Time is Fiction

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1019.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	General (non relationship-focused)
Fandom:	Persona 3
Relationships:	President Tanaka & Shiomi Kotone, President Tanaka & Yuki Makoto
Characters:	President Tanaka (Persona Series), Yuki Makoto, Shiomi Kotone
Additional Tags:	Angst, grief, Mourning, Post-Canon, Persona 3 Male and Female Protagonists are twins, Contemplation, Hurt No Comfort, Emotional Hurt, Cross-Posted on AO3, Persona 3 Spoilers
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-02 Words: 900 Chapters: 1/1

Time is Fiction

by Helel

Summary

President Tanaka finds himself looking at the news and seeing the faces of the twins he once knew.

How are they now?

Notes

Just want tanaka to suffer. Enjoy! My user is DaystarLee on ao3 <3 though i might migrate to here, its so nice!! my nice fanfic site :D

See the end of the work for more notes

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The world started to run in reverse for those who knew the twins from Gekkoukan High.

Their cause of death was unknown. According to others, they were just lying down peacefully for one second and stopped breathing the next. What made living so cruel for them? They had a whole life ahead of them. Kotone and Makoto were twins, a world away in some aspects, but still inseparable. Nothing could have changed that.

Tanaka wouldn't usually indulge in the news. In fact, he just thought it was a random student from their school, which was why he was a bit more keen to listen in.

Until he saw the face on the TV. It’s not something he’d expect, sitting on his couch in sweatpants and a worn-out t-shirt to see whatever is on TV. Maybe music, a new game show, but not this. All he wanted was to just forget himself for an hour or two. What about the other people who knew them tuning in on the TV and seeing this? Surely, Tanaka couldn’t be alone feeling this way.

He didn't have a visceral reaction to it, not at first. The many years in business taught him how NOT to feel. But something about this went further than what feelings he *can* handle.

The first thing he thought was how cruel the world is. Taking away a life so young… no one deserved this. Not them.

What the twins must have taught others went beyond him. He doesn't know the people they were close to, but he can imagine the influence of change. Kotone was just like that, able to change one's thinking process just after being around her. And so did Makoto, they are both just as influential. There was something about that he respected.

He favoured both of them; he enjoyed Kotones warm presence and Makotos way of listening. Makoto wasn’t one to speak all too much, mainly just following along with his sister. But Tanaka trusted both of these high schoolers with more heart than his own friends and colleagues.

That's how Tanaka felt. What about the others?

Tanaka is way past his school years, obviously. Never had many in his circle either. But something about their conversations made a weight lift off his shoulders. Never has he known to be more considerate in his line of work. He had to climb his way to the top. There was no room for comfort or consideration. He wouldn't have donated to the orphanage if it weren't for the twins. They deserved better. They were diamonds in the rough. But through their time of roaming did their influence sparkle.

As their (so called) mentor, it just makes his heart sink. His eyes are practically glued to the screen, his mind, usually filled with buzz from work, went blank for the first time through the duration of the segment.

He couldn't cry. No one wants to cry. But what can you do? The tears pricking at Tanaka’s eyes and the lump in his throat say otherwise. The news may change course, but his feelings won't. Not for a while. But he needs to put on a brave face, he can't break the image he has curated.

These kids were what changed him. In some ways, of course.

As much as he’d hate to admit it, he was somewhat attached to the twins. Kotone’s optimism and Makoto’s warm presence made him feel at peace. He’d usually forget about the prying eyes of the paparazzi while talking to them.

Makoto, to him, was just quiet. But Tanaka felt comfortable. His silence wasn't the unnerving kind, but it was one that’d listen. Kotone was never afraid to speak her mind.

Tanaka finds his nails tracing the lines of his collarbones, a mindless drone in response. The news has already moved on, but their faces are plastered in his mind now. He wouldn't want

to think of them after the thing with donating to the orphanage. He didn't want to get close. He always believed that independence was a virtue. People and relationships were only a convenience. Solely for his gain. These people and connections were what made him famous. He didn’t need the others. He only needed himself.

Or so he thought.

But for those two, he didn’t care for the audience. Well, maybe when he first met them, taking advantage of their naivety and wallet was the first thing. Despite being among the most successful men in Japan, he *still* couldn’t have enough.

Though, something would click in him. He saw himself in the twins. Young, naive, blissfully unaware of the world's cruelty. That was the world he endured, and something about that made him want to protect them. But he couldn’t.

He blinks slowly at the TV, finally being able to look away. He put his hands down onto his stomach, rising and falling with each saddened breath. The chatter from the TV blended into a mindless hum, one where Tanaka could forget the world he is living in.

The last thing Tanaka wanted to do was sulk. He swore not to get attached, even if he could have given the twins more life lessons. You could only teach so much.

Would it have prevented this mishap? Probably not. But with how they lived in his and other people's hearts, he hopes there was a place for him in theirs.

End Notes

hope you enjoyed! im sorry if there are any mistakes. this was beta read though. Please lmk if there are any mistakes, guests can comment too!!

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR READING ^_^

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