

THE NAME I HAVE TO BEAR  
A YmirXHistoria Fan Fiction  
by Jessica Nangoi (Kei Angelus)

*"Queen Historia!"*

*"Queen', huh? You are more like a princess to me, but not bad."*

I gasp. I am lying on the bed in my new bedroom. As the queen, I now stay at the best room in every building.

I replay my coronation in my dreams, almost every single night, although the ending varies. Some torture me, some leave me hanging, some bring me tears. But in every single version, you are there.

You said that there was no future inside the walls. And you maybe were right, because even though I am supposed to be the one who created it, I keep searching for the future that feels right. But now I know that it can never be right without you.

You were the one who found out that I always wanted to die a hero, but here I am, trying to live the *life* as a hero, as if repenting my earlier thoughts. But the world should have known that you did not die a hero. You deserve the same life as a hero.

Even when I am walking among our friends, I always imagine you walking beside me, ready to hit anyone who comes near me. Even when I am talking to them, I always imagine you are somewhere near me, ready to give your signature sarcasm to argue with them. Even when I am sitting on the throne, gazing at the people who look up to me, I always imagine that you are standing by my side, telling me that you will always protect me when I'm insecure or whispering a random joke about one of the villagers when you sense my discomfort. Even when I am facing all the elders who keep arguing about the future that they promised me, I always imagine you holding my hand, telling me that it is okay.

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"It's worth it, isn't it?" Her shoulder bumped mine.

"Mmm-hm," I opened my eyes to a million stars above us.

"This is nothing compared to what I have seen in the desert," she softly said with the voice she never used while talking to anyone else. "If all of this ends, let's travel to see it together."

Ymir and all of her promises. I wondered why she could be so confident with them, but I smiled and nodded anyway.

She then started her speech about the constellation. I stayed silent, only letting out several nods and hums, but I knew she knew that I was listening.

We were lying on the grass, with only our thin clothes and green capes covering our bodies. We had sneaked out of our dorm in the middle of the night, climbing up the walls and running through the dark paths. Strangely, the

entrance had been quiet I wondered if Ymir had bribed the guards. Either to make it easier to get out or just to impress me.

When she finished her lecture, we stayed silent, shoulder to shoulder. We listened to each other's breath, letting the cold wind play with our hair. I could feel electricity run through a spot where our fingers touched.

"Hey, Christa," she broke the silence by calling me by the name I claimed to be mine.

I turned my head slightly, just enough to see her jawline and her chest going up and down in a peaceful tempo. At least I could see her eyes which were staring at the sky.

"If only this world wasn't as shitty as it is," she continued. "I would have married you, you know that?"

I let out a chuckle. "The whole class know that, Ymir. You say that all the time." I glanced at her, trying to find the usual playfulness on her face, but I could only see a glimpse of bliss on her face.

She suddenly turned her head to look at me. "*Would have.*" Focus on the past tense, Christa." There, her playfulness came back with a grin.

I smiled back at her. "Well, we can wait until it's all over, Ymir. Like you always say." I couldn't help shifting a little closer. A gust of wind providing me an alibi. "Maybe then the world would be a little less 'shitty' like it is now. Maybe it will be okay."

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But it is not okay.

Even with your life as the exchange, the world is not any less "shitty."

The only way I can see you now is to see your memories from the letter I put under my pillow. Although it never fails to bring tears to my eyes, I let all of your memories invade mine every single night. Looking at the cruel world we live in through your eyes, I always end up thinking that it is never fair for someone like you, to be obliged to take the punishment for something you never do.

*"And with you as the queen, maybe you can change it,"* your voice in my head says.

Looking at myself through your eyes, I never thought that someone like me could be that precious. I am convinced that no one in this world would think of me as you always did. I know how you always loved me.

*"I do,"* you say. *"I still do and will always do."*

You said that the only regret you had was that you couldn't marry me. This always brings a smile to my lips. But I know you lied, Ymir. You had more regrets than that.

I know that you regret not being able to protect me, to see me, to talk to me, to hear me, to touch me, to hold me, to kiss me, to live with me. I know that wherever you are now, you regret not being able to be with me. And I want you to know that I also regret all of that.

If only I could have protected you, you wouldn't have to sacrifice yourself and go away with them. I want to see you, talk to you, hear you, touch you, hold you, kiss you, give my life for you. But all I am left with are a bunch of wishes that can't come true.

How can I live with pride without you to remind me?

You said that you were sorry. And that was the last words you had ever said to me. But it wasn't fair, because you knew that I would always forgive you. I had said that I would have always be the one on your side, hadn't I? But it is hard now that you are not on my side.

*"I'm sorry,"* I can sometimes hear you say. *"Please forgive me."*

As I hold the letter on my chest, I cover my eyes to stop the tears from falling, but I know I will fail as usual. Between my sobs, I whispered to the emptiness, "I forgive you, Ymir. I did, I do, and will always do."

I hear your laugh in my head. *"I know that,"* you said. *"But you know, I am glad that you fulfilled your promise, Historia."*

Yes.

It is the only thing you had ever asked from me. But I always wish that you could see me live the name I have to bear with.

Queen Historia Reiss.

Then right before I close my eyes—just like every single night—I can hear your voice again, with the words I chose to always believe. The words I need to keep me safe.

*"I love you, Your Majesty."*