

since then, at that time

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/27480502) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/27480502>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	AKB48
Relationship:	Yahagi Moeka/Oguri Yui, mostly implied but there if u squint
Character:	Yahagi Moeka, Oguri Yui, Tanaka Miku, miku is only mentioned
Additional Tags:	Time Travel , Confusion , this reads like a bad ya fiction book but idc, i haven't written fic in a year and i had fun
Stats:	Published: 2020-11-09 Words: 1961

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by [yukiblues](#)

Summary

The sky was bright, the ground was hard, and Yui had no clue who she hit.

Notes

this radiates bad ya fiction vibes but i was rewatching the sustainable mv and it gave me a thought and i took it and ran. moeka and yuiyui are probably nothing like their real selves but idc it was fun. also i haven't written anything in a year so make of that what you will

also on dreamwidth [here](#)

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

She didn't know how else to describe it, but it was like the air around her had changed texture. Things felt... different. Nothing had changed, but something had changed.

Yui stopped in her tracks. Her uniform still rested on her body, the light still touched the grass, the leaves still bristled against the branches. But it was *different*. She couldn't put her finger on it, but it was off.

Miku had gone home only a few minutes prior, schoolwork having gotten in the way of their fun yet again. Yui had the same work to do, but she wasn't a workaholic like Miku, and even at the cost of her grades, would gladly choose resting over worksheets. She had to get home soon, though; Miku left when the sun was starting to go down, and in the little time she's been gone, a light layer of darkness had already blanketed the field. Yui cursed the early springtime for that.

But she had other things to care about besides the sunset. Things were *different*. Her homework could wait, the air couldn't.

Yui took her bag, fastened the flower in her hair, and dragged her bicycle out of the grass. She was on a mission. She stared down the road in front of her, and she felt her face tense at the sight of it.

This road seemed to stretch to the end of the world. It had a reputation for being endless, and though she and Miku used to fear going down it alone as kids, they were in high school now, and there were far more terrifying things in the world than a long, empty road. Miku was fine leaving earlier, she was fine too. She was.

But it was nearing night time, and she was fine, but maybe she wasn't, because the dark was setting in despite the spring supposedly extending daylight hours, and *ugh*. Maybe she wanted to get to the bottom of the *change* fast, but maybe she also wanted to get home as fast as possible too.

She resigned herself to her overactive imagination. Things were fine. She was tired. Being along in a random field probably messed with her head for a bit. She's on her bike now, she's pedaling down the long road, she's going home now. And then she wasn't.

In all of her gracefulness, Yui slammed into the figure blocking the road, and fell off her bike and on her face. The concrete welcomed her. She didn't care to exchange pleasantries, she needed to get *home*. She wishes she went with Miku.

And then, she remembers there was *something* she crashed into. And that thing was standing right over her, peering down at her like a germ under a microscope.

Yui almost heard her knees scream in agony at the speed she sprung up from the ground, the crack reverberating through her legs, and maybe that scream was from her because she felt her mouth open and her voice echoing around her. Damn it.

The figure- the person? Yeah, probably. The person looked at her like she had two heads. Yui could feel her soul leave her body.

Through the growing pain in her right knee, Yui managed to stare at the person long enough to actually see them. They had short, bobbed hair, big eyes, a small face, and they were wearing a school uniform. But it was different from Yui's, so there's no chance they even know of each other.

The person looked up at her and smiled.

"Are you ok? I was hit, but it seems like the impact affected you more than it did me."

Yui's face morphed into complete bewilderment at the gentleness in the girl's voice.

"I-I hit you? And you're asking *me* if I'm ok? You probably hit the ground harder than me! I should be the one asking you if you're ok!" The words spilled out from her mouth faster than she could think. She felt so bad. Oh no, she messed up. She probably hit her head so hard she thinks she's the one that got hurt and not the girl she hit- wait, that doesn't make sense.

Yui stared blankly at the girl in front of her, awkwardness gripping her into place and leaving her knee half-suspended in the air, held up by her hands and the force bolting her into the ground. The girl laughed. *Laughed?* The girl was laughing. She really was. Yui was lost.

"I-I'm sorry, I wasn't expecting this, it's so absurd-" The girl- did she ever introduce herself?- busted out laughing even louder, uncontrollable and full of joy and energy. Yui stood there like a

fish out of water. Or more like a fish in water, that was suddenly thrown into a freezer and stuck inside an ice cube.

The girl coughed out her laughter into a fist, huffed out a breath, and looked up at Yui.

“Anyway. I’m Moeka, and I think I was in your way,” The girl, apparently Moeka, waited for an answer. Yui gaped at her.

“Hi, I’m Yui, and um, I must’ve not seen you, I didn’t see anything in front of me. I mean, it could’ve been the sunset distracting me, or maybe I was just lost in my own head, or- wait,” Yui’s thoughts stopped right in their tracks. Moeka looked perplexed, and Yui looked around her, and it was not sundown.

“It’s right after school, around 16:00,” Moeka trailed off, glancing around the road. She looked like she was second guessing herself. It’s 15:30, she’s right. It is broad daylight outside. How is *Moeka* second guessing herself?

It was sundown, and now it’s apparently right after school. What?

Yui rubbed at her head and frantically looked around her. She saw the road, the grass surrounding the road, her bike, Moeka’s bike, and some huge colorful spot next to Moeka’s bike, but she’s probably imagining that last part. The friction was making her head burn more than it already was from the heat of the sun, and she was getting dizzy from looking around so much, and she was absolutely lost. Welp. She did it. She really did it. She really messed up this time-

And then she felt a hand on her head, another on her shoulder, and everything stopped.

Moeka stared her straight in the eyes, exhaled sharply, and opened her mouth.

“Ok, I have no clue who you are or how you suddenly manifested in the road when I was on the phone, but you, are really funny. And frantic. And need to calm down, like, now, before you completely lose it.”

Yui gaped at her. Something felt funny. She was dizzy, from both the time confusion and someone this close to her, and suddenly had a clue of what to do. She stared Moeka back in the eyes, exhaled sharply, and opened her mouth, imitating Moeka’s exact movements.

Except instead of the precision Moeka had, everything slipped from within Yui’s head and out of her mouth like she fell from her bike.

“You are cool. You’re really, really cool, and I have no clue how I got here or why you’re being so nice to me, but you’re cool, and I think you’re funny too, and please tell me what the date is because there’s something wrong and I’ve known it for the past however many minutes since Miku left.”

Now it was Moeka’s turn to gape at her. It made Yui jump.

“Uhh, forget what I said, you know what, maybe I just hit my head really hard and forgot what time it was, and I just need to go home, and-” Her eyes were screwed shut, tears peaking out from the corners, her hands were all over the place. She reluctantly opened her eyes to look up at the girl in front of her, and, yeah, Moeka was still staring at her. Oops. She needs to stop.

But wait. Her stare seemed less bewildered now, and more... what was it. Mocking? No, it was gentle. Admiration at her absolute lack of confidence in herself? Probably that.

Moeka closed her eyes in a slightly-drawn-out blink, smiled, and looked back at her.

“Hold on, let me get my phone. I don’t have a watch on me.”

Yui nodded, frozen in embarrassment and complete confusion. She looked on as Moeka bent down to pick up the fuzzy mass on the ground, closely inspected it for any cracks, shrugged without a care in the world, and walked towards her again. Yui now realizes the colorful blob out of the corner of her eye was, in fact, a real and tangible thing, and not something she imagined out of sheer confusion. Huh.

“It’s still working, though with a few cracks, but this phone’s been through a lot, so I didn’t expect it to be damaged much. Plus, the keychains seemed to help cushion it,” She grinned, flipping open the phone- a flip phone?- and checking the date.

“Yeah, it’s the 23rd.”

“23rd what?”

Moeka made what looked like a pouty face, but more in confusion than anger.

“Friday, April 23rd, 2010.”

Yui, for the thousandth time that hour, gaped at the girl in front of her.

“I- say that again.” She blurted out, not liking how panicked and pitchy her voice sounded. No way.

Moeka’s face somehow twisted even more confusedly.

“It’s a Friday, on the 23rd of April, in 2010.” She enunciated carefully. Yui gasped sharply.

“No way. No way, no way no way no way. You’re joking. You’re messing with me.”

“...No? It’s what my phone says,” Moeka glanced back at her phone, second guessing herself again. Yui actually believed it this time. She has to be reading it wrong. That’s wrong, that’s incorrect, something is wrong.

“Yeah, it’s a Friday, the 23rd day of April, in 2010. In the new decade,” Moeka spoke even slower, emphasizing each word. Yui felt dizzier.

“I-It is not 2010. Wait, but you have a flip phone. And it is daylight outside. And it was not daylight before. And I am connecting the dots. Oh no, I have connected the dots.”

Moeka looked absolutely bewildered. She had a right to be.

“What are you talking about?” Moeka stared at the girl as she darted over to her bike, fished something out of her bag, and ran back to her, shoving it in front of her face.

Moeka jumped back, grabbed Yui’s hands, and looked at the thing, and. Huh?

“Is- is this a phone? Like, one of those fancy expensive touch ones they just announced a few years back? Nobody in school can afford those. Wait, but they aren’t this big?!”

It was now Yui’s turn to shut her up with a stare.

“Yeah, uh. I’m not from here.”

Moeka gaped.

“What, are you an alien?” She chuckled, but her nerves were made apparent in the way it faltered.

“N-no, I don’t think so? But, I’m not from here. I mean, like, the year. I’m not from 2010. I don’t know what happened, or how I got here, or what I did, but I’m ten years in the past, and I’m confused.” She spat everything out, her voice unstable and uncertain and pitchy, but firm. The girl in front of her mirrored her panicked expression.

“2020. You’re from the year 2020, from the future, but you’re in the year 2010, and you shouldn’t be here,” Moeka talked with her hands, trying to make sense of it.

Yui nodded, frantically. Moeka regained her composure, held Yui in her arms, and smiled.

“Ok. So either one of us is crazy, both of us are crazy, or something is going on,”

The girl in her arms looked back at her, and smiled nervously.

End Notes

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