

A Reason

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Summary

Kaito is content, he's just tired of people worrying about him.

Notes

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Kaito hummed a soft tune, feeling content. Things had been going well for him lately, no Kid impostors, no nosy blonds, no mop attacks, and no bullet wounds. Life had been peaceful, all he needed to do was just ignore the worried looks that everyone seemed to be giving him. There was no reason for everyone to be worried about him, everything was fine.

Life had become simple, lax. It surprised him that he could enjoy it so much, getting antsy from any lack of action was silly now that he was looking back on it. Just spending time doing absolutely nothing was great, it was so calming.

He was actually kinda thankful that he'd gotten hit by that car all those months ago. Kaito's memory had been a bit spotty at first, but he'd recovered it quickly. Though something must've happened during his brain surgery, he didn't feel as strongly about certain things that he used to. The teen knew that becoming Kid had been a choice that he'd decided on out of revenge for his father's death. He knew that. He just- he just wanted to live his life as it was. What would he be able to do that the police couldn't?

So without heists, his detective classmate had reluctantly left back to London. That was fine, that was one less person for him to be antagonistic towards. The small bit of sadness that'd hit him at the news had quickly faded away. Aoko had also become more pleasant to be around once the lack of heists really settled in for everyone. She was less snappy towards him, glad to be able to spend time with her father again. They were proper friends again.

Why had he even thought that becoming a wanted jewel thief would be a good idea in the first place? Kaito hadn't even realized just how strained his everyday relationships had been until they'd improved. Yeah, he still loved his dad... But if his dad really loved him, wouldn't he want him to be happy? To enjoy his life rather than waste it?

Kaito would like to think that if he had kids, he'd want them to be happy and safe rather than endangering themselves for 'justice' or 'vengeance'. That thought gave him peace of mind. It was okay for him to just live as himself. So back to the topic of everyone giving him worried looks, Kaito wanted it to stop. He was healed, there was no more healing to be done. There was no lingering damage besides a few scars- though he knew some would say his new mindset could be counted as such.

"Shinichi-niichan?"

The magician turned towards the equally cautious and distrusting voice, offering a soft smile "I'm Kuroba Kaito" He'd been sitting on a riverbank in Beika, the tiny sleuth might be worried that he was trying to lure him out.

Conan blinked, some of the tension leaving his small frame "Oh, you look like someone I know" The detective boy's weren't with him.

Kaito hummed "Funny, I'd say that you look like me" He played with the grass, it was lush from being so close to such a large water source "What are the odds of there being three people with the same face?" He casually joked. Meeting the tiny sleuth as himself wasn't nearly as scary as he'd once imagined it would be.

Azure narrowed at the strange comment, the voice was familiar, it was one he hadn't heard in a while "Are you Kaitou Kid?" Kid had the same face as him, and this Kuroba Kaito had the same face. The scar covering the other's left temple seemed to be only a few months old.

Quirking his lips, Kaito couldn't help but smile "I'm just Kuroba Kaito" It was neither a denial nor confirmation. Letting the other know wouldn't be that dangerous, Conan wouldn't be able to collect any proof without there being any heists.

Conan was silent for a few minutes before crossing his arms "When are you planning to start again?" It had been concerning when the thief had just stopped without any warning.

"I'm just planning on relaxing" Kaito easily replied, a bit of excitement bubbling in his chest. He'd missed his interactions with Conan.

"That's it?" It was hard for Conan to keep the disappointment out of his tone. He actually liked the other's heists, they were usually a safe haven from murder cases.

Kaito raised a brow at the other's disappointment "What's wrong?" He hadn't expected that kind of reaction "Only needing to worry about school is nice" Especially since said worry was nonexistent. The accident hadn't damaged his intelligence.

Conan looked away "Chasing Kaitou Kid is fun, the challenge is nice" The other wasn't acting like anything he'd thought he'd act like. He'd expected Kid to be more snarky.

The magician frowned, thinking about their interactions during heists. He'd had fun too, few could match him in wits like the sleuth "I guess it would be..." He sighed "It's hard being smarter than everyone around you" It must be doubly worse for Conan since he had to pretend that he was a real child.

"Yeah..."

Kaito pursed his lips, he liked Conan "I'm at the top of my class, maybe we could hang out once in a while?" Acting as Kid once more would just add tension into his everyday life "I got a head injury a while ago and it'd be nice to hang out with someone who isn't always giving me worried looks"

Looking surprised, Conan eyed the other curiously "Are you still healing?" He hadn't expected that to come up.

The magician shrugged "I'm healed, but apparently I'm not the same Kaito that I used to be"

Some understanding lit itself within Conan's gaze "And that's why you just want to relax?"

"Yeah, there's no complications, I just feel differently about a few things now" Indigos softened as he turned towards Conan "I'm just as capable as I was before, I'll help you with stuff if you ever need it" Just because he has no motivation for his heists anymore, it doesn't mean that he wouldn't want to help keep people safe.

Conan nodded "Okay" Maybe he could befriend Kuroba Kaito.

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