Friends? In The Past!

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Friends? In The Past!

by Hanzel_sy

Summary

Years after making a promise to remain friends, Lieutenant Gadget and Dr. Claw reunite on a school rooftop. Their past resurfaces as George accuses Augustin of betraying their promise by joining WOMP. However, Augustin never knew that his childhood friend was involved with MAD. As old wounds and unresolved resentment emerge, the two former friends confront the painful consequences of their choices and the promise they failed to keep.

Notes

Hi guys, I upload Inspector Gadget (or maybe Gadget and The Gadgetinis?) one shot fanfic again :)

Actually this story not really my headcanon, it was for whumptober in AO3.

Heheh, Clawget for you guys, enjoy it!

The sun began to set, and the sky turned orange. School was over, and many students had already gone home. Only two people remained on the school rooftop.

Gadget, whose childhood name was Augustin, looked at the sky. "Wowsers, it's late afternoon."

Dr. Claw, whose childhood name was George, stared at his junior. He chuckled.

"You know? I like being alone on the rooftop. Nobody bothers me here." George looked at the sky, too.

They were silent for a moment. The wind stirred their hair, and some birds perched on the rooftop.

"I'll be graduating soon," George broke the silence.

"Oh, good luck, George. But it's still October. Isn't it still a long time away?" Augustin looked at his senior.

"I know." George fell silent for a moment.

"Thanks for helping me with my homework," Augustin said with a smile.

"No problem." George returned his smile. "How come you don't understand physics? Don't you want to study nuclear engineering?"

"Not really. My father doesn't allow me to." Augustin's smile faded.

"But that's okay. I can study it in my spare time." Augustin tried to reassure himself, but George could tell that he was still sad.

George patted his junior on the back, trying to comfort him. "I know it's hard, but that doesn't mean you should give up. There might be another way."

Augustin began to smile. "Well, what will you do after graduation?"

"I don't know," George replied indifferently. He didn't want to tell his junior because he was sure Augustin would be shocked.

"All right," Augustin said, then looked at the sky.

They enjoyed the sunset on the rooftop. Nobody knew they were there, not even their parents.

"Augustin, let's make a promise," George said.

Augustin turned to George. "What promise?"

"Promise me we'll stay friends, no matter where life takes us." George smiled slightly.

Augustin returned his smile and nodded. "Of course! Why wouldn't we?"

George held out his little finger.

Augustin looked confused. "What?"

George sighed. He knew his junior was smart, but he couldn't seem to pick up on social cues. He wondered if Augustin had AuDHD, but he wasn't sure.

"YOUR LITTLE FINGER, AUGUSTIN! THE LITTLE ONE!" he shouted.

"Oh... do you mean (yubikiri)?" Augustin asked.

"What's that, Augustin?" George asked, not understanding what he meant.

"Well... it's similar to a pinky promise, but it originated in Japan. The original pinky promise came from Japan," Augustin explained.

George sighed for the second time. He had just remembered that his junior liked history, too.

"Yeah..." George replied lazily.

"All right." Augustin smiled again and held up his little finger.

Finally, they made their pinky promise—or, as Augustin called it, yubikiri.

The sun had begun to disappear below the horizon. They had to go home before their parents got angry with them. Besides, child abductions were quite common back then.

In the same place—the school rooftop. In the same month, October. But in different years. They were on the rooftop once again.

The atmosphere was very quiet, just as it had been a long time ago. The sun was no longer there, replaced by the moon. It shone in the night sky, a full moon partially covered by soft clouds.

Gadget was leaning against the wall, touching the wound on his left arm. His breathing was irregular. He lowered his head, not wanting anyone to see him in such a weakened state. Even though he was a cyborg, he could still feel pain.

In front of him stood Dr. Claw, who simply stared at him without reacting.

Then, Dr. Claw walked toward Gadget. He lifted his right leg and stepped on Gadget's left shoulder.

"UGHH!" Gadget hissed. The pressure on his shoulder was quite painful.

Dr. Claw stopped and lifted his foot off Gadget's left shoulder.

Amid the silence, the only sound that could be heard was Gadget's irregular breathing.

Meanwhile, Fidget and Digit were tied to a pole at the far end of the rooftop.

"What should we do, Digit?" Fidget asked worriedly.

"I don't know," Digit replied uncertainly. It was a difficult situation.

Dr. Claw stared at Gadget. "Augustin."

Gadget raised his head and looked at Dr. Claw. It had been a long time since one of his old friends had called him by his real name.

Gadget tried to stand up. His knees were still shaking as he struggled to get to his feet.

"George," Gadget said, calling Dr. Claw by his old name for the first time in a long time.

The atmosphere between them was tense. Finally, the two friends had found each other again after being separated by circumstances for so long.

This time, Dr. Claw wasn't wearing a disguise. He had previously disguised himself as Devon Debonaire when he met Gadget.

"Finally, we meet again, Augustin. It's been so long since we last met. And now, you see me in my true form." Dr. Claw smiled slightly as he stared at Gadget.

Gadget stood perfectly still, although his heart was beating faster. Dr. Claw could hear Gadget's breathing. He smirked at him.

"Do you still remember our promise? Unfortunately... you broke it." Dr. Claw stared at Gadget with a sharp gaze. His blue eyes shone under the moonlight.

"What do you mean?" Gadget stared at Dr. Claw in disbelief.

"You chose them over me, Augustin," Dr. Claw explained.

Gadget frowned. "I didn't even know you were involved with MAD!"

"But you still became their agent."

"Because I wanted to help people!" Gadget's voice rose in pitch.

Dr. Claw suddenly fell silent when he heard Gadget's reason.

Silence fell over them again. Nobody spoke for a few moments. The moon continued to shine in the sky. The Gadgetinis stared at them in disbelief. It turned out that their lieutenant had a history with their sworn enemy all this time.

Dr. Claw glanced to the right. He had no idea what to say.

Gadget stared at him. "Actually, you broke the promise. You should cut your little finger!" Dr. Claw thought a few moments.

He tried to remember about their promise. Gadget ever said " (*yubikiri*)" a few years ago. He thougth it just joke or Gadget really history nerd. Now he understood. (*yubikiri*) was mean little finger. During the Edo period in Japan (1603–1867), the gesture was a serious oaths. If someone broke a promise, they should dvo their little finger.

"No!" Dr. Claw clenched his rigth hand which made by metal. "I don't have hand. My hand made from metal. You must cut your little finger! You broke our promise!"

"I don't have arms and legs! Do you know who was the cause? It was you! If you didn't silent when I hit by truck, I won't like this!" Gadget raised his voice. Anger was visible in his eyes. Dr. Claw almost opened his mouth. But then he shut his mouth. He knew about that, and also witnessed that.

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