Warning: messy feelings, suicide, graphic suicide.

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything. Not my house. Not my food. Nothing. I am no one.

Summary: SemiAU. Midoriya was doing what a good spy would do, until he looked up and saw Natsuo save his life in a dingy alleyway. And even though Natsuo thought he helped a young girl, Midoriya heard the wedding bells ring.

Pairing: Natsuo/Midoriya. Everything else is just ‘a joke’.

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### Note

### Kacchan’s Delimenha

“Could you believe it?” Miidoriya tried really hard to whine.

“Oh wow,” Uraraka looked at the napkin on the table, “That’s… a geometric shape.”

“Well, I know that Hawks-san doesn’t mean it,” Midoriya said, “Bu I just don’ get why he would say something like that.”

“Maybe because he likes you?” she tried, but the face on her longtime friend’s face was anything but approving.

“No way,” he said immediately, “I mean. Senpai’s…” he tried to find the word, “just goes with the mood, but he doesn’t really feel like that.”

Which was about when Bakugo came up.

“Why’d you guys even invite me if you’re going to start talking without me?” he deadpanned as he dropped the tray of all their orders in front of them.

“Touchy,” Uraraka sighed as she took her milkshake.

“Wow, thanks, Kacchan,” Midoriya said, eyes shining. He turned back to Uraraka, “I just don’t know what to do. If i make a move too fast, I think that Hawks is going to strike first.”

Bakugo rolled his eyes, as though used to how everything was, and he sat down. His eyes slid over thenapkin.

“...What’s this?”

“A list of people in love with Midoriya,” Uraraka said.

“W-What? No way-”

Bakugo took the marker, “Then you forgot me.”

The brunette choked, while Midoriya shoved at the blond next to him. “Kacchan, don’t be like that!” he turned back to Uraraka, “I don’t really get it, but he’s been saying things like that since high school-”

“-Middle school,” Bakugo corrected as he ate another fry.

“Middle school,” Midoriya amended, “Jeez, you know that’s not funny right? It wasn’t funny then and it still isn’t funny now.”

“Good, since it’s not a joke.”

“Kacchan, this is why you don’t have friends.”

And even though Uraraka had known both of these boys for a long time, she had never felt full and unaltered pity for Bakugo.

“You know, uh,” Uraraka spoke up, “I’ll… I’ll pay for karaoke after this,” she said, eyeing Bakugo in particular. Suddenly, she thought about all those loud and brash yelling she endured because of this man, and immediately felt forgiveness.

“Why?” Bakugo deadpaneed, looking her dead in the eyes with his lifeless eyes, “It’s just a joke.”