**English Breakfast**

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# English Breakfast

by riptideghosts

Summary

Ichigo arrives back in Tokyo after living abroad for a decade. It's not easy going home after a life changing break up.

Notes

I don't remember what the summary was on ao3 but this should be close to the same. Anyway finally catching up on uploading fic elsewhere now that ao3 is down for awhile.

Ichigo closed her eyes as she stepped out of the airport and into the Tokyo sunlight. So much brighter then London ever was. She could hear cars all around her and smell their exhaust. That was the same as in any big city, but still uniquely home.

Finally she was at the end of her journey.

“Ichigo! There you are,” called a familiar voice.

Her moment of peace was broken. She squinted her eyes open to confirm what she heard. Yep, Ryou was here at the airport and waving at her. He was probably the last person she wanted to see right now while feeling so fragile. Well maybe second last, but the other person was an ocean away thankfully.

“You aren’t my mother,” she said dumbly, her brain not catching up with what she was seeing with the jet-lag still resting heavy on her shoulders.

“Never been anyone’s mother last I checked no. Did they loose your brain at the baggage check-in?” ask Ryou sarcastically.

Huffing Ichigo started wandering in his direction. “My mom was supposed to be here to pick me up, and cut me some slack, I haven’t slept in almost twenty four hours and all my blood is in my feet.”

“should have worn compression socks for the flight,” Ryou replied.

“That would have really helped with the sleeping on a plane, I’ll keep it in mind for next time.”

Ryou rolled his eyes and tossed his thumb over his shoulder. “Come on. Cars parked over this way.”

“Why are you here and not my mom?” Ichigo asked directly.

“She called me and asked me to pick you up because her car wouldn’t start. Nothing to get worked up about,” he said.

Ichigo adjusted her luggage wheels and followed after him. She had nearly forgotten she had given her mother Ryou’s number as an emergency contact last time she was in Tokyo along with the girls. They didn’t talk much these days.

Spending most of the last decade in London she hadn’t kept up with most of her friends back home as well as she should have. Let alone whatever she was with Ryou. Mostly they called a couple times a year for medical check-ups.

“So how’s the cafe doing these days?” Ichigo asked, lacking anything deeper to make conversation about.

“slowed down a lot from when you were there, but still picks up on the weekends. We’ve shrunk the menu a lot. Running more as an actual front these days that it was always supposed to be,” Ryou shrugged. “Smaller staff too, not as much need for Tokyo Mew Mew these days, as you know.”

“yeah,” Ichigo agreed absent minded.

The life she had left behind almost a decade ago to chase after a boy was gone.

She was actually back in Tokyo, permanently. No going back to her life in London. She had been in a haze for weeks as she packed up the things she planned to keep, and give away the things she didn't. Booking her flight ticket to Tokyo like it was just another yearly visit home.

Now she was here and reality was seeping in. No taking it back. No more living in England, no more boy she had spend almost ten years of her life on. He probably didn't deserve more then five of them.

It had been a melancholy few years as their relationship died in a whimper, and finally a bang.

"Maybe it was a sign I never stopped thinking of Tokyo as home," Ichigo thought out loud.

"Maybe. At least that London wasn't the place for you," replied Ryou.

The luggage barely fit into Ryou’s silly little convertible sports car, but it did fit in the end and that's all that mattered to Ichigo.

Ichigo closed her eyes and leaned her head back. Enjoying the sun on her face and wind in her hair as the car flew down the highway. For a moment it felt like everything was going to be okay.

A block away from Ichigo's parents house Ryou spoke again for the first time since they left the airport. "So do you have any plans? Any work lined up or..." he trailed off.

"Not yet. I don't know if I even still want to work as a nurse. I just... I don't know what else I'll do," said Ichigo.

"Well if you need something to get you out of your parents house while you figure it out I could always use your help around the cafè," said Ryou.

"I thought you said it wasn’t very busy anymore?" Asked Ichigo.

"It's not, but we only have a handful of part-time people working the cafè right now, and they all have lives outside of work that keep them busy. It wouldn't hurt to have another experience pair of hands around for awhile," said Ryou.

"Alright, I'll think about it," said Ichigo.

Ryou gave her a worried look.

"What?" Ask Ichigo.

"Nothing, we're here."

"Oh!" Ichigo looked up as Ryou stopped the car in front of her parents house. "I guess we are."

Ichigo hopped out of the car and grabbed her bag out of the back seat and threw it over her shoulders. While she did that Ryou walked around the car to open the trunk. He pulled her luggage out and rolled it over to her. She took the handle and her fingers brushed against his.

"Don't be a stranger. Call once you're settled in and we'll find something to keep you busy, Ichigo," Said Ryou.

Ichigo felt a weird twist in her stomach at Ryou’s words. Did she look that lost? Probably. She felt that way.

"Okay, I'll be in touch," promised Ichigo.

She had no plans further then getting back to Tokyo, and now she was here at the end of the line. No job, no place of her own, no boyfriend. It was going to be okay though, she may not have a plan but she had her family and friends to help her get back on her feet. For the first time in years she was finally home.

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