Killua’s eyes are wide, mouth slightly agape, and he’s reaching out, cupping Gon’s cheeks and pulling him forward, until their foreheads are touching, and Gon breathes a sigh of relief. Killua drops his hands, wrapping his fingers around Gon’s once again.

“What happened between us wasn’t okay.” He begins, and Gon’s heartbeat halts. “It was far from okay. But I want us to work, Gon. I want us to work so badly. Because you’re the only one for me, and there’s no one else I could ever want, but you can’t—you can’t throw yourself into things anymore and expect me to sit here and let you use me, toss me around like some doll.”

Foreheads still pressed together, Gon shakes his head, whimpers out. “No—No, Killua. I know, I know, I won’t ever, not again. I promise, not again, te lo prometo.”

A soft smile escapes Killua, a huff, really, and he backs away from Gon, just slightly, to look into his eyes. Gon doesn’t think he’s ever seen an expression of so much pain and happiness mixed together. It’s conflicting, but that’s how emotions are.
“I forgive you, and it’ll be hard, but I want us to work if you’re willing to listen and reason. And I don’t think this will ever be a situation where I can forget, but I forgive you.”

Gon chuckles wetly, nods his head endlessly. “Is this even real?”

And Killua looks at him with so much tender love, that Gon feels overwhelmed: “Yeah.” Killua’s voice is soft.

A beat of silence. A beat of staring straight into each other’s eyes.

“Can I?” Gon asks hesitantly, because he’s not sure if he deserves the right anymore.

And Killua nods, watches with careful, tired, loving eyes as Gon leans forward, brings both their hands up to kiss Killua’s knuckles, and then his wrist, and he pushes forward, closer, to kiss Killua’s collarbone, and he pulls down the winter cowl more, to kiss his jaw, and chin, and nose, and cheeks, and forehead. Kisses his temple, and the corners of his eyes.

Kisses every inch of him in silent apology.

Until Killua laughs, pulling away from the kisses that were directed everywhere except where he most wanted it. “How long are you going to make me wait?” He breathes, just barely above a whisper, and Gon smiles.

“Not long.”

Their lips meet, chapped against soft, and Killua is closing his eyes, sighing into the kiss, hands coming up and around to wrap themselves around Gon, to fist the fabric of his shirt.

“Gon, I missed you so much.”

“I missed you too, Killua.” The words are spoken with finality, with such sureness, and Gon can feel Killua’s mouth twitch, smiling into their shared kiss.
Gon stirs awake, his neck on fire, muscles cramped, when he hears the door shut with a click. There’s walking, steps that freeze in their place, and then after a moment’s notice—more walking. Faintly, he can feel Killua’s hand wrapped in his, and Killua’s face is pressed into the juncture between Gon’s shoulder and neck.

Killua’s warm breath exhales onto Gon’s skin—Gon suppresses a shudder.

Groggily, he opens his eyes, stares at the apartment wall, and recognizes the room as Killua’s living room. The kitchen light dims on, just slightly, and Gon can see Alluka in the kitchen, setting down a palette filled with various hues, a canvas set atop the countertop to dry.

She looks at him, before silently redirecting her gaze back to the sink, washing the wet and dry paints off the glass palette.

Gently, Gon untangles his hand from Killua’s, watches as Killua’s features scrunch up just a little, mumbling something incoherent, but otherwise stays asleep.

Alluka opens her mouth to say something, but Gon shakes his head, points to the balcony door—signals what he wants her to do. She stares at him, before sighing in resignation and nodding. The balcony door slides open with a squeak. City nightlife ambiance fills the otherwise quiet apartment, and Gon is quick to slide the door shut, to cut out the sounds of traffic, and shouting, and sirens. He doesn’t want to stir Killua awake.

The neon lights from neighboring shops and lit apartment windows illuminate her figure. Alluka stands outside on the balcony, arms crossed, and she’s staring at Gon.

“I’m sorry.” Is the first word that tumbles out of Gon’s mouth, past his lips. “Alluka, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry for what I did to Killua.”

And Gon holds such remorse in his voice, such sincere honesty, that Alluka’s grip loosens, just a little, and she softens her hard gaze.
“It’s my fault—it’s my fault Killua got to where he was, is, now.”

No reaction for seconds on end, until she finally nods, “It was scary, Gon. One day, you both were together, and the next, it’s like the past year and a half didn’t happen.”

Gon’s lips tremble, and he averts his gaze, squeezes his hands by his side. “I know. It’s my fault. Completely mine. I was so obsessed with being stronger, and Killua had told me so, but I didn’t listen.”

“Yeah, he explained what happened to me.”

Making a sound of acknowledgment, Gon continues. “I’m glad Killua broke it off with me, I don’t think I could forgive myself if he forced himself to sit through everything. I thought I was weak, and that my physical strength is what would keep Killua around, but I was so wrong.”

A hum. “So then, what now?” Her eyes meet his, motions to Killua’s sleeping form with her head. “That’s the most peaceful I’ve seen him sleep in a long time.”

The words make Gon’s heart stutter with guilt. “I plan on making up for my mistakes. I hurt him. We—we talked, and he said I was…” Gon’s voice trails off, flush high on his cheeks, and he gives a gentle laugh, “He said I was the only one for him. And—and he’s the only one for me, too. So I really want to work this out with him.”

A smile graces Alluka’s lips. “That’s nice to hear. I’m glad you both managed to work it out.”

A beat of silence, filled only by passing cars seventeen stories down.

She’s speaking so formally to him. Gon doesn’t like it.

Gon speaks up again. “Alluka…” And his voice sounds a little rough, a little wet, and she looks at him, surprised by the sudden change in his voice. Before she knows it, hands are wrapping around her, pulling her close, tightly hugging her.
“Alluka, I’m really so sorry. I don’t—I hurt him so much. And I know it must’ve been hard on you, too. I can’t take back what happened, I wish it had never happened, but I’m so sorry.”

And Alluka feels like the oxygen has been stolen from her lungs. Hesitantly, she brings her hands up to return Gon’s hug, and her eyes are lining with tears, and although she’s trying her best to keep them at bay, a few tears manage to slip. They fall, quickly, and she sniffs—levels her voice to the best of her ability.

“It was hard, Gon.” She takes a shaky breath, takes a minute to continue. “It was so hard. I had to watch my big brother deteriorate in front of me.”

“I know—I know, I’m so sorry, Alluka.”

“Please don’t hurt my big brother like that again.” The words tumble from her lips quickly, raw and unrestrained.

Gon shakes his head vehemently, eyes scrunched shut, brows furrowed. “I won’t. I promise I won’t.”
When they return indoors, Gon’s apology still fresh in the air, Killua is awake, just barely, and his hand is petting Nanika’s head in languid movements. The kitten purrs contently—nuzzles her face into the palm of his hand for more attention. Gon smiles, leans forward a little to run his fingers down Nanika’s spine. She mewls.

"Where was she?"

Alluka speaks up first. “With me. We went to the rooftop to paint the cityscape.”
Killua hums, keeps his eyes on Nanika, a soft smile gracing his lips before a frown overtakes it.

He keeps quiet, says nothing, and Alluka picks up on it because she’s quickly excusing herself to get ready for bed. “It’s well past twelve in the morning,” she says.

Her door clicks shut.

In the silence of the living room, Killua’s hand moves away from petting Nanika and hovers just for a bit. Sensing the change, Nanika hops off the couch, trots over to Alluka’s door. And Killua lets his hand travel up, lets his fingers run deftly over the knuckles of Gon’s hands.

“They’re raw.” He says softly—looks up at Gon.

And Gon averts his eyes but lets the words he means come out anyway. “Yeah… I was training too hard, without the guards.”

Killua hums, wraps his fingers around Gon’s wrist to bring his hand up to his lips. Kisses each and every individual knuckle gently, slowly, with every ounce of love to spare. Gon feels overwhelmed, sits down next to him to lean into Killua’s embrace.

They sit like that for a while, until Gon feels his eyes closing again, falling into slumber, and he forces himself awake, gently pulls his hand from Killua’s, ignoring the slight sinking of his heart when he can no longer feel the thumbing action on his dorsal from Killua’s thumb.

“I should…” Gon’s voice tapers off, quiet. “I should get going.”

Gon goes to stand, to grab his things, to leave, at nearly one in the morning. But Killua’s hand is shooting out, gripping his wrist to hold him in place, and Gon freezes, turns to look at him.

Killua’s eyes search his in the silence.

He speaks, his voice a low tone—quiet, as if any louder would shatter the hope: “Stay.”
And it’s like the rest of the world fades into noise—Gon’s breathing halts; he feels choked up. Killua’s eyes are pleading.

“Killua…” Gon murmurs, coming close to press his forehead against Killua’s, “I can’t stay, I—I don’t want to do that to you. To move too fast.”

But Killua is adamant, shakes his head. “Ts not fast, it’s just right.”

Killua’s hands come up to cup his cheeks.

“Please?”

Gon finds himself unable to deny Killua anything. He sighs.

“Okay. But—But I’ll take the couch, okay?”

Despite Killua not looking satisfied with the answer, he nods.

“You can go shower if you want. I’ll get your clothing out of your drawer.”

His drawer.

The words leave Gon feeling giddy. He smiles and nods.

It feels good to be back home.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Twenty-Six of "You're Breaking My Guard"!
Hello everyone! :DD Things are beginning to wrap up between Killugon, and more generally, this story! I'd say there's really only a chapter or two left until the epilogue now. I think this is one of my favorite chapters? I really like the way I wrote Gon's apology.

Did ya'll see how gentle Killua was? And Gon, too? They're both so in love, it's painful. And Alluka didn't deliver an ass-whopping like we all wanted, but I felt that would be wrong of her. If anything, she'd been harboring a resting-bitch-face at Gon until he explained. I think it was also important for Gon to apologize to her.

Please don't forget to leave comments! I'd like to know what you all thought about their apology and reunion, as well as the introduction of Kite, and Gon's past with him. Also, the artwork was draw by me!!

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
"Te lo prometo." ⇨ "I promise you."

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachijnari
Chapter Twenty-Seven

Chapter Summary

“Good morning,” Gon says tiredly, and he winces when he moves to stand, back cracking in protest from sleeping on the couch. His neck feels stiff.

“Good morning.” Killua parrots back, and silence fills the apartment.

The awkwardness floats, leaving in its wake a certain feeling of hurt Gon can’t place.

Chapter Notes

For any Spanish phrases, translations in English are in the End Notes!

WARNING: This chapter contains a smut scene. Though the smut is very roughly implied, and brisk, you can still understand what they're doing. I was as vague as possible.

Smut begins at: "A warmth oozes throughout Killua’s body. He swallows."
Smut ends at: "Silence, save for their breathing."

If you are uncomfortable with smut or making out, I’ve written it here so that you’re aware and can skip it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

There’s a smell that fills the air. It jogs Gon awake, and he groans, nose lulled by the smell of fried eggs and toast. It takes him a moment to register where he is, not at all recognizing the white-colored walls and flat-screen television in front of him.

A mewl has him shifting his line of sight over to the kitchen.

Killua stands, cooking breakfast, back turned, and he’s facing the stove, using a pair of chopsticks to fold the omelet and cook both sides. He’s cooking in silence, but Nanika sits on the counter, contently watching him work before her gaze meets Gon’s, and she mewls louder.

Eyebrow arched in question, Killua turns, as if asking Nanika what she wants, and his eyes line up with Gon’s. They stare at each other for a second, before Killua averts his sight with a small smile, and gets back to cooking. A grin crosses Gon’s features.
“Good morning,” Gon says tiredly, and he winces when he moves to stand, back cracking in protest from sleeping on the couch. His neck feels stiff.

“Good morning.” Killua parrots back, and silence fills the apartment.

The awkwardness floats, leaving in its wake a certain feeling of hurt Gon can’t place.

Gon wants nothing more than to wrap his arms around Killua’s waist, kiss the juncture between his neck and shoulder, pepper kisses over his jaw. It’s hard—forcing himself, *schooling himself*, into not doing that action; an action that comes like second nature after so long.

“Do, uhm, what do you want for breakfast?” Killua asks, and Gon can see the way he struggles to hold the chopsticks now—hand trembling.

Standing on shaky feet, Gon looks at him. “Anything you make is fine.”

“Oh…” Killua says, and nods. “Alright. You can use the bathroom, it’s free.”

“Yeah.” Gon’s voice trails off, and he walks into the bathroom, shuts the door quietly.

The bathroom light dims on to full strength, and Gon stares at the toothbrush—*his*—sitting in a cup. He lets himself just stare in silence, doesn’t move, doesn’t avert his gaze: just stares. Because he’d been too tired last night to really digest what that meant.

Killua had kept his things even after they’d broken up. Had kept all his things even after having broken down, and a bitter feeling passes through Gon—even if his heart fills with love—Killua had left everything there, waiting for Gon. A feeling he can’t place overwhelms him, and he moves quickly: runs the faucet to brush his teeth, opens the linen closet to grab a clean towel.

When Gon steps out back into the living room and kitchen, there’s a plate of fried eggs at the edge of the table, a large piece of Hispanic bread Gon recognizes all-too-well cut perfectly in the center to fit the fried eggs into.
“I went earlier this morning to the Spanish bakery. So…” Killua’s voice grows small, he doesn’t face Gon. “It’s fresh from this morning."

Gon hums, takes a seat at the counter. He doesn’t eat though, and Killua pauses to look at him.

“Is… is something wrong?”

“Nothing. Just waiting for you to finish so we can eat together.”

Killua flushes red, and mumbles something to himself—busies his hands with the chopsticks and the frying pan.

The apartment is quiet. Nanika hops off the counter and trots over to the couch, settles herself on the white leather to nap. Gon watches Killua’s back, then looks at the fried eggs, and looks back at Killua.

“Thanks,” Gon says, “For the breakfast.”

Killua’s voice is soft. “It’s no problem. Alluka stepped out to eat breakfast with friends.”

“Oh. She’s not asleep?”

“No. She went out a little after I came back from the bakery.”

It grows quiet again.

Gon opens his mouth to say something—anything—but Killua beats him to it.

“Thanks for…” Killua’s voice trails off, and his back is still turned, so Gon can’t look at him directly. “Thanks for staying the night.”
Unsaid words fill the air, but Gon understands them, and he gives a soft smile. “Of course, Killua.”

Killua reaches up, grabbing a plate in the cabinet to flip his omelet into. He sets the plate on the counter, takes a seat, but doesn’t speak a single word.

The silence is choking.

“How’re your classes?” Gon asks, places the fried eggs inside the bread.

“They’re fine. Registration for the next classes opens soon, so I have to register for more classes.”

Another lapse of silence.

Gon wants to cry—because yesterday night, yesterday night they had been okay. After the apology, they’d held each other and talked and—

He guesses the feeling of relief has finally melted away. Now that they’re together again, the urgency to touch has faded, and they don’t know how to progress again. He doesn’t know how to get back to where they were—if they ever can. There’s an invisible wall that keeps them from moving forward, one that was built overnight to keep them apart.

Even as they eat in silence, Gon can’t help but feel the smothering feeling above him, stifling him.

Soft hands hesitantly touch his calloused ones.

Gon’s eyes snap up, gawking, and Killua has his eyes averted, flush on his cheeks. Before he can get a word out, Gon tightens his fingers within Killua’s and gives an appreciative smile.

Killua looks up: tender blue meets molten hazel.

Eating breakfast is easier.
It’s not as stifling, not as hard to breathe, and Gon takes a bite from his sandwich—chews quietly.

“Ca—” Gon starts, but promptly cuts himself off, nearly chokes in the process. Killua looks up, bewildered, and Gon shakes his head. “Can you pass me the salt?”

He’d nearly called Killua the word. The word that would undoubtedly bring memories rushing back. He doesn’t know if Killua can handle that right now—opts to change the sentence structure, fake the statement that was going to originally come out of his mouth.

Killua makes a noise of confusion. “You don’t like your eggs salted, though?”

Gon laughs nervously. “Better late than never to try it, right?”

Killua’s hand tightens around his, and he snorts. “You’re so weird.”

Gon’s heart pounds in his chest, and he laughs to pass off the moment.

It feels brighter, inside the apartment. They converse lightly, and Gon helps Killua pick up the plates, places them in the sink. They bicker back and forth about who’s going to clean, and it circles between “you already cooked,” and “you just fought yesterday, aren’t you tired?”

Eventually, they end up splitting the chore. Killua washes the dirtied dishes, and Gon dries them to put them into the cupboards. Gon hums a tune, swaying in his spot, and Killua struggles to hold back an endearing grin. Watches as Gon rubs each plate and pan dry, places the plates above and pans below—the chopsticks in the drawer with other utensils.

Gon pats his pockets, feels around for his phone. It doesn’t unlock when he presses the home button.

“Shit, I forgot to charge it. Can I borrow your charger?”

Killua hums. “Yeah, I’ll be right back.”
Gon takes a seat on the couch, shuffles through his things—folds his things inside his bomber jacket. And Killua returns, holding the charging cable, leans over the couch to plug it into the socket hidden behind it.

“Here.”

Gingerly, Gon takes it and thanks him, plugs the phone into the charger. Sets it on his lap as he leans into Killua’s form, head resting against Killua’s shoulder.

“What do you plan on doing today?”

The phone buzzes on.

“Dunno. I have to do some assignments, probably that.”

Gon frowns. “You should take a small break.”

The phone vibrates.

Killua laughs, presses a kiss to Gon’s head. “Can’t. My brother is on my ass about school work.”

Gon scrambles to sit up, stare at Killua as the words process and he realizes the implications. “He contacted you? Killua, I’m so sorry—”

Another vibration from his phone.

“Don’t apologize. It’s my fault for letting our break-up affect me so much.”

“Still, if I hadn’t—”

Four buzzes.
Killua shushes him, “Don’t worry. Although, you may want to check your phone out. It’s blowing up.”

Gon averts his attention to his phone, and the lock screen reads over thirty unread messages from Mito, seven missed calls. Four voicemails.

“What?” Gon mumbles in confusion, unlocks his phone.

A few messages ranging from midnight to eight in the morning preview at the top of his screen, a plethora he can’t keep up with. They flash quickly. Ring after ring after ring. Not all the messages show, but enough give him an idea of how bad the situation is.

Aunt Mito:
12:43a.m.: Gon, are you still at the ring?

Aunt Mito:
1:01a.m.: Gon, text me when you get a chance.

Aunt Mito:
1:45a.m.: Gon, are you alright?

Aunt Mito:
2:07a.m.: Gon Freecss, if you don’t answer the phone this instant.

Aunt Mito:
2:31a.m.: Gon Freecss, if you don’t answer the phone this instant.

Aunt Mito:
3:09a.m.: Why aren’t you picking up the phone?
**Aunt Mito:**

3:24 a.m.: *Please be alright.*

“Shit.” Gon swears, and Killua peers over at his phone, head resting on Gon’s shoulder.

The voicemails open, and Mito’s voice cracks through the receiver.

“*Gon, nene, ¿Estás bien? Please call me back as soon as you can.*”

Before Gon can click the next voicemail, an incoming call from Mito registers onto his screen. Gon picks it up without hesitation.

For a moment, the line is silent.

“Aunt Mito?” Gon asks, voice hesitant.

A shuddering breath. “Gon Freecss,” she cries, “Do you know how worried sick I’ve been? Where in the world have you been? You never came back after your match, and I was so scared. Don’t you understand that there are people who care about you?”

Gon can hear her crying. “¿Cómo se te ocurre a no recoger el teléfono?”

“Ah—Aunt Mito, I’m sorry!” Gon says quickly. “I’m fine! I won the fight and—.”

“I don’t care si te ganaste la lotería, come home right now.”

“Ah, but, Mito—”

“Gon Freecss, tienes una hora para llegar a la casa. ¿Me entiendes? I want to see you right this instant.”
She gives no space to argue, hangs up the phone promptly. And Gon removes the phone from his ear, stares at it blankly. Behind him, a laugh wheezes its way out of Killua. His hands are placed at Gon’s waist, and he whispers into his ear.

“Sounds like Mito wants you to go home.”

The proximity to Killua is something Gon can’t get used to after so long apart. He suppresses a shudder.

He groans. “Yeah. She was worried that I was hurt or something.”

Killua hums, presses a chaste kiss to Gon’s jaw and chuckles. “I’d be worried too. Get home, Gon.”

“Ah, but I wanted—”

“I know,” Killua shushes him, fingers thrumming on his waist. “But you had Mito worried. You owe it to her.”

Gon sighs, and nods, making a sound of indignance before standing. “Yeah, I know…”

Killua watches with careful eyes as Gon packs his things, unplugs his barely charged phone from the charger.

“Take the charger with you,” Killua says.

“Huh, but—”

“You can just give it back to me the next time you come over.”

The words fill a reassurance within Gon. *He can come back.* Killua is letting him come back. It’s a
warmth that spreads through him, that has him reaching over to press their foreheads together with a brilliant smile on his face, and Killua gives Gon a soft smile.

“Text me, alright?”

Gon hums.

As Gon steps out of the apartment, Killua calls out to him.

“By the way, you weren’t slick during breakfast! I know what you were going to say!” The words make Gon choke and stumble, and without hesitating, he’s yelling back:

“Shut up!”

Laughter resounds in the halls.

Gon isn’t aware that that the word *amor* won’t be uttered from Killua’s lips for a while.
Mito is overcome by tears the moment Gon’s truck pulls up onto the driveway of their townhouse.

She’s waiting outside, huddled in an oversized jacket and scarf, mittens on—still unaccustomed to the city winter’s—and sitting in a chair she probably pulled from the garage.

As soon as his truck pulls into the corner, she’s stumbling to stand, hands wrung together, bottom lip wobbling, and Gon doesn’t even have the chance to step out of the car, because she’s throwing
herself into his arms, fingers trembling and grasping the black strands of hair.

“Don’t you dare—” she says, leans back to get a good look at him, voice just teetering on desperation, “Don’t you ever do that to me again.”

Slowly, Gon brings his hands up to Mito’s shoulders, and smiles gently, as apologetically as he can. “Sorry, Aunt Mito. I would’ve come back after the fight but, uhm, I was running to Killua’s apartment right after the match. Nothing else really mattered at that moment.”

Her eyes widen. “You...” she trails off. “You both made up again.”

It’s not a question.

Gon nods.

“I was at his apartment just now.”

“Oh, Gon...” She murmurs, runs her fingers soothingly through his scalp, gives a weak laugh and hugs him as tightly as she can. “Have you finally realized?”

“Yeah.” He whispers, voice a little heavy, and Gon can feel the ghost of a smile on Mito’s lips.

The sunlight hits a little stronger, a pleasant feeling against his skin.
A month passes uneventfully.

The first thing Gon does is apologize to Knuckle and Bisky, and the rookie fighters in the ring.
who’d been completely crushed under his unrelenting hand. And Gon is proud to say he did that himself—out of genuine guilt and remorse for the things he’d done and said—and that Killua had smiled at him, linked their fingers together and nodded.

It’s a slow improvement; an inching process.

Gon opens up to Mito about Kite.

She hadn’t known about the man—he’d never brought it up, but she chided him for not going sooner to visit him. Lectures him endlessly about his recklessness soon thereafter, realizing that her son was participating in illegal fights as a minor when it could've gotten him killed.

Gon doesn’t think he can go see Kite just yet.

But he’s getting there.

Slowly.

And Gon can say with absolute certainty, that his favorite part of returning to Killua is having him close. Within reach, within grasp, within arm’s length. It’s a comforting feeling, a warmth that spreads throughout him. Even now, as they walk downtown, side-by-side, Killua’s hand clasping his is a comfort he never thought he’d have again.

The snow that falls around them leaves the sidewalk canvas white, waiting to be painted with their steps. And there are countless people out and about—shopping, chatting. It was their fifth date that month, and while others had been at night, or in the comfort of Killua’s apartment, Gon had wanted to go out with Killua for a quick meal.

Which is why the phone call that comes through leaves him a little confused, a little disoriented, and he’s reaching into his pocket to dig around for the cellphone. Killua pauses his steps, hot chocolate in one hand, the other intertwined with Gon’s, and he looks at Gon with curious eyes.

He looks healthier.
“Hello?”

“Friks.”

It’s Meleoron.

“Sorry to bother you today, man. But the sponsors scheduled another fight for you. A rematch between some bigshot and you.”

Killua tugs at Gon’s hand and Gon looks up. “What is it?” he mouths silently.

Gon rolls his eyes, “A fight.” he mouths back.

Before Gon can reply to Meleoron, he feels Killua’s grip soften—feels Killua begin to pull away, unlink their fingers. It’s a simple gesture that has Gon quickly tightening his grasp. *Killua thinks he’s going to go to the fight.* He shakes his head when Killua looks up at him.

“Tell the sponsors I’m not going.”

God, Gon wishes he had his camera on him. Wishes he could take a picture of Killua’s blatant shock. Internally curses himself for leaving it in the truck.

“Friks—it’s been like two weeks since you’ve appeared. The sponsors need you to fight.”

“They can talk it up with Knuckle. But I’m doing something more important right now, they can’t just spring it up on me.”

A sigh on the other side of the line. “Alright, man. Good luck.”

The phone call ends with a click, and Gon turns his attention to Killua, smiles brightly.
“Where were we?” Gon says, voice chipper and light.

Everything is worth it when Killua’s blank face twists and contorts into laughter, and he feels the fingers squeeze his hand.

“You didn’t have to cancel a scheduled fight.”

Gon hums, huddles himself closer to Killua’s body as they continue to walk down the block.

“Yeah, but I wanted to spend today with you.”

The comment makes Killua flush, and Gon ignores the flush on his own cheeks to reach up and kiss Killua, giggling.

Recovery is a slow process for the both of them, but together, they can get through it.
The following month is just as eventless.

Killua sits, in the silence of the apartment, basking under the sunlight filtering in through the balcony glass. The sun warms his body, lulls him into a quiet, peaceful slumber in the December cold. The Christmas tree is up once again, and a good portion of their living room floor is covered with gifts of all shapes and sizes.

Alluka had taken Nanika out with her, doing some more Christmas gift shopping for her friends.

Killua smiles—yawns tiredly, lets his eyes fall shut.
Until the door is unlocking with a click, and the noise stirs Killua awake and out of the clutches of a comforting nap. He opens his eyes a little, peers at the door, and Gon stands there, holding a bag of groceries, on the phone with someone, grinning when he sees Killua’s form.

“Yeah, yeah, I’ll call you later, Zushi—ah! Make sure you grab the things we talked about.” He says, closes the door with the heel of his boot.

Lifting himself up with a huff, Killua looks at Gon with a smile.

“I’ll have you know I was at the cusp of sleep.”

Gon chuckles, places the groceries on the countertop. “Sorry, cariño.”

Taking strides over, Gon is in front of Killua, planting a kiss on his forehead. Killua hums contently.

“We need to cook for the Christmas Eve dinner.”

A groan of protest from Killua, and he flops onto the couch again.

“It’s, like, a week away, Gon.”

“Yeah, but Killua!” Gon chides, “C’mon, get up, there’s a lot of people eating on Buena Noche with us this time!”

When Killua doesn’t even stir, goes to the extent of pretending to snore dramatically, Gon huffs. “Ki-llu-a! I need to make a bunch of desserts, and a lot of each.”

No response.

And Gon seems to think that drastic times call for drastic measures because Killua can feel calloused fingers graze his sides, and he tenses, before the onslaught of tickling occurs, and Killua
is snapping his eyes open, choking on a laugh and kicking his feet out to try and deter Gon.

“G-Gon!” He wheezes, tears lining his eyes, and he’s squirming away from his touch, laughing louder, practically huffing for his breath.

Gon is grinning, shoulders shaking with his own laugh, letting his fingers run up and down Killua’s sides, and Killua is shaking from laughter, twisting and turning every which way to try and avoid the persistent touches.

“Amor, ya basta!” Killua laughs, stutters out shuddering breaths to try and regain oxygen, his Spanish broken from disuse.

Gon’s fingers stop, and he freezes. He looks at Killua in awe, eyes wide, mouth slack, and Killua takes it as his chance to flip them over. Gon is dizzied for just a second, and he furrows his eyebrows, trying to regain a sense of space.

Killua is leaning over him, arms holding down Gon’s wrists, and he’s still laughing, “You jackass.”

“That’s the first time…” Gon murmurs, his voice covered in a layer of utter tenderness, a direct contrast to what was occurring, hazel eyes blown wide, “That’s the first time you’ve called me that since—”

The realization hits Killua.

A flush rises on Killua’s cheeks, and he tightens his grip on Gon’s wrists, looking at Gon directly into his eyes before giving him a sly grin, leaning in to press his lips against Gon’s, hands cupping his cheeks, and Gon’s closing his eyes, melting into the kiss.

It’s warm, and quiet, and Killua’s body is pressed against Gon’s, kissing him softly, and with Gon distracted, he slowly removes his hands from his cheeks, slides them down until they’re at his sides —and tickles him.

Gon breaks the kiss with a gasp, pulls away and spasms, yelling out before falling into a fit of breathless laughter. Eyes scrunched, brows furrowed, and it’s kind of hard to breathe—a burning in his lungs the longer he goes on laughing. The feeling is euphoric.
“That’s what you get for ticking me awake!”

A wheeze. “It—” He can barely formulate a word. “It was because—because you were falling asleep—”

Gon’s face is red, completely and utterly crimson, and it’s so obvious against the honey-coloring of his skin that Killua slows his attack, pausing to stare at him, eyes a little wide, mouth a little open. Because Gon is panting, looking up at Killua, and his eyes trail to Killua’s lips, staring for seconds on end, slowly trailing back up to his eyes.

A warmth oozes throughout Killua’s body.

He swallows.

When Gon’s breathing evens out in the silence, he averts his gaze, flushing crimson—ears tinted red.

“Amar…” Killua’s voice is soft, and his hands come up to cup Gon’s heated cheeks, pulls his face up to gingerly place a kiss onto his lips.

Killua can see the way he’s affected. The way his eyes shine and fill with tears—overwhelmed—and Killua smiles into their shared kiss. Gon’s hands come up, trembling, hooking around Killua’s shoulders to press him closer.

Gon breaks from the kiss, his voice barely above a whisper. “Killua… are you sure?”

A nod, blue eyes staring down hazel.

Slow hands run down Gon’s body, travel down further and further, and Gon arches his back, fingernails digging into Killua’s shoulder blades. Legs wrap around Killua’s waist; a press forward. One hand on the small of Gon’s back, and Killua slowly kisses his way up Gon’s body, up, up, up, until his lips are gently grazing his throat.
Peppers kiss after kiss after kiss, on every inch of skin he can get his hands on. One shirt comes off, then another, and hands run down Gon’s body, up Killua’s body. Small smiles, gentle laughs, love-filled eye smiles. In the tender moment, Killua lets his fingers gingerly touch Gon’s skin, drawing circles on the exposed skin.

Unbuttoning. Shuffling. Sighs, pants, quiet moans. A push forward, a back arched. Hands finding each other, snaking through the white leather material of the couch. Clasping together, fingers tightening, holding on like a lifeline. Lithe rocking, a mantra of calls.

Small utterances of each other’s name.

Silence, save for their breathing.
“Killua...” Gon is twiddling his thumbs, posture a little tense, and it has Killua pausing from his paper on microeconomics and corporations to look at him.

“What’s up?”

“I was thinking, uhm,” Gon’s words are hesitant. “I was thinking that I wanted to go see Kite. In the hospital.”

Killua’s breathing slows, and he opens his mouth, ready to say something—tell Gon that it’s going to be okay, because Kite won’t be mad at him, because Kite will understand, because Gon has gotten a lot better.

“But, I—“ Gon continues, eyes averted, “I was wondering if you wanted to come with me?”
It’s a lot to take in.

*Gon wants him to meet Kite.*

He can feel the way his heartbeat slows, the way his eyes widen and a flush spreads across his cheeks like wildfire.

“Because, uhm, I’d like him to meet you. And! Obviously you, meet him. But, I wanna introduce you to him, I think you’d like him? He’s, uh, he might seem mean but he’s really not—“

“Gon,” Killua says, leans a little closer to Gon’s spot on the couch to place his hands over his—to calm him. “*Amor, you’re rambling.*”

Gon shuts his mouth.

“I’d love to go with you. Just let me know when we’re going, okay?”

A smile spreads across Gon’s features instantly, a relief washes on, and the tension from his shoulders disappear.

“Really?”

Killua nods with a smile, “Yeah. I’d be honored to meet him.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading Chapter Twenty-Seven of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hello everyone! I apologize for taking so long to release this chapter. I was unsure of how to continue progressing what's left with the story after their reunion. I hope this chapter shows a slow development to return to the point they were at before their break up! There are reasonably large time-skips, mainly because, overall, it's just Killugon getting back into the swing of things again. I am, once again, not very
satisfied with this chapter—but when am I ever satisfied with my writing, LMFAO.

People wanted make-up smut, and we got that! (Kinda). They're taking things slow because they're recovering, and Gon wants to get better.

That being said, I leave this chapter update here! I have two tests tomorrow I haven't studied for because I've been typing this chapter, LOL. The next update won't be for a fat minute, possibly a week in waiting? I have a lot lined up for the next week in terms of school work, so I truly apologize!

Please remember to comment/kudos! I look forward to everyone's thoughts on their slow progression (once again)! It's almost like Killugon is back to square one.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
"¿Estás bien?" ⇒ "Are you alright?"

"¿Cómo se te ocurre a no recoger el teléfono?" ⇒ "How does it occur to you not to pick up the phone?"

"...si te ganaste la lotería..." ⇒ "...if you won the lottery..."

"...tienes una hora para llegar a casa. ¿Me entiendes?" ⇒ "...you have an hour to get to [this] house. You understand?"

"Cariño." ⇒ "Honey/Sweetie" (Term of endearment)

"Amor" ⇒ "Love" (Term of endearment)

"Amor, ya basta" ⇒ "Love, stop it!"

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Twenty-Eight

Chapter Summary

“Okay, so then what do you plan on telling him?”

A moment of silence.

“Probably…” Gon trails off. “Probably just catch up with him, y’know? And introduce you to him.”

Chapter Notes

For any Spanish phrases, translations in English are in the End Notes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There are times like these that Killua wants to hold in his memories forever, unforgotten and unchanged—untouched by the strands of time and its unrelenting hold.

Times like this, when he awakens from the clutches of sleep, stirred to consciousness by Gon’s humming, followed by a delighted laugh, and tugging at the sheets.

“Killua, Killua!” Warm hands travel to link with Killua’s shoulder, gently shake him awake. Killua groans in protest.

“It’s snowing outside, cariño !”

Blue eyes squint open, and Killua turns his body to look out the window.

“It’s been snowing for the past few months, Gon.”

Gon pouts, but grins soon after, sitting at the edge of the bed to lean over and press a kiss to Killua’s forehead.

“Right, but, we have a fireplace here. It’s not like your apartment.”
Killua knows Gon means that he fully intends to freeze outside just so he can later get the fire going in Mito’s living room and they can huddle together by it. He presses his lips together in an effort not to smile, yawns loudly and stretches his back—hears the familiar cracking of his spine.

“Alright, ‘lright. I’ll change so we can go outside, you oversized toddler.”

A twinkling laugh and Gon is up, opening the door to his room and leaving Killua in the silence. Killua huffs, peels off the comforter, lifts his arms up to stretch them behind his back.

It’s the first time he’s stayed in Gon’s room, months after getting back with him, surrounded by photographs of memories. A small smile manages to escape his lips, and Killua slips on his pants and a long-sleeve, throws the jacket on over his clothing. From the window, he can see Gon outside with Mito.

Killua would be lying if he said he wasn’t also excited to spend the day by Gon’s side, holding each other by the fire.

And when he steps outside, adjusting his jacket, a ball of snow slams him in the face—slips right down his alabaster skin, and Mito is laughing loudly, trying to chide Gon, and Gon is grinning widely, already putting together another snowball. A feeling of justice simmers in Killua’s chest, and he chuckles lowly, leaning over to quickly gather snow in his hands.

He narrowly dodges Gon’s second snowball, heaves his own snowball up and throws it with all his strength. It hits Gon square in his chest, and Mito steps back—laughing harder. Gon whines, barely manages to react before Killua is rushing forward, holding more snow, and shoving it in his face.

His hands are completely chilled, and they only warm when Killua links his hands with Gon’s, wrestling him for dominance, and they’re both laughing loudly—peels of laughter—the straining of muscle. Killua can feel his shoes sink deeper into the snow the more weight he puts down in an effort not to move.

Pushes forward, forward, forward—arms shaking, fingers tightening, until Gon is falling backward with a noise of surprise, and Killua gasps, slipping down, fingers releasing from their hold to brace for the impact.

Killua is propped up, staring down at Gon’s red face, eyes wide, and they’re stunned into silence
before Killua is pressing his forehead against Gon’s, and they erupt into laughter.

Gon sits up, and Killua leans back to sit on his legs, laying there for moments on end—for a seeming infinity—until Abe is stepping outside, holding three cups of hot chocolate, handing each of them a cup.

The heat warms their hands, and Gon complains loudly about how cold he is—shivers and chatters his teeth as if to prove his point.

“That fun outside didn’t last very long.” Killua deadpans, and Mito laughs.

“I’ll set up the fire for both you boys.”

Gon is clutching Killua’s arm, pressed close to him, face stuffed into the space between his arm and chest, and his coat is matted with snow, bits of white plastered in his hair. Killua holds in a snort as he raises his hand, gently dusts off the blobs littering his spiked hair. Gon looks up at him and grins.

They step inside, sit on the floor as Mito manages to get the fireplace going. Gon is pressed into Killua’s side, smiling to himself gleefully, and Killua thinks he looks more like an oversized puppy than anything.

The fire is warm.

Warm, and it holds a gentle caress.

The flames lick at their skin, color them orange.

There’s a quiet silence that runs through the air, an ambiance that holds content. Gon sips at his cup of hot chocolate before putting it down on the coffee table, pushing himself against the sofa to look at Killua fully.

“Killua…”
Killua hums.

“I was thinking that,” he pauses, averts his gaze, before looking back at him with more determination. “If you’re not busy, I was thinking that we could go see Kite this weekend?”

A smile splays itself on Killua’s features, and he grins, nodding. “Amor, you know I’m not busy this weekend. If you feel ready to see Kite, then we’ll go see Kite.”

“Yeah, but, I don’t want to force you to do something you don’t want to.”

Killua shakes his head, brings his hands onto Gon’s and wraps them together—tightens his hold in reassurance.

“You’re not forcing me to do anything. If I didn’t want to go, you’d already know.”

Gon nods, a certain glint in his eyes that Killua can’t pinpoint, but it holds excitement more than anything. A refreshing emotion that he’ll never get tired of seeing on Gon’s face, no matter how many minutes, days, or months pass.

“Do you know what you want to tell him?”

A thoughtful hum. “Kind of? He doesn’t like apologies and doesn’t just do things without reason. I think he’d get mad at me if I apologized for what happened.”

“Okay, so then what do you plan on telling him?”

A moment of silence.

“Probably…” Gon trails off. “Probably just catch up with him, y’know? And introduce you to him.”
Killua flushes but smiles regardless. No more words need to be exchanged. Instead, Killua wraps his arms around Gon and brings him closer, holds him tight, presses his lips to Gon’s head in a gentle kiss, and they sit in the silence, enjoy their warmth.
The weekend comes quicker than they anticipated.

The days fly by until it’s only mere hours before their scheduled time to go to the hospital, and Gon is fidgeting—has been fidgeting—for the past hour and a half. Killua can see the way the nerves wrack Gon’s mental state, the way he continues to lick his lips, fiddle with his hands, scratch the back of his ear.

Little tidbits that clue Killua in on his discomfort and anxieties.

Until Killua can’t continue to watch Gon internally panic.

“Hey,” Killua says softly, barely above a whisper, and gentle hands cup Gon’s cheeks—presses a chaste kiss to his lips. “I can hear you thinking.”

Seeking his warmth, Gon sighs, shuts his eyes and puts his forehead against Killua’s. “Sorry, just worried is all.”

“How he’s going to react?”

“Yeah.”

Ivory hands clasp bronze. Gon tightens his hold.

“Don’t overthink it, amor. I’m sure he’ll be glad to see you after so long.”

The hesitance melts off of Gon’s eyes, even if it’s just a little. He nods.
“You’re right. We should get going then.”

The ride there is relatively silent, but Killua runs his thumb against Gon’s hand, watches him with careful eyes as they get closer and closer to their destination. Gauges his reaction as they pay for parking, and hand the keys to the valet parking attendant. Keeps quiet as they go to the front desk and explain they’re here to visit someone under the name of Kite.

Room number 813.

Eighth floor, room number thirteen.

The ride to the floor is silent, and Gon seems to be stuck between an expression of joy and anxiety, lip bitten raw but eyes shining with excitement. It’s the type of expression that makes Killua want to laugh and kiss off his face—call him stupid for even making such an expression.

The elevator dings and the doors slide open with minimal effort. Doctors and nurses are walking around, some scurrying with clipboards, and others are wheeling patients around. Multiple corridors have Killua and Gon walking far until they’re passing the receptionist desk on that floor, bidding the nurse a smile, and continue their look for the lucky room number.

And they do find it.

The door is closed, and Gon is the one who steps forward, hand trembling. Killua can’t tell if it’s from excitement or fear, or both. But his eyes are set, and he knocks—a timid sound, probably barely audible—before slowly opening the door.

There, sitting idly on the bed, propped up and relax, sits a man with flowing silver hair—looking out the window. The curtains of the room are drawn open, and the sunlight filters in, illuminating the hospital room with a bright, warm light. From the window, the clear blue sky is visible.

Kite turns his head, stares at Gon blankly—waits for him to speak.

Killua can see the man thrumming his fingers, inching them in fluid movements just slightly, and Killua remembers Gon mentioning Kite’s paralysis being neck down. He wonders briefly if Gon over-thought the situation, if he genuinely thought Kite had quadriplegia.
The smell of antiseptic is strong.

Carbonic acid, and floral scents. A vase of white carnations sits at the back of the table near the hospital bed.

“Kite.”

The look Kite gives Gon gets him rushing his words, a ramble, practically, and he bows deeply at the man.

“I’ll do things differently this time, I promise. And I’m really sorry that I haven’t come to see you after all these years, I know it’s been a really long time, and it’s all my fault—I was too caught up in regret and vengeance and channeling my anger somewhere else, and I just left you here all alone, I didn’t come and see you after what happened, and you didn’t deserve that—”

“It’s nice to see you too, kid.” Kite’s mouth is curled into a smile, eyes holding mirth, and although his voice is dry-sounding, his expressions say otherwise. What he lacks in vocality he makes up for with emotivity.

Gon looks up, slowly stands straight again, and a grin splits onto his face.

“C’mere, kid, I haven’t seen you in years, the least you can do is greet me.”

Killua can see the way Gon was itching for an embrace, the way he strides over, strong arms enveloping Kite’s frail, gaunt ones. They stay like that for moments on end, and it seems more for Gon’s own benefit than Kite’s—for Gon’s own peace of mind.

And Kite’s eyes trail to Killua. Watch him, questioning who he is.

“Who’s this?”

An unidentifiable sound tumbles past Gon’s throat and spills from his lips, and he lets go of Kite,
reaching out to Killua and pulling him closer to Kite.

“This is Killua, he’s my boyfriend and...” Gon trails off, scratching his cheek, crimson red tinting his ears and face. “I wanted you to meet him. He’s really important to me.”

Killa flushes at Gon’s words, has half the mind to claw at Gon and shove him away in embarrassment. He can’t believe how unrestrained Gon is, god. Killua barely restrains himself from doing just that—has half the mind to do it right then and there. He digresses.

“It’s nice to meet you,” Killua says stiffly.

Though Kite looks just as equally embarrassed, and it seems to surprise even Gon, because Kite’s eyes are averted, lips trembling, and his voice is soft.

“Geez kid, you’re making this out to be like...” He trails off, doesn’t complete his sentence. Kite clears his throat. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Killua.”

Gon whines. “Why does Killua get his name and you continue to call me kid?”

“Because you’re still just a kid and a brat,” Kite says punctually. The three of them share a laugh.

Kite waves his hand, points to the chairs at the corner of the room. “I assume the both of you will be pestering me to no end today, then? Drag those chairs over.”

“Ah, Killua, you wait here, I’ll bring the chairs!”

Killua makes a confused face because the chairs are right there, but Gon is giggling, and obviously giddy, and so Killua smiles warmly, eyes soft and gazing gently at Gon as he brings both chairs, places Killua’s first for him to sit and then his.

“How have the past years been?” Gon asks, looking at Kite curiously.

“Boring as hell.” Kite deadpans. “I’m grateful I can still use my upper body, but being wheeled
around is definitely annoying. They’re still running tests and checkups after all these years.”

“They haven’t discharged you?” Killua asks, and he realizes how insensitive he must sound, covering his mouth and looking away.

Kite laughs. “They offered it, but they also said they’d appreciate it if I could help with research for new forms of treatment for paralyzed patients. And research was my side hustle besides fighting, so I agreed.”

Killua nods.

“But—” Kite says suddenly. “As punishment to this kid for taking so long to visit, why don’t I tell you about how much of a brat this kid was when he was younger.”

Gon suddenly flushes red, and stutters, stumbles over his words and waves his hands erratically in an attempt to quiet Kite. Killua arches an eyebrow, lips slanted upwards into a grin.

“Really now?”

Kite hums, “I’m not sure if he’s told you, but when he was little, he and I crossed paths because I was looking for his father. Well, this little twerp practically latched onto me at the mention of his father, and wanted to learn how to fight.”

“Kite!” Gon whines.

A chuckle. “I’ve never seen a nine-year-old so determined to master a technique. He was absolute garbage at it—but he found me five years later at a ring. He recognized me instantly, pestered me and followed me around just about everywhere.” Kite’s voice grows tender.

“When he found a hobby in photography, he used to follow me around with a camera much too large for his small hands. The lenses were too big, the bag too heavy, and the camera too bulky, but he loved the old piece of junk.”

Killua feels a fond smile growing on his face, and he spares a look at Gon, who’s looking down,
embarrassed, face growing hotter by the second, and Killua can see the way the red extends from his ears and face down to his neck.

“And god, was he terrible at his academics. He was enthralled with cameras and photography, learned color theory and composition and photographic terms within hours, but he couldn’t solve an algebraic formula if you explained it one-hundred times.”

Killua manages to just barely cap down a snort.

“It was Algebra One! Aunt Mito would hand me the books for math and then walk off as if that was any help.” Gon whines, tries to defend himself.

“Right. I ended up teaching the kid about algebraic expressions myself. And tutoring him on science and social studies classes. Although most of the time he just whined about wanting to go out and take pictures of nature.”

“It’s not very different from now.” Killua helpfully pipes in, and Kite snorts.

“Really?” Kite laughs.

“He’s just as fascinated with photography. He brings his camera everywhere.”

“Killua bought me a camera for Christmas two years ago!” Gon says suddenly, grinning. “It’s the best gift, ever. And he got me a site to upload my photos onto.”

Kite makes a noise of acknowledgment, despite the flushing of Killua’s cheeks. “You’d better share that site with me, then. Don’t keep me in the dark.”

“Ah, I won’t! I can write down the site address if you want.”

A gentle smile and nod, and Kite pushes a napkin toward Gon. “Write it down here, you can put it in my wallet. I’ll be able to see it later.”
Gon’s tongue is sticking out as he writes the site domain, opens the wallet to slip the paper in before pausing and staring. His mouth is slightly agape.

“You still have the pictures?”

Kite is staring at the wallet in his hands, trying to understand what Gon meant before it dawns on him. “Oh. Yeah, I never got rid of the pictures. Show Killua, I’m sure he’d like to see them.”

Kite peers at the wallet, looks at the worn photographs of a much younger Gon grinning widely at the camera, making a peace sign as his other hand is tugging on Kite’s shirt.

*He was so small compared to Kite,* is the first thought that crosses his mind.

There are a few other photographs. Badly taken, some blurry, others completely worn around the edges.

“Those were his first photographs with my camera.” Kite supplies, and Killua nods slowly, staring at them. They’re terrible shots, but probably mean the world to Kite—and Gon. Gon’s eyes won’t leave the wallet, won’t lift to look at Kite, but there’s a gentle twisting of his lips that lets Killua know he’s restraining a smile. He’s probably shuffling through the memories in his mind.

And they continue to talk. Kite recounts tale after tale of adolescent Gon being, indeed, a brat, and his adventures with Kite—whether it had been in the fighting ring or tutoring or training or taking photographs in the wilderness. All the scenarios fill Killua’s mind, and he stuffs them in a tiny corner of his mind to be treasured.

They talk until the sun is dipping into the horizon, and Killua is excusing himself to use the bathroom, leaving Gon and Kite alone for a few minutes. In which, Kite looks sharply at Gon and asks the question he’d been restraining from asking in front of his boyfriend since they arrived.

“Gon.” Kite’s words are clipped, drenched in a serious tone, suffocating and stifling to the core. “Are you still fighting in rings?”

And the question seems to startle Gon, before he nods, and a frown crosses Kite’s features.
Before he’s able to continue, though, Gon interrupts him. “I met Killua through the fight ring. And I used to fight really often, but I go a lot less often now. I’m planning on stopping all together soon. It screwed up my relationship with Killua. And my reason for fighting was a stupid idea I’d made in my head— and now that I know I was wrong, it’s like I can just move on.”

Gon takes a moment to breathe in, to pause and gather himself before continuing. “Kite… Killua was going to propose to me, around a year ago, and I fucked up really bad. I prioritized a fight instead of Killua, and I hurt him really badly. And I only found out he was going to propose because I saw the ring when I went to apologize to him in his apartment—it was all my fault, and now I’m worried he won’t want to marry me anymore.”

“You’re an idiot,” Kite says bluntly.

The words sting, but Gon accepts them.

“I know.”

“You’re an idiot for doing that to him, but you’re also an idiot for thinking he won’t want to marry you. It takes time. You haven’t mentioned the ring to him, have you?”

Gon shakes his head.

“Don’t be stupid, and don’t rush these things. He loves you a lot, you know that? Even I can see it, and I’ve known him for less than a day.”

A soft laugh, a tender smile, a nod.

“And, Gon—”

The door is opening. “Sorry for taking so long, the bathroom was being used by a visitor.” Killua apologizes.

Kite shuts his mouth and laughs. “Don’t worry about it.”
There’s a knock at the door before a nurse walks in. “Sorry for intruding, but visitation hours are nearly over. Please pack your things and head out.”

Gon’s face falls, and he pouts. “Already?”

“You’ve been here for well over three hours.” Kite chuckles.

“I guess, but still—” Gon whines loudly.

“C’mon, Gon. We shouldn’t linger for too long. I don’t want to upset the hospital staff.”

“He’s right,” Kite says. “Get going. The staff here are particularly annoying about visitation hours.”

Gon nods solemnly, bidding their goodbyes, and as they’re stepping out the door, Kite raises his voice. “And Killua, make sure to ask Gon’s aunt for pictures of when he was younger—I’m sure she has albums she’d love to show.”

Gon sputters, and Killua snorts: “Don’t worry, I plan on!”

They leave the hospital much lighter than when they’d entered.
When Killua and Gon do return to Mito’s house, Killua does exactly as told, and asks about the photographs.

Aunt Mito takes a whole second before she whips out the books of photographs stashed in a wooden dresser in her room, scurrying over to hand it to Killua and flip it open. She’s pointing to each picture and explaining it as if it was just yesterday: points to the one of Gon, who looks barely above six, holding a fishing rod and a ridiculous leaf hat on his head—Mito explains that’s when they still lived on Whale Island.
And Gon looks exhausted, mentally and physically, swaying in near-sleep and leaning against Killua’s side with his eyes closed. After going through the first book of photographs with an all-too-eager Killua, she hands him the second book with tender eyes.

“Gon is tired. You can keep looking through them upstairs if you’d like.”

Killua smiles appreciatively and nods, gently holds the book with the utmost care as he leads Gon upstairs with his other hand, opens the door and sets the book down on Gon’s bed.

“You should go freshen up if you’re tired.” Killua whispers, holds both of Gon’s hands in his.

“Mmm. Not yet. Stay the night?”

Killua laughs gently, pulls Gon closer to him. “Didn’t plan on leaving if you didn’t ask me to.”

A tired smile, dazzling all the same that it still manages to take Killua’s breath away.

“Sit with me, then? I wanna look through these photographs.”

Gon nods, lets Killua pull him into his lap on his bed, feels Killua rest his chin on his shoulder to look at the photographs. Sometimes, Gon will explain some of the photographs he remembers. Explains the location, or what he’s doing. He points to one of him in his old room on Whale Island, playing a video game on his small television—remembers the quality of the screen wasn’t all that good to begin with.

“This one, it was a month or two, I think, before we left Whale Island to move here.”

He doesn’t see the way Killua’s eyes lift off the photobook every time, to compare past Gon in the faded photos to the Gon in front of him. He doesn’t see the way Killua’s eyes fill with such tender adoration, taking in every detail in front of him, analyzes the slope of his nose and the angle of his jaw.
Killua doesn’t know how overwhelmed Gon suddenly feels, to be so close to Killua, to have his lover’s arms wrapped around him, holding him tightly, practically nuzzling into the nook of his neck. Gon can feel Killua’s white hair tickle his cheek and he suppresses the urge to laugh.

“Hey…” Killua says gently, his eyes travel from the picture of Gon laughing, probably barely fifteen and holding his first personal camera, up to Gon’s. Gon peers at him curiously. “I know I haven’t said it since… since we got back together—but I think you deserve to hear it. I love you.”

And Gon freezes, feels his heart still before it kicks back to life like an old motor engine, and he’s struggling to catch his breath. Killua is looking at him with a gentle smile, placing the book on the bed to clasp his hands with Gon’s.

Killua gives a little laugh, barely above a whisper, presses light kisses to Gon’s jaw: “I love you a lot, amor.”

And Gon suddenly feels weak, heart like goo, fingers trembling, all-together consumed by an ever-expanding love for one man. “Cariño…” Gon’s voice trails off. “I love you, too.”
It’s been well over a year since they broke up.

Killua knows this.

The notion of that date, the reminder of what happened—it isn’t erased. But things are different now, now that they’re back together. Gon has gotten better, Killua has gotten better; they’re both improving. It’s not the same as it was before. The situation is completely different, with completely separate attitudes and mindsets and outlooks.

It’s not like he’s putting a bandaid on the situation, like he’s trying to cover up something.

Killua is considering proposing again.
He won’t rush things like last time.

He still harbors hesitation—fears rejection, fears Gon will turn around and hurt him again.

And really, it’s the reason it’s taken him so long to reconsider proposing again at all.

Still, it’s hard not to consider the prospect of being together with Gon, being more than just boyfriends, when they do things like this—walk together down the city blocks nearing the night, making their way to Near and Far Cafe. It had been a silly request on Gon’s part, to just go and spend some time at the cafe, to try the new seasonal drink.

Gon’s grip on Killua’s hand is tight, and warm, and he’s giggling as they walk. “They released a new special drink. Something about a winter spiced coffee, we should try it!”

He can’t contain his groan, though it holds no malice. “Something tells me you’re trying to sabotage my stomach.”

Gon laughs harder, walks into the cafe first as Killua holds the door open for him.

The shop is near empty.

“Two cups of winter spiced coffee, please!”

The woman working at the register nods, takes their orders and gets to work behind the counter. Within minutes they’re seated, and Killua is eyeing the coffee carefully, refusing to sip even as he watches Gon easily swallow it down.

“How does it taste?”

“Bitter. But kinda sweet at the same time.”

Killua resists the urge to hide his face in his hands.
“Just say you’re trying to kill me,” He says, joking. He takes a small sip, and immediately scrunches up his face in disgust, sets down the cup and slides it towards Gon.

“This is disgusting.”

Gon snorts. “It’s not that bad!”

“Right. Of course. My god, you really are trying to kill me.” Killua whines, “I should’ve just ordered a hot chocolate and sipped from your cup to test the drink.”

“Ki-llu-a!” Gon says, voice taunting. “C’mon, take another sip, there’s no way it’s as bad as you think. Take a bigger sip this time—maybe it’s extra bitter because you didn’t get a big enough swing.”

“Big enough?...” Killua scoffs, and his voice trails off, incredulous. “Get a load of this guy.” He mutters, though he listens to Gon’s words and takes a larger sip of the spiced coffee.

Once again, immediate regret.

“Why do I listen to you? Just say you’ve found another man and are just trying to kill me off.”

Gon’s laughter resounds louder this time, more frequent, and his calloused hands reach forward over the table to lay atop Killua’s fidgeting ones.

“As if I ever wanted to be with anyone else.” Gon doesn’t realize how heavy those words actually are to Killua. “You’ve said it to me before, and I’ve said it to you—you’re the only one for me, cariño.”

Wide blue eyes stare into tender hazel ones, and Gon gives his signature grin, wide and happy and full of love. Killua’s heartbeat skyrockets. He repeats the words in his mind. Goes over them hundreds of times until they’re engraved into his very being.
Killua thinks he might have his answer now.

Thank you for reading Chapter Twenty-Eight of "You're Breaking My Guard"!!

Hello everyone! I apologize for such a delayed update. I'm writing this as I have a huge fever, and spent the entire day at home typing the chapter instead of at school—priorities in check, i see LOL. I hope you all enjoy the chapter, this one was particularly hard to write because I wasn't sure the direction I wanted to take with it.

Gon and Killua's relationship continues to expand, and we got to see Kite for the first time ever :D I see Kite as a father figure/mentor to Gon, and someone who cares about Gon despite not "showing" it, so I hope that came across well. Also, Killua is reconsidering proposing—but on good, healthy terms this time! I hope everything goes well for him :)

That being said, you may have noticed that the ? for remaining chapters has changed to 30! That's right, fellas, YBMG is officially nearly over. All that is left is the following chapter, which is the final chapter, and then the epilogue! And that will conclude the entire story.

I hope to see your thoughts on Kite, and what you think of Killua's consideration of proposing again. I look forward to everyone's responses, and to replying to everyone!

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
"Cariño." ⇒ "Honey/Sweetie" (Term of endearment)

"Amor" ⇒ "Love" (Term of endearment)

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Chapter Twenty-Nine

Chapter Summary

Gon finds himself annoyed at the prospect of several things.

Well, it’s really just the accumulation of one big thing.

Chapter Notes

For any Spanish phrases, translations in English are in the End Notes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gon finds himself annoyed at the prospect of several things.

Well, it’s really just the accumulation of one big thing.

Fighting. The ring. The people who insist on his return.

What was once his refugee, a home and a place to keep his mind off things, quickly warped into a burden—an incessant buzzing sound at the back of his head that drove him crazy, kind of like the mosquitos on Whale Island.

He hasn’t gone to the ring in a while—he knows this. But he doesn’t see a reason to, anymore. Not with how well things are going, with how at-peace he feels. Sure, he still trains at home, but it’s just to exercise and exert force on his body and muscles. It’s just a formality at this point—or a routine he can’t really break. But he’s not obsessed with doing it anymore. He doesn’t need to fight to get his mind off things.

He doesn’t need to fight to feed the guilt, because there’s just not much guilt anymore.

With his visit to the hospital, Kite had quelled any fears and lingering inhibitions remaining. The fact that he so easily accepted Gon, even after all these years—hadn’t raised his voice or called him pathetic or belittled him like he so constantly thought he would in his mind—puts his heart at ease.
He had made scenarios in his head that would never occur. Made thoughts that plagued his mental state when, in actuality, they had no foundation to begin with.

He feels lighter now.

Gon’s walk to Killua’s apartment is bright, and he’s brimming with happiness on this sunny day. In his hand, a box of pastries and bread; in the other, a bag of drinks. The snow is melting away, and little spurts of evergreen grass pop up from below the piles of white. He makes a mental note to take his camera and snap some photos later.

And Killua’s apartment is right there, the lobby door just a few paces from him.

The doorman holds the door open for him with a smile.

“Good morning, Gon.”

“Good morning, Zebro!” Gon smiles, lifts his hands to wave and the plastic bag of drinks nearly slaps Gon in the face.

“Going up to see Killua?”

Gon laughs. “As always.”

A warm smile.

As Gon walks into the lobby, past the receptionist's desk to the back of the lobby where the elevators are, he waves at the receptionist.

“Hi, Canary!”

The small woman waves to him from the desk, coiled phone stuck between her shoulder and ear as
she nods and writes something down on a notepad.

Sliding open, the elevator dings, and Gon steps inside, humming to himself in content.

Up, up, up.

He steps out again at the prompting noise on the elevator speaker.

It’s eight in the morning, so he’s not too surprised when he doesn’t hear a sound from Killua’s side of the door, but he unlocks the apartment to complete darkness—not even the curtains are drawn open, and Gon furrows his eyebrows.

“Cariño?” His voice travels through the apartment.

Gon sets down the pastries on the counter, listens for a sound—nothing.

“Killua?” He tries again.

A weak hum—a little distressed—and a cough.

Long strides to the shut bedroom door and Gon swings it open.

Killua lays there, on his bed completely covered up, eyes shut, face glossy, and another horrible cough wracks through him.

“Ah, cariño!” Gon exclaims, opening the door completely and stepping inside, gently pulling off the comforter.

A weak hum.

“You’re sick?” Gon asks, doesn’t hesitate to press their foreheads together to feel Killua’s
temperature—feels the difference from his usual temperature to the burning present now. Gon frowns, leans back to look at Killua. “You’re burning up.”

“Wonderful observation,” Killua says dryly, though it’s not without a wince and a scratchy voice.

“Did you take some medicine?”

Another hum.

Gon links their fingers together. “Where’s Alluka?”

Words barely above a whisper, Killua speaks as to not strain his voice any more than he has to. “Sleeping over at a friend. She has a big project due.”

Gon makes a noise of acknowledgment. “I bought pastries, but I think it’ll be better if I make you something easier to eat. I’ll go make something, alright?”

He doesn’t even wait for Killua’s reply—leaves the door open so that Killua can see into the hallway—and heads into the kitchen. It’s quiet, save for his humming, and he moves the box of pastries to the side, to the corner of the countertop—the drinks in the fridge.

It occurs to Gon while he thumbs through the internet page on his phone—quickly searching for meals to make during fevers—that he should probably message Alluka and let her know what’s going on. He does exactly that, opens his contacts and sends a quick message over, before setting his phone down and deciding on oatmeal.

Even though he’s never really made it.

He doesn’t think he can screw up oatmeal, right?

**Gon:**

8:42 a.m.: hey alluka,. killua woke up with a fever. im staying with him and fixing him something now, he doesnt want to worry you i think. just wanted to let you know!!
There’s a bag of rolled oats in the cabinet that Gon takes out and sets on the counter. He stares at it. Stares back at the empty bowl. His brain feels close to over-frying. The internet said mixing water and milk, but Aunt Mito always said no milk during fevers. Gon decides on just water.

And it’s a slow process, really, because Gon is scared of screwing up, and he’s generally a disaster in the kitchen—so much so that Mito had promptly banned him from making anything within the radius of the house property. He microwaves the oatmeal for two minutes, just like the article said, waits impatiently and decides to eat a guayaba pastry while he waits—slowly cuts a banana into slices with shaking hands to adorn the oatmeal with.

The microwave beeps. Gon definitely doesn’t burn his fingers handling the bowl, thank you very much. Absolutely no one needs to know he grit his teeth and aggressively fanned his hand the moment the bowl was gently placed on the counter. He glares at the oatmeal, waits for it to cool down just a little—places the slices of banana into the bowl and takes a cloth from the drawer to avoid any spills.

His phone rings.

**Alluka:**

8:51 a.m.: *Thanks for letting me know!! He was sneezing a lot yesterday and kept saying it was because of allergies, but I really doubted it. I’d come back, but we’re nowhere near done with this stupid project—it’s really frustrating. Thank you for looking after my big brother.*

He smiles.

**Gon:**

8:52 a.m.: *don’t worry about it, ill stay here all day with him. just focus on your project!!*

Killua has the comforter pulled back up by the time Gon gets back to him with the oatmeal. He’s breathing through his mouth, brows furrowed—clearly annoyed—and his disposition only clears slightly when he sees Gon again.

“Made you some oatmeal.”
“Thanks…” His voice is soft.

And Gon is wringing his hands, watching as Killua slowly eats, standing, before Killua sighs—places the oatmeal on his lap and scoots over.

“Sit.”

Gon chokes back a laugh, though he doesn’t hesitate to come closer. “Am I a dog?”

Killua shoves the comforter off himself, and though he looks miserable, there’s a certain glint in his eyes. “Yeah.”

His teasing words don’t have much bite when he places his hand in Gon’s, intertwines their fingers and clasps their hands, sighs gently. And Gon leans forward, grabs the comforter to cover themselves again, leans back against the headboard and lets Killua plop onto his side, head pressed into Gon’s shoulder.

Killua’s thumb lightly moves across the dorsal of Gon’s hand, and he sinks deeper into his side.

Gon smiles. “Aren’t you needy?”

Barely above a whisper: “Shut it. Some of us are suffering.”

A hum, Gon leans closer. “It’ll pass soon.”

“Not if you stay so close—you weren’t slick, you wanted to lay next to me.”

It’s not a lie.

Killua coughs, and Gon interrupts his meal to press a kiss to Killua’s forehead.
“Not wrong, but, I won’t get sick.”

“You’re a lot of things. Immune to the common cold isn’t on that list.”

Gon laughs, lets his fingers deftly comb through Killua’s hair.

“City boy, I grew up on an island, swam in lakes and rivers for fun, and ate dirt because why not. Your immune system is a joke compared to mine.”

Killua snorts, despite wincing. “Right.”

Gon huffs. “Absolutely right.”

“Care to spare some for your lover?” Killua whines, voice scratchy and pathetically low.

A pout from Gon, and he shifts closer, gently takes the empty bowl from Killua’s hands—places it on the nightstand beside him—and cups Killua’s cheeks, leans in to press a chaste kiss to his fevered skin. Smiles grace both their lips, and Killua laughs, just a little, presses closer and lets his body relax further into Gon’s embrace.

Silence in the room.

It’s warm, and their hands are still intertwined, and Gon can feel the way Killua’s breathing slows—the way it evens out as the seconds turn into minutes. Until Gon sees the way perfect, dark lashes close against alabaster skin, and Gon feels his heart beat faster, a flush spreading across his skin—forces down the lump in his throat when the tears well.

In love, completely. That’s what he was.

Completely gone for Killua—thoroughly drenched in devotion, and warmth, and fondness.

In the tenderness of the moment, in the silence that surrounds them, Gon feels his own breathing even—his eyes feel heavy, and his hand tightens its grip on Killua’s.
He gets a few seconds of rest. Of utter bliss.

Until his phone is ringing, and it’s shaking the both of them awake, away from the lulling tendrils of sleep.

The incessant noise has both Killua and Gon groaning, and Gon is digging through his pocket to claw out the phone—to silence the damn thing. Killua is stuffing his face further into Gon in a weak attempt to muffle the rings.

“'I have a headache.’” Killua mumbles.

“Sorry, cariño.”

Gon takes one look at the caller ID before irritation and annoyance come dangerously close to boiling over within his chest. The fighting ring is calling him—*again*. Killua peers over and Gon can feel him shift a little, the halting of his breath and the way he stiffens beside him.

“You should answer.”


He accepts the call.

Static, before a voice comes through. “Hey, Friks.”

Gon’s voice is dry, a low rumble. “Hey.”

“Sorry for bothering you, dude. But the sponsors are really itching for a fight from you. They scheduled you in for tonight.”

He swears. Gon knows that Killua can hear Meleoron. The room is too quiet for him not to.
“Sorry, Meleoron, I’m—”

“They said they’d cut your pay by ten percent if you declined again.”

Gon knew it was coming, but he wasn’t expecting for the breath Killua sucks in, for Killua to turn at him with wide eyes and mouth him to go. He shakes his head.

“Sorry, seriously, but I have a family emergency. I can’t go—tell them to cut my pay if it makes them happy.”

He feels bad when he clicks the end button before Meleoron can even offer a response. It’s not his fault, he’s just doing his job. But *fuck* if it didn’t grind his gears, make Gon feel all sorts of anger.

Gon silences his phone and tosses it on the bedside table.

“Gon…” Killua’s voice trails off, voice scratchy. “Your payments, you should go—”

He silences him with the press of their lips together, a flush high on his cheeks. “Didn’t you hear me? I told him I had a family emergency. I’m staying with you, *cariño.*”

Killua stares at him, frozen, rigid and in shock, before he’s suddenly flushing—skin coloring even further than already, and he shoves Gon before pausing and wrapping his arms around him—pressing close to hold him longer.

“*Shut up.*” Killua hisses.

“You look a little flustered, *cariño.*”

He huffs. “It’s just the fever. Stop imagining shit.”

Gon giggles, brings his hands up to wrap around Killua, lets his fingers run across unblemished,
milky skin.

Gon doesn’t know how hard his easily-declared words hit Killua.
While Killua takes a cab to Gon’s house, it’s to the thoughts of proposing that filter in and out as absent thoughts. At the back of his mind, or the front, he can’t tell—but it crosses into his line of sight sometimes, leaves him a little breathless and a little shaken at the prospect.

Proposing.

To Gon.

To get down on one knee, to hold out the ring, to ask Gon to consider the notion of it.

The idea is dangerous. A little fiddle to his heart—cuts his oxygen supply and makes his lips quiver. Makes tremors run through his hands, makes a cold sweat break out.

Their bracelet, one black piece and one white piece, sits on his wrist.

It’s been nearly three years—three years since they met. Three years a lot. But a lifetime is longer. He has to think about his choices over carefully.

Gon’s smiling face is answering the door.

His crescent-shaped eyes, scrunched up nose.

Killua leans in, presses a kiss to Gon’s lips—feels a smile grace his own lips.

“You’re finally here.”
A hum. “Sorry for taking so long—there was traffic. Did you set up the projector?”

Hands wrap themselves in his. “Yeah! I set up Ghost and it’s ready to go.”

Gon’s hands are warm, leave a tingle running up Killua’s arms, and he’s dragging him upstairs, quieter laughter resounding throughout the quiet house. True to his word, Gon’s room has the little hanging bulbs dimmed, and the projector is aimed directly up at the ceiling.

“Movies from the nineties don’t age well.”

Gon playfully shoves him. “This is such a good movie—hush.”

“Mmhm. I don’t think you’d ever pick a bad movie.”

“Yeah, ‘cause I have good taste.”

Killua snorts, flops onto Gon’s bed with him by his side. And Gon doesn’t hesitate to curl up beside him, head resting on Killua’s chest, one hand intertwined with Killua’s. Killua’s hand is running through Gon’s hair, slowly, and a content smile wears itself on Gon’s face as he clicks play.

Halfway into the movie, Killua wants to know why Gon chose to watch such a sad movie—because Gon is crying his eyes out, gripping his hand, and a few tears managed to escape Killua’s own eyes. Quickly, to avoid crying any more, Killua shuts his eyes, feels as the tears slowly dissipate, but feels all the more emotional again when Gon starts crying harder and stuffs his face against Killua’s chest.

Soothingly, as many times as he needs to, he runs his thumb over Gon’s hand, makes as many quiet noises to calm Gon’s crying—presses his lips to Gon’s temple.

And when the final scene hits, that the main character bids goodbye to their wife, and is allowed to rest as a spirit, both of them break down crying.
“Wuh-What the *fuck*, Gon?”

Killua wants to smack his shoulder, had the other man not been just as destroyed, and Killua is aggressively rubbing at his eyes, with Gon gripping onto his form—heaving out cries of his own.

“It’s such a good movie!” Gon sobs, form shaking.

Another sob tears its way through Killua’s throat when the end credits roll. “You *jackass*, give a warning next time!”

Gon is crying and laughing at the same time—hiccups away his tears, grinning despite the wet trails that slide down his face. He drags himself up to Killua, propping completely against him, form resting atop Killua’s.

Killua stares directly into his wet eyes. “I’m never letting you pick for movie night again. Fuck you.”

More laughter, and Killua uses his arms to snake around Gon’s waist, pulling him closer, until Gon is caging him in with both hands by the sides of his head, looking down at him, and Killua is holding his waist. The tears from Gon’s red-blotched face hit Killua’s own face.

“Wasn’t it—” Gon chokes on a sob, “Wasn’t it a nice movie, though?”

Killua glares at him, narrows his eyes and squeezes his fingers to pinch Gon’s sides. “Yeah, but *at what cost*?”

Gon snorts, pressing their foreheads together, before kissing Killua deeply.

Caught up in the emotions of it all, Killua kisses back just as fervently, lets his hands travel, until Gon is breaking the kiss and giggling.

“*Cariño*, I love you.”
“I love you too, amor.”

They both smile at each other, tender and in-love, in silence.

There’s a light vibration Killua can feel on the mattress, a ringing that he knows isn’t his phone. And he knows it’s Gon—knows exactly who’s calling, because the calls had gotten more and more constant and demanding. Gon is ignoring the call, instead opting to lay on Killua, rest his head on Killua’s chest and feel his slow heartbeat.

“Amor…” Killua’s voice is gentle. “You know, you should probably pick up the phone.”

Gon groans. “Don’t wanna.”

“C’mon—ignoring doesn’t help either of us.”

“They’re just being so pushy and—and I just don’t want to fight anymore, Killua.”

The rawness of Gon’s voice leaves Killua a little stunned. He doesn’t have time to really let the words sink in because Gon lets his hand blindly feel around the mattress, smacking loudly against the cushion and sheets before he finally finds his phone. Lo and behold, just like the both of them had predicted it—the fighting sponsors are calling again.

“Meleoron is probably just as tired of this as you are.”

“I know. It’s not him—it’s the sponsors who profit off my appearances.”

“Right.”

They look at each other. Understanding blue into tender hazel.

Gon picks up the call.
“Hello?”

“Friks."

“Hey, Meleoron…” Gon’s voice trails off, awkward.

“It’s been well over the four months grace period, the sponsors—”

Gon sighs. “I know.”

“You know? Then are you planning on making an appearance soon? I’m getting my head chewed up here, dude.”

He visibly winces. “I’m really sorry, Meleoron. I’ll talk to Knuckle right now.”

A sigh. “Fine, fine. Just—I guess I’ll talk to your manager in a bit.”

The call clicks. Gon flops back onto Killua’s chest. Breathes in, breathes out. Killua looks at him carefully—Gon’s expression is unreadable.

“Amor—”

“I’m gonna quit.”

Killua is stunned into silence; he can’t make a single sound, not a single coherent thought forms in his brain. Subconsciously, he lets his hands graze Gon’s cheeks, cups them to pull him up to meet his gaze.

“Gon—you…” Killua’s voice trails off, heart at his throat. “You don’t have to quit because of me, or anything. Are you sure you want to quit? You like fighting—it’s like, your second hobby.”
Gon nods. “Yeah.” His voice is small, and quiet, and his eyes are averted as to not meet Killua’s gaze. “I really like it. I like it but—but at some point, it became a thing I was doing out of guilt and not because I enjoyed it. I don’t think I’ve fought out of my enjoyment for a long time.”

Silence. Killua stares at Gon. Gon continues.

“And I only began fighting to help Aunt Mito out financially. But, now with photography, and the website, I get a lot of money, and it’s more than enough to help Aunt Mito out. And after Kite, it just became a guilt thing and, if I really want to, I can just get a gym membership or something and work out there—I don’t know. But, fighting didn’t just hurt me. It hurt you, too.”

Gon takes a deep breath. “If I’m being honest, I don’t even think I started fighting to help Aunt Mito. I fought to prove I was strong. It was a hobby I liked, but it was hurting me, too. And after everything with Hisoka, that original thought I had made me spiral, and then it hurt you, too.”

There’s a lump in Killua’s throat that seems to just have formed in just mere seconds. One that doesn’t plan on leaving, and his lips quiver—dangerously close to crying again.

“You’ve been thinking about this for a while.”

Gon nods. “Yeah…”

He presses a kiss to Killua’s lips and smiles, sticking his tongue out in embarrassment. “I should’ve talked to you about it before, I’m sorry.”

Killua lets a low laugh, hands running up Gon’s spine to press him closer, to soothe his anxieties. “Maybe. But we’re talking about it now, aren’t we?”

He presses a second kiss to Gon’s lips. Gon hums.

“I guess we are, yeah.”

A lull in the conversation has Gon deep in thought, and Killua thinking over what this means for them.
Gon pipes up suddenly: “And plus, I think it would be a little too dangerous for me to continue fighting if—” Gon flushes red, fiddles with his hands and fidgets in his spot. “If we end up going further than this. Going further than… than dating… I don’t—I don’t want to be selfish.”

Not a single second passes.

No moment’s notice between the utterance of Gon’s words and Killua’s thoughts.

Killua is slamming his lips into Gon’s, runs his fingers through his hair until he’s fisting it, and Gon’s hands are clutching his shoulders. Their mouths move in tandem until Killua breaks away for a breath, and Gon is smiling—beaming with an uncontrollable happiness.

“You really are unbelievable.” Killua murmurs, loops his arms around Gon to hug him. “But you really—you don’t have to quit just because you’re worried about us, just as long as you understand why what happened happened.”

He can feel Gon’s smile against his skin.

“I know but…” Gon trails off. “I just don’t have a drive for fighting anymore like I used to. I feel like I’ve found peace.”

Killua’s grip on Gon tightens.

“You should probably call Knuckle, then.”

A nod. “Yeah.”

It doesn’t take long for Gon to even process the implications of everything. He’s just dialing Knuckle’s phone number, puts it on speaker for Killua to hear as well. And it doesn’t take long for Knuckle to pick up, because he’s answering the phone sounding all annoyed and it makes both Killua and Gon chuckle quietly.
“What do you want, kid?”

“Knuckle, I’m quitting!” Gon’s voice is so chipper, it makes even Killua do a double-take—nearly makes him choke on his own spit.

“Woah, woah. A warning—I would’ve appreciated a warning. You wake me up at ungodly times, say this to a completely unprepared me.”

Gon can faintly hear a dog in the background barking for attention, and Knuckle’s grumbles to keep it pleased.

He snorts. “I don’t think you were sleeping.”

Knuckle sputters. “Well. Well—This rascal of a pup followed me home and now I’m looking after him. Can you believe that?”

“I absolutely can.” Comes Killua’s bored voice, though teasing in good nature, and Knuckle sputters across the line.

“Killua’s there too? So then…” It gets quiet. The mood somber. “This is it, Gon. This is your final decision?”

In the seconds that it takes Gon to answer Knuckle, he intertwines his fingers with Killua’s and nods with a smile.

“Yeah. I’ll give it all up.”

Silence, and then—instead of disappointment like Gon was expecting—a breath of relief.

“Thank fuck, kid. Seriously. You had us all scared for a nice chunk of time.”

A noise of embarrassment. “Sorry…”
“Don’t apologize.” Knuckle’s voice is light. “I’m glad you’re throwing in the towel. And so will Bisky and Morel. We care about you, kid. Even if we’re just some criminals making money off of stupid people’s bets.

“But the sponsors—” Gon suddenly says, and Knuckle interrupts him.

“The sponsors ain’t shit. At the end of the day, I’m your manager, and I decide when you’re done. You said you’re done? Then that’s the end of it. No more fighting.”

Gon smiles.

“Thank you, Knuckle.”

There’s a noise that sounds suspiciously close to crying, one that Gon picks up automatically. “Are you crying?”

“This is my cue to hang up. Stupid kid, making adult men cry. And do me a favor—check your god-damn bank account. The one connected to the ring. You have so much money in there—every time I get the statements and see you haven’t taken out a single cent except for living expenses I want to tear my hair out.”

Gon snorts.

“Alright, alright. I’ll use that money.”

“You’d better! And goodnight to the both of you—I have a mutt that’s demanding too much attention.”

Before Knuckle hangs up, Killua and Gon can hear the cooing noises he makes.

They laugh.
And in the silence of the bedroom, saved only by the sound of their breathing, they hold each other tightly, foreheads pressed together, noses touching and lips brushing every once in a while. A sigh of relief, a grin, a laugh. Tickling ensues, breathless laughter.

Euphoria.
Killua knows his answer now.

He knows what he has to do.
One month of consideration.

It is one month of considering, and planning, and painstakingly taking as many precautions as possible as to not alert an already-suspicious Gon. And, impatient at that. Because Killua was many things, but dumb was certainly not one of them—and Gon’s not so subtle hints at his enthusiasm of Killua proposing certainly threw him for a loop.

“You’ve been dating for, like, three and a half years now.” Alluka chides, staring at Killua with a deadpan expression.

Killua shifts the weight from his left foot to his right anxiously. “Yeah, but he’s so eager about the idea of it.”

“I don’t blame him,” Ikalo says then.

The three of them are sitting in Killua’s apartment living room, knowing full well that Gon has no chance of hearing the conversation go down.
“Are you going to go with the original idea you had?” Ikalgo asks, hand fiddling with the little black box.

A nod. He intended to go with what was planned for the first time.

“I had to adjust the whole meal-before-strolling plan because there’s no way we’re having hot chocolate in near summer.”

Alluka snorts, and Ikalgo smiles.

Killua’s phone rings and Gon’s contact name pops up on his phone.

He answers swiftly. “Amor.” Killua’s voice is teasing.

“Cariño.” Gon answers back just as playfully, voice smothered by a childish lilt. “Just thought I’d let you know I’m almost at your apartment.”

Killua hums. “I’ll start heading down, then. See you soon.”

“Love you!” Gon laughs and Killua smiles.

“Love you too.”

He hangs up the phone, and Alluka makes a face. “You’re both disgusting.”

Killua sticks out his tongue. Snorting a laugh, Ikalgo reaches out, puts the box and places it in Killua’s hands, smiles gently as the mood sores up. “Good luck, man.”

And Killua takes a deep breath, breathes as slowly as he can, in and out, in through his nose and out through his mouth, because his hands tremble, and his heart soars all over again—like the first time. The first time he planned this, and the first time they went on a date. Like the first time he
“Thanks.” Killua’s words are soft, and his eyes are tender as he pockets the ring.

“You got this, big brother!” Alluka cheers—continues to shout words of encouragement even as Killua is out the door and walking into the elevator. His face is flushing red, embarrassed, and as soon as the elevator opens on the lobby floor, he’s stepping out. Gon’s truck parked by the sidewalk.

Gon waves to him from the rolled-down window.

“Killua!”

Killua laughs, opens the door to the passenger side, leans over to kiss Gon and intertwine their hands.

“How was your day?” Killua asks, leaning back into the seat as they drive out.

Gon hums. “Fine! We had lab today, so I just sat and edited a bunch of pictures in class. Ah, I was wondering what you wanted for lunch.”

“Anything is fine. We can get a sub and then go for a walk at Central Park, if you want.”

“I’ll bring my camera! The day is nice today.”

Killua smiles—likes the way Gon is the one running his thumb on Killua’s dorsal this time. And they bicker on and off for a few minutes, trying to decide on the best sub shop near Central Park. To which, Killua argues in favor of a shop across the street, and Gon argues for a shop two blocks away.

Gon relents only when Killua lovingly informs him that the shop carries Hispanic-styled sandwiches—quickly shuts his mouth and pouts, changes their course to the sub shop just across the street from Central Park. Killua snorts, tightens his fingers in Gon’s grasp to comfort him teasingly, tugs on his hand to make him bite down on a smile.
The heat from summer is starting to hit. Killua can feel it warm his skin when they step out.

“What do you want to order?”

“Surprise me.”

Gon snorts, pulls Killua’s hand so that he stands closer to him. “Are you sure you want that?”

Killua deadpans. “Well, don’t put spicy shit in it either.”

Another laugh, and Gon is wrapping his arms around Killua with a smile.

Really, the only sort of complaint Killua has is when Gon holds his hand and gives him those eyes that Killua can’t deny—and he’s asking for an extra bite of Killua’s sandwich as if he hadn’t already taken more bites than Killua had himself. Even then, the complaint is light-hearted and tangled in a high-whine, and he hands the sandwich over with ease.

Although, in well-deserved vengeance, Killua takes the widest bite he can from Gon’s sandwich, and Gon pouts, all the while holding down his own laughter. Back and forth: bickering, conversation, smiles and laughter, and hands knotting together—until they’re both stepping out of the shop, grinning, throwing jokes, and crossing the street into Central Park.

They’re lucky it’s a weekday, not too busy, with the sun shining brightly, and their walk down the street to the park’s entrance is, for the most part, uninterrupted.

Gon swings their hands, humming to himself, camera strung around his neck, nearly bumping shoulders with Killua from his proximity—but Killua wouldn’t have it any other way.

“Do you know where we’re going?”

Killua nods. “I was thinking we can go to the Mall and Literary Walk first—they just trimmed it up and stuff.”
The walk there is long and winding. They pass countless strangers, and Gon stops a few times to drag Killua off-course, to take pictures, bouncing on the balls of his feet when he sees something that looks like an interesting subject. And Killua will never get tired of Gon zoning himself, of Gon becoming serious and quieting down to focus on what’s in front of him.

Killua thinks that this is what Gon’s calloused hands should be doing.

Not splitting open from illegal, betted fights.

And Gon turns after he snaps countless pictures, smiling wide until his cheeks bunch up and his nose is scrunching, and it leaves Killua a little breathless, until he’s tugging Gon’s shirt and pressing a chaste kiss to his lips that makes giggles erupt from within Gon. He’s smiling, and then pushing forward to press his lips against Killua’s again—this time, a little longer, a little softer.

Gon doesn’t hesitate to link their hands again immediately after slinging the camera around his neck once more.

“Are we far?”

“From the walk?”

A noise of agreement.

Killua points: “No, it’s actually right there.”

There, in front of them, a circular bed of flowers, perfectly maintained and trimmed, brimming with life, and there has to be at least a dozen different types of flowers—all vibrant colors and pleasing smells. Gon makes a noise of excitement, pulls Killua along to come closer to see the flowers.

“They’re gorgeous!” He snaps a couple of pictures, all in different angles, and at some point, he sits on the bricked floor for a photograph pointed upwards.
Gon stands and takes a moment to look around, wraps his fingers with Killua’s again. “Everything is so green.”

A tender smile graces Killua’s lips, and he watches Gon with loving eyes, zoned in on only him, as Gon carries his camera in one hand—doesn’t let go of Killua’s hand—and fawns over the chartreuse trees and vividly-colored greenery. He takes pictures of the two statues standing at each side of the entrance and is practically skipping around, laughing as he strings Killua along.

All the love that Killua has threatens to burst at the seams.

“The walk down is really long—if you’re okay with that. There are some exists every once in a while. We don’t have to go down the whole way.”

“That’s fine!” Gon smiles, “We’re anything if not athletic.”

“If I recall correctly, you haven’t worked out in a hot second.”

Gon pouts, but it’s good-natured, and he laughs shortly after. “I should get a gym membership.

“Or you could come by Bisky’s studio. I’m sure she wouldn’t mind.”

Gon pauses and looks at him. “I’ll leave the tights and avid-flexibility to you. I’d rather watch.”

Killua sputters, shoves Gon playfully, and Gon snorts.

“Ah, woah!” Gon takes long strides to the corner of one of the black railings, looks out between the trees and quietly I brings up his camera, mouth agape, snaps a couple of pictures. The sun flare adds a nice touch to the photograph, adds an interesting orange tint to the vibrant green hues from the verdure.

At that moment, when Gon turns to excitedly show Killua the photo, the sunlight is hitting Gon perfectly, illuminating him in an aurora of orange, brightening the already-stunning honey color of his skin, making him shine more than he already is, and Killua can feel the way his heartbeat slows—the way his breath catches at his throat.
He swallows the lump in his throat.

There are more than a couple of people around.

Killua comes close, presses close to Gon before kissing his forehead.

His voice is soft. “Want to take a picture? We can ask someone to take a picture of us.”

And Gon grins, nodding: “Yeah! I want to put it on my wall.”

He removes the camera from around his neck and hands it to Killua. Quickly, Killua flags a woman walking down the walk, waves at her, and she pauses to offer a smile and look at him—removes the headphones from her head.

“Would you mind taking a picture of me and my boyfriend?”

“Of course!” She says, voice sweet, and as Killua hands her the camera, he looks at her.

“Actually—please take a video. It’s this button here.” He points, and she nods, though her features shift to a slightly-confused face.

Gon is already ready to pose, making a peace sign as Killua comes close, and for a second, Killua copies the action, only to pause, to look at Gon.

“Actually—I have a better idea.”

Gon makes a noise of confusion as Killua carefully takes out the black velvet box, watching as Gon’s face goes from blank confusion to shock to empty—trying to process what’s happening. In those seconds, Killua swiftly opens the case, and he’s sure that the sun perfectly illuminates every diamond decorating the ring.
Gets down on one knee.

Looks up from his lashes to see Gon’s eyes get impossibly glossy, and his hands are covering his mouth, lips trembling, fingers quivering. He’s already nodding. Killua holds back a laugh.

“These last few years have been the happiest of my life,” Killua starts, and Gon chokes on a sob. “You made the happiest I could be. I love that you make me the happiest that I can be, with every passing moment I love you more and more—and I want you to be the happiest you could be— I hope that’s with me.”

There’s a pause as wet blue meets sobbing hazel.

“Gon, will you marry me?”

He’s nodding—nodding, over and over and over again, but the words don’t come out. The word that Killua wants to hear.

Killua laughs loudly—heart elated. “C’mon, you gotta say it! I won’t get up if you don’t!”

Gon is rubbing at his face aggressively—completely flustered red, face blotched crimson from the tears—trying to get out a single syllable, and he’s hiccuping, crying louder. He’s trying to silence his cries.

By now, a crowd has gathered to observe, some whistling, others clapping and urging Gon to accept him, to not keep Killua waiting. And the woman holding the camera is smiling and encouraging Gon, too. She cheers him on, peers from behind the camera to give him a thumbs up.

Killua can’t keep the laughter that bubbles out of him as he watches Gon struggle to form a coherent yes. He opens his mouth, closes it—more tears fall.

“Yuh—” Gon chokes on a mixture of a sob and a laugh, “Yes!”

Cheering ensues—loud and roaring. Clapping, whistles, shouts of encouragement. All which have Killua standing, quietly slipping the ring onto Gon’s ring finger, before they both break into
smiles, and Killua is lifting Gon up—spinning him with ease, and Gon is giggling loudly, eyes crescents, and when Killua sets him back down, they come close—press their foreheads together.

A sigh of relief.

“I’m glad it’s you, cariño.”

“Amor.” Killua breathes, presses their lips together, breaks it with a soft laugh, hands snaking around Gon’s waist. “Te amo.”

Gon’s arms come up to wrap around Killua’s neck. He leans into his embrace. “Eres mi único, cariño. Te amo.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading the final chapter of "You're Breaking My Guard"!

Hello everyone! It's here—the final chapter of "You're Breaking My Guard"—and I could not be more proud of everything. I'm eternally grateful for the loving comments I received throughout this entire fic, and the friends I've made because of it. I'm eternally happy with how this fic turned out—and the amount of time, effort, and love I've put into nurturing it into completion. Though we're not completely finished yet!!

The Epilogue of "You're Breaking My Guard" still remains! I hope you all look forward to it, and anticipate its release. This epilogue will take much longer than usual to release—possibly not for another month or so.

I hope you all decide to comment your thoughts, and let me know what you thought of the story. It's been a wonderful journey—and you'll be happy to know we are planning a Valentine AU Special, as well as the release of an Android AU. I'm also participating in HXH BigBang 2020, so do anticipate lots of Killugon content from me!!

Before I end this, I want to give a huge shout-out to Sara for co-writing this entire story with me. She has helped me carry this entire fic from the very beginning, and I couldn't have done it without her. We built it from the bottom up, to where it is now, so please give her a follow, she's genuinely an amazingly sweet person.
ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS:
"Cariño." ⇒ "Honey/Sweetie" (Term of endearment)

"Amor" ⇒ "Love" (Term of endearment)

“Te amo.” ⇒ "I love you."

“Eres mi único, cariño. Te amo.” ⇒ "You're my only [one], honey/sweetie. I love you."

I have a Twitter, so feel free to yell at me on there: @peachiinari
Due to popular demand, I've made a Tumblr: @peachiinari
If you'd like to follow me on Instagram: IRL Account
Check out the "You're Breaking My Guard" Spotify Playlist HERE

Due to many asks, I'm releasing the link to the outline for "YBMG": CLICK HERE

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!