Warning: messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: Yaoyozuro felt her eyes well with hot tears. How could two people be so perfect?

Paring: Yoarashi Inasa/Midoriya Izuku

A/N: not standard soulmate but.

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### Notes

* Midoriya Izuku + Yoarashi Inasa dump

### Cute:

“Midoriya-kun!”

Midoriya jolted, and his phone screen cracked a little more under the weight of his grip, spinning around, he turned to where his boyfriend was running for him.

“Yoarashi-kun,” he said breathlessly, like his name got stuck in his throat.

“Wow! You look cute today, too!” he called out.

His face turned even darker, his heart fluttering at the compliment as the taller man came up to him. Upon closer inspection, he can see that the man was trembling in his poorly-contains joy, and the thought set a thousand butterflies free in his stomach.

“Y-you too!” Midoriya shouted out, scared that the sound would lose out against his thundering heartbeat if he didn’t yell it out, “I think you’re cute too!”

And the man stiffened, his eyes wide and his face erupted into a blush just as dark as Midoriya.

“N-No! I think you’re plenty cuter!”

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“...Leave it to Midoriya to fight with his boyfriend on the corner of the street about who is cuter,” Kaminari noted flatly, and next to him, Yaoyozuro kept a handkerchief up to her lips.

“They’re… so cute,” she whispered.

Next to her. Jirou rubbed her back consolingly. No one could have the bright grin on her face, clearly indicating that she understood.

Why was Kaminari here anyways? He was third-wheeling the observation party for a date. This was the epitome of being single and lonely, wasn’t it?

### Names -

“...Is there something wrong, Midoriya-kun?” Yoarashi asked, “You keep looking at me, and it makes my heart race!”

Midoriya, who would normally fluster at that, looked at him for another moment and then back down.

“I guess I got caught,” he said quietly. Looking up at him, he took a deep breath.

Yoarashi couldn’t help but think that the Midoriya who was trying to muster the confidence to do something was absolutely, awe-strikingly beautiful.

‘The thing is, I… There’s something that I keep thinking about. You know that saying, them mind is a poison? Sometimes, my mind really personifies that,” he said.

They had long since stopped their walk, and standing by a tree in the middle of the park, when Yoarashi stopped them. He had no desire to play pretense, and he didn’t like that expression on Midoriya’s face when he caught it out of the corner of his eye.

“I just… thought that maybe,” he flustered a little, stumbling over his words, but Yoarashi has no problem waiting for him to fully collect his thoughts, “Maybe you could… call me ‘Izuku’? And I could… call you ‘Inasa’?”

Where?

Yoarashi wondered while he lost his heart to those shy green eyes.

Where did this angel come from?

“Izuku,” he said, relishing in the blush on Midoriya’s face and feeling a tingle course through his body, “Izuku, I… I would also like it if we became more familiar! I don’t think that your mind is poison at all! In fact, it’s more like you’re a mind-reader because I really wanted to call you by your first name!”

Midoriya’s eyebrows hit his hairline and he gaped back. His face exploded into that dark red again, and Yoarashi felt awfully parched.

“R-Really?!” Midoriya said, and placing his hands over his heart, gave a relieved laugh, “That’s good. Thank god.”

“And!” Yoarashi shouted out, as though he was scared that if he stopped now, he would never be able to start again, “The truth it! I want a lot from you as well! I want everything that you are! So maybe, if you are willing to, we could go one more place today for our date!”

Midoriya nodded, and before he could say anything, Yoarashi stuck his hand out.

“Your hand! I would like to hold your hand!”

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Kaminari squinted at them, trying hard to ignore the way Jirou was fanning herself and Yaoyozuro was rolling around on the ground, covering her face. It was harder still because he doesn’t think they’ll ever understand that Kaminari once cried himself to sleep because he was so single, and now he was watching his classmate date some guy from another school.

Sighing deeply though, he couldn’t help but wish Midoriya a job well done.

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