### Debunking Ouma Kokichi

**Rating:** Mature  
**Archive Warning:** No Archive Warnings Apply  
**Category:** M/M  
**Fandom:** New Dangan Ronpa V3: Everyone’s New Semester of Killing  
**Relationship:** Momota Kaito/Ouma Kokichi  
**Character:** Ouma Kokichi, Momota Kaito, Harukawa Maki, Shinguji Korekiyo, Iruma Miu, Toujou Kirumi, Yonaga Angie, DICE (Dangan Ronpa), Akamatsu Kaede, Saihara Shuuichi, Gokuhara Gonta, Chabashira Tenko, Yumeno Himiko, Shirogane Tsumugi, The previous casts are all grown up but will be occasionally mentioned, Kiibo (Dangan Ronpa), Hoshi Ryoma, Shinguji Korekiyo’s Sister  
**Additional Tags:** Alternate Universe - Non-Despair, Human Kiibo, Ouma and Korekiyo are bestfriends, Rating May Change, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, this is gonna be fun, Enemies to Friends to Lovers, There will be other ships but they're a surprise until they actually happen in the story, Fluff, Angst, Eventual Romance, Spoilers, Not big spoilers as in who dies, But it has two people’s talents, So if you dont know amami's talent, Or another certain someone, Don't read!!!  
**Stats:**  
- Published: 2017-08-20  
- Updated: 2018-04-25  
- Chapters: 10/?  
- Words: 34422

### Debunking Ouma Kokichi

**Summary**

Kaito and Ouma have never gotten along the best, Ouma didn't get along with the majority of the class... Yet, Kaito was a kind individual and was nice to even the biggest jerks! So, what happens when he starts being kind to the supreme ruler and realizes that Ouma might actually be a good guy?

And there it was again, that childish innocence and joy written across the supreme ruler’s features. That’s what made Kaito want to be Ouma’s friend, those slithers of true emotions. He knew Ouma was a good, caring person deep down inside. Very, very, deep down.

### Notes

Wooo, this is my first drv3 fic. For anyone wondering about my previous sdr2 fics, I might finish em, I might not. ANYWAYS!! This idea came to me randomly but I've actually thought this fic out pretty far. I hope you all enjoy it!!
See the end of the work for more notes.
Kaito doesn't really know how he, they, ended up in this situation. Really, it's one thing to bump into someone and another to even fall back because of it but this? This was just cruel. The astronaut was leaving for lunch, excited to finally eat something, he practically ran out of the room. And right into his least favorite person.

He was now staring down at none other than Ouma Kokichi, his arms caging the shorter boy underneath him. They'd fallen, Kaito over Ouma. The purple haired man couldn't stop the scowl that began parading onto his face, expecting Ouma to either nag him or break out into those ridiculous crocodile tears. He froze when neither happened.

The supreme ruler’s eyes were filled with childlike awe, face filled with an innocent curiosity as he stared, not at Kaito but at the boy’s jacket. It seemed he was entranced by the galaxy design and Kaito felt a small smile tug on his lips, that was such a genuine emotion on Ouma’s face and all over a jacket. The taller finally stood up, tired of being that close to the shorter. He offered Ouma a hand, Ouma hesitantly took it. It seemed he was snapping back to his senses, face filling with faux sadness and eyes beginning to water with fake tears. There it is… Kaito thought but interrupted what would surely be a melodramatic show,

“You know, if you like my jacket so much, you can wear it. If you want.” The words came out of his mouth before he could really think about it, he wanted to shut Ouma up but really? Perhaps it was his natural hero-like nature that took over! Yeah, he's gonna go with that.

Ouma spluttered, “Wh-what? You're...joking, right?” He was eyeing Kaito weirdly, which he had every right to do so. The two of them had never gotten along the best. The kind of person Kaito was, he liked to befriend everyone and guide them the best he could. Ouma liked teasing and playing tricks on his classmates, acting like a little kid when he got yelled at.

The supreme ruler was stubborn, always doing the exact opposite of what he was told. Despite that fact, most people in the class could deal with him on varying levels. Maki despised him and has tried to get physical with Ouma on more than one occasion while on the opposite end of the spectrum, Korekiyo gets along swimmingly with the little creep.

Birds of a feather stick together, they say. Kaito began taking his jacket off, it's not like he didn't want to get along with Ouma, it's just the other made it exceedingly hard to do so. The astronaut held out the clothing for the other to take, Ouma reached out for it slowly, unsure. He probably
thought that Kaito would snatch it away at the last moment, but the purple haired boy could never be so cruel.

And there it was again, that childish innocence and joy written across the supreme ruler’s features. That’s what made Kaito want to be Ouma’s friend, those slithers of true emotions. He knew Ouma was a good, caring person deep down inside. Very, very, deep down.

Ouma practically snatched the jacket away, quickly putting it on. His face filled with a large grin and Kaito couldn't help but to smile back. The ruler was mischievous yet mysterious, Kaito wanted to know about his past. He’d never seen Ouma’s parents, no one had. The only people they’d ever seen him with were a weird group of kids…

“Momota-chan’s jacket is so big!” Ouma giggled and it wasn’t his usual ‘nishishi’, it sounded like an actual giggle. And, well, he wasn’t wrong. The sleeves hung incredibly far and to the back of Ouma’s knees but the boy didn't seem to mind at all, flapping the sleeves around with the goofiest grin. It was...cute.

Oh God, did I just call Ouma cute? Kaito thought, shaking his head and trying to pretend that didn't just happen. “Well, I'm going to eat lunch. You can keep the jacket til’ our next class.” He informed the shorter and once again, the ruler’s eyes lit up. “Really?!” Kaito chuckled, ruffling Ouma’s hair the way he always does to Saihara, it was a forceful habit. “Yeah, really. See ya later!” He gave the other his signature thumbs up and headed off to the cafeteria.

Ouma was in heaven. Truth be told, Ouma had always thought Kaito’s jacket was pretty cool but he would’ve never told the spacehead that! Yet, here they were, he guessed he stared at the astronaut’s jacket a bit too long and gave it away. But, he wasn't complaining. The clothing was big, warm, it looked even cooler up close…and it smelled like Kaito. Just like him, actually.

The moment he put it on, it felt like he was being hugged. Kaito gave the best hugs, too! Ouma, obviously, didn't know from first hand experience but the hugs the taller gave Maki and Saihara always seemed extra snuggly. And admittedly, Ouma has wondered what it would be like to hug Kaito… Anyways, the astronaut had just told the shorter that he could keep his jacket for an entire hour!

He didn't believe it at first, how could he? Kaito tried especially hard to befriend and understand him… Which is exactly why Ouma teased him twice as much and probably why Kaito had somewhat of a disdain for him. Ouma would probably never get a hug from Kaito Momota but this was the next best thing and he was going to-
Oh my God! Kaito just ruffled his hair! The supreme ruler's heart was beating out of his chest and he didn't really know why but boy was it beating hard. There was a warm feeling in his chest, his hands were even shaking, this was weird. And just like that, the astronaut was off and leaving Ouma a flustered mess.

The supreme ruler shook his head, he's sure it was nothing and began walking down the hallway. Hope's Peak Academy was pretty loose on the rules about students attending classes and you could also go off campus to get lunch, Ouma usually got lunch with DICE. A lot of their situations were... complicated, including his.

Ouma made his way to McDonald's, it's where they'd all agreed to meet up today. He loved every member of DICE more than anything, but today he just couldn't focus. Everyone was recounting funny prank stories but Ouma had quickly shoveled his food into his mouth before wrapping his arms around himself.

It was weird, he admitted that, but it helped aid his little fantasy of being hugged by Kaito. Umi leaned forwards, tapping Ouma on the nose and bringing him back down to planet earth. “Earth to Kokichi~!” She yelled, brunette pigtails swishing. “I'm sorry, Umi, what is it?” The purple haired boy asked, smiling sheepishly.

“You've been zoned out the entire time! What's up?” She pointed to his chest, “And what's with the jacket?” Ouma grinned, “It's Momota-chan’s!” Wait, why did he feel so proud to say that? He received several ‘ooh’ s and waved his hand, “No, it's not like that! Momota-chan doesn't even like me!” Ouma said rather matter of factly. “Then, why do you have his jacket?” Umi asked before giggling mischievously, “Did you steal it? That's just like our leader, the great Kokichi!”

The purple haired boy refuted once more, “No, he did give it to me. Momota-chan is just nice like that even though I tease him so much, he's weird!” The supreme leader flopped the sleeves once more. Umi seemed to be satisfied with that answer as she lowered herself back into her seat and popped another fry into her mouth.

Ouma tried to pay more attention the conversation taking place, arms still firmly wrapped around himself. Soon enough, it was time for him to start heading back to school. He always had to leave a bit early in order to make it to class on time. As he was running, no, skipping back to the school, Ouma couldn't stop giggling.

He’d have to get that under control and play it cool but for now, he was pretending like he was flying. At random moments he’d cover his head with the jacket and stare at the stars. If he bumped
into anyone, he could just burst into tears and make them feel bad. Luckily, that didn't happen and Ouma made it back to school with no problem.

In fact, the little ruler was a few minutes early so he trudged his way in front of the next class and sat down by the door. He peeked back inside the jacket and stayed that way until he heard a cold, hate filled voice,

“What are you doing with Kaito’s jacket?” Maki asked him, narrowing her fiery eyes and putting a hand on her hip. Ouma poked his head back out, grinning like a cheshire cat, “I stole it obviously!” The assassin gasped, grabbing the jacket and trying to pull it off of the other, “Give it back!”

Ouma started chuckling before it turned into a twisted laugh, he gave Maki a demented grin as he said, “That was a lie!” The dark haired girl stopped pulling but didn't let go, face filling with confusion. Ouma continued, “Momota-chan let me see it!” He put a pale finger to his lips, winking, “Does that make Harukawa-chan jealous?”

“Jealous..?” Maki repeated, snatching her hand away, “What the hell are you talking about?!” Ouma simply continued to smile, “You tell me. Do you really think I could steal Momota-chan’s jacket? He always has it on, doesn't he?” Maki just glared at him.

“You just didn't wanna accept that someone could be nice to me~!” Ouma whined, face turning into a childish pout. The assassin rolled her eyes, “Shut up, Ouma.” With that, she pushed past him and into the classroom. The short boy began to wonder…

Did Kaito not eat lunch with Maki? Or did he just not tell her about what happened? Ouma thought to himself before chuckling a bit, muttering, “He obviously doesn't want to be caught being nice to someone like me, after all.” He heard more footsteps coming up and fixed a cocky smile onto his features.

Kaito came up the stairs with Saihara, Toujo and Kaede on his heels. He shot a warm grin at Ouma, “I missed my baby!” The supreme leader raised an eyebrow, “...What?” There was obvious confusion on his features and in his voice. The astronaut deadpanned, “My jacket.” He pointed.

“Oh.” Ouma finally realized, “Oh!” He started laughing as he took the jacket off, “I was going to say, I didn't know Momota-chan liked me that~ much!” He started making kissy faces and was not surprised in the slightest when Kaito pushed his face away and took the jacket.
“You are such a little weirdo.” He commented, walking past Ouma who still had a smile on his face. It fell for just a few moments until the DICE leader heard a familiar laugh, “Kakaku, Angie, you are not as innocent as you seem!”

Angie’s voice replied, “If it is for Atua, Angie will do the unthinkable!” The duo made it up the stairs and their eyes landed on Ouma who was practically beaming. Despite Korekiyo's mask, the shorter could tell a smile had spread onto his face.

“Kokichi, I have so much I must tell you.” He recounted in that silky smooth voice of his, clasping his hands together and leaning a bit to the side. The anthropologist was beginning to mimic Angie unknowingly, it appeared. Ouma nodded, “Same here!” They wouldn't pay any attention in class.

Korekiyo whispered, “Angie is quite a beautiful specimen to observe. It was quite genius of myself to bring an artist to a museum. Her reactions were quite intriguing…” Ouma nodded, head resting in his chin as he looked at his friend in favor of doing the worksheet they'd been assigned.

Korekiyo was really handsome, pretty, even. He had an androgynous type of beauty with his long, dark hair and long eyelashes. His skin was porcelain and pale and his height only added to the mystical feeling he gave off. The ruler answered, “I could imagine. Yonaga-chan is quite weird herself so it must've been funny!”

“What is it that you needed to inform me about, Kokichi?” Korekiyo asked, cocking his head to the side and raising an eyebrow. “Nothin’ important! Momota-chan gave me his jacket earlier and Harukawa-chan got angry!”

At the purple haired boy’s words, the anthropologist’s eyes flickered over to the duo who were partnered up. Korekiyo's eyes displayed slight disdain for Maki, he thought she was very aesthetically pleasing but found her personality and treatment of Ouma as rather unattractive.

“Ah…. I have my suspicions, I believe that Maki may have a crush on Kaito. It is just a theory, though. I have not gathered enough evidence to neither prove nor disprove this hypothesis.” Korekiyo stated rather matter of factly before his golden eyes slid back to Ouma who was also staring at Maki.

The shorter’s expression had twisted into something considerably upset, “A crush on Momota-chan…?” His voice sounded a bit disappointed before he forced a laugh, “They would make a cute couple, huh?” Korekiyo asked, “Why was it that Kaito gave you his jacket, anyways?”
Ouma’s cheeks turned the slightest shade of pink, “I basically got caught ogling it…” A soft chuckle escaped the taller, “Kukuku, I told you your obsession with his jacket would one day be revealed.” Immediately the supreme ruler refuted with a snort, “It is not an obsession. You of all people should know what it's like to simply admire something.”

Korekiyo put his bandaged hands on his cheeks, “Ah, yes, I love to admire this beautiful class of ours! It really is an anthropologist’s dream to be surrounded by such unique specimen!’ You could practically hear his grin and Ouma laughed a little, “What an attractive way to say we're all a bunch of weirdos.”

Korekiyo didn't deny the ruler’s statement, simply saying, “We should get back to work.”
Sleep

Chapter Summary

Ouma looks after a sick DICE member and gets no sleep because of it.

Chapter Notes

Hoo boy is this long oh my god lmao. This chapter was really just about explaining Ouma's friendship w/ Korekiyo and Toujo and things of that nature.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“And the guy turned around and he just kept looking around for like two whole minutes!” Blair recounted laughing as she held her sides. Her short, cherry blonde hair swished and her blue eyes sparkled mischievously. The tall girl was walking Ouma to school, she usually did as she was an older member of DICE and like a big sister to everyone.

She often used her good looks and exposed chest to charm men into giving her money. What that entailed, Ouma didn't know actually. Blair tried to come off as carefree and ditsy, but when it came down to it, she was very motherly. She would do anything for every member of DICE and she was extremely protective over them.

As she and Ouma neared the school, she placed her mask back on. Ouma smiled at her, “Yes but be careful doing things like that.” The strawberry blonde bowed, “Of course, Kokichi.” The leader waved his hand, “Raise your head, Blair.” She was always so over the top.

The older woman did as told, a few other students were coming into the gates. Specifically, Kaito and Gonta. Gonta couldn't care less and simply continued into the school but the astronaut slowed down, listening in and watching Ouma and Blair. He was interested as he'd seen Ouma with her before but knew absolutely nothing about her besides the fact that she had a nice body.

“Well, I'm going to head in. Take good care of Kosuke, he told me he wasn't feeling well this morning.” Ouma informed her and Blair gasped, “Really?! He told me no such thing!” The purple haired boy nodded, “I figured as much, he probably didn't want to worry you.”

“Not worry me, how stupid! I'm always gonna worry...It's my job to worry about you guys.” She muttered and Kaito smiled a bit. He was glad that Ouma had someone who cared about him that
much. The bell rang and that meant they had to get to class soon. Blair asked, “Highfives?”

It seemed as if Ouma thought it over before he nodded, “Highfives!” The supreme ruler raised his hand slowly and Blair didn't raise hers very far and they did a pitiful little highfive that Kaito almost cringed at. “Have a good day at school, Kokichi!” The woman said and that was Kaito’s cue to start walking again.

The astronaut was walking swiftly when he heard someone, Ouma, jogging up to him. “Momota-chan~!” His voice was annoyingly plastic and the astronaut sighed, “Yes, what is it?” The shorter said, “If you don't hurry up, you're gonna be late~!”

“The same thing applies to you.” Kaito replied smoothly and Ouma laughed, “I can just lie and say I was sick this morning!” The astronaut narrows his eyes, “I'd just tell the truth.” The supreme ruler made a pained expression, lips turning down in a frown, “You would tattle on me? You're so mean!”

Ouma skipped in front of Kaito, pointing at himself, “Just look at this face, who wouldn't feel sad imagining this being sick?”

“I can name several people.” The taller pointed out and regretted it as the supreme ruler's face twisted into a dark smirk, “Like you? I bet Momota-chan would enjoy seeing me in pain!” Kaito refuted, “No way! I'm not some cruel bastard like you!”

Ouma put his hands on his hips, cocking his head to the side as his eyes darkened considerably, “You say that but... If you saw me in pain, you wouldn't do a thing.” His voice was much too carefree and nonchalant for the dark subject matter. Kaito wanted to say that wasn't true but no words came out.

“Everyone wants to believe they're a good person and you proclaim it, yet, what good have you really done for anyone?” Ouma asked, turning his back to the astronaut. “I think you're just full of it, Momota-chan.” His voice was grim with those words, the short boy taking off after that.

Kaito’s step slowed considerably until he'd stopped walking completely, left to think to himself. “Am I just lying to myself..? Am I really just an average guy, not some hero..?” The astronaut shook his head, “No, he's just trying to get into my head! I am the great Kaito Momota, adored by everyone!”
The bell rang again, “Shit!” The purple haired boy cursed to himself, he was late and Ouma was long gone.

Said boy chuckled to himself, already in class and seated next to Korekiyo. “What has you so happy?” The anthropologist asked and the ruler simply says, “Just playing with my new favorite guinea pig.” Just as he said that, Kaito burst into the room, breathing heavily.

He tried to make it to class in a somewhat timely fashion despite being late but their teacher was not amused, “You're late, Kaito. Explain yourself.” The astronaut simply sighed, “I was dawdling, sir. I apologize.”

Ouma’s lips curved into a smile, he was expecting the other to blame it all on him. Korekiyo's golden eyes looked between the two before he hummed quietly, tapping his fingers on his desk. It seems he's come to a conclusion.

Truth be told, Ouma only did that to push Kaito away. He couldn't have the astronaut getting too close. Well, the self proclaimed hero was rather dense so it probably wouldn't take long for him to shirk off the little ruler’s comments.

Lunch rolled by quickly, Korekiyo having chosen to stay in the classroom as he ate. Ouma was there, too but he didn't have a lunch. The short boy wasn't seeing DICE today, Blair had to take care of Kosuke and they didn't really have the money to eat out as that money had gone to medicine.

“Yeah, Kosuke isn't feeling well… I just hope it's not anything too serious.” Ouma said, sighing as his face filled with worry. His eggplant eyes were looking out the window, watching students run on the track. Korekiyo nodded, “I am sure he is fine, it is probably just a cold.” Ouma hummed in agreement before Korekiyo pushed his bento over.

“You can have the rest.” The tall boy said and was completely expecting the scowl he received. “I'm fine, Kiyo.” Ouma said. He hated handouts and people taking pity on him, that's why he never accepted any money Korekiyo offered to him and very rarely stayed the night at the anthropologist’s house.

Korekiyo was lucky that his family was quite wealthy, his parents were always abroad and his sister usually stayed at home as she was sickly. She couldn't go out much due to her weak lungs, weak immune system and sensitive skin. She usually stayed in her room and read. Despite that, she still managed to be beautiful. In both aesthetics and spirit.
The older girl would always give the biggest smiles as if she was the most blessed person in the country. It was wonderful. Their house was huge, a bit old fashioned. They had a lot of empty rooms but Ouma constantly declined letting himself and DICE stay there. The only times they did were during winter when the temperatures dropped dangerously low and even then, it was moreso Ouma caring about his friends’, no, family’s wellbeing.

“You say that but you need to be in top shape, especially if one of yours is sick.” Korekiyo insisted, voice smooth and unbothered. Ouma narrowed his eyes, “Kiyo…” He was trying, and failing, to threaten the taller. The long haired boy waved his hand dismissively, “I’ll stop pestering you if you eat some, just a little.”

When it came to Ouma, Korekiyo displayed a lot of care and empathy for. It was probably because Ouma was the first person who didn't treat him like a creep simply due to his somewhat odd and even intimidating appearance. The anthropologist was attractive, really. It was just the mask and bandages on his arms and hands that perturbed people.

Besides, Ouma was an enigma and someone beautiful to observe. So even if Korekiyo didn't have a close friendship with the ruler, he would still be titillated by his outward beauty and complexity. The shorter sighed, “Fine, just so you can stop nagging me.” Korekiyo smiled, long eyelashes resting on his cheeks.

Neither of them really cared about eating off of each other, they’ve shared tacos and chocolate bars, they don’t care at all. So Ouma picked up the chopsticks and began eating, absentmindedly talking about whatever came to his mind. The taller asked, “Did something happen between you and Kaito this morning?”

The supreme ruler cocked his head to the side, “Why do you ask?” Korekiyo leaned a bit to the side, there's that new habit again, “You seemed especially pleased at him being late to first hour. I presume you have something to do with that.” The purple haired boy said, “Mm, I guess! I just teased him a bit but I guess it really got to him!” He laughed.

“Teasing after he was so kind? Or I suppose that's why?” Korekiyo asked but he already knew he was correct as Ouma slid the bento back over, a bit of food left. “Momota-chan is too naive! He should know better than to get involved with an evil supreme ruler if he wants to keep up his hero image.” The anthropologist hummed, thinking for a few moments before he said,

“I believe it is rather beautiful when a hero shows kindness to a villain.”
Ouma scoffed, “Absurd.” The taller said, “You say that but if Kaito reached out to you, would say no? Even less than that, if he offered you his jacket once more, would you decline?” There was silence before Ouma quietly said, “He won't so does it matter?”

Umi came to pick Ouma up after school, Korekiyo greeted her and commented on how beautiful her hair looked. The girl giggled, ears turning red as she bashfully accepted the compliment. Ouma giggled at the scene before heading home.

Home was an abandoned, small school building. It was in the shape of a square, with a window on each side, one of which was shattered. When you walked in, you could see everything. Usually there was a few people sitting on the floor playing games, sleeping, drawing, talking, things like that. Then, there was a small set of stairs where someone was usually sleeping. And then a very small upper room which was barren save for a large bed and random supplies like bandages, covers, etc.

Most members of DICE were orphans but some were run aways from abusive homes. Ouma entered and saw Blair going up the stairs, holding several things of medicine and a cloth. Umi was already off to play with the other members and the purple haired boy trotted up the stairs.

Kosuke was laying on the bed, looking rather pitiful. His light brown bangs were messy, matted to his forehead with sweat. “Kokichi, you should go back downstairs. You could get sick!” Blair reprimanded as she gently wiped the other boy's forehead. Ouma replied, “Couldn't the same be said for you?”

“If I get sick, I will be perfectly fine. I can just ignore it. Kosuke on the other hand…” She looked at the emerald eyed boy worriedly and he shot her a weak smile, coughing before he said, “You worry too much. It's just a cold, it'll be...gone in two days tops.” Ouma walked over and sat down next to the bed, “And we'll take care of you for those two days.”

The supreme ruler's night consisted of instructing Daiki of where to get the items they needed, said boy bringing them back while Ouma and Blair fretted over Kosuke. Occasionally the others would wake up and sleepily ask how Kosuke was doing.

The purple haired boy got about an hour of sleep, waking up when the sun began shining directly onto his face. He stretched, popping his back and arms. He looked down at Kosuke who looked considerably more relaxed. Then, his eggplant eyes landed on Blair who was asleep, head resting on the bed.
Ouma grabbed a cover and draped it over her before going out back. There was a hose from a nearby gardening place that worked, they used that to shower. It was easy, really. As long as they stayed behind the building, they wouldn't get caught. So, Ouma quickly hosed off before waiting a bit to dry. It was freezing, given away by how the ruler was shivering like crazy.

The ruler was thankful when he could finally put his clothes back on. The majority of his class wore Hope's Peak Academy uniforms save for Himiko who preferred her magician's clothing, Angie who said the uniforms were too restricting, Ryoma for unknown reasons and Kaito because he preferred his beloved jacket. Everyone else was in uniform with maybe an accessory or two.

Ouma didn't have a uniform, he couldn't afford one but he lied and said he preferred his outfit for DICE. When people who looked to be about his age began biking, presumably, to school, that was Ouma's cue to begin his trek. Blair would be mad at him for leaving so early and without an escort, let alone one hour of sleep. The supreme ruler shrugged, laughing a but as he could already hear her nagging.

Besides, he didn't feel that tired! Just a bit of sluggishness he was sure would wear off in no time. He made it to school rather early, the only person he knows that came this early was Toujo and that was so she could tidy the classroom. Once again, the supreme ruler shrugged everything off and entered the building, quickly going up the stairs to where their first class would be.

He found that the door was locked, he'd have to wait for Toujo as he knew she had a key. The staff trusted the maid as if she were an adult but with her mature attitude and crystal clean track record, only a criminal wouldn't trust her. And even then, Ouma trusted her. She reminded him of Blair which is why he took joy in calling the silver haired girl his mother. Toujo was annoyed by it but had long ago accepted that Ouma would call her that no matter what.

A small smile made its way onto the purple haired boy's face at thoughts of the graceful woman. He sat in front of the classroom, leaning against the door. He busied himself by coming up with different ways to tease his fellow classmates. He didn't realize that sleep was sneaking up on him until it was too late, his eyelids were heavy and his body refused to move. The little ruler closed his eyes, thinking, “I'll just sleep for a few minutes…”

Five minutes later, Toujo was scowling as she walked up the stairs with Kaito on her heels. “I do not understand your logic, Kaito-san.” The maid referred to pretty much everyone formally besides her closest friends, Shirogane and, surprisingly, Iruma. “I was late yesterday, you saw! So, today I want to fix it by being here early and helping clean the classroom. It'll restore my good honor!” Kaito said, puffing his chest out.

The maid just made a displeased noise in the back of her throat, “I just request that you don't get in my way.” Kaito laughed sheepishly, “Yes, ma'am.” The duo finally made it upstairs and were met
with Ouma who had curled in on himself, sleeping soundly. His face looked rather peaceful.

Toujo wondered aloud, “I wonder why he's here so early..?” Kaito scowled, “He was probably trying to set up some prank in the classroom but it was, thankfully, locked. Either that or he was waiting here to scare you but fell asleep.” Toujo shook her head, fishing in her purse for the classroom keys. She had a keyring with different rings that allowed her entry to several places within the school and various other places.

“When Kokichi-san wants to prank us, his resolve alone could keep him awake for several days.” She said and Kaito sighed, “Aren't you exaggerating a bit?” The silver haired woman said, “I've neglected my sleep often times in favor of my maid duties. I believe Kokichi-san is the same way with his mischievous ways.” Toujo unlocked the classroom and smacked her lips.

“What's wrong, Toujo?” Kaito asked her. “With Kokichi-san sleeping here, I cannot open the door or else he will fall back and injure himself.” The astronaut snorted, “Good.” The smug grin quickly faded away when the maid shot him an utterly annoyed look. The purple haired boy sighed, “What do you suppose we do with him?”

“We must move him, of course.” Toujo said in a stern tone, nothing was going to stop her cleaning duties. “How’re ya gonna do that?” Kaito asked, scratching the back of his neck as he raised an eyebrow. Toujo bent down, “Pick him up, obviously.”

Kaito had no qualms with that. He's seen Toujo carry a full metal cabinet above her head with little to no effort, so she could definitely pick up a munchkin like Ouma. The astronaut wasn't going to object until he saw the maid lean forwards and his eyes were drawn to her... chest.

Her boobs were just right there! And if she picked Ouma up, his head would be right there! Kaito couldn't stand by and allow such an injustice because if the supreme ruler woke up, he would probably grope Toujo inappropriately or at least make some perverted comments. And even if he didn't, Kaito would not allow that little asshole to enjoy the luxury of being cradled to a girl's chest.

“Wait!” Kaito practically shouted causing Toujo to shush him harshly, “What is it, Kaito-san? You will wake him.” The astronaut smiled apologetically, “Sorry, sorry. It's just... I'll do it. A lady should not be tasked with having to carry someone, let alone Ouma.” He said the smaller boy's name with venom.

Toujo raised an eyebrow, “I am more than capable-” Kaito interrupted, “Yes, I know. You could snap me like a twig but..! The least I could do is carry Ouma since you'll be doing the majority of the cleaning, not that I don't want to clean, I just don't want to get in your way.” He laughed
nervously, not sure if Toujo was going to go along with it.

There were a few tense moments before the tall girl slowly stood, “If you wish.” Kaito inwardly sighed in relief, going over to Ouma and bending down. The astronaut stared at the little ruler for a few moments.

Ouma’s eyelashes were long, thick and curled upwards like a doll’s. His cheeks were flushed a light pink color, lips matching their shade as his dark purple hair seemed to frame his face perfectly. “Kaito-san..?” Toujo called out, confused to why Kaito was just staring at the sleeping boy.

Kaito shook his head, “Sorry, here we go.” He gently picked Ouma up and wow, he was really light… Too light, was he eating enough? Kaito found himself wondering about Ouma’s eating habits and found that he was in the dark, he never saw the boy during lunch so he had no idea what or if he ate.

The DICE leader’s head was resting against his chest. Kaito found that Ouma didn't really smell like anything. He found that everyone had a distinct smell. Toujo smelled like vanilla icecream, something she ate often. Maki smelled like cigarettes and roses, Saihara smelled like old books. Yet, Ouma didn't smell like anything. It was as if he was just a ghost.

Toujo had entered the classroom and had already begun sweeping, “Put him down somewhere we won't have to move him often.” Kaito nodded, carrying Ouma over to a desk in the far corner that no one sat in. He gently placed the ruler down in the chair before making sure his head was resting comfortably on the desk.

Once again, the taller found himself staring. Ouma was so pretty when he wasn't forcing a pout or smiling like a cheshire cat. But, Kaito noticed the slight bags under his eyes and noted that the supreme ruler must not sleep well. Who would guess with how much energy he had to expend on being so over dramatic every day?

The astronaut truly wondered what kind of life Ouma lived. He seemingly didn't eat nor sleep, his parents were never seen, he was always with those weirdos in clown masks, what the hell did he do away from school. Kaito was brought out of his thoughts by Ouma sneezing in his sleep. It was then that the astronaut realized the short boy was shivering.

Kaito looked up to find Toujo washing the chalkboard, “Do you know if we have any covers in the closet.” The girl thought for a few moments before saying, “No, we do not. Why do you ask?” Kaito looked back down at Ouma who, for some reason, the astronaut felt so much pity for.
“Ouma is shivering so…” He muttered and Toujo turned around, “Oh no… I can go and check in the staff room.” Kaito waved his hand, “It's fine. I have an easy solution!” He shot Toujo a grin and a thumbs up. She simply raised an eyebrow but made a face of realization as Kaito began removing his jacket.

“That is rather kind of you.” The woman noted and Kaito put his hands on his hips, “What kind of hero couldn't give up his jacket?” He continued, “It's not a big deal to me, really. Besides…” His tone softened considerably, he brushed Ouma’s bangs behind his ear, “He looks like he needs the rest…”

Toujo nodded before finishing washing the chalkboard and taking to wiping down desks, Kaito did the same. “Say, Ouma likes you, right..?” He started, washing off one of Angie’s random doodles he's sure she'll replace with another. Toujo hummed, “I believe so… Yes, Kokichi-san took a liking to me from the moment we met. May I ask why you're asking me this?”

The astronaut shrugged, “Dunno… I just wonder about the little bastard sometimes, I guess. He's so weird, I wish I knew what was going on in his head. Or not. His head is probably a scary place.” Kaito laughed to himself. The maid nodded, “I do not think Kokichi-san is cruel like a lot of you all.”

Kaito interjected, “That's because he's nice to you. He makes fun of, lies to and pranks pretty much everyone else!” He found himself shouting and winced, slowly turning to see if he'd accidentally woken Ouma. Thankfully, the little ruler was still sound asleep. “I think there is kindness even in his teasing. Doesn't it show that he at least listens to what we all have to say and have interest in?” The silver haired woman moved to another desk as did Kaito.

“And he could be much crueler. At least he tells us that he's lying and doesn't allow us to go around believing untruths.” Toujo continued, casting her eyes upon Ouma. The maid really did have a soft spot for him, it seemed. Her eyes were filled with warm and kindness yet also sadness.

“And it's not like it's impossible to get along with him. Korekiyo does, after all.” The maid went back to focusing on her cleaning, opening the closet and organising it. Kaito found himself strolling back over to Ouma, he said, “You know...Ouma is kinda cute. When he's not being an asshole, I mean.”

The silver haired woman chuckled, “I have to agree.” The astronaut sighed in relief, “Oh thank God, I thought something was wrong with me.” At this, Toujo burst out laughing. Kaito sat down in the seat in front of Ouma, playing on his phone and waiting for the other to wake up.
The little ruler didn't wake up until almost the entire class had arrived, making a lot of ruckus as they bustled to their usual seats while chatting aimlessly. Saihara walked in, laughing like an angel at something Maki had said when the assassin narrowed her eyes, suddenly scowling.

Her eyes had landed on the sleeping Ouma and more so the fact that Kaito's jacket was draped over his sleeping form. She immediately stomped her way over to the oblivious Kaito who was on his phone still. Saihara followed after her but was confused on what had caused her sudden anger.

Kaito slowly looked up from his phone and yelped when he was met with Maki’s fierce glare and deadly aura. “Wh-what did I do this time?!” The astronaut squeaked out. Maki spoke, “Why are you sitting over here and not in your usual seat. You know, the one in between me and Shuu!”

Kaito relaxed a bit before saying, “I just sat here because I got to school early and helped Toujo clean and this is the seat I sat in! Seriously, no real reason!” He assured the girl and Saihara pointed to Ouma, “Did Ouma-kun help, too?”

Kaito laughed, “Not exactly. He just kind of...slept.” Maki yelled, “So, you rewarded him by giving him your jacket?!” Both the astronaut and the detective flinched at her volume and irritation, “He was cold! I was just doing the nice thing to do!” The long haired girl slammed her hand down on the desk, “Yeah, be nice to the fucking asshole who's never nice to anyone!”

At this, Ouma startled awake. First, confusion splayed on his face before fear decorated his features. Maki glared at him, reaching out and snatching the jacket from the supreme ruler. Ouma visibly flinched, jumping at her reaching hand and not appearing any less on edge once the girl had obtained the jacket.

“Harumaki, calm down.” Kaito tried to ease the girl, voice gentle. Maki didn't heed his words, continuing to glare at Ouma before she jumped at him, Ouma let out a yelp. He scrambled back and almost fell out of his chair, squeezing his eyes shut. Maki...wasn't expecting that reaction. Was…

Was Ouma shaking? Before she could properly analyze, Saihara was pulling her away and trying to calm her down. Iruma’s laughter rang throughout the room, “Kyahaha! A fuckin’ lover's quarrel, so stupid!” She gave a thumbs down.

Kaito looked back at Ouma, he'd noticed the shorter boy’s obvious distress after he had woken up. Ouma was breathing harshly, hands shaking as they clasped each other tightly, eyes blown wide as
he stared down at his desk. Kaito wanted to ask if the little ruler was okay but their teacher began class and he had to turn around.

That sight bothered him all class, he couldn't stop sneaking peeks at Ouma. The other two times Maki had tried to get physical with Ouma, he wasn't actually present. She had to be held back from finding Ouma and kicking his ass, she'd never actually done anything. And even just now, she hadn't even raised a fist at the boy yet he was petrified.

By Kaito’s third glance, Ouma had seemingly calmed down. He wasn't shaking and his shoulders had finally relaxed as he was doodling instead of taking notes. For some reason, relief washed over the astronaut when he confirmed that Ouma was okay.

He felt a chill run up his spine, Kaito wasn't surprised when he saw that Maki was still sending murderous vibes his way.

Would he be okay?

Chapter End Notes

I appreciate all the kudos and again, I love comments so please comment, even if they're really simple!!
Ouma teases Kiibo about his robots. The supreme ruler is also dreading going home because Blair will nag him so he stays after school ends for a little bit and ends up talking to Himiko. Later on, he recalls a sad event of he and Blair's life.

Chapter Notes

This is highkey really emo, sorry??? Next chapter will be happier, I swear!! Thank you all so much for the nice comments and I hope you like this chapter!

As class was drawing to an end, Kaito was thinking furiously. Should he stay behind and check on Ouma while knowing it'll only piss Maki off further and make his ass whooping that much worse or run like hell to the next class?

He was a hero, he should do the right thing! He has nothing to fear! Fight or flight, basically. Kaito was tapping his foot like crazy, looking at the clock and then looking at the door. All he had to do was calm Maki down and talk to Ouma. Simple. He could do this, he could do this…

The bell rang.

*He couldn't do this.*

The astronaut stood quickly, racing out of the room before class was properly dismissed. He could hear Maki shouting after him, “Kaito Momota, you get your ass back here!”

The class emptied out, even the teacher had left. There was a short interval where the classes switch so the classrooms were empty as the students and teachers were making way to their next locations. The only people left were Ouma and Korekiyo.

The supreme ruler was sitting on the desk, Korekiyo in the chair. The shorter boy's hands were in
the anthropologist’s larger, bandaged ones. Korekiyo was running his thumbs along Ouma’s knuckles, asking, “Are you okay?” The purple haired boy nodded, taking a deep breath.

“Harukawa-chan just...scared me.” Ouma breathed out before offering his friend a weak smile. Korekiyo looked angry, “Yeah, I know.... Just take some deep breaths, close your eyes, calm down.” The shorter lied, “I am calm.” The long haired boy shook his head, “Your hands are still shaking.”

The little ruler did as told, taking a deep breath before letting his eyes slide shut. Korekiyo pulled the other's hands closer to himself, smiling a little when the shaking subsided. Ouma said, “I'm okay, I'm safe.” Trying to reassure himself. He and the anthropologist would probably be late to class but neither of them cared.

When the two of them first became friends, many rumors about them started going around. It didn't help that they were usually late to class but most cases, it was because they were having a serious conversation and lost track of time.

Korekiyo, of course, refuted such accusations with calmness and effortless grace. Ouma would simply turn the rumors back on whoever was questioning him by saying things like, “And if we are? Are you jealous~? I had no idea you felt that way about Kiyo!” Usually that got the accuser flustered and defending themselves.

With one final exhale, Ouma nodded and said, “Let's get going so we aren't late.” Korekiyo gave his hands one last gentle squeeze before letting go, standing and stretching as the supreme ruler hopped onto the ground. The duo exited class and found Angie was waiting for them, the artist announcing herself with a loud clap.

“Angie, is there something you need?” Korekiyo asked smoothly, walking up to the girl and Ouma followed suit. The tan girl held her hands above her head, letting her eyes slide shut, “Atua told me to wait here!”

The purple haired boy snorted, always finding the girl’s beliefs to be outlandish, “Yeah? And what else did ‘Atua’ tell you?” The artist turned to Ouma, lowering her hands so it looked like she was praying, “That Atua will wipe away any emotional distress you may have~.”

Visible shocked splayed across the short boy’s features as did Korekiyo's eyes widen ever so slightly. Ouma pushed past the girl, bumping shoulders with her rather harshly as he said, “It's not nice to eavesdrop, Yonaga-chan.”
Kaito Momota was fast but not fast enough. Maki grabbed him by the arm and as the astronaut turned to look at her, she threw the jacket in his face. He was confused and discombobulated and even moreso when he was shoved against the wall, a rather unmanly yelp exiting him.

Kaito caught his jacket and was now looking down at Maki who'd, thankfully, calmed down as her face had regained its usual emotionless expression and her voice was even, “You forgot your jacket.”

The purple haired boy raised an eyebrow, thinking, *Is that it..? Just about the jacket? Thank God!* The assassin continued, “Care to tell me what this sudden fondness for Ouma is all about?”

*God dammit!*

“I don't...really know what you mean.” Kaito told a half truth. Maki sighed, crossing her arms and jutting a hip out, “Listen, space for brains, I know you love to be the hero and be nice to everyone but... There are some people who don't deserve that kindness.”

The astronaut swallowed thickly, “I don't think Ouma is one of those people.” The dark haired girl shook her head, “I'd like to know what caused this train of thought.” Kaito refuted, “I've always believed that! I want to connect with everyone in our class! It's just... I didn't know how to connect with Ouma at first!"”

His lilac eyes suddenly found the floor very interesting, “And, yes, it is true... Ouma is a bastard and a total asshole to me but what's the use of holding grudges? I never tried with him because I held grudges but that's silly!”

Maki didn't say anything before she slowly muttered, “So... you forgive him for all the things he said to you? To Shuu and I?” The boy immediately shook his head, “No! But...” Kaito was suddenly out of words and it seems the other noticed as she backed up, “Let's get to class.”

Ouma entered the class on time, noticing Kiibo and Iruma tinkering with a tiny robot. Kiibo, or as Ouma liked to call him, *Kiibot*. The white haired boy was the Ultimate Robotocist. The boy was rather meek but had a strong sense of justice and was innocent as an elementary schooler.
Iruma was so perverted and loud, they were an odd duo. Though, they really only hung out to make things together. Even so, Kiibo was easily frightened by Iruma’s random outbursts and always telling her not to be so vulgar or asking what a certain innuendo meant. Toujo usually carted the inventor away before she could ruin the blue eyed boy’s innocence.

The robot walked across the table before Iruma exclaimed, “It should have fucking catchphrases!” Kiibo looked a tad bit annoyed, “It’s supposed to help people around their home, it doesn't need catchphrases and random outbursts could sca-”

“Don't be a pussy!” The strawberry blond shouted, spit flying everywhere as Kiibo jumped. Saihara strolled over, looking at the two, “I think it's fine just the way it is.” The white haired boy looked up, a smile spreading across his face as his blue eyes lit up with joy.

The detective smiled at Kiibo causing said boy to blush, looking down at the table, “Th-thanks, Saihara-kun…” Saihara did the same, cheeks turning a light pink as he brushed a few stray hairs behind his ear, “No problem.”

The bell rang and everyone scurried to their seats. Ouma sat next to the window and the seat next to him was empty, Korekiyo was late. The anthropologist entered the classroom with Angie by his side. Their female teacher huffed, “Why are you two late?”

They both clapped their hands and leaned to the side, “Sorry, it won't happen again, Miss.” She raised an eyebrow at their simultaneous actions but nodded, waving her hand dismissively and signaling them to their seats.

Korekiyo sat down next to Ouma, splaying his arms across the desk and laying his head down. The supreme ruler noticed the taller’s smug expression, “What are you so happy about?” The long haired boy chuckled, “Kukuku, it is nothing of importance.” Ouma shrugged and let it go.

Class ended and the purple haired boy couldn't resist going to bother Kiibo before their next class, “Hey, Kiibot~.” The white haired boy immediately became agitated, “I've told you not to call me that, it is very rude, please stop!” Ouma shook his head, “No way~. I saw you were making one of your weird little robots again, nishishi.”

“They are not weird, they're meant to be helpful!” The white haired boy refuted, frowning deeply. Ouma raised his eyebrow, “You always say that but who needs one of those?” Kiibo perked up a bit, “People who cannot take care of themselves on their own. It would do simple tasks like bringing them pills on a schedule and things of that nature.”
The supreme ruler nodded, actually finding it quite interesting but lied easily, “Sounds lame! Make stuff like Iruma-chan does!” Immediately, the robotocist’s face flared up in a blush, “I will not make such dirty things!” Ouma snorted, “Not that stuff! The cool stuff like that oreo shooter!”

“Those do not have any real use.” Kiibo refuted and the little ruler exclaimed, “They shoot oreos into my mouth. That’s the best thing ever!” Iruma chimed in, a few tables behind as she kicked her feet up on the desk, “Everything I make is amazing! Why do you think they call me the genius inventor?!“

Toujo grabbed her textbooks and Iruma’s, carrying them with ease, “C’mon, Miu, we will be late if we dawdle any longer.” Said strawberry blonde hopped up, putting both hands on her hips, “They can wait a moment for me, hell, the whole world stops for a drop dead gorgeous babe like me!”

That obnoxious laugh left her throat but quickly died as Toujo shot her a glare, “Miu ~.” The inventor straightened her back, beginning to walk, “I’m going!”

Ouma turned on his heels, heading out behind the two taller women with Kiibo behind him.

When school drew to a close, Ouma was dreading heading back home. He knew Blair was going to nag him to death for leaving early and alone on such little sleep. He sighed and Himiko, who was standing at the gates near him, asked, “Nyeh … Ouma-kun, why are you still here?” The purple haired dictator dodged her question, “Why are you still here, Yumeno-chan?”

The magician scratched the back of her head, “My father...is going to be late…” She seemed a bit annoyed and Ouma teased, “Can’t you just use a magic broom?” The redhead pulled her hat down, defensive, “I’m a real mage not a witch..!” The purple haired boy nodded before cocking his head to the side, “Then use magic to get home someway!”

The girl slowly lifted her hat, face in a pout, “My MP...is low. I used magic for Angie today…” The supreme ruler nodded, rocking back and forth on his feet, “I see!” He pointed a finger in the air, “Ah, why don't you ask Chabashira-chan?” Himiko sniffled, shaking her head, “Tenko...has practice.”

The boy nodded as they both fell into amiable silence. Ouma and Himiko got along, somewhat. The supreme ruler teased her about her talent very often and that annoyed her but she didn't have a disdain for the boy. More often than not, she was kind to him. She didn't go out of her way, of
course but she would help Ouma pick up something he dropped, things along that line.

A fancy looking car pulled out, it was a chic black that glimmered in the sunlight with faint music coming from it. The rims were gold and the windows were tinted, the one on the passenger side rolled down as a man with deep red hair called out to the magician. Himiko turned, waving at Ouma, “Nyeh, see you tomorrow, Ouma-kun…”

The purple haired boy was a little shocked by how rich her family appeared, eyes trained on the car and how it exuded elegance. He slowly raised his hand and waved slowly, “See you tomorrow, Yumeno-chan…” The redhead climbed into the passenger seat, rolled the window up and drove off.

Ouma took a few steps into the street, watching the car until it turned the corner and disappeared. “Yumeno-chan...is really rich.” He muttered to no one in particular, a hollow feeling in his chest. The supreme ruler looked down at his hand, his nails were ragged and had dirt trapped underneath them. He then focused on his shoes, those too were covered in dirt and scuffed to hell and back.

Ouma was suddenly painfully aware of his situation. He didn't have a mom or dad to go home to, no fancy car, no big house, not even a wardrobe. His hands began to shake and tears were brimming. He didn't know why he was so upset, he always knew his peers lived wildly different lives than his own.

*It's just bitter to see so up close,* he supposed. Finally, Ouma made his way onto the sidewalk and began walking, balling his knobby hands into fists. The little ruler willed his tears away, clenching his teeth. Each of his steps seemed to wear away at his patience.

“What's so different about her than me? We're both just kids so why does she get to live like that?” He whispered angrily to himself. “Why are some people blessed with loving parents and cute little talents and cute little faces..!” With every word his animosity grew.

Soon, Ouma was stomping without realizing it. He heard laughter which caught his attention, there was a group of kids biking up the street. They were wearing crisp and pretty school uniforms that taunted Ouma. They stopped at a pizza place, probably for an after school snack. Ouma had stopped walking by this time, just watching the trio of teens.

One girl hopped off of her bike, hair swishing and obviously freshly done. A boy got off of his bike, some handheld gaming console sticking out of his pocket as he tapped his foot. Then, there was another girl whose neck was covered in glittering jewelry, golden earrings hanging from her ears. She had on makeup, done in a style made famous by the gambler turned cosmologist, Celestia
Ouma only knew who she was because she attended Hope's Peak and was all the talk amongst his female classmates. The first girl with long hair took her phone out of her purse, it was new. Ouma was pretty sure it had just come out about a month ago, jealousy was building up in his stomach.

It was decided, he was going to take her down a notch. The trio made their way into the store and Ouma looked around before sprinting across the street, kicking the kickstand of the dark blue bike up and hopping on it. Thankfully, he still knew how to ride one as he hasn't since he was a little kid.

The supreme ruler took off, pumping his legs as fast as he could and not looking back. Once he was two blocks down, he started laughing. “What a bunch of idiots!” He yelled, the wind on his face felt exhilarating. The boy was panting and his legs ached but he couldn't care less. *That was fun!* In the end, fun is Ouma’s prime directive in his day to day life.

Besides, it was just a bike which meant it was a petty crime. DICE’s headquarters were in sight so the purple haired boy removed his feet from the pedals and allowed momentum to do it's job. He stuck his feet out and stopped himself, Blair was standing there and scowling. All the fun left Ouma’s spirit.

“Kokichi, I understand you are our leader and have freedom but *please* do not do that again!” She scolded, face looking annoyed but her voice was obviously worried. Ouma laughed it off, waving his hand, “It's fine! Nothing bad happened, did it? I can take care of myself.”

The tall girl sighed, “I know, Kokichi but…” Finally her scowl fell and was replaced by a rather motherly expression, “I just worry. It's my job to protect you.” It was Ouma’s turn to say, “I know.” His smile softened, eyes filling with kindness as he beamed up at Blair.

Blair was the first member of DICE he met, along with her friend, Rose. Her name was Rose and it matched with her deep red hair and fiery red eyes, her lips were even naturally red. Her face was mature for her age, 17. Her voice was smooth, she talked a lot with her hands, always having to pin her bangs behind her ears as her hair was quite long.

Despite their lack of food, her skin was still vibrant albeit sometimes covered in horrid bruises. She really was as elegant as a Rose.
Blair used to be really childish and irresponsible until it caused Rose her life. Blair had insisted on robbing a few thugs, saying they'd be wusses like plenty of other ‘thugs’ they'd ran into. Rose was unsure about all of it, telling Blair that she shouldn't do it.

The blue eyed girl didn't listen, trying to do it anyways. One of the guys ended up pulling out a gun and trying to shoot Blair, which he would have succeeded in if Rose hadn't jumped in front of the bullet. Unfortunately, this had all transpired in front of Ouma’s eyes despite being told to wait a few blocks down.

He couldn't help it, he was too young to be involved in any crimes, the two women had been basically looking after him. He was curious.

What could they have done? They didn't have a phone to call the police, had no idea where any hospital was and even if they could get help, they'd be arrested in the end.

The moment Blair realised what had occurred, a blood curdling scream of the redhead’s name ripped from her throat. Ouma’s eyes were wide in shock, taking slow and shaky steps toward them, silent tears beginning to brim. “Rose..?” He called out, reaching out.

The two thugs took off, Rose was bleeding out a pretty red color and for once, her face didn't seem so vibrant. Blair was cradling her, crying and shaking. “You're gonna be okay, you're gonna be okay. We just gotta...we just gotta…” The strawberry blonde didn't know what to do and Rose smiled up at her, “It's okay, it doesn't hurt. I'm alright..”

Ouma finally made his way over, dropping to his knees and grabbing her hand. Blair’s eyes lit up, “That's good, that means it'll be okay, right?” Rose simply smiled and shook her head, fiery eyes seeming dull and unfocused. Finally, the supreme ruler’s sobs became audible and loud, at that.

Rose finally took a few shaky breaths, “Kokichi, I told you...told you to stay away…” Ouma had no response, continuing to ball, lowering his head as he did so. Blair started crying again, “There was so much we had to do… w-we were gonna get a mansion, remember? A-and a pretty d-dog and a fa-fa-fancy car…”

Rose nodded, breathing harshly as she winced, “I know... I-I'm sorry.” Blair shook her head, placing her head on the other's chest, “No, no..! I'm sorry this is all my fault, I should've just listened but I had to be stupid-”
“What did I tell you about that word?” Rose’s voice was so strong, you wouldn't guess she was taking her last breaths. “It's not your fault, Blair… Blair, look at me.”

The strawberry blonde did as told, slowly raising her head and staring at the other girl with her deep ocean eyes. Rose raised her free, bloody hand and gently cupped the taller girl’s face and smiled, “You're gonna be okay… You're going to grow up, protect Kokichi and forget all about me, okay? Promise me.”

“I can't do that..! I can't ever forget about you, even if I could, I refuse..!” Blair refuted, a few more tears falling down her face.

“Protect Kokichi…” Rose gritted out, voice becoming faint, “A-at least...promise that.” Blair nodded, “I promise, I promise.” The redhead’s hand began to fall but Blair caught it, holding it to her cheek.

“Hey, Blaire… remember that I… I love you .”

And those were Rose’s last words. The amount of times Blair has woken up, tears on her eyelashes, reaching out for something as she whispers, “Remember .” is bone chilling.

“Kokichi? You okay?” Ouma snapped back to reality, blue eyes just inches away from his face. “Bad memory..?” The older woman asked gently and the purple haired boy laughed, “I was just thinking about this bike I stole!” He lied. He couldn't bring up Rose. Blair’s hands still shook and her voice still trembled even after four years.

The strawberry blonde backed up, looking at the bike and messing with it, “It's so nice! And it doesn't even have anything on it so there's no way to track it!” She sounded happy as she slowly got onto it, almost falling in the process, “I'm gettin’ old, let's see if I still know how to do this.”

Ouma reprimanded, “You're twenty, shut up.”

Blair just laughed, shakily putting her feet on the pedals and ever so slowly beginning to move. “I still got it!” She exclaimed, rolling past Ouma and down the street. He smiled fondly as she slowly glided down the sidewalk.

After Rose died. Blair changed. She tried to appear silly and childish but it didn't work, she was obviously upset and distressed about the entire situation. She became much more protective of Ouma and picked up the rest of the DICE members off of the streets because she didn't want them
to be in harm's way. Ouma changed after that, too.

He felt very out of control which was nothing new but a bitter taste of the past so Blair made him the leader, always going where and doing what he said. The purple haired boy is grateful for that, it was how he coped and he wouldn't be the amazing leader he is if it weren't for both Blair and Rose.

Now, his ocean eyed mother figure was...exactly that. Responsible, a worrier, protective, everything along those lines. She'd changed so much but never lost that light in her eyes. The strawberry blonde was pedaling her way back to Ouma, giggling like a child.

Blair tried to pop a wheelie and failed miserably, somehow managing to faceplant right into the dirt. Ouma rushed over, “Are you okay?!” He asked, fretting. The older woman slowly lifted her face up, breaking out into a toothy grin with dirt covered cheeks, “That was hilarious!”

_Maybe...she hasn't changed too much._

Chapter End Notes

I have a real problem with murdering characters, don't I? LMAO. But again, comments are appreciated and I hope this chapter wasn't too boring!
Girlfriends

Chapter Summary

Ouma teases Kaito about Maki being his girlfriend and accidentally makes himself jealous without even realizing it.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this chapter took so long omf??? School is kicking my ass tbh, ive been v busy but!! I really appreciate all of the kind comments and I would absolutely love more!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ouma’s night consisted of teaching several DICE members how to ride the stolen bike before they went to a dollar store, buying and stealing snacks and eating those while talking about the fun things they did that day. Of course, Ouma was praised the most as his steal was everyone's current entertainment.

“Kokichi... Kokichi ~.” Umi whisper yelled, shaking the boy gently. Said supreme ruler’s dark purple eyes fluttered open slowly, “What...is it?” He asked. The brunette girl’s hair was down and messy, her face was kissed with sleep. “You have to start getting ready for school...” She Said gently and Ouma nodded.

Soon enough, Ouma was heading out of the door with Umi on his heels. The honey eyed girl had donned her usual pigtails and was smiling cheerfully, eyes lighting up when she saw the bike. And a very visible pout on her lips when Ouma was about to get on it.

The purple haired boy could never say no to her, “Do you want to ride the bike, Umi?” She nodded enthusiastically, and the little ruler smiled. He helped the taller onto the bike, holding it steady as he asked, “You okay?”

Umi nodded once more, grinning, “Mhm, mhm! I'll ride beside you so let's get going!” Ouma slowly removed his hands, he wouldn't walk too fast because he couldn't have her wiping out and hurting herself. The short boy began walking and Umi wobbily biked behind him, for a while. Eventually, she got the hang of things and was able to stay beside him.
She looked so happy, it warmed Ouma’s heart. “Can I at least ride it home from school?” Umi made a face of thought, “Hmm…. Maybe!”

So that was a no, Ouma thought as he hummed. It's not like he really minded, as long as his family was happy, he was happy. The purple eyes boy would give up everything, his very life, for any member of DICE without a second thought. So, letting Umi ride this silly bike he really didn't care that much about was nothing but her smile was like one million dollars!

He hadn't even realized how close they were to Hope's Peak until Umi pulled out her mask and quickly put it on, luckily keeping control of the bike with just one hand. “Hey, you're pretty good now!” Ouma complimented her and the brunette beamed, “I know right!?”

The purple haired boy snickered quietly as they made it to the school gates, he gave the blue bike a few pats as he looked at Umi, “You'll be okay riding back home, right?”

Unbeknownst to them, Kaito was walking to school from the opposite side as usual. His house was that way, after all. The astronaut’s pace slowed as he noticed the DICE members. Well, he was moreso focused on that shiny new bike.

“I've never seen Ouma with that bike before…” He thought to himself. The tall boy cocked his head to the side, quietly mumbling, “Huh?” His face was filled with utter confusion.

“You just said I was good at it!” Ouma could hear Umi pouting under her mask. “That's not what I mean, just don't get ahead of yourself and fall off, alright?” The pigtailed girl nodded, putting her hand out, “I gotcha, I gotta take it slow~.” Once again, the supreme ruler snickered, “Yeah, take it slow~.”

“Hurry to class before you're late!” Umi said, putting her feet back on the petals. “Alright, bye bye!” He waved at the girl as she began pedaling away, he called out, “Be careful!” The dictator could barely get through the gates before Kaito was walking up to him.

“Ouma.” He called out in a somewhat authoritative voice and Ouma turned around with an innocent face, “What is it, Momota-chan?”

“I've never seen you with a bike before.” Kaito said rather matter of factly. “Ah! And..?” Ouma raised an eyebrow. “You totally stole it, didn't you?!” The astronaut accused him and was right on the money but the supreme ruler was a liar, wasn't he?
“Eh? Momota-chan, you're so silly!” Ouma laughed, waving his hand dismissively. “My girlfriend bought me that bike!” He lied as easily as breathing and found how the color drained from Kaito’s face rather amusing. The taller stumbled over his words for a few seconds before he finally yelled, “You have a girlfriend?!”

Shock was apparent on the astronaut's face, “How do you have a girlfriend?! Who would even date you?!” Ouma put a finger to his lips, smirking, “That was a lie, obviously.” Kaito sighed, “...Of course.” The astronaut rolled his eyes and couldn't even speak before Ouma lied once more,

“Well, Umi is my girlfriend, technically.”

This time, Kaito choked on air. “Wh- what?!” The taller’s lilac eyes were blown wide, “I thought you were related-I thought- since when?!” Once again, another twisted cackle left the little ruler, “That was also a lie!”

“Ugh, can't you just tell me the truth for once?!” Kaito yelled, putting his hands on his hips. Ouma skipped a few steps forwards, “Don't get so bent out of shape, Momota-chan.” He slowly turned on his heel, “Besides, you know what it's like to have a girlfriend, right?” Kaito raised an eyebrow, wondering why the little ruler was asking him that.

Kaito has never dated a girl before or a boy for that matter, he hadn't dated anyone. Hell, he didn't even know if he liked boys or girls! Maybe both? He thought several of the girls in his class were pretty like Maki, Iruma and Toujo, for starters. But there were plenty cute boys, too! Saihara, Korekiyo and... Ouma, when he wasn't making some hell spawn face.

“Harukawa-chan is your girlfriend, right?” Ouma teased, winking. He knew they weren't an item but expected that Kaito’s reaction would be entertaining, which it was.

Kaito’s jaw dropped before he shook his head, “No, no, no! No way!” He waved his hands frantically, jacket almost falling off with his actions. “Harumaki is totally not my type!” Maki was beautiful but much too serious for the astronaut’s tastes, he needed someone who could joke around and the assassin was terrible at them.

Ouma cocked his head to the side in fake confusion, “But Harukawa-chan gets so jealous when Momota-chan hangs out with other people!” The taller boy once again shook his head, “She's just territorial with her friends, she acts the same with Shuuichi! Besides, I think of Harumaki as a little sister!”
This strikes a chord with the supreme ruler. “Ah, so Momota-chan also thinks of Saihara-chan as a little brother, then?” Now, Kaito hesitates. He was just as close with Saihara as he was with Maki but he definitely thought Saihara was pretty in the ‘if you asked, I would kiss you’ sort of way. So, he supposes his feelings aren't completely platonic?

Ugh, this was confusing. “I…” The taller started, he definitely didn't have a crush on the detective but again, he was really cute. But, Saihara liked someone else anyways so it didn't matter! Before Kaito could plead his case, Ouma was chuckling darkly,

“So, Saihara-chan is who you have your eyes on? Your type is the shy, gentle kind!” He smirked even though something felt off. His smile was forced, mind racing with several thoughts. His type is the complete opposite of me... Why did that make Ouma feel so hopeless? He couldn't tell.

There was a bitter taste in his mouth, probably, disappointment. The astronaut vehemently denies such a thing, “Don't be weird, of course not! I don't have a crush on Shuuichi!” Kaito found himself getting wound up, he was mad at Ouma for even making him think about this stuff, “Why are you so interested in my love life, anyways?! You're a creep!”

Kaito stormed off, leaving Ouma alone with nothing but his thoughts. The dictator quietly mutters to himself, “Saihara-chan is pretty cute...unlike me.”

With that, the purple haired boy began trotting to class. He managed to make it on time, swinging into class just before the bell rang and skipping over to his seat. He barely responded to Korekiyo’s greeting, eyes trained on Saihara. He slowly grabbed his pencil, noticing the teacher writing notes they'd need to take down on the board but still focusing on the detective.

Must be nice to be so pretty, rich and loved by everyone... Saihara-chan doesn't know how good he's got it with such a useful talent and lovable personality, kind parents, he has it all...

Ouma thought angrily, must be nice.

He broke the pencil lead, Korekiyo shot him a glance.

Lunch rolled around and Ouma was excited but not to eat or anything like that, to tease pretty little Saihara. He raced out of the room when the bell rang, heading straight to their lockers. He knew
the detective always brought his own lunch and of course Ouma knew everyone's lockers, he needed that information for his numerous pranks.

A few students came and got their lunches, all while eyeing Ouma weirdly and opening their locker cautiously. That amused Ouma to some degree but his eyes lit up when Saihara was the last to appear, all alone. Immediately, the supreme ruler pushed off of the locker,

“Saihara-chan~,”

He sing songed, a mischievous smirk sliding onto his features. “Ouma-kun..? Is there something you need?” Saihara asked, cocking his head to the side.

“Nothing that I can get from you. ” The dictator sneered before smiling innocently, “It must be so nice to be you, Saihara-chan! Having rich parents and getting here on no merit of your own!” The detective looks taken back, shocked and a bit hurt by the other's sudden insults.

“You say it yourself, that you don't deserve to be called the Ultimate detective! Unless~...” Ouma chuckled darkly before the smile left his face, “You're just pretending to be so nice and humble.” The purple haired boy looked as if he reached a conclusion, pointing a finger in the air, “Ah, it all makes sense! Saihara-chan is a faker! You fake being so nice that's why everyone adores you!”

Saihara looked lost but again, extremely hurt, “Ouma-kun... Th-that's not true..!” He grimaced. Ouma laughed, “You must really love it, having everyone fawn over you with your plastic personality and pretty face!” The shorter walked over to the detective, gently caressing Saihara’s pale face.

“I may be a liar but at least I'm not a dirty, disgusting fake! Oh, but wait! You are!” Ouma cackled, “An appalling, hated, horrible, ugly liar just like me~!”

“Kokichi.” Rang Korekiyo’s voice, grabbing both the detective and the dictator’s attention. Ouma immediately shrank in on himself, backing up from Saihara and putting his hands in his pockets, eyes trained on the floor. Saihara looked at the anthropologist with big, shiny eyes and a wobbling lip, the poor boy was on the verge of tears.

Korekiyo simply said, “Kaito is looking for you.” Nodding at Saihara who smiled thankfully,
scurrying away from Ouma like a frightened cat.

Ouma had crossed his arms, huffing and staring at the wall stubbornly. Korekiyo's gaze softened as he elegantly made his way over to the shorter boy, “Kokichi, look at me.” The supreme ruler didn't budge an inch, the taller leaned down, “Kokichi, please.”

Finally, the shorter looked at him, revealing misty eyes. “What's wrong? You never tease Saihara like that, did something happen?” He asked and Ouma huffed, “Nothing happened.”

“That can't be true, you have to tell me the truth, Kokichi.” The long haired boy assured and Ouma finally admitted, “I don't know why! I just…” He wiped his eyes before the tears could fall, “I don't know…” Korekiyo nodded, patting him on the shoulder. “Let's just...go eat and talk through it.”

That's how they ended up back in the classroom, Ouma eating a bag of chips and still pouting, kicking his feet as he sat on the windowsill. Korekiyo was sitting in a chair, leaning back and not touching his lunch as he asked, “If you are unaware of what has upset you, why don't we go over what all happened today?”

The supreme ruler nodded slowly, making a face of thought before beginning to speak, “Well... Umi came with me to school and then... Momota-chan asked where I got the bike from, obviously I stole it but…” He tapered off causing the anthropologist to raise an eyebrow, ever slightly cocking his head to the side.

Ouma noticed this and continued, “I lied and said my girlfriend gave it to me, which Momota-chan stupidly believed. I don't even like girls.” He huffed causing Korekiyo to chuckle, saying, “Well, Kaito doesn't know that.” The shorter rolled his eyes, “I thought it was apparent. Anyways, I told another lie and said Umi was my girlfriend.”

Korekiyo snorted at this, Ouma laughed. “Which confused Momota-chan even more because we're related but of course, I revealed that was also a lie.” His dark purple eyes lowered, crunching on a chip as he said, “Then, I said Harukawa-chan was Momota-chan’s girlfriend!”

Korekiyo perked up a bit, feeling as if this might be what started this all. “What did he say?” He asked. Ouma shrugged, “He denied it a lot and said Harukawa-chan was like a little sister to him and he also said she wasn't his type or whatever.”

The long haired boy asked, “Did you ask him what exactly his type is?” Korekiyo figured that if
Kaito had said his type was vastly different from Ouma, then that must have upset him and he took out his frustrations on an unexpected victim. That was just one theory, anyway. The dictator shook his head, “No, I asked if he also thought of Saihara-chan as a brother but...he hesitated...”

Korekiyo nodded his head, mentally going _ah_, before he inquired once more, “Do you think Kaito has a crush on Saihara?”

To be completely honest, the anthropologist had no inklings of such a thing. His specialty was observing people, after all, and he especially enjoyed examining his classmates. Korekiyo saw Saihara and Kaito’s friendship as having a more mentor to mentee dynamic, Kaito being the detective’s role model. Korekiyo was almost one hundred percent certain that Kaito did not have feelings for the other boy and it was obvious to anyone who’d spent two minutes around Saihara who _he_ liked.

Ouma interrupted the taller’s train of thought, “I guess, he didn’t say that Saihara-chan wasn’t his type..” It doesn’t take a genius to figure out that Ouma and Saihara were polar opposites in almost every aspect. Korekiyo surmised, _he must be upset because he thinks Kaito could never like him._

Ouma was extremely good at manipulating others and their feelings yet was completely oblivious to his own, it was truly something to behold. The anthropologist nodded, not saying anything before he slowly and gently said,

“Perhaps, you got jealous..?”

Ouma slowly looked up at him, face devoid of any emotion before pure confusion settled onto his features, “Why would I be..?” Korekiyo almost sighed, _he truly is clueless..._

Meanwhile, Saihara made his way up the stairs on shaking legs, clutching his lunch to his chest with trembling hands. Soon enough, the black haired boy made his way to the rooftop, Kaito and Maki sitting by the fence. The detective walked over casually, well, as casually as he could with his obvious nervousness.

The astronaut noticed him first, grinning widely and waving, “What took you so long, Shuu?” Maki looked up and she noticed the other boy’s nervousness, “Are you alright?” Saihara smiled though it was shaky, “I'm alright, why do you ask?” He forced a laugh as he sat down in front of his two best friends.

The assassin side eyed him but thankfully decided to drop it as Kaito started, “Now, since the entire team is assembled, I can finally say what I wanted to!” The purple haired boy pointed his
finger, puffing his chest out as he declared that. He leaned forwards, his once heroic look replaced by one more like a gossipping teenage girl.

“You won't believe what happened this morning.” God, he even sounded like one. Maki rolled her eyes, expecting him to reveal some drama within their classroom that she couldn't care less about. Saihara simply raised an eyebrow, silently urging Kaito to go on.

“Ouma thought Harumaki was my girlfriend!” The astronaut wrinkled his face up in displeasure but that was nothing compared to the fact that Maki spit out every content in her mouth, “HE WHAT?!?” Saihara immediately started to laugh, cute and quiet much like himself. Kaito nodded, “I know right! I told him that no way, that's never gonna happen!” Maki crossed her arms and turned her nose up, “You've got that right! You're too much of a dork for me, not to mention, childish! ” The assassin insulted the astronaut with no hesitance but it didn't bother the other.

Kaito wrapped his arm around the girl, “You're not my type, either. ‘Sides,” he began giving the dark haired girl a noogie, “Harumaki is my lil sis!” Immediately the scowling girl turned into a blushing mess, an almost unnoticeable smile on her lips. Kaito could make Maki the happy or calm her down by just calling her his little sister, it was often his scape goat.

Saihara couldn't help but to smile at the two’s antics but his mind began to wander. Should he tell Kaito about what just transpired with the dictator? Saihara definitely considered Ouma as a friend but he wasn't sure if the supreme ruler felt that way about him, it was hard to tell if he actually cared about any of his classmates besides Korekiyo.

Despite that, the shorter boy rarely teased the detective and Kaito had even said that perhaps he had a soft spot for Saihara so to say he was confused was an understatement. He couldn't have made Ouma angry, could he? To his recollection, they hadn't really talked recently. Maybe that was the reason why?

Kaito’s voice snaps him out of his thoughts, “Then, he asked me if I had a crush on Shuu!” Saihara immediately reeled, making a face of disgust, “Ew! Never!” Kaito laughed at his reaction, “I said the same thing! That's so weird to even think about!”

Maki pointed, “Besides~, we all know who you like~.” Immediately, pink paints the detective’s
cheeks, “Quit it!” He crossed his arms which earned a snicker from his two friends before Maki started telling a story. Saihara was listening but some of his attention was divided as he continued to think. Kaito hated Ouma so much that he would rant about it but now the boy was making a conscious effort to befriend the liar.

It was a little perplexing but then again, if Kaito and Ouma can manage to get along then can't just about anybody? If Kaito could become friends with the supreme ruler, it would most definitely make the purple haired boy happy, Saihara could tell that much. The detective nodded to himself, deciding that this would be a learning experience for Kaito, whether he fails or succeeds.

Failure will teach him that some people can't be changed and success will show him that even ‘heinous’ people could be saved. Saihara smiled thinly, he wouldn't tell Kaito about what happened between him and Ouma as that could hinder what little progress they had made.

*Let's see...if the hero really can save the villain.*

Chapter End Notes

This isn't proofread as its late and I'm tired, any typos and such will be fixed in the morning loves
Questions

Chapter Summary

Ouma expounds on his relationships with Amami and Shirogane, Kaito asks Korekiyo about Ouma and by the end of things, the supreme ruler is quite flustered.

Chapter Notes

I am soooo sorry this took so long but my mental health was up and down, school was stressful, more mental and physical health issues and then family drama, gaahhh. But finally, it's here and I should be back to posting regularly!! Thank you for your patience and comments are always appreciated!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Korekiyo picked up his lunch, perfectly wrapped and untouched, handing it to Ouma. “Wha..? I don't.” The anthropologist interrupted, “Not for you, for DICE. Specifically, Umi.” Ouma relaxed at this and took it, smiling a little, “Oh, thank you.”

The long haired boy smiled, he had a soft spot for the pig tailed girl as he had extreme sympathy for her and her past, it really was quite dreadful. Korekiyo did his very best to make her feel loved and beautiful. The dictator asked, “What are you going to eat?” Though his eyes never left the perfectly wrapped bento, fingers running over the silky cloth, it looked expensive.

Korekiyo shrugged, “I am not hungry but I will be going to a restaurant after school. You can give the bento to Umi and come with me, if you would like.” Ouma was conflicted, he loved going to those fancy restaurants that the taller took him to from time to time but it felt odd.

The anthropologist was beautiful, elegant, well spoken with beautiful clothing and he fit right in with all of the rich, fancy people who were sauntering around. They spoke eloquently in foreign languages or accented Japanese, perfect teeth pulled up in perfect smiles.

Ouma didn't fit in.

He was short, his skin was pale and didn't glow like honey, his hair was dingy and unkempt, his fingernails were all chipped and broken, his teeth were a bit crooked and his smile lopsided. He had an annoying voice nor could he speak proper Japanese or a word of a foreign language. His
clothes weren't expensive silk in pretty colors, it was a worn white with stains that wouldn't come out.

They were beautiful, Ouma was not.

The purple haired boy laughed, “I'll think about it.”

Korekiyo simply nodded, pulling out his phone as he'd received a text. Probably from his sister or Angie. Ouma simply stood, bento still in hand and slowly began exiting the classroom, wandering down the stairs and into the hall.

The downstairs hall was empty, save for Amami who was just getting off the phone, he lovingly mumbled to himself, “These sisters of mine and the things they do…” Amami’s voice was low and casual yet so love filled that it made Ouma’s cheeks burn. He wished someone would talk about him with that kind of fondness.

The supreme ruler found himself walking over to the taller boy and greeting him, “Hey, pretty boy!” It was a nickname he’d taken to calling the green haired boy. Amami didn't mind, a small but sincere smile gracing his features, “Hey, Ouma.”

Amami’s hair was healthy, wavy and vibrant whilst it glimmered in the light. His skin was like honey, flawless with natural highlights. Full, pink and plump lips and a ruby red tongue adorned with a piercing. Those long eyelashes, naturally thick and luscious.

The ultimate survivor’s piercings were sex appeal at its finest, his clothes loose but revealed collarbone, dainty hands with those expensive rings. Ouma didn't consider himself a ‘kinky’ person, at least he thinks that's the word. The supreme ruler didn't know much about sex let alone kinks but he did know that he definitely wouldn't mind if Amami maybe slapped him.

“What are your sisters up to now?” The supreme ruler asked with a faint chuckle. “Trying to plan another ‘family fun night’, hopefully it won't be nearly as chaotic as the last time.” Amami answered, running his hands through his hair and showing off his sparkly, manicured nails. Ouma's heart skipped a beat.

“What are your sisters up to now?” The shorter cocked his head to the side.

“Yes, a night filled with movies, popcorn, painting nails and braiding hair. Also making bracelets and talk about guys.” Amami replied, “It's all fun and games until someone says they don't think
Ishimaru Kiyotaka isn't hot or God forbid, crimson is a slutty color for nails.”

Ouma couldn't help but to chuckle, he knew what it was like when siblings quarreled as he often found himself at odds with Umi over silly things like what chip flavor was best.

There had been too many times to count where the DICE household was erupted in petty scrambling. “Well, I hope things are less chaotic this time! My family is really-”

The purple haired boy trailed off as a classroom door swung open, Shirogane walking out and causing Amami’s expression to sour and Ouma’s plateau. The supreme ruler tightened his hold on his bento. The cosplayer noticed the duo and shot Ouma a strained smile and not so much a glance at Amami.

The blue haired girl despised Amami, she finds his personality boring and ‘more plain than her own’ and she also thinks his sisters are annoying but the two didn't always dislike one another.

They used to know each other in middle school, at one point they were ‘good’ friends but it turns out that Shirogane was being shallow and only befriended Amami for two reasons; his looks were useful for cosplay and making the other girls jealous that she had such a pretty boy on her heels (even if he was gay but it was just middle school).

Amami obviously found out and has hated the cosplayer ever since because he actually considered her a good friend, told her secrets, bought her things and in the end, spent time with her that he can never get back. The ultimate survivor’s heart was in the relationship while Shirogane’s wasn't at all. Anyone would be pissed at that.

For this reason, Ouma doesn't associate with the girl and rarely speaks with her as he doesn't want to get on Amami’s bad side. Amami is a good friend to him, he won't betray that. Besides, the supreme ruler may be one to talk but he hates fake people. He may lie and steal and tease but he doesn't use others nor does he only see what he can benefit from in others, that's not even human.

Amami rolled his eyes, “I'll see you later, Ouma.” Though he was pissed, his smile was full of kindness towards the shorter and his voice was still gentle. He sauntered away with his effortless grace and beauty, as usual and Ouma went the type opposite way, going back up the stairs.

There was a classroom they didn't use anymore but it had large windows that were pretty nice to watch the sky from. That's where Ouma was headed, he liked staring at the sky. He loved anything
to do with the sky, really. Clouds, the sun, the moon, the stars…

The supreme ruler rounded the corner and bumped into someone, he stumbled backwards and craned his head upwards to see who it was.

It was none other than Tsumugi Shirogane.

Ouma internally sighed, damning his luck but keeping a smile on his face. “Oops, sorry, didn't see ya there!” Shirogane’s high pitched, almost childish voice rang out with a goofy smile to accompany it. “It's fine, Shirogane-chan..!” Ouma’s voice sounded just as chipper as the cosplayer’s.

She stared down at Ouma with a piercing gaze before her features softened immeasurably, “Ah, every time I see your cute face I just think about how perfect you would be a lolita character or even a crossplay!” She clasped her hands together, “Ouma-kun, you should let me doll you up one day! I've always wanted to!”

Ouma forces a laugh, “I know, you say it almost every time we talk…” Shirogane nodded, “It's just you have the cutest little face and the prettiest eyes!” The blue haired girl reached out, presumably, to touch the shorter’s face but he stepped away quickly, facade of kindness quickly falling.

Instead, Ouma looked at her hands with disgust before maintaining that same disdain when his eyes met her face. Shirogane frowned deeply, seemingly genuinely hurt by the other's actions. “Why do you treat me so coldly, Ouma-kun..?” Her voice was quiet before it gained considerable vigor, “Why do you hate me so much?!”

Ouma sneered, practically growling at the blue haired woman, “Don't ever …! There's only one person in this world that I hate and you're not him .”

Tsumugi flinched at his tone of voice, lowering her gaze to the floor, “See you tomorrow, Ouma-kun…” she walked past the supreme ruler quickly, heading down the stairs. Ouma sighed deeply, simply shaking his head and continuing to the abandoned classroom…

Kaito opened the classroom door to see Korekiyo staring out of the window, bandaged fingers absentmindedly running through his long locks. The anthropologist heard the other enter and looked towards him, smiling good naturally though it was obscured by his mask but he gave off a
Kaito waved, “Oh, hey, Korekiyo. I didn't know you were in here.” His voice was chipper and the taller replied, “Were you trying to be alone? I apologize if-” The astronaut immediately interrupted, “No, I wasn't, it's fine! But now that I've got you here, I'd actually like to talk to you about something.” Kaito closed the door behind him.

Korekiyo simply raised an eyebrow and cocked his head to the side. Now, the purple haired boy was sitting in front of the other and awkwardly staring at the desk. “You are nervous, I assure you that no matter what it is, I will not get upset. It is probably about some of those rumors regarding me, yes?”

“Actually, Korekiyo-” Kaito started but with a gentle voice the anthropologist interrupted, “As I always say, call me Kiyo.”

The lilac eyed man smiled, “Right, Kiyo… actually, uh, it's not not about you…” He was nervous but Korekiyo just continued to radiate that positive energy. Kaito swallowed thickly, “It's about Ouma…” Korekiyo tensed a bit but tried not to let it show, he wanted his best friend and the astronaut to get along but he wasn't so sure about this.

“Kokichi..?” He slowly repeated as if he heard wrong. Kaito nodded, twiddling his thumbs, “Talking to Ouma himself is confusing… he always talks in circles and lies or changes the subject, I can never get any straight answers from him… So, I wanted to ask you since you're his best friend and all…”

“Ask me about what exactly?” Korekiyo tapped his foot.

“Lots of stuff!” Kaito started enthusiastically before slouching down again, “Like what school did he attend before this, where are his parents, where does he even live? Or who are those clowns he's always with?”

Korekiyo cleared his throat, elegantly dodging the questions, “I'm sure he went to any normal middle school, it's not my place to tell you about his parental situation, telling you his address is a bit creepy…” He took another breath, “And the DICE members? They are his family, that is the truth.”

Kaito persisted, “Yeah but what middle school exactly, did he act like this, did he have friends?”
Does he at least have parents, I've literally never seen them before!” He threw his hands in the air, exasperated. Korekiyo sighed, “I stand by my previous answers.”

Kaito sighed as well, “It's just...! I just want to know more about Ouma and maybe even understand him...” He admitted, voice shy as he peered up at the taller boy. Korekiyo replied, “I know and that is wonderful but if you want to get closer to Kokichi, you must do it yourself, you can't just use me.”

Kaito nods sadly, “You're right, my bad. Sorry for bothering you...” The astronaut stood up from his chair but was surprised when the long haired boy chuckled, “You did not bother me at all! In fact, from this I have learned that you truly do have a pure heart.” His long eyelashes rested on pale cheeks as he smiled.

Kaito grew flustered, cheeks turning a pretty shade of pink as he sheepishly scratched the back of his neck, “Wh-what? N-nah, I'm just a curious guy!” He laughed nervously before nodding and saying, “Thanks anyways, though!” And practically bolting out of the classroom.

Korekiyo simply giggled at the other's embarrassment.

The day went by relatively quickly without any drama save for the usual classroom shenanigans and before Ouma knew it, he was standing just outside the school gates waiting for Umi to come pick up the bento Korekiyo had given him. He was watching his classmates leave in various ways like getting picked up, driving themselves home, or biking home.

It made him happy that he had a bike, as well even if it wasn't with him at the moment. Iruma walked past the supreme ruler and said, “Later you fuckin’ gremlin!” Ouma laughed, crossing his arms, “See ya, two dollar hooker!” The blonde let out an uproarious laugh. That's just how they talked to each other, the kind of friends who showed love with insults and teasing.

Iruma hopped into her car, a hot pink convertible that said “sweet thing” in fancy, white letters on the side. The inventor bragged about it any chance she got, saying how she took a junk car and made it into a real beauty.

To be fair, she did have every right to brag as the vehicle did run well and appealed to some people's aesthetic. Ouma thought it was pretty cool though he hated the color. As she drove off, he couldn't help the fond smile that graced his features when he heard Iruma start loudly singing along with the radio as she peeled off.
Unbeknownst to the purple haired boy, he had an onlooker. Kaito had watched their interaction from afar, Ouma really was so pretty and it was such an effortless beauty that Kaito was almost jealous. The long eyelashes, the pink lips that curved into a delicate smile, the astronaut could feel his heart skip a beat at the sight of it all.

As much as Kaito would love to stay and admire Ouma, he had to get home and attend to chores. On top of that, he didn't want anyone to catch him doing something that can be considered creepy. And ogling Ouma of all people? He'd never live it down! Though, with each passing the day the astronaut found himself more and more focused on Ouma.

It was...weird.

To stop his thoughts, Kaito simply began his walk out of the gates. He smiled down at Ouma, ruffling his hair and saying, “See you tomorrow, you little weirdo.” But his expression and tone displayed no malice, in fact, the shorter found his smile to be quite handsome.

Kaito ruffling his hair, talking to him so affectionately and then smiling like that was too much to handle for Ouma so he simply nodded and turned into a blushing mess. His cheeks were burning a deep red as he watched Kaito stroll down the sidewalk as if the astronaut didn't just cause him several emotions.

Ouma’s heart was racing, beating so loudly in his ears that he felt like his head was spinning. Was he spinning? He felt like it. Slowly, his dainty hands reached up and touched purple locks. His fingers were trembling, Kaito ruffled his hair again! And not only that, the way he smiled and his voice! It made Ouma feel like the only and most important person on planet earth!

“Earth to Kokichi!” Umi and Korekiyo chorused, waving their hands in front of the supreme ruler’s face as he stared into space with swirling eyes and rosy cheeks. “Umm, Kiyo, who broke my brother?” Umi asked, poking the spaced out boy’s cheek. Korekiyo, who was lucky enough to witness what happened, simply laughed and said, “That would be the man named Kaito Momota.”

The anthropologist pointed to the bento in the hand that wasn't tangled in Ouma’s hair, “That bento he’s holding is a gift from me to you, by the way.” The girl's eyes lit up, “Really?!” She had clear joy written over her features and that in turn made Korekiyo smile, “Yup! Kokichi is coming to a fancy restaurant with me but he'll be home before late so tell Blair not to worry!”

Umi nodded, taking the bento and bowing to the taller gratefully before giggling at Ouma’s state,
quickly hopping on the bike. “I'll see you later, Kiyo! Keep Kokichi safe!” She said before pedaling away, Korekiyo called out, “Of course!”

The long haired boy turned to his best friend, snapping his fingers in his face which finally brought Ouma back to earth. “Kokichi, let's get going.” He said with a laugh and Ouma began stuttering, “D-did y-y-you see what Ka-Kaito did?!”

Korekiyo laughed, “Yes, I did and I also see that it put you on cloud nine.” The supreme ruler snapped, “No! I was just flustered, that's all!” The anthropologist laughed, nodding, “Mhm, that's totally why you looked star struck and like you have the biggest crush in the universe!”

Korekiyo immediately took off after saying this knowing Ouma would chase after him, “I do not have a crush!”

Chapter End Notes

I hope this chapter was worth the wait, please leave comments on what you liked and how I can improve!! Thank you for reading!!
Gifts

Chapter Summary

Ouma and Kaito manage to have a genuine conversation, this makes the both of them extremely happy.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is hella cute and also dedicated to Rev_eerie for their amazing fanart they drew for me!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ouma’s evening was spent at a fancy restaurant with Korekiyo where he was too giddy to pay any mind to the way he didn't fit in and he totally pigged out. The purple haired boy kept asking Korekiyo what Kaito could've meant and the anthropologist just kept chuckling, saying it was a simple act of kindness. After their restaurant escapade, Ouma took home a box of leftovers and gave them to the different DICE members.

As of now, the supreme ruler was putting his bike on the bike rack and Kaito was walking by. Ouma instinctively ducked his head away, heart racing. Kaito noticed him, “Good morning, Ouma!” He beamed and said boy looked up at him with a bewildered expression.

“Good morning...?” Ouma responded, unsure of why the other was still being so nice to him especially since he accused him of dating Maki. The shorter slowly walked up to the astronaut, Kaito says, “It’s starting to get chilly out, huh?” Ouma just nodded.

“I wonder if there'll be a white Christmas this year…” Kaito thought out loud before enquiring, “Do you like Christmas ‘nd all that, Ouma?”

Ouma actually really did enjoy Christmas and winter in general and it was all thanks to Korekiyo. Korekiyo decides that it's too cold and therefore dangerous for the supreme ruler and his family to stay in that abandoned building. Due to that, Ouma and the DICE members stay with Korekiyo for a few months.

The anthropologist treats DICE like his own family, giving them their own rooms in his spacious home, new clothes, warm meals and on Christmas he surprises them with gifts. On top of that, they
decorate the house together and do cheesy things like baking cookies.

DICE honestly is family to the long haired boy at this point, he loves when they let him buy things and spoil them. Just thinking about all the fun things to come and good memories filled Ouma’s heart with the purest kind of joy, he couldn't help the pure smile that spread across his face,

“Mhm! I'm really excited!”

His expression was genuinely excited and Kaito gets a bit flustered at this, heart skipping a beat.

*God, Ouma is really cute…*

He had those round cheeks, long eyelashes, full lips. He was pretty, Kaito’s heart once again skipped a beat over Ouma Kokichi and he didn't really know how to feel about that. The pure giddiness that ran through him compelled the astronaut to speak without thinking,

“I'll get you something for Christmas, then!”

Ouma spluttered, confusion and shock written all over his face, “Wh-what?!” Kaito insisted, “It's fine, I'll buy you something nice!” Ouma hates hand outs, he doesn't want to be given something for Christmas without returning the favor so the supreme ruler shouted back, “I'll get you something, too!”

Kaito smiled at the shorter wholeheartedly and Ouma’s cheeks burn, his heart is pounding and he's desperate to get away from this overwhelming, helpless feeling. The dictator covers his mouth, to hide his red cheeks and unable to force one of his devious smirks, “But, you know what could be an early gift?”

Kaito raised an eyebrow, “What is it?” Ouma points, “Let me see your jacket again!” His face was as if he’d ask something nearly impossible, expression twisted in a determined yet taunting grin. Kaito deadpanned before laughter was all over his face and shaking his shoulders, “That's all?!”

Well, Ouma didn't think it was possible but his heart is beating even harder now. *Kaito really was handsome, too handsome...!* Who gave him the right to smile like that and cock his head to the side where his bangs fell just right?!
The shorter stuttered, “Ye-yeah…” He was a tad embarrassed now, his triumphant request having been deemed simple. Kaito removed his jacket effortlessly and held it out to Ouma who practically snatched it from the taller. The astronaut asked, “Why do you like my jacket so much, anyways?”

Ouma simply replied, “I like space...and stars, they're pretty. I like pretty things…” Not just pretty things but pretty people, too. Maybe that's why he was drawn to Korekiyo or maybe why he had a soft spot for Saihara.

Maybe that's why Kaito makes him so happy..?

Kaito is so surprised by such an innocent and genuine answer from Ouma of all people that he says exactly what he's thinking by accident, “Ouma... You're actually really innocent…” He sounded like he was in awe.

Ouma vehemently denied such a claim, “Me? Innocent? Momota-chan must be delusional! I'm a supreme ruler with tens of thousands of followers, my secret organization is worse than you could ever imagine!”

He balled his hands into knobby fists, glaring at Kaito through thick eyelashes, “I am far from innocent, I have my hands in the blackest markets and even mafia bosses fear the great Ouma Kokichi!” He was growing more and more flustered with each word, practically jumping up and down.

“Yes, the great Ouma Kokichi who likes pretty things.” Kaito teased, chuckling. “O-Ouma is to be feared...!” The supreme ruler huffed out, speaking in third person. Kaito raised an eyebrow at this but he just laughed and said, “Sure, whatever you say, Ouma! See you in class!”

The astronaut began walking away, he felt really happy because he got some genuine answers out of Ouma and they had a completely positive interaction for once. The supreme ruler spoke in third person whenever he got really nervous or flustered but nobody in his class, besides Korekiyo, knew this as they could never get him that riled up.

Ouma took a few moments to calm himself, putting his hands on his cheeks, “Ah, geez, my heart is beating out of my chest..!” His cheeks are cherry red, he'll just be taking a tardy because there's no way he's walking into class this disheveled.
Kaito, on the other hand, made it to class on time with a smile on his face. Several people cast glances at him, Iruma commenting, “Oi, I can't believe Kaito is out of the house without that shitty fuckin’ jacket!” The astronaut immediately snaps back, “Lay off! My jacket is epic and you're just jealous! ‘Sides, I wore it, I just don't have it!”

The bell rang before anyone could ask further questions, butts met seats and lips sealed. Ouma trots in, late as ever and clad in Kaito’s jacket which earns him several stares. Maki looks at Kaito, ready to bite his head off but loses all steam when she sees the fond smile and gentle gaze that the other is directing towards Ouma. She decides not to say anything for the time being.

Ouma simply shoots them a shit eating grin before strolling to his seat and plopping down next to Korekiyo as usual. The anthropologist’s eyes light up at these new developments, he eagerly asks, “What is all of this about?” The purple haired boy grinned, eyelashes brushing his cheeks.

“One Momota-chaaaaan was super nice to me this morning and then, he said he was going to get me something for Christmas...!” Ouma whispered happily, trying not to get caught by the teacher for talking. Korekiyo smiled widely, “Really? That is quite nice of him…” Ouma nodded before adding, “I offered to get him something, too because I didn't want to be selfish.”

“Kukuku…” the taller boy chuckled quietly, waiting for a certain realization to strike his best friend. Ouma paused for a moment, smile falling as he suddenly turns to Korekiyo, “I...don't have any money and on top of that, I have no idea what to get him..!” He whispered harshly. Korekiyo nodded, “Troubling, indeed.”

The supreme ruler pointed a finger, “You study everyone, you know what Kaito would like, give me some ideas!” The anthropologist simply laughed and said, “That is something you will have to figure out on your own, yes?” Ouma pouts, whining, “You're my bestie, you're supposed to help me, Kiyo!”

Korekiyo shrugged, “I cannot simply tell you the answer to everything, silly. It is for the best, you'll see.”

Chapter End Notes

Please tell me what you think and all comments (even simple ones) are highly appreciated!!
Chapter Summary

Kaito and Ouma end up missing two class periods, who knew grass was so comfy?

Chapter Notes

This chapter is so adorable to me so I hope it makes y'all smile!! It's pure unadulterated fluff, man!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Soon enough, first period was over and it was time for everyone to switch classes. Ouma, for some unknown reason, bolted out of the classroom, tightly gripping Kaito’s jacket presumably so it wouldn't fall off in his hurry.

Even Korekiyo wasn't in the know, his eyebrows raising at his best friend’s peculiar actions. Maki slowly stood to her feet, but surprisingly she said not a word to Kaito and simply walked out of the classroom and in the direction of the girls’ bathroom. The astronaut seemed silently relieved, gathering his belongings and beginning to exit the classroom.

Korekiyo decided that now was the time for his first ‘divine intervention’, the long haired boy following Kaito down the hall, not saying a word until they made it to the door of their second period class. Ouma was the only person in the classroom, already seated.

The anthropologist grabbed Kaito’s arm, stopping him from entering. Said purple haired boy turned around with an annoyed expression, about to open his big mouth but Korekiyo covered it with his hand before quietly ‘shh’ing him. Annoyance melted into confusion, Korekiyo felt the other relax and removed his hand.

Before Kaito could even raise an eyebrow in silent questioning, he was being swivelled around by his shoulders. Then, Korekiyo got close to his face beginning to whisper, “Please do not say a word and listen closely to what I am about to tell you, okay?” A somewhat hesitant nod was his answer.

“Whenever you lend Kokichi your jacket, I have observed a recurring behavior within him.” Korekiyo began, Kaito tried to look back at him but the anthropologist used some gentle force to make sure the astronaut was looking at Ouma.
Kaito finally responded, he whispered, “Why are you telling me that..?” His voice conveyed genuine confusion.

Korekiyo simply told him, “Kokichi’s demeanor would imply that your jacket makes him feel safe.” The shorter’s eyes widened but the anthropologist quickly adds, “Well, that is just my interpretation… but I am the Ultimate Anthropologist for a reason. Do with that information what you will.”

With those last words, Korekiyo’s work here was done and hopefully things would go as planned to give Ouma and Kaito another push to strengthen their relationship. He let go of the astronaut’s shoulders and walked into class, a smug grin beneath his mask as he seated himself next to Ouma as usual.

That information took a few moments to process but soon enough, Kaito was grinning like an idiot. He was the very definition of smug.

*I truly am a hero*! He thought to himself with conviction, taking confident strides into the classroom. *If just my jacket can provide someone with a feeling of security, I really am!* He puffed his chest out as he sat down, hearing the other students begin to file in but he couldn't care less.

Kaito’s face was decorated in a smug smile, *Ouma is so cute sometimes..!* His cheeks grew a little pink when he found himself calling Ouma cute. But the astronaut's smile quickly fell when he came to a realization. Ever so slyly, he peaked back at Ouma as he wondered.

*Safe..? What does Ouma need to be protected from?* Kaito balled his hands into fists, *Who hurt him?* Something about the prospect of someone seriously hurting the dictator just... didn't sit right with Kaito. It pissed him off, actually and he didn't even know why.

The tan boy shook his head, snapping his head forwards and trying to rid his head of those thoughts. He needed to focus, there was a test coming up soon!

Lunch rolled around rather quickly and Kaito was taxed with the job of finding Ouma to retrieve his jacket but the boy was ever elusive. He wasn't in the classroom with Korekiyo, not in the bathroom, or the gym. He wasn't on the rooftop so where could he be? The astronaut would surmise that the supreme ruler was off campus but Korekiyo told him Ouma didn't mention anything about doing that.
Kaito wandered outside, walking to the field at the back of the school. No one used that one anymore but it was still pretty to look at. He was preoccupied with finding the little liar, food could wait. It's not exactly that Kaito wanted his jacket back, well, he did but that wasn't his chief reason for trying to find the shorter.

He just wanted to talk with him, that's all. Was that too much to ask? With a sigh, the astronaut strolled onto the field and saw Ouma sitting on the grass, too far to notice Kaito and probably too deep in thought. The short boy was staring at an array of flowers, arms wrapped around himself.

Kaito raised an eyebrow, “What's the use of that?” He inquired quietly, wrapping his arms around himself to see how it felt. It felt like…

A hug.

“Does Ouma...want a hug?” He wondered aloud, nodding and feeling confident that was the correct assumption to make. Ouma did a lot of things seemingly without reason but Kaito found that whenever he put thought into it, there always seemed to be something hidden. It intrigued him, without a doubt.

Maybe Kaito was just nosey, something Maki called him often but he couldn't help it. He may be the luminary of the stars, but learning about people was something that interested him! Helping and supporting people was one of his favorite things to do, Kaito loved making friends and helping them become better people.

Even nearly perfect people like Toujo still had insecurities that they needed help overcoming and even open books like Tenko still had secrets. Ouma was ambiguous. At first glance, he looked well put together and mercilessly mischievous. You never worried about him because he was always smiling, you never knew what were lies and what were truth so you just didn't think about it.

But now, he was all Kaito could think about. Unlike everyone else, the tall boy had noticed the bags under Ouma’s eyes, how little he weighed, his knack for stealing things, how he was seemingly afraid of being hurt.

Without even realizing it, the astronaut was walking towards Ouma who had decided to lay down on the grass. Soon enough, Kaito was standing over Ouma and said boy raised an eyebrow, “Hey, Momota-chan? You want your jacket back, right?”
The taller boy simply shook his head, sitting down on the grass next to Ouma, “Nah. Just here to hang out with you, dude.” The supreme ruler looked over at him with wide eyes, shocked and unbelieving.

“...Why?” His voice was quiet, full of genuine emotion and confusion. Kaito shrugged even though he really wanted to say because you're interesting.

The astronaut looked up at the clouds, it was surprisingly warm today and he didn't feel cold. That's probably why Ouma was out here in the first place, the little ruler letting his eyes slide shut and sighing in relaxation. The silence was a little tense, Kaito could tell and he was determined to break that tension.

“Ouma...You're a little weirdo, you know that?” He asked and received a chuckle in response, a silent way of saying, that's true.

Kaito hummed in thought, “Though, all of us are a little odd...including me.” Ouma outright laughed at this and Kaito’s heart fluttered for some reason.

“Kaito Momota saying something negative about himself?” Ouma feigned disbelief, “I never thought I'd see the day!” Pure amusement sat on his features, joking tone accommodating it perfectly.

He slowly stopped laughing when Kaito didn't reply.

The astronaut fell back, laying down and closing his eyes, too. “I don't think it's negative. Weird is... nice.” Kaito said, feeling flustered and anxious for some reason. Was he calling Ouma nice? Maybe? His hands twitched and his heart started beating just a little faster.

There were a few moments of tense silence, Ouma’s cheeks painted red. Kaito said he was weird and apparently, weird was nice. His heart was pounding against his ribcage, these words slowly and timidly left his mouth,

“So...you think I'm nice..?”

Kaito nodded, making a noise of agreement. “You're interesting, I like that. You never bore me even though you're confusing...” Ouma simply hummed, not one in agreement or disagreeance, secretly very happy.
A huge grin spread across his face, Ouma was resisting the urge to giggle happily. After that, neither of them said anything. Ouma was starting to feel sleepy, eyes heavy and body refusing to move as he was too comfortable. It would be weird if he fell asleep, right? Kaito would probably-

A snore ripped through the supreme ruler’s thought process.

Kaito was dead asleep, snoring lightly and it was honestly kind of endearing. Ouma found it annoying whenever Kosuke snored at night but for some reason, hearing Kaito snore made his chest warm. It was... *cute* and just another thing that made Kaito who he was.

Ouma sighed happily, deciding that it wouldn't be so bad to fall asleep with a bright star shining on him and the sun was there, too. As sleep finally wrapped its gentle arms around the supreme ruler, he heard Kaito shift but that was all...

Kaito woke up slowly and his vision was blurry, he was so groggy, geez. Wait, groggy?! When did he fall asleep?! The astronaut was wide awake, adrenaline running through him. He was still in school, how long had he been asleep? So many questions and no answers, he tried to sit up but realized something.

There was someone clinging onto him, his chest warm from their body heat. Not only that, his arms were wrapped protectively around whoever this was. Kaito looked down, a mop of dark lavender hair and his jacket.

It was Ouma…

Suddenly, his cheeks were burning and his heart was thudding. Ouma’s arms were wrapped around him, head buried protectively into Kaito’s broad chest and their legs intertwined. It didn't help that he’d instinctively wrapped his arms around Ouma’s waist, holding him close.

It was like they were protecting each other from everything. It didn't feel weird, it felt nice, actually. If Kaito had a choice, he would go back to sleep and cuddle with the supreme ruler a little while longer. He'd die before admitting that, though.

Right now, though? They had to get to class!
Slowly, Kaito pulled away from Ouma, sitting up and staring down at the still peacefully sleeping boy. The supreme ruler looked like an angel, his face was so delicate and soft looking. It almost felt like a crime to wake him up, honestly.

Hesitantly, Kaito began shaking Ouma awake. “Wake up, Ouma..! You gotta wake up, we gotta go to class!” Slowly, the shorter woke up, blinking awake with a dazed and confused expression.

“Huh? What?” The liar’s voice was groggy and unusually deep, it was honestly...hot? Kaito found his cheeks burning, stuttering.

“W-we fell asleep, dude! We gotta get to class, I don't know how long we've been out here!” The astronaut urged, feeling a little hot under the collar.

“We fell asleep..? Oh, right..!” Ouma looked a little more awake though his voice still having an almost sultry tone.

Kaito was just blushing, has Ouma always been able to do that? His voice was always so cheery, chipper and light but right now it was weighted, serious, hot.

Ouma wiped his eyes with Kaito’s too big sleeves and went right back to adorable, big dough eyes staring up at the astronaut as he yawned. Slowly he stood, stretching his limbs before laughing, “Nishishi, I didn't think I was that tired! Momota-chan is so irresponsible, letting us over sleep!”

Kaito punched both his fists together, “Hey! How is that my fault? I just dozed off, alright?!” His vigor disappearing in a moment's notice, Ouma’s finger pressing to his lips and starry, purple eyes suddenly much too close for comfort.

“You should be lucky I didn't kill you when you were asleep, I am an evil supreme ruler after all.” The shorter boy's voice low and quiet, a hushed whisper. Kaito doesn't know how he never noticed before but Ouma’s eyes are... gorgeous.

Deep and complex hues of purple, blue and black that he had never seen before. Within those violets and lavenders, there seem to be stars. Little twinkles of white like falling stars, crashing meteorites into a land of ash and ebony.
Kaito wanted to say just how breathtaking they were but found it hard to speak, throat dry and cheeks hot. “...Is Momota-chan blushing?” Ouma asked, voice sounding half teasing and half wonder.

The astronaut turned his head to the side, “No way! You're seeing things!” God, he missed gazing into those twinkling eyes already but he stood. “C'mon, let's get to class!” Ouma stood up, dusting off his knees.

“Wait, your jacket!” The supreme ruler said and Kaito turned, unaware of the leaf in his hair, holding his hand out. Quickly, Ouma took it off and handed it to Kaito. He really loved that jacket so much and it didn't even belong to him.

Kaito messed with his partly ruined hair as they walked back and he thought aloud, “I forgot to eat lunch...” Ouma had nearly forgotten that eating an actual lunch every day was what normal people did, he scratched his cheek.

“Just get something after school, you won't die from one missed meal.” The shorter boy put his arms behind his head and rolled his eyes when Kaito whined.

“Still! If I'm hungry, I want to eat something, you know!” The astronaut crossed his arms, turning his nose up.

Ouma went quiet before just saying, “Yeah, I know.” His pace increased suddenly, “Let's hurry up.” The short boy stuck his hands into his pockets and stalked down the halls, Kaito sensing the sudden hostility in the air and deciding not to say anything.

Had he said something wrong...? Kaito lowered his gaze as he walked behind Ouma, maybe he had been inconsiderate and didn't realize it. The little liar was very thin... a lot of horrible, scary possibilities came to the astronaut’s mind about why that might be. He clenched his fists, sincerely hoping that Ouma was okay.

Soon enough, they made it to their last period and everyone looked at them the moment the doors opened. Iruma was immediately firing off at the mouth, “Where the fuck were you two?! A mutual agreement to lose your fuckin’ virginity?!” An annoying laugh ripped from her throat and Ouma rolled his eyes.

“Why do you think I'm a-” before that lie could roll off of his tongue, Korekiyo was walking
towards him with that expression Ouma hated. That expression twisted in almost motherly worry and paranoia, a million questions running through his mind. The supreme leader immediately grinned, trying to put his best friend at ease.

“You're filthy, where on earth were you?” Korekiyo asked, bending down and putting both of his warm, bandaged hands on Ouma’s cheeks and looking into his eyes.

“I just took a nap in the field, no biggie!” The little ruler laughed it off, waving his hand dismissively. Korekiyo brushed a few leaves out of his hair and dusted off his shoulders, expression still all twisted up. That face made Ouma’s stomach tie in knots, he felt bad and it reminded him too much of Blair when she was running herself into the ground with stress.

“You were gone for two hours and didn’t even tell me where you were going, I was worried sick, Kokichi.” Korekiyo said with a sigh, “I thought you'd went for lunch with your siblings so I just panicked when you didn't come back on time…”

Iruma made another crude comment, “Yeah, Kiyo was flipping his shit! I've never seen him make such an ugly face before!” Toujo shot the inventor a hard and sharp glare,

“It's perfectly fine to worry about your friend's wellbeing, Miu. Please stop being so rude.” And that was all it took for Iruma to grumble, cross her arms and quiet down.

“Sorry, Kiyo! Really, I didn't mean to fall asleep for that long, I promise!” Ouma apologized voice sounding sincere as the anthropologist looked him over a bit more and then gave him a quick, gentle hug.

Maki crossed her arms, examining Kaito with clear disdain written across her face, “I assume you have the same excuse? Really, skipping two classes? You're ridiculous.” The astronaut simply chuckled nervously, rubbing the back of his head and finally getting rid of that leaf. Saihara laughed a little, “A nap, Kaito? Why?”

Kaito put his hands on his hips, “Well, it wasn't supposed to end up that way! I wanted to talk with him but...the ground was just really comfy, ya know? And the sun felt nice, too..!” He started rambling, “The universe just set things up that way! Next thing I knew, I was asleep!”

The tall boy put a hand to his chin, “And then…” He trailed off, not exactly wanting to proclaim that he'd cuddled with resident liar, Ouma Kokichi who Maki wanted to punch more than anything.
Not only would it piss off the assassin, Kaito felt oddly embarrassed about it. It felt like some intimate secret he had to keep.

“And then?” Saihara pressed, raising an eyebrow. Kaito swallowed, once again forcing a laugh.

“I woke up and freaked out because we’d missed two classes, basically.” He didn't exactly lie, just left out some minor details. That seemed sufficient enough and his two best friends began walking back to their seats, Kaito following after.

Korekiyo and Ouma were already seated, Korekiyo quietly saying, “You are literally covered in dirt, you're coming home with me so you can take a nice, hot bath and eat a proper meal.”

Ouma really wanted to argue that he wasn't even *that* dirty but Korekiyo had been sufficiently frazzled by his little disappearance and it didn't seem he was going to snap out of mother mode any time soon. The supreme ruler just nodded, “Sounds nice!”

The anthropologist was pleasantly surprised by the quick submission, shoulders relaxing a little as he shot Ouma a strained smile. The purple haired boy returned the gesture.

Class ended quickly and Ouma just kind of went on auto pilot, he was walking outside the school gates before he could even register what was going on. The only thing that snapped him out of it was hearing Blair call out to him.

The purple haired boy smiled at her, before he could even try to worm his way out of Korekiyo's invitation, the other was already speaking.

“Hello, Blair! Kokichi is going to be staying the night at my home tonight, I apologize for such late notice and making you waste time by walking here.” His voice was smooth as he placed a hand on Ouma’s shoulder, said boy just smiling.

Blair nodded, “Oh, don't worry about it, Shinguuji! That's fine with me, I know my little Kokichi will be safe in your hands!” She bowed a bit, “Thanks for looking after him!”

That was all the older woman said but in reality she was saying *thanks for giving him a bed to sleep in and warm food to eat because I can't*. She'd said that to Korekiyo so many times when he first befriended the supreme ruler that it was ingrained within his memory.
The long haired boy simply shook his head, “Ah, no, please raise your head! It is really my pleasure, it is nothing to bow for!” The strawberry blonde slowly raised from her position and shot Ouma an earnest smile.

“I'll see you tomorrow, have fun, okay?” She said before backing up a bit. Honestly, the woman was about to start heading home but her attention was pulled by a loud voice.

“Hey, Ouma!” Kaito called out, running over and departing from Saihara's side. Ouma turned with a raised eyebrow but a small smile pulling on his lips.

Once the astronaut made it over to Ouma, Kaito gave him a thumbs up and immediately started talking. “Today was fun, lunch, I mean! We should eat lunch together again tomorrow but you know, actually eat, this time.” Blair immediately made a face that practically screamed ohoho, interesting.

Ouma blanked out, every insult and tease he had flying out the window. “Uh...Sure, as long as it isn't boring.” The shorter boy put a hand on his hip, “You can promise that much, right?”

Kaito nodded, “I'm Kaito Momota, Luminary of the Stars! I don't know what the word boring means!” He puffed out his chest and Blair took a mental note of the astronaut’s name.

“Nishishi, sure.” Ouma doubted the other. It was an extreme understatement to say he was not expecting what happened next.

Kaito hugged him, tight and even lifting the supreme ruler off of the ground a little. Ouma was frozen in place, mind pausing for a good few seconds before it filled with endless screaming. The supreme ruler has wanted a hug from Kaito since forever ago, at this point but now he was in shock that it was actually happening.

It was so warm and protective, it made Ouma feel like nothing bad had ever happened and the world was perfect. Slowly, the shorter boy finally hugged Kaito back and relished in the moment. Unfortunately, Kaito let go and said, “Alright, see ya!” He ran off back to Saihara, leaving an absolutely star struck Ouma.

The little ruler was standing there with the wide eyes, cherry red cheeks, and the widest grin of the century. There were literal hearts in his eyes, at this point. “Kokichi..?” Blair asked with a smirk,
chuckling at how adorable Ouma was.

She had no idea he had a crush, she's fairly certain it's his first, too. She gave a knowing smile to Korekiyo who simply laughed breathlessly, “Kokichi, we've gotta get going already.”

Ouma slowly turned to the both of them, lips trembling as he pointed to himself. “Momota-chan...he h-h-hugged me… He really hugged me!” The purple haired boy exclaimed, jumping up and down. Korekiyo simply gave him a pat on the head.

“Yes, Kokichi, I saw. You can rave about it all you want on the way to my house.” The anthropologist put a hand on Kokichi’s shoulder, waved goodbye to Blair before beginning to walk home with Ouma in tow.

“He hugged me!”

“Kukuku, I know, Kokichi.”

Chapter End Notes

Ouma is so smitten for Kaito, I love it. Comments, even v simple ones, are really appreciated so please don't hesitate to tell me what you did or didn't like!!! Thanks!
Sleepover

Chapter Summary

Ouma finally comes to a terrifying realization.

Chapter Notes

Um hi everyone, a few things. The style in this is a bit different because, in reality, I love very flowery and poetic things but I was holding back out of fear. I wrote a few one shots and had sooo much fun and excitement writing them because I got to write in my true style, vibrant and expressive. So I decided to stop holding back and let my real writing style show so... I hope it's well received, gahhh, I'm nervous.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ouma and Korekiyo were sat on the floor of his room, popcorn, magazines and movies strewn about. The purple haired boy was hugging a pillow to his chest, listening to Korekiyo speak as his bandaged hands absentmindedly flicked through a random magazine. The colors were a gaudy and clashing pink and neon yellow, it nearly hurt to look at.

The supreme ruler was clad in a way too big shirt that belonged to his best friend and one of the many pajama pants Korekiyo had gotten him. The white fabric hung loosely off of his shoulder but the black pants clung tightly to his hips.

Now, Korekiyo wasn't a manipulator, not in the slightest. Getting people to do things unknowingly wasn't very graceful nor did it hold much beauty, therefore it was something the anthropologist rarely dabbled in.

However, when it comes to Ouma, he sometimes has to be sly in getting the conversation on the topic he desires.

If you asked Ouma anything slightly personal, just outright, he would lie his way through it. Even with Korekiyo, he would be reluctant to answer and quickly put up nearly unshakable walls. Which is why, these words slowly leave the taller boy's mouth, “...So many of these magazines spout nothing but nonsense about crushes…”

It's a simple sentence but things seem to go silent, you could hear a pin drop.
The purple haired boy shoved some popcorn in his mouth, shredding through the silence with little to no care, “Crushes? Like the kind in shoujo manga?” His words were slightly slurred and it was oddly cute.

Korekiyo rolled his eyes, “Crushes happen in real life, too.” He wanted to add, you have one right now. The long haired boy ran a hand through his bangs, “How do you think people fall in love, after all?” There is a small smirk on his lips, hidden by a white and soft face mask.

At this, Ouma shrugs, looking down at the floor. “I don't know… It's weird, love makes people blind, you know?” The supreme ruler could list off several people who were constantly blinded by love…

Love would make you take a bullet, love would make you stay up all night to help a sick family member, love would make you forego meals so the people most precious to you could eat, love meant tolerating abuse. The thought of falling in love terrified Ouma. He never wanted to be hurt like that.

Love kills, life has shown him that more than enough times. His head was spinning just thinking about it, bile rising in his throat.

Just by that far away look in the shorter boy's eyes, Korekiyo knows exactly what's going through his head, he deters that train of thought,

“That is quite true. Love is also a beautiful thing, yes? However, having a crush on someone is vastly different to being in love with them.” Korekiyo pointed a finger in the air, “Sometimes, a crush will only last for a few days, in some cases.”

The long haired boy wants nothing more than to show Ouma that love was a wonderful thing. Whether it be familial, platonic or romantic. He loved the other very much, Ouma was his first friend after all. Nothing could compare to the feelings that swelled within his chest whenever he saw the supreme ruler happy.

It was like a gust of wind within his heart, a twinkling within his soul. The kind of smile that made flowers bloom, that's what Ouma possessed and he didn't even realize it. There were roses between Korekiyo's teeth, sunflowers in his ribcage and lavender under his fingernails all because of Ouma.
Ouma meets his gaze with a crooked grin, “The human heart is so fickle!” That's his way of proclaiming that everyone leaves eventually, maybe even that love doesn't exist. Korekiyo can tell by the desperation twirling behind his eyes, the slight twitch of his lip.

The anthropologist simply nods, swallowing thickly. Determination pushed to the forefront of his golden orbs, resolution settling in the base of his voice.

He tossed the magazine aside, making a mental note to pick it up later. This conversation was going to happen whether his friend liked it or not. The taller wouldn't deny that he was scared of things going poorly, he was terrified.

His heart was banging against his ribcage and blood was rushing through his ears. Anxiety, he supposes. Being friends with Ouma wasn't easy, not in the slightest. The others think that they never squabble but that is far from true.

The more you tried to help the little ruler, the more frightened he became. Yes, Korekiyo was closer to Ouma than their classmates but that wasn't easy. The purple haired boy would do anything to push Korekiyo away, if he felt like he had to. Even though the anthropologist was never going anywhere, that didn't mean that Ouma hadn't attempted before.

“He...have you ever had a crush on someone, Kokichi?” he asked, hands shaking slightly. Korekiyo directed his gaze to the wall, not having enough courage for eye contact.

Korekiyo wanted nothing more than to help his friend, he knows Kaito could make Ouma very happy. After a bit more observation, the tall boy has come to several conclusions. One, Maki actually does not have a crush on Kaito, she is just territorial when it comes to her friends as she's never had any before. Two, Kaito...doesn't quite have a crush on Ouma, not yet, but something is beginning to bud there.

He could see it in the way Kaito watched the supreme ruler from afar, little stars swirling in his eyes. The smile that splintered across his tan cheeks when he saw the other, it was in the small intimacy of hair ruffles. It was in his desire to know more about Ouma, how he would chase after him for just the shortest conversations. Kaito was beginning to fall in love, inching towards the edge that lead to a deep and never ending fall.

The supreme ruler, on the other hand, was absolutely smitten and just hadn't realized it. Hearts practically bloomed in his eyes whenever he was around the astronaut, even when Ouma was teasing him, there was still fondness in his eyes. The breathless giggles and salmon pink cheeks, he was in love and didn't even know.
Ouma twirled his hair around his fingers, “…I don't think so. What exactly does a crush feel like, anyways?” He asked, leaning back against Korekiyo’s bed. He felt uneasy, fingers drumming on the wooden floor as he maintained a smile and raised eyebrow.

Korekiyo put a hand to his chin, “Hmm… Most people describe having a crush as having butterflies in their stomach when they talk to or even just see their crush. Another thing is your heart rate increasing, maybe even sweaty palms. Those are the more physical aspects.”

Korekiyo closed his eyes, trying to think of previous times he had gotten crushes. In middle school he practically fell for anyone who didn’t bully him, no matter their gender or appearance.

“Emotionally, forgive me if this a bit confusing, it feels like… Everything else fades away when you talk to that person. Your heart is filled with an indescribable joy, almost like a high that you can only get from them, ‘cloud nine’ as some say.”

That felt insufficient so the anthropologist continued, “You also may feel jealous whenever you see them with other people because you're scared they won't like you back. It's a lovely feeling of imagining your future together yet crying your eyes out because they didn't say hello in the hallway.”

Korekiyo sighed, “It is terribly confusing.” He laughed, opening his eyes and looking at Ouma who seemed a bit dumbstruck. A laugh escaped him, sauntering across the air, “Love is such a wonderfully terrifying thing.”

Ouma didn't know what to say, his mind was flitting through one thousand different things at once yet nothing was properly processing thusly making him speechless. His deep purple eyes were blown wide, mouth hanging open and he uselessly struggled to find words he knew wouldn't come.

His heart had dropped, yet it was also catapulting and somersaulting. His entire world was collapsing.

*He had a crush.* Not just any crush either, nope! Ouma couldn't just be like everyone else and crush on Saihara or Kaede, for some God awful reason, he was crushing on *Kaito*.

Kaito with the stupid hair style and annoyingly loud laugh, the over trusting and naive idiot with that adorable grin and endearing snore. The guy who gave the best hugs and always smells like
f新鲜ly baked cupcakes, the one who Ouma had the most fun flustering and the one he was always admiring from afar.

The stupid astronaut who got his heart fluttering and diving, his face red hot and palms sweaty. Ouma wanted to cry or disappear, maybe both. He brought his knees to his chest, wrapping his arms around them as he struggled to breathe. Everything felt like it was spinning and he didn't know what to do.

Korekiyo cocked his head to the side, “Does any of that sound familiar, Kokichi?” The dictator didn't know if he should laugh, lie, change the subject or tell the truth. Maybe he should just start crying and try to pass it off as a joke, later? God, he wanted to cry so badly and that want was turning into more of an impending action as each moment passed.

Breaths were leaving him quickly, tears trying to push past his eyes but he was trying his best to push them back. Ouma feels like an absolute idiot, how could he let this happen?! Falling in love meant getting hurt and he was so, so afraid of pain. Living a life of hurt didn't make him more resilient, it made him soft which is precisely why he put up so many walls.

And he'd let Kaito in, that was so stupid, stupid, stupid! Ouma couldn't breathe, feeling like there was an immovable weight on his chest and it was crushing his heart, killing him. And suddenly, a sob escaped his mouth and those tears sprang like a fallen glass of milk down his porcelain cheeks. He was crying and he hated it.

There was almost nothing more the supreme ruler hated than crying, it was such a helpless feeling and it made him feel out of control. Korekiyo's face had filled with concern at this point, his heart breaking at the sad sight of his disheveled friend, he crawled over to him. Ouma found himself being embraced as the taller's smooth voice reverberated through his chest, “Kokichi, what's wrong? Is it something I said?”

Ouma just continued to cry, numbly and slowly nodding his head. Korekiyo knew that already and felt horrible, “I apologize.” The tone of absolute sorrow in his voice was enough to vocalize just how bad he felt and for some reason, that comforted the purple haired boy and prompted him to speak.

He took in a few, shaky breaths. “I like Momota-chan…” He repeated it, letting his eyes close as more of his tears coated Korekiyo's shirt. “I like Momota-chan…” Suddenly, fear wrapped its claws around Ouma and it was unbearable. It screamed at him to reject his revelation, to save himself.

“No, no, I can't!” Ouma said sharply, pushing the anthropologist away from him and hurriedly
wiping his reddened eyes. “That was just a lie, you fell for it and I bet Momota-chan would've too!” He forced a laugh despite feeling terribly nauseous, The purple haired boy swallowed thickly, “A terrible lie about something as seriously stupid as a crush!”

The apologetic face that Korekiyo was giving him practically screamed *I don't believe your lies* and it made the dictator's blood run cold. Even if he couldn't convince himself, he at least wanted to convince someone else. That made him angry, a blinding anger that had his hands shaking as he balled them into fists and yelled with a force he must've inherited from his father,

“*Who cares even if I do?!*” And Ouma scared himself, he didn't know he could yell like *that*. It only made it worse that it was towards Korekiyo, he shrank back into himself. Even so, he followed up his previous statement, “Even if I do have a crush on Kaito, it doesn't matter.” *Because who could love someone like me*, went unsaid but it hung heavy in the air.

Korekiyo directed his gaze to the floor, “…I apologize, I should have never brought it up. May we simply change the subject? If that's what you desire…” His voice shook like he was avoiding being scolded and Ouma nearly started crying again.

“*Please …*” His voice was just a hushed whisper.

An hour had passed, dragging along for a bit when they were awkwardly shuffling about and trying to make small talk but everything had returned to normal. They were watching a movie on the couch, Ouma cuddled into Korekiyo's side the way he always did. During a quiet and more serious scene of the film, said boy called out.

“Hey, Kiyo..?” He sounded frightened and Korekiyo simply hummed in response, already anticipating what Ouma was going to say. “I...I'm really sorry for yelling at you… i didn't mean it, I just got too worked up over something stupid.”

Korekiyo responded without missing a beat, “It's okay, Kokichi, you don't need to worry. I should've approached the subject more delicately.” His reassuring smile could be clearly heard in his voice and this calmed Ouma, his anxiety easing greatly.

Things went quiet for a few moments before the dictator added, “You know I love you, right?” The anthropologist simply nodded.
“I love you too, Kokichi. That will absolutely never change.” They settled into silence once more, the movie continuing on. Towards the end, Ouma had fallen asleep, completely relaxed against Korekiyo's side. The golden eyed boy peered down at him, the dictator's features being illuminated by the screen.

Ouma was breathtakingly beautiful and while he was difficult, he was a kind soul. He was generous, caring and worried himself half to death over the people he cared about. He was innocent and had a dorky sense of humor, he knew that just living life was precious. Even so, he still thought so lowly of himself that it hurt.

Korekiyo wanted Ouma to love himself. He wanted someone to give Ouma the *romantic* love he needed, too. If anyone couldn't handle Ouma's life or mocked how he lived, they didn't deserve him and it was their life. The dictator was far from perfect but he was certainly a shooting star among a world of trampled upon dandelions.

*Something to be treasured.* Korekiyo sighed quietly, praying to every god in the sky that Kaito would shape up. His gut told him that everything would work out but a life of people being much worse than expected had given him an unholy anxiety about the entire situation. He knew that Ouma was the same way.

They had both witnessed and subjected to the very worst of people. Ouma was just scared but that fear was something he could beat, nothing was impossible for the dictator. Korekiyo smiled at that, *yeah, Ouma always did manage to make the impossible into reality.*

Chapter End Notes

Also, fyi, Ouma and Korekiyo both have COMPLETELY platonic feelings towards one another. I am a firm believer in friends saying 'I love you' to one another. ANYWAYS, comments are always appreciated!!
Friends

Chapter Summary

Ouma's plan to push Kaito away backfires on him ridiculously hard.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!! I am so sorry for the long wait, I was struggling with my mental health for a while but no worries, I am happier and healthier than I have ever been now!! I hope this chapter makes up for the wait and It's pretty lengthy too! As always, comments are appreciated.

When Ouma woke up, he was in some gigantic bed, covers feeling like heaven against his skin. He slowly sat up, running his hands through his hair and blinking away the sleep still latching onto him. It was one of Korekiyo's many, many guest rooms as his house was extremely large.

_The spoils of wealth_ , Ouma thought to himself and then promptly wondered how many times he's said that. Everything was quiet and still, the break of dawn hovering outside the window and passing light onto the wooden floors, _cherry wood_. The closet was directly across from the dictator, a large mirror like one you would see in a dressing room, sitting on the left side of the room.

Ouma slowly got out of the bed, foot pressing against the cold floor and a shiver coursing through him. Without a moment of hesitance or confusion, the purple haired boy loftily made his way over to the closet and slid it open with ease.

As always, his DICE uniform was washed, dried, even ironed and spritz in an attractive smelling cologne. Ouma couldn't help the small smile that slid onto his features, Kiyo was always so over the top. Gratefully, he grabbed the white clothing and ran his fingers over the buttons. His smile widened, those silly mismatched buttons always did remind him of _that_ day.

Shaking his head, the dictator pushed that memory back and directed his attention to the large mirror. Immediately, the smile left his face as the first things he noticed about himself were not pleasant. Those bags that had permanent residence under his eyes, brittle and unkempt hair sticking up in every which way, crooked smile, _unattractiveness_. 
A sigh left him before he could catch himself, his eyes roamed further down his body and down to his neck. The faintest scars sat there accompanied with slightly discolored skin, so slight it was hard to notice but Ouma always noticed them. Those permanent bruises that marked him for life and he hated it.

The supreme ruler grabbed his scarf, quickly tying it around his neck before heading out of the room, intent on the restroom. Though, his curiosity peaked as it always did when he was on this floor. Ouma turned on his heel, treading the opposite direction of the bathroom but towards a certain room. With each passing moment, the air seemed to chill and Ouma got this dreaded feeling within the pit of his stomach.

The hairs on the back of his neck were standing up, palms sweaty as every survival instinct within his tiny frame screamed at him to run and run fast. Despite it all, he pressed onwards as the wood beneath his feet creaked and groaned dramatically. One singular door at the end of the hall, painted in a chipping gold. On a silver plate, it read in fancy letters, Miyadera.

With a shaking hand, Ouma reached out and grabbed the doorknob as if it would burn him and was visibly relieved when nothing happened. With a bravery unknown to man, the dictator turned the knob and opened the door.

The air only dropped in temperature as Ouma poked his head in, met with a sight that left him feeling an indescribable emotion. The boy had seldom seen Miyadera, only three times and two of which were rushed experiences, only catching a glimpse of long flowing clothing and ebony hair.

The other experience, she had come into the living room while Ouma was alone and feeling a chill up his spine, the dictator turned around defensively. Quickly, he found himself slack jawed at the woman before him. She was wearing a thick robe, a mint green color that covered her body excellently save for her feet and face. However, her eyes were obscured by her bangs.

She simply smiled at him, it was an innocent smile like a child making a friend for the first time. Ouma smiled back though it was hesitant, something about her was off and he couldn't quite place it. Before he could gather himself enough to speak, the woman had turned around the corner and made it back to her room without a single sound.

Now, though, he was seeing the woman in all of her glory. Miyadera was sleeping peacefully, long eyelashes like charcoal tickling her rosy cheeks. The rest of her skin, that Ouma could see, was pale like snow and unmarred with a single blemish, scar or imperfection. Her hair was the colors of shadows, so incredibly dark yet it seemed soft as it framed her face perfectly. Her full, pink lips were resting in a small smile as she dreamed peacefully.
It filled Ouma with...awe, she was so perfect that she didn't look real, like an elegant painting. Even the dark green cover that was wrapped around her sleeping form seemed all too perfect. The dictator was envious that someone so beautiful could exist, that someone could look like a masterpiece while completely unaware.

Yet, there was also a sense of unease caused by a multitude of things. The bloodied tissues littering the floor which had been scratched to hell and back, the crooked paintings on the wall and the boarded up window, the many pill bottles littering the tv stand. The television was playing some boring documentary, a man droning on over creepy black and white images of soldiers going to war.

A perfect woman amidst chaos. Even this peace felt strained, like the eye of the storm. Miyadera radiated bad vibes of barely contained rage and it terrified Ouma, why was someone so beautiful so intimidating? The dictator had no idea what kind of sickness she had, Korekiyo never spoke on it much. Ouma knew that she apparently had a weak immune system, causing her to get sick a lot. Weak lungs that hindered any activities like running and even simply singing. Sensitive skin that apparently bruised like red cherries at the slightest touch.

Was it just physical or mental, as well? He has no clue. Ouma has also never heard her speak, even though he's heard Korekiyo carrying full conversations with her at night. He would only hear his friend's replies to Miyadera, never her voice, no matter how hard he strained his ears. Without even realizing it, Ouma hadn't realized he had one foot in the door, eyes trained on the sleeping woman.

With no warning, her eyes began to flutter open and at seeing those visceral golden orbs, panic filled Ouma and he ran, all but slamming the door behind him. He just ran and ran, heart pounding loudly in his ears as he stormed down the stairs and bumped into the unexpecting Korekiyo. The tall boy was hardly stirred by such a small frame, the tray in his hands barely moving an inch.

“Kokichi, is everything alright?” He asked, cocking his head to the side and quirking an eyebrow. A white mask sat snugly on his face, obscuring his curious pout.

Ouma simply swallowed thickly, forcing an easy going smile, “Yeah, I'm just going to get ready for school!”

The anthropologist nodded at him, happiness dancing in his eyes, “Yes, please do hurry as I do not wish to be late.” With that, he headed up the stairs, most likely bringing his sister breakfast. When Korekiyo was out of earshot, Ouma sighed in relief and clutched at his chest.

“What a terrifying woman…” He muttered to himself, walking down another long hallway before
reaching one of the bathrooms, he opened it and quickly entered it. As he was getting ready, there was one thing on his mind.

How to properly handle this crush situation.

Well, what to do was obvious in his eyes. Ouma had to push Kaito away, crank up the lies to the next level, tease him at every turn, do his utmost to piss the astronaut off, he had to make Kaito hate him. There was a pang in his chest at the word hate but he tried to ignore it and focus on the feeling of soft fabric slipping over his body.

When he was fully clothed, the short boy grabbed a brush and quickly ran it through his purple locks. When he was done, he looked up into the mirror and the dictator did not appreciate the way his bangs covered the majority of his face. With a small sigh, Ouma purposely ran his fingers through his hair to somewhat dishivel it, achieving his usual style.

After that, Ouma exited the bathroom and happily skipped down the halls as he made his way to the dining room where breakfast would surely be. As he expected, something delicious was waiting for him. A tall stack of pancakes with copious amounts of whipped cream, syrup and strawberries topping them. Bacon, eggs and a tall glass of milk also smiled up at him.

Ouma sat down in the tall chairs, feet dangling from the floor as his small hands pressed on the glass table. Looking at the over the top meal, he felt guilty as he wouldn't be able to pay Korekiyo back for this hospitality. At least, not any time soon. Ouma planned to make his will be status as a Hope's Peak graduate useful, going into any field he chooses and being the absolute best.

He would use his future fame and fortune to lavish his family in luxurious homes, cars, clothing, anything they desired no matter how nonsensical. Ouma was going to pay Korekiyo back for everything he's done and continues to do in tenfold! That's something he'd long ago promised himself. Sticking a shiny fork into the supple pancakes before him, a grin lit up Ouma's features.

He was pretty sure he wanted to be a lawyer. He would be able to use his incredible smarts to back anyone into a corner, use his acting skills to gain sympathy from the jurors and judge, argue his point and fluster whomever was against him, it was perfect! Ouma would love to aid in serving justice in this crooked world, to put away the worst of the worst!

The purple haired boy continued shoving his food as he fantasized about putting away different infamous criminals as if it were some videogame, his train of thought interrupted by Korekiyo chuckling in the doorway, “What has amused you so greatly?”
Ouma's head shot up, cheeks immediately flushing, “N-nothing! How long have you been standing there?!” He points an accusatory finger, oblivious to the whip cream adorably sitting on his chin.

Korekiyo simply shrugs, “Long enough.” is his elusive answer as he finally pushes off of the doorway, “Are you ready to leave yet? You are so silly, sometimes.” At this, Ouma leaps down with a rather loud thud, waving his arms about like a child.

“I am not silly, I am dignified!” He shouts, practically jumping as he fumed with cherry cheeks, a pout on his lips. Korekiyo simply hummed in response, waiting a few moments before, with a practically audible smirk,

“By the way, you have whipped cream on your face.” With an incoherent splutter of indignity and embarrassment, Ouma wiped his face as they headed towards the door.

The duo made it to school in a timely manner, making it just on time and going to class without dilly dallying. Of course, as everyone filed in, Ouma saw Kaito walk in with Saihara and Maki on his heels. The astronaut was grinning, seeming to be proudly boasting about something.

Ouma tore his eyes away, looking down at his desk as he bit his lip. When did this stupid crush even begin? How had it manifested in the first place? The dictator chewed on his lip as he thought back but nothing really stood out to him besides his realization that he always has been watching Kaito from afar, taking extra joy in the other boy's presence.

Finally, though, a memory stood out to him. His third day attending Hope's Peak. Ouma was hellbent on using his opportunity to prosper and wanted no part in making friends, the moment he was brought in for his introduction, he made a spectacle of himself.

He remembers proudly jutting a thumb to his chest as he loudly proclaimed that he was the one and only Ouma Kokichi, better than the rest of them in every way and if they even tried to defy him, they would be ‘taken care of’ by his evil society. After that, he even pointed a few people out. The dictator had called Iruma a slut, said Kaito’s hair was stupid and even said Himiko looked like a donkey.

He had effectively pissed off the entire class and secured himself a status of zero friends. At least, that's what Ouma thought, at least. No one talked to him besides Toujo and even then, she was simply being courteous. After his third day of attending the prestigious academy, Ouma was having a bit of trouble with his locker at the end of the day.
A combination of yelling and pulling resulted in all of his papers being strewn about the hallway, littering the floors. With a sigh, the short boy bent down and began picking up the many different assignments. Kaito exited a nearby classroom and once his violet eyes landed on Ouma and his predicament, without a second of hesitation, the astronaut came over and began helping.

Ouma paused, looking at the other boy with a raised eyebrow. He was genuinely perplexed, why was someone he had been so rude towards...helping him? It didn't make any logical sense and thusly, the dictator spoke, “Why are you helping me? Don't you remember when we met?”

The man before him simply shrugged, “Doesn't matter to me, definitely wasn't the first time my hair’s been called stupid, either.” Ouma simply mumbled that it is and Kaito hummed in response, the supreme ruler grabbing a few more papers before realizing the rest were in the astronaut’s hands.

Kaito handed the stack to him before smiling widely, “That wasn't a real meeting, anyways! I'm Kaito Momota, the Luminary of the Stars!” He laughed uproariously, “Who apparently has bad hair!” Ouma remembers thinking Kaito looked gorgeous in the light of the setting sun, tan skin seeming to glow with his perfect, white teeth and long eyelashes, stars twinkling in his eyes.

Ouma, also, regrettably remembers that his heart did indeed skip a beat. He wanted to scream but thankfully contained himself within this classroom setting. The supreme ruler was absolutely flabbergasted, he couldn't believe he had gotten a crush over something so stupid! So long ago, too! Man, he was way too oblivious for his own good...

With a quiet groan, he shook his head and decided on something simple. *I'm going to avoid Momota-chan today,* Ouma nodded to himself.

The dictator had luck on his side, for the first half of the day, anyways. Yup, Ouma managed to make it until lunch scot free until Kaito, who'd been trying to catch his attention all day, called out to him. The shorter boy tried to ignore him, he really did but there was nothing he could do that didn't look overly suspicious when Kaito ran over to him.

Ouma turned to the taller boy, maintaining a coy smile easily, focusing moreso on the sky than the astronaut's face. They were close to the field, again. Kaito shot him a million dollar smile before quirking his eyebrows, “I didn't get to ask but what do you want for your Christmas gift?”

The supreme ruler paused, he had almost forgotten about that. He also had no idea what to buy
Kaito but honestly, he didn't think it would matter much longer. Ouma grinned like a cheshire cat, he has a much better way to push Kaito away than ignoring him. He forced a laugh but it sounded carefree, “Nishishi, you were serious about that?”

He puts a hand on his slender hip, “I can't believe you'd buy something for someone you don't even care about!” He threw his arms out in a grand gesture.

Kaito is perplexed, it spills onto his feature and into his voice, “What...do you mean..?” His tone is uncharacteristically timid and Ouma wishes he felt pride for being able to trample on the vivacious flower that was Kaito Momota. However, the dictator just thinks of himself as horrible for being able to dim the brightest star so easily.

Even so, he continues, laughing twistedly. “You don't care about me or most of us! You only care about Saihara-chan and Harukawa-chan!” Ouma crossed his arms, turning his nose up, “Momota-chan should just give it up and stop pretending you're a hero with a big heart!” The dictator lowered his voice, “Especially to someone like me.”

Indignant anger and offense begin to creep onto the tan boy’s face, “Ouma, that isn't true!” The dictator hates to admit that even when Kaito calls his name in fury, he relishes it. “Of course I care about all of you!” The astronaut proclaims, the heels of his shoes digging into the soft dirt beneath them.

All emotion left Ouma’s face and his voice was nearly monotone, “Oh, don't lie, Momota-chan. Lying is why you hate me, right?” That word stings his chest but he's so used to hiding his emotions that he has no tells, “Better be careful, I hate liars!” Ouma puts venom and emphasis on the word hate as if that alone would portray how afraid he is of Kaito disliking him and how much more afraid he is of Kaito loving him.

Finally, he gathers himself to force another laugh, “Seriously, just drop it already! If there was a serious emergency you would only save your closest friends, Harukawa-chan and Saihara-chan!” Ouma puts a nimble finger to his lips and its shaking ever so slightly, luckily that goes unnoticed by the fuming Kaito.

Ouma pressed on, “Even so, if you could only choose one of them, you would! Maybe one of them has fought with Momota-chan less or is just a little nicer!”

At this point, Kaito is livid and his eyes are awash with anger and hurt, a nebula of emotion compared to Ouma’s wide, lifeless lavender skies. “That's bullshit!” He curses, voice angry and teeth bared, “I would save everyone I could and I can't and will never choose between Harukmaki
and Shuu!"

This is what Ouma needs, anger directed towards him and contempt. He needs Kaito to get sick of him and leave him alone, to sneer at him and make his life just that much lonelier, Ouma needed this crush to be stomped out by the astronaut himself. A smile began to crawl onto his pink lips, nausea swirling in his stomach and tears trying so hard to push past his eyes but the dictator did not waver.

However, his feelings twist into confusion when Kaito's features soften immeasurably. He looks genuinely curious like he wants to understand and Ouma is frightened, why was Kaito trying so hard to understand him? “What has gotten into you, Ouma?” The astronaut's voice is sickeningly filled with care and Ouma wants to drop it all.

He wants to say it was just a joke and laugh and laugh, to run into Kaito’s arms and hug him but he doesn't. He simply raises an eyebrow, “Nothing! I'm just telling the truth, is that so hard to believe coming from a liar like me?” Ouma didn't know if he actually believed what he was saying. Kaito’s heart was too big for his chest and it spilled everywhere and on everyone.

He loved indiscriminately and it was so hard for Ouma to understand how one could simply be so open, be so happy and filled with wonderful things. Kaito made everyone smile, even those who were more reserved and even Ouma, who'd life has screwed over countless times. That friendship had to falter somewhere, right? No one could be that pure hearted, it had to run out or end somewhere.

Ouma just couldn't grasp that and because he couldn't, he had to force Kaito to bend and become somewhat of a bad person, to cause hatred to fester in his heart for, more than likely, the very first time.

The dictator put his arms behind his head, “What's the point of befriending people you don't really care for? I just don't get it, not one bit!”

Without a missing a beat, Kaito responds, “In order for someone to be my friend, I obviously have to care about them!” Ouma fights the urge to shake his head because Kaito considers everyone his friend and there's no way you can care about everyone. No one's heart works like that!

The dictator didn't even stop to think about the way he cared about all of his classmates, even the ones who didn't care much for him.
Ouma waves his hand dismissively, “Sure, sure! But, what's the point? Of trying to have so many friends, I mean!” He cocked his head to the side, smiling creepily. Deep down, he actually wanted to know. What someone got from having so many people know way too much about them and having to trust that one of those many people won't hurt you.

Kaito smiled down at him, his previous irritation only slightly showing on his features, “‘Cause friendship is amazing, it's what makes life worth living!’ He even had the audacity to give the supreme ruler a thumbs up.

Ouma’s eyes darkened considerably, voice becoming much more serious, “It's pointless because everyone leaves you in the end. We all go through life alone, you know? We die, too!” The dictator can't help the images of a woman lying lifelessly within a hospital bed, a woman bleeding out in his arms that play out in his head. Despite his heart squeezing and knees nearly buckling, he wore a devilish expression, “No one truly cares about others, we only care about ourselves!” But he knows that isn't true because if it was he would've never seen someone lose their life over love, felt arms wrap around him protectively and for his hair to be softly and neatly tucked behind his ears.

Kaito goes silent and that unnerves the supreme ruler, that's an unexpected reaction and something in him tenses, he almost wants to run. The taller finally speaks, his eyes boring into Ouma with eyes that seemed to know everything, “Is that how you feel about Korekiyo? Do you not care about him?” The tone of his voice and the look in his eyes says he already knows the answer is ‘no’.

Ouma’s blood runs cold because of course he cares about Kiyo. That boy has done so much for him, been a shoulder to cry on, a provider of food and shelter, patient and understanding, always kind and never angry. Korekiyo has never hurt Ouma and has done nothing but give and give. The anthropologist was like family to Ouma.

“That's not what we're talking about here!” Ouma yells, voice angry and it scares him that it came out of his mouth with such force. The dictator grabs himself, trying to calm down and keep his emotions in check but he feels Kaito’s eyes on him, analyzing him. His mask had cracked in just the slightest but quickly, Ouma regained his composure as a crooked grin slid across his face.

Kaito just smiles at him, so soft and tender and almost understanding. It's not pity in his eyes but something else that Ouma can't quite place.

“Ouma…” his voice is so sweet, the dictator’s name drips like honey, “What do you think life is? Just living alone aimlessly until you die?” Ouma doesn't reply, his smile simply falters. The
astronaut keeps going, “Sometimes you lose your friends, you grow apart or they hurt you. That's just how it is. That doesn't mean you have to live your life alone, Ouma.”

The supreme ruler lowers his head, bangs covering his eyes. His voice is surprisingly vulnerable and quiet, “If people just keep leaving you, you just keep getting hurt. It's an endless cycle that doesn't have a point…”

Without a moment of hesitation, Kaito grabs Ouma by the shoulders and once again smiles brighter than the sun itself, “Yeah it does! You don't lose everyone, you have people who stick with you! Even the people who leave still made days of your life happier and made good memories, ya know?”

“It's just a little hurt for endless happiness!”

With those words, Ouma’s heart skipped a beat and his eyes widened. He forced a smile onto his face, voice becoming light and airy, “Is that a stupid line from some anime? Geez, Momota-chan, could you be any cheesier?! Idiot!” The dictator ducked his head away, trying to hide his heated cheeks, gearing up to run away. Kaito grabbed his wrist, stopping him.

“No way, Ouma! I'm not letting you play this off as a joke and run away like you always do!” Kaito huffed but sounded frustrated, not angry. Ouma kept looking to the side, the majority of his face obscured by his messy bangs. Gently Kaito called out, “Ouma…”

Hesitantly, the dictator finally met the astronaut's gaze despite his pink cheeks. “Ouma, I want to be your friend. Please, let me be your friend. Stop pushing me away like this.”

With an almost childish pout, Ouma responds, “Why do you even want to be my friend in the first place?”

Kaito grins, cheeks turning the slightest shade of red, “‘Cause you're rad! I've never met anyone like you before, you're so weird and unique, it's even cool sometimes! Yeah, you can be annoying or hard to understand but that's okay, that's what makes you who you are. I know you have Kiyo and all but...I would love to be your friend.”

The astronaut wishes he knew why his heart was ready to beat out of chest, the butterflies in his stomach dancing about like no one's business. Ouma’s face is bright red, he's conflicted and Kaito can tell so the taller keeps going, “I can't promise that we'll never fight because we're both stubborn
as hell but I'll never hurt you on purpose, I promise that much.”

His hand is still wrapped around Ouma’s dainty and fragile wrist, Kaito is relishing in the feeling and everything in him is screaming at him to protect the supreme ruler. Again he asks, “Will you be my friend, Ouma?”

That caring and nearly desperate look in his eyes breaks Ouma down to his core, tugs on his heart strings and maybe it's the stupid crush taking over but he nods, “Okay.”

Kaito beams at him and pulls him in for a big hug, “Awesome!” And Ouma doesn't even know what to do, his brain stalls for a few moments until the tall boy in front of him asks him another question, “So, what do you want for Christmas?”

The dictator shrugs, “Uh, I have no idea..? Whatever you like, I guess?” Kaito just shakes his head and he laughs a bit,

“I'll get something you like, it's your present, after all.” Ouma once again just pauses, looking at Kaito with an unreadable expression as he mutters ‘right’. The astronaut pats him on the shoulder before saying, “Okay, I'll see ya later!” He takes off, probably off to see Saihara and Maki while rushing to eat his lunch. Ouma wondered if he would be the topic of conversation and for some reason, that makes his heart warm.

For no actual reason, Ouma just can't help himself as he yells out into the field. A very long and loud ‘oh my god’ because that's all he can think, he's too flustered for a coherent thought. His plan not only failed but backfired, Kaito was his friend now. God, what was he supposed to do now? Geez, Kaito made everything so difficult!

Class started once more and Korekiyo was one of the early birds, as he usually was. He notices that when Kaito walks in with Maki and Saihara, as usual, the astronaut is practically glowing. His eyes were mirthful, his chest was poked out in pride and his smile seemed so overly affectionate. Korekiyo knew, he just knew. Whether Kaito realized it or not, he had fallen in love.

The anthropologist smiled widely though no one could tell and his joy only increased when a clearly flustered Ouma entered the classroom, expression practically screaming ‘I have so much to tell you’.
Kaito and Ouma bump into each other, ending up on a totally-not-but-also-totally-is-date.

Hey hey!! Sorry for the mega long wait, everyone! School is keeping me very very busy lately but I'm surviving! I hope this chapter was worth the wait and everyone enjoys it!

“So that is what happened…” Korekiyo said, a small smile lurking beneath his mask as he chuckled. “Well, it certainly can't be marked as a negative experience, yes?”

Ouma sighed overdramatically, echoes bouncing off of the bathroom walls. He was comfortably sitting on one of the sinks, swinging his feet as he bit his thumbnail. “I guess…” he muttered, feeling particularly torn. The supreme ruler was happy that he and Kaito were now, officially, friends but that was far from what he’d planned to transpire.

Korekiyo, however, seemed quite pleased as he leaned against the wall. Neither of them paid any mind to the fact that they were skipping class, it wasn't something they did often but this was far from the first time, as well. Partially out of boredom, Ouma twirled his eggplant locks around his finger.

“Now I really have to figure out what to get him for Christmas.” Ouma muttered but he didn't sound like he was complaining, more so shocked. His entire face lit up with realization twisted with hope, his wide eyes were suddenly directed at the anthropologist as he grinned.

“I am still not telling you what to buy.” Korekiyo shot him down, knowing that's exactly what the shorter was going to ask. Ouma groaned, kicking his feet and flailing his arms about wildly.

“Kiyo, you're supposed to be my wingman!” He badgered and was only met with a small, noncommittal hum.
It was the end of the school day, Ouma was standing by the gates and absentmindedly twiddling with his hair as he waited. He’d said goodbye to Korekiyo, Himiko, Saihara and Iruma already. Watching each of them get into various varieties of cars in an array of colors. Dark green, red, black and even gaudy pink. Why did Iruma need so many cars, anyways? Ouma has seen her with three, at this point. That was such a waste of money and totally something someone like Iruma would do.

“Kokichi!” He had a soft voice croon, interrupting his thoughts and garnering his attention. The supreme ruler turned and was met with the sight of a short girl, her long brunette hair tied up into a ponytail. “Let's get going.” She smiled gently, long eyelashes resting on her tan cheeks.

“What an honor to be escorted home by you!” Ouma exclaimed, slapping both hands to his cheeks and feigning awe. The short girl rolled her sky blue eyes, they almost seemed like reflections of the blue ocean filled with white clouds above them.

She shook her head, cheeks red, “Oh, hush!” Her small hands grabbed Ouma’s wrist and began pulling him along the sidewalk, a nefarious giggle coming from the purple haired boy.

“But, Skye, it really is such an honor!” He whined, dragging out her name to be extra annoying. The supreme ruler even threw his arm over his eyes, being as over the top as he could. Ouma loved annoying DICE’s resident hermit, a girl who truly enjoyed sitting inside all day. It was quite rare that she left their makeshift home, let alone pick Ouma up from school.

It would be ironic if Ouma didn't know exactly why she stayed holed up in their sad excuse of a home. Skye had been on the streets for as long as she could remember before being taken in by DICE, she didn't even know her own name or if she was ever given one. Rose, looking into those beautiful eyes of hers, smiled grandly and proclaimed the brunette would thusly be known as Skye.

It made sense that she would spend most of her time inside after being outside for so many years. Even so, Skye was here with him now. It was rare and Ouma treasured it. Skye simply laughed, eyes cast downward at the rubble as they continued to walk.

“I figured it would be nice to get out before it gets cold out, it's already getting chilly, you know.” Skye explained herself, twirling her hair around her fingers. Ouma found himself doing the same, looking up at the clouds and admiring the clouds.
“Yeah, I know. It's pretty warm for November, though, don't 'cha think?” Ouma hummed as they turned another corner, a tall but abandoned building billowing and blocking out the sun. Almost to mock him, that sudden shade wrought quite the chill. With a shiver, Skye laughed bitterly.

“Not really. Though, this won't last much longer, anyways…” the short girl, even tinier and more fragile looking than Ouma, sighed. “Rose says the weather is going to utterly plummet in the next few days, what a bummer. For you, I mean, it doesn't make much of a difference to me.”

Ouma nodded, despite knowing that was a lie. Skye hated the cold, it wreaked her small frame every winter and left her a shivering mess. Despite this, she gasped happily and turned back to Ouma with shining eyes, “We'll get to stay with Korekiyo-san soon!”

Ouma’s response was a forced and bitter smile. He really despised having to be supported so gravely by his best friend, putting such a tax on him and his sister every winter. Even more than that, Ouma hated the thought of going through just one more winter of near frostbite and bitter tears as the cold seemed to gnaw on their souls. No, he would swallow his pride as many times as it took until he himself could shelter his family.

Skye’s smiling face only hammered that in more. She was his precious older sister. Skye, Umi, Kosuke, Daiki, Shun, Matsuda, Kei, Mei, and Blair. Even Rose, they're all his family who loves more than anything. He's already failed once but Ouma swears, no matter what, those are the smiles he will protect.

-----

It was around midnight and Ouma couldn't sleep, not at all. He simply just wasn't tired. Too many thoughts were racing through his mind. Plum colored fragments of Rose’s smile, autumn hints of Korekiyo’s sleeping form, gaudy red spears of Kaito’s laughter. All of it was keeping him wide awake, his heart fluttering wildly like a caged bird that wanted a hearty taste of freedom.

Ouma felt so restless, his foot tapping against the stone floors and losing rhythm anytime someone stirred, the dictator didn't want to wake anyone. His lavender eyes were tracing over the many different forms sleeping upon the floor, faces so overtly peaceful as they were quite used to these uncomfortable positions.

A sad smile ghosted across the small boy’s face but was quickly wiped away when a particularly hard breeze pushed against him. With that breeze, small whiffs of candy and sugary sweet delicacies assaulted Ouma’s senses. Just a few moments after, he could hear faint giggles from boys and girls alike. It seemed to call out to him.
The purple haired boy knew he had absolutely no business doing what he was about to do but he could never resist that call. Every time that knock came upon his door, the boy swung it open. With a tentative glance, Ouma looked over at Blair who was snoring and seemed to be quite deep in sleep. A devious grin tip toed onto Ouma’s lips as he gently stood.

With a few large and calculated steps, the supreme ruler was out the door with no regards to the fact that he would have school the next morning and how chilly it was. Nope, he simply began running into town with a childish smile. His steps were light and airy, these were the moments he felt alive. Ouma felt free.

Money was a cage, a trap. A trap that every living person had to endure, it was either a luxury or a hindrance. How he envied the ones born into wealth, who never knew what it was like to go without a meal. They could spread their wings and soar into whatever sky they purchase. While people like Ouma had clipped wings and could only watch from the ground.

Watch with jealousy and envy, saying that why can't everyone fly? Why is money important at all? Meanwhile, the ones flying high never have those thoughts. The expensive phones his classmates brandished, their fancy cars and designer clothes all taunted Ouma.

"Your friends can spread their wings and fly to the heavens but you're stuck there on the ground, why's that?"

And no matter how many explanations came to mind, sometimes none at all, Ouma could never voice them. The words could never leave his mouth, pausing right before becoming tangible. Ouma figured it was useless to try and more often than not, bit his tongue when that whisper hit his ears.

Bright city lights were painting Ouma in hues of purple and yellow, sometimes blue and brushes of orange. He was swimming in an ocean of color as he watched waves of people go by, laughing and smiling together. Some were drunk and stumbling, others were arguing and a few had their headphones with no regards to the world.

Here, Ouma was just a nameless face in the crowd and no one knew that he was any different from them. As far as they knew, they were all on equal terms. He liked it that way. Soon enough, Ouma found himself in front of an arcade, watching the bright blue lights spin and relishing in the sound of rambunctious teens cheering and yelling.
“Ouma..?” He heard a familiar voice call out to him, voice full of genuine shock. Ouma ignored it, there was no way this was actually happening. His mind was just playing tricks on him, that's all. It wanted to make this moment more perfect.

“Hey, Ouma!” The rugged voice called before a hand latched onto his shoulder, whipping him around. Now, Ouma was forced to face reality. A purple haired, tall and grinning reality. Kaito Momota is what that sweetly harsh reality is called.

Kaito was clad in a purple and blue jacket that read NASA across the back and up the arms, a black shirt underneath. Along with that, he was wearing black skinny jeans that clung nicely to his sculpted legs, he was also wearing some very expensive gym shoes that were eggplant purple with white stars across the bottom. It didn’t help that his hair was messier than normal, bangs hanging in his face. All in all, the astronaut looked ridiculously attractive. No matter what he wore, he just shined so bright.

Ouma snapped back to his senses, stammering, “O-oh, Momota-chan!” What was he supposed to say in a situation like this? Oh, that's right! “What are you doing out so late..?” The short boy forced a small, lopsided smile. He hoped that was a normal response, it was taking a moment to get reacclimated with his senses.

“Going to the arcade, same as you!” Kaito stated, giving him a thumbs up and a toothy grin. Ouma’s heart nearly leapt out of his throat, he had no intentions of going to the arcade, why would he? It's not like he had any money, in the first place. Now, it would be awkward if he said he was ‘just looking’. Kaito would think he’s a complete and total weirdo and not in the nice way.

Ouma was going to come up with some lie about being out past curfew but before he could, Kaito had wrapped his arm around the supreme leader’s nimble shoulders. The shorter boy nearly tripped over his feet, struggling to keep up with the astronaut’s long strides. Within just a few moments, they were in front of the machine that turned your money into coins for the games.

Without a moment of hesitance, Kaito pulled out a wad of money from his pocket before finally remembering Ouma was there. Ouma froze and swallowed thickly, laughing a bit, “I don't have any money on me at the moment.” That wasn't exactly a white lie, it was just that he never had any money on him. Unless he just freshly pick pocketed someone, that is. “So, I'll just go-” Ouma started to take a step back, scratching lightly at his cheek.

Kaito just laughed and stuffed entirely too much money into the machine, “I got you, man! No worries!” After he said that, he put both his hands on his hips and stared at the machine expectantly. Nothing happened and the tall boy’s smile immediately faltered, his hand going to scratch at his hair, “What the hell..? Why’s this always happen to me?!” He angrily muttered.
Ouma simply docked that info at the back of his mind. Kaito did seem like an arcade type of guy who would spend a lot of time at fun places like this. Anywhere youthful, exciting, gaudy and somehow innocent, Kaito Momota would be all for it. However, it seemed he had quite the bad luck. The dictator couldn’t help but to chuckle slightly, leaning against the coin dispenser. The very second he did that, the machine began spewing out coins like a drunk girl dispensing the contents of her stomach.

There was no way Kaito paid for that many but they just kept coming much to the astronaut’s pleasure, a smile bright like the moon illuminating his features beautifully and put the stars on his outfit to shame. Nothing could compete with that smile, Ouma mused. Finally, the machine seemed to have a few more violent coughs before stopping dead in its tracks. “Holy shit, Ouma!” Kaito exclaimed as he looked over to the dictator in disbelief.

He pointed, “You’re like, totally, my good luck charm, dude!” It was simple and at the end of the day, meant nothing but Ouma couldn’t help the warmth that spread across his chest. He ducked his head away, “You just have extraordinary bad luck, idiot.” The embarrassment was clear in his voice but luckily, Kaito didn’t pick up on it. After a few minutes of Kaito stuffing coins in his pants and jacket pockets, into the cups the arcade actually gave you and then Ouma’s pockets, they were off.

First were a few arbitrary games of pacman, Ouma did rather poorly in comparison to Kaito who seemed to be a total pro. Ouma swore up and down it was because Kaito wouldn’t stop yelling and trying to tell him where to go, he just couldn’t think straight like that! Kaito says he did so well based off of innate skill and totally not because he held all top three high score points. LTS was shorthand for Luminary of the Stars, Kaito informed him while his chest was puffed out with pride.

After that came Tekken which was a lot of fun and was more of a fair fight as they were both equally clueless. However, Ouma took the upper hand once he started playing as a panda bear that Kaito complained was ‘totally op’. If you ask the dictator, it was completely skill based and Kaito was only choosing characters on how cool ‘they’ looked, anyways. Flashy in everything, it seems. Ouma can’t tell how long they stood there, yelling out random attack names they’d come up with and kicking each other to cheat.

The supreme ruler’s heart was pounding, from excitement and concentration. In those dead silent moments when they couldn’t tell who was going to take the victory. Ouma occasionally stealing a glance at the oblivious astronaut who was squinting his eyes at the screen, biting his lip yet smirking. It was...a mix of cute and hot, if Ouma was being completely honest. Little did he know, Kaito was stealing glances at him too. He thought it was utterly adorable how Ouma stuck his tongue out when he was focusing.
Currently, they were playing one of those stupid basketball styled games. To be more accurate, it was moreso Ouma watching Kaito shoot as many baskets as he could. The astronaut had discarded his jacket and was surprisingly good at it, making practically every basket. However, seeing the basketballs go into the hoops was much less entertaining than watching the way Kaito’s muscles were flexing and straining against his shirt.

A bead of sweat trailed down his chin and disappeared into the low v-neck of his shirt. Ouma couldn't help but to feel a little hot under the collar, pulling at his scarf and swallowing hard. He felt like a pervert but he just couldn't help it, Kaito was too hot for his own airheaded good. There was a deep blush spreading across his cheeks, his palms beginning to get sweaty.

As awkwardly as ever, Ouma cleared his throat and shook his head, trying to force some sense into himself. Kaito made a few more shots before the timer ran out, a loud bzzt assaulting their ears. He cheered, throwing his arms into the air as he turned to Ouma.

As always, Kaito was wearing a goofy smile and, almost for what seemed to be both Ouma’s torture and pleasure, he flexed. Ouma must've looked like a flushed, sweaty mess because immediately Kaito frowned. “What's wrong, dude? You don't look too hot…”

Kaito’s mind was always racing and he always spoke before Ouma could get a word in edgewise, “You must be hungry! Let's sit down and eat!”

-----

The table was bright orange and navy blue, it hurt Ouma’s eyes just looking at it but he didn't have much time to, anyways. Kaito placed two trays down carry absolutely copious amounts of food and Ouma’s eyes widened like saucers.

“Wh...wha..?” Was all he could manage, mouth opening and closing like a fish. Did Kaito really expect him to eat all of this? Was Kaito going to eat it? Who the fuck buys this much food and at a shitty place like this? So many questions and no answers. “You...bought all of this..?” Ouma questioned, voice small like that of a mouse.

“Hell yeah, ‘course I did!” Kaito’s voice was boisterous and absolutely giddy, plopping down across from the supreme ruler with sparkling eyes. What sat before him was a huge hamburger, a larger than life order of fries, some weird looking chicken strips, and two hot dogs. Also a brightly colored drink that definitely didn't look healthy.
“You're going to eat all that?” Ouma asked, voice filled with disdain. There's no way he could possibly eat all of that, certainly the astronaut’s eyes were bigger than his stomach! His reply was a muffled yep as Kaito bit down into the burger, just one bite making an absolute mess of his tan hands.

Ouma looked down at the tray in front of him, it was smaller but still filled to the brim. An order of chili fries, two hot dogs and some, thankfully, normally sized fries. Another realization struck the shorter boy, “Wait, how much did this cost?”

Kaito said something but his mouth was too full to understand a word he said. However, his shrugging shoulders and dismissive hand were enough to communicate he was saying not to worry about it. Ouma bit his lip as confliction swirled inside of him.

If he ate it, Kaito would officially become one of the people he was indebted to and would eventually have to pay him back in the future. On the other hand, if he didn't eat it, even if Kaito could down what was on his own plate, Ouma seriously doubted he would be able to eat anything else. He didn't want this food to go to waste, either.

With a small sigh, the dictator begrudgingly picked up a fork and began eating his fries. It was now that Kaito finally decided to strike up conversation, “These games have been fun but we need to play something that will get us tickets! I need a prize, you know!”

Ouma simply rolled his eyes, speaking through a mouth full of food, “I'm sure you do, Momota-chan. Once we finish, we can play whatever you like and I can totally own you!” He laughed mischievously, the best he could without fries falling out of his mouth, anyways.

“Says the one who couldn't get higher than 1000 on PacMan!” Kaito shot back, eyebrows knit together in offense.

“Ugh, who cares? Being good at an old game no one even cares about anymore is so boring!” Ouma said, voice sounding completely nonchalant as he facetiously checked his nails. There was even a small grin tugging at the corners of his mouth.

“I'll have you know that PacMan is a timeless classic that deserves respect!” Kaito said before obnoxiously biting into his chicken strips, not caring about the fact that different crumbs were covering his mouth rather unceremoniously. Ouma thought it was kinda cute though so he didn’t mind, he continues to tease the other boy.
“Fine, if Momota-chan wants to talk about a more current game, let’s talk about how badly I destroyed you in Tekken!” The dictator was completely and totally expecting the roll of eyes that were his response.

“You were literally cheating!” Kaito accused him, puffing out his cheeks like an upset brat. “That panda is super OP and you kept kicking me! How can anyone focus like that!!”

“Uhh, I can since you were doing the act same thing to me.” Ouma narrowed his eyes with feigned annoyance. In reality, he found this entire encounter to be quite entertaining. He wondered if Kaito felt the same. Knowing the astronaut, however, he probably felt genuinely offended.

“You started it!” The taller boy pointed at him before slightly lowering his arm, “... I think.” Ouma went to retort but paused. He actually had no idea who kicked who first, now that he thought about it. It probably started off as an accident and just got out of hand. Neither of them could really keep their cool around each other, it seemed. They were just too competitive and prideful for their own good.

Ouma just couldn’t help himself, a laugh bubbling up in his chest and pouring out of him. It was a genuine laugh, shaking his shoulders and putting the biggest smile on his face. “Hahaha, you might be right for once, Momota-chan!”

Kaito, on the other hand, couldn’t really laugh. He was too wrapped up in how pretty Ouma looked right now with that big toothy grin, rosey cheeks, and the way his hair was framing his face perfectly. That smile was so...different from the one Kaito usually saw the dictator sporting. It was authentic and warm in ways he couldn’t describe with words. It stirred all of these feelings inside of him, he felt giddy and special that he could make Ouma smile like that. Without a doubt, that was a smile Kaito wanted to protect.

With that overly sappy realization dawning on him, Kaito felt his cheeks heat up immeasurably and he looked away, scratching the back of his neck nervously. “Ah, I’m ready to go back to gaming, are you?” Ouma nodded, wiping his face and not really noticing how much he’d eaten. The food honestly wasn’t even that good but it tasted amazing with Kaito around.

The duo hopped up and began walking around once more, the astronaut declining skee ball and Ouma definitely saying no to one of those shooting games. Guns gave him the worst anxiety, even if they were fake. The dictator just brushed it off by saying they were boring and Kaito didn’t pry. As they continued their search, Ouma heard some over the top and poppy music. It was that girl band that had Sayaka Maizono as the leader, her melodious voice catching Ouma’s attention.
Without so much as a word, the supreme leader rounded the corner and ignored Kaito’s shout of *hey* and was met with a wonderful sight. The machine was a bright pink with a shining blue screen, two rainbow colored dance pads at the hest and pictures of Sayaka and her fellow band members. As if sensing his curiosity, the machine loudly proclaimed its name. “Dance Dance Revolution!” A deep male voice announced before Sayaka’s soft and gentle voice added ‘let’s dance!’". With awe and a spark in his eyes, Ouma pointed.

“Let’s play that one!” He turned to Kaito with his big eyes and didn’t say a word yet was practically begging. Kaito didn’t particularly care for that game as most of the songs were either too girly or old songs he had never even heard of. With that adorable expression pointed towards him, it seemed like the best game in the entire arcade. The astronaut simply nodded and muttered an okay.

In moments, Ouma had inserted his coins and was excitedly scrolling through songs. Admittedly, he’d never heard of most of them and was just going by the little ten second demo clips that played when you scrolled past them. He settled for some song that was Summer Love or something like that and was raring to play. In just moments, the song was playing and the dictator was trying to follow the very brief instructions the game gave them before thrusting them into the actual game.

Kaito was very lackluster about it all, stepping when and where it told him to with the occasional jump. The thought of going all out or even just giving half of his effort embarrassed him. There were barely any people around but still, it just felt utterly unmanly to dance around happily to some girls singing about falling in love at the beach. He thought that surely Ouma could sympathize and was feeling the same disdain and confliction.

However, that wasn't quite the case. Ouma had that look on face again, a look of pure and utter innocent joy. The pink and blue lights were illuminating his pale features and Kaito thought they fit him quite well. The dictator was going all out, not missing a single step and his score was rising high above the astronaut’s. A bead of sweat trailed down Ouma’s chin and dripped onto the dance pad, he paid it no mind.

Kaito found himself slack jawed, he was genuinely impressed by Ouma’s skill. Not only that, he honestly felt a little dumb to feel so embarrassed when Ouma was having the time of his life. He guessed it was fine, right? Slowly the astronaut started to get more into it, focusing on his own screen and trying to keep up with Ouma’s natural knack and rhythm.

The song ended shortly after and before Kaito could even say anything, Ouma had turned to him and stuck his tongue out. “Wow, Momota-chan, I didn’t know you had two left feet! Nishishi , I don’t know what I expected from an oaf like you!” There was obvious pride written across his features as he teased the taller.
Kaito punched his fists together, “I was just getting warmed up! I'll show you, you little brat!” Which was a total lie but he hoped the other couldn't tell.

With a smirk that sent chills up Kaito’s spine, Ouma said, “Sure, sure! I'll even give you the honor of picking the next song! Loser~!” The dictator stuck his tongue out once more and for the umpteenth time, Kaito felt his cheeks flush. It was ridiculous how quickly the supreme ruler could from adorable to, well, hot.

Focus, Kaito mentally scolded himself as he huffed, randomly flicking through and picking a song. It was just as peppy and overly cute as the one before but this time around, it didn't bother him one bit. His competitive nature had completely overridden everything else. He was going to show Ouma who's boss!

-----

Before either of them knew it, two hours had passed. It was almost nonstop DDR with the exception of a few bathroom breaks and going to buy drinks. At the end of the day, Ouma had won their little competition by just one song but Kaito swore it was a tie. The first one didn't count apparently. Ouma was having none of it, though.

The were going to settle it with one last round by the last staff member, a sweet old lady came and told them the arcade closed at three a.m. It was only thirty minutes until then, Kaito apologized profusely but the woman said it was fine. She even said she would cash in all the tickets they got from dancing which were quite a lot.

Ouma practically vibrated all the way to the corner, excitement ready to burst from his fingertips. He can't remember when he got something brand new! Well, a brand new toy, anyways. Everything looked pretty boring though once he made it to the counter. All but one…

“That one! That one!” The dictator shouted, pressing his hand against the glass counter and almost falling over it as he pointed to a large teddy bear on the top shelf. It wasn't ridiculously big, just about the size of his torso. It had plain black fur but had checkered black and white button eyes with a black top hat. It was utterly adorable!

The woman nodded, locks of snow white hair falling into her face. “That one is quite expensive, you know. It'll cost you all your tickets except ten, darling.” She looked at them both with a warm expression. Ouma turned back to Kaito with those big, pleading eyes.
“You come here all the time, you can get something next time! Oh, please, please!” Ouma begged before threatening him, “I’ll cry if you say no!”

Kaito rolled his eyes, “Oh my God, okay. Get it, I'll just take that cheap rubiks cube for the last ten.” The woman smiled, quaint and thin before using a hook to get the bear down. She handed it to the ever expectant Ouma, he grabbed it and hugged it close to his chest and buried his face in the fur.

Any irritation Kaito felt melted away at the adorable sight, an utterly lovesick smile painting his face. Ouma finished rubbing his face against the soft bear and beamed up at Kaito, “Thank you so much!”

Kaito mumbled, “It’s no problem…” Geez, how many times was he going to blush tonight? He was realizing that maybe his sexuality wasn’t such a mystery. Of course Ouma would be the one to make him realize just how cute boys are.

Ouma is the cutest boy the astronaut had ever seen, but he would die before telling anyone that or even just saying it aloud.

“I have to get home, I'm out way past curfew, nishishi! I'll see you tomorrow, Momota-chan! I had fun, this totally wasn't boring!” Ouma said his quick and abrupt goodbye, giving Kaito a side hug before turning tail and absolutely taking off. The astronaut couldn't even return his goodbye, instead opting to shout for the shorter boy to wait.

Though, once he heard the doors to the arcade close he knew Ouma was long gone. Kaito sighed and turned to the kind woman, “Sorry, again. Thanks for not kicking us out, though!”

She simply laughed, “It's fine, it wasn't closing time quite yet. Besides, how could I interrupt such a cute date?”

Kaito spluttered, choking on air, “A date?! Wh-what? No, we’re just friends...! Yeah, just friends!”

The woman seemed doubtful as she just hummed, turning around and beginning to clean up. Kaito left the establishment with ruby cheeks, heart thudding.

Was that a date?
Comments are HELLA appreciated (I need them to survive, thanks).

WOO, chapter one done!!! I hope y'all liked it, please leave comments. I appreciate kind comments and constructive criticism!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!