

Sakura | TodoBaku

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by [BlitzWolf](#)

Summary

"In the blink of an eye, everything we love will rot away and die."

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- I do not own BNHA/MHA. All credit for the series and its characters goes to Horikoshi Kohei.

Day 1

Chapter Notes

this fic revolves less around the plot (which is incredibly predictable) and a lot more around its foreshadowing, metaphors, and angst. i usually don't say stuff like this, but otherwise, this fic seems really boring. i swear it gets more interesting.

It's April first, and Icyhot said we should journal our time together for the next ten days as some kind of joke. I don't think he gets the point of April Fools' Day, but it's almost funnier this way.

We walked to class together this morning, and for some reason, he seemed to be in a good mood. Usually, we just wave and silently walk to class. Today, he was smiling a little bit, and there was a little more energy in his steps than his shitty, monotonous everything. I asked him why he was in a good mood, and he told me he was happy that it was finally April. Said April was a special month to him, and I'd know why soon.

But fucking hell is his smile nice. He hardly smiles, but I stare whenever he does. I look like a dumbass, but his smiles are so goddamn nice.

I swear, it's like the cherry blossoms outside are flourishing in my head.

At lunch, he stared off into the scenery outside for a while. He wasn't smiling anymore. He looked sad, if anything. I can't read him very well, but something wasn't right. He just stared outside for a while, and I had to nudge the dumbass to knock him out of it.

Asked him if he was all right, and he nodded. I said he hadn't touched his lunch and had been staring for a while. He said, "I was just thinking about how we wait so long just to watch the cherry blossoms fall apart. We don't really pay attention to when they bloom. We pay attention to when they start to die."

I said, "Just so happens to be that they look the best when they're dying."

He smiled a little and looked back outside. "I see."

"All right, just spit it out. What're you thinking about?"

"If you were a cherry blossom with only a little bit of time left in the world, what would you want to see and do? I guess they can't do much, but you get the point."

"I dunno. I'd just wanna do everything I possibly could. You?"

“I think I’d want to make up for all my wrongs and truly appreciate everything and everyone I have.”

Then, lunch ended.

After school, we were studying in my dorm, and Icyhot fell asleep with his head on my desk. He’s a quiet sleeper. He almost looks peacefully dead when he’s asleep.

I felt weird, but not in a bad way. I covered him with a blanket and started to just kind of think. It’s our last year here at U.A. Our high school days are almost over. Feels like I first saw this freak with red and white hair and a weird-ass mark over his eye just a few weeks ago. These high school years have been fucking crazy, but I’ve gotten the most out of them over everything else.

Sucks that all good things have to come to an end, and that end’s fast approaching...

Day 2

Last night, I couldn't get Icyhot off my mind. He ended up sleeping in my dorm, but it was weird because he slept for fucking forever. It wasn't even that late when he fell asleep.

I dunno if he was just really tired or what, because he got like two nights of sleep in one sitting. Lucky bastard. It's just weird since I've never known anyone that sleeps for as long as he did. Is that just normal for him?

But I'm pretty damn sure I like him as more than a friend. I think it's mainly been the latter half of last year and this year that I've started to feel this shit that I've never felt before when I'm around him. I feel like such a child. I don't know. What the fuck is love? Do I like him, or is this just normal friendship shit I never got to feel before?

Sometimes, I hate having emotions. Most of the time, it hurts more than it helps. Feeling anything but happy just feels like shit. I usually feel fine, but I know I could feel better, and I hate that. It makes me wonder how Icyhot feels since he never expresses much. Based on what I've learned about him, it kinda seems like he unconsciously suppresses any unnecessary emotions. I tell him to just let himself feel for once, but he just thanks me and doesn't do it.

I wonder when that's gonna backfire and he'll hit his breaking point.

It's Sunday, and when I woke up, Icyhot was walking out of the bathroom. He looked at me, and he flinched. Then, he apologized for falling asleep. He apologized for making me sleep on the floor, even though he didn't make me do shit. He apologized for being a burden.

He never apologizes so damn much. Told him to cut the shitty apologies when he had nothing to apologize for. Then, I asked him if he was all right, and he smiled and said he just wanted to see my annoyed, deadpan expression. Asshole. Cute, but an asshole. I rolled my eyes as he walked up to me, and I dragged him onto the floor with me.

His hair was greasy and a little knotted, and his uniform was wrinkled. I stared at him like a fucking dumbass. He tilted his head and just looked at me too.

I don't know what the hell got into me, but I really wanted to hug him. I sound so fucking cheesy. I hate myself sometimes. But he just looked sad. Nothing was different about his expression, but I got the sense that something wasn't right. So, I told him he looked kinda sad.

He gave me a sheepish smile, but, again, it was weird—he doesn't usually smile, and if anything, his reaction was more like how Deku would've reacted. "It's just that the week is already over," he told me. "I know it's our free day today, but I feel like there's always something looming over my head for tomorrow, and I can't seem to catch a real break. Sometimes, I wish..." He trailed off and looked at the floor. "I wish we had Saturday off like other places do," he said after a bit, but it's pretty fucking obvious he changed whatever he was originally gonna say.

I said that'd be neat to experiment with, and then, there was silence. I asked him if he wanted a hug. I felt so fucking stupid and embarrassed. His eyes widened a little, but he said he couldn't bother me to do that.

Told him to shut up, and I hugged him. He hugged me back. He was cold and kinda shaky, but after a bit, it was so damn warm and fuzzy. I felt all weird inside. I wanted to tell him I liked him, but I heard him snuffle, and he suddenly let go and stood up. He turned away from me and kept his head low. He said he was sorry, and he left.

We didn't talk for the rest of the day. But something's going on with him that he's not telling me.

Day 3

Talked to Icyhot this morning, and I asked him if he was okay. He nodded and said he didn't know why he wasn't himself yesterday. He looked a lot better. But he also just seemed like he was really tired.

During lunch, we went outside, and there were cherry blossoms fluttering like snow or some shit all around. Looked nice, though. Icyhot looked so fucking nice in the sunlight and cherry blossoms. He looked fucking perfect. Beautiful like those pristine, elusive cherry blossoms.

I told him he looked real nice. He smiled a little and thanked me. Then, he moved closer to me, and he just stared at me for a moment. He lifted his hand, and tilting his head, he placed his hand on my head and plucked a cherry blossom from my hair. My dumb ass thought something else was gonna happen.

I really am a gay mess, huh?

Icyhot looked at the light pink cherry blossom, and then he looked at me. "It's just one cherry blossom in a countless sea of other cherry blossoms, but at this moment, it's more than that to me," he said before taking my hand and setting the flower on my palm. "Do you think either of us will remember this cherry blossom in the future?"

I shrugged and brushed a few strands of his white hair behind his ear; I tucked the flower into his hair, and fucking hell, he looked so cute. "I can't tell you the future, but what matters most right now is that it's a good experience worth remembering, even if we forget. But, oi..." I couldn't look him in the eyes, and I felt such a weird, tingling sensation in my stomach.

He tilted his head like the dumbass he is, and I felt like my heart would beat out of my chest. I was sweaty, hot, at a loss for words, anxious, embarrassed, and yet, I kinda felt desperate to just say it already:

"What if I said that I like you, Todoroki?"

He gave me a weird smile, and he stared at the grass littered with pink shit for a while.

"That's... what I was afraid of the most, even though I like you too. I like you a lot, Bakugou. I just..." That familiar, sad look was glazed over his eyes.

He said it wasn't internalized homophobia, but he told me he'd tell me soon. My heart kinda sunk, and I was terrified of shit going wrong, but we decided that we'd go on a date tomorrow.

It still bothers me that he said this was what he was afraid of the most. What does he mean by that, and why? Is he just pretending to like me back?

After school, he still had that cherry blossom in his hair. I said he looked cute on accident. He bent down and picked up a cherry blossom that hadn't fallen apart yet, and he stuck it in my

hair. He said I looked cuter. I blushed stupidly hard. I hated that he said that, but I also really liked it. He smiled at me, and he asked if I wanted a hug. Hell yeah.

Sad to think my memories of this are gonna rot away with time, even if I write them down. I don't wanna forget these precious, beautiful moments. I don't. They're *my* memories, dammit. Don't take this away from me. Cruel that life and death will do it to everyone, no matter how precious those memories are.

Day 4

Todoroki was pretty flinchy this morning. Asked him, and he said he hadn't slept well. He also looks a little thinner than I remember. I didn't ask about that.

Even though he was all tired and flinchy in the morning, he seemed pretty lively by lunch. But something was pretty unsettling about it. Can't put my finger on what, but he just seemed *too* expressive.

Again, he brought up more stuff about cherry blossoms. I don't know why he seems to be obsessed with them, but it's kinda fascinating to see what he thinks. He said life's like the cherry blossoms, and where there's a glorious moment in life, that eventually rots away to time amongst other great moments that also die out. Repeat, repeat, repeat.

After school, though, we went on our date. We went to a restaurant, and when we sat down, he seemed really out of it. I asked if he was feeling all right, and he said he was fine, but I didn't really believe him. I said he looked tired and kinda down.

He apologized and changed the topic. He asked why I liked him. I said he was sweet, loyal, attractive, funny, so different from me but so similar, nice to talk to, and yeah. Okay, maybe I didn't say half the things there because I felt too cheesy, but I wanted to say all of that.

He gave me the fakest smile I've ever fucking seen. I don't know if he was just not having a good day, but I got pretty annoyed at that. I tried not to show it, but I wanted to get closer to him and know him more—not find reasons to be skeptical about him.

I asked him why he liked me, and finally, he looked up from the table. He told me he'd always had a bit of a crush on me ever since he first got to know me, and as we became friends, that feeling got stronger. I asked him why he never told me how he felt for so long, and he looked away again. He said he never realized what he was feeling until a few months into this year. I don't blame him.

Apparently, one of Todoroki's hobbies is writing. Never saw that one coming. He prefers cats over dogs, he sleeps on his back like a fucking weirdo, and he doesn't like going out more than he has to.

After we got our food, Todoroki didn't really eat much of it. I asked him if he was really doing okay, and he said he was really tired. Asked if he had some kind of sleeping problem, and he said he slept pretty often and for a while, but he never felt rested afterward. He said he constantly felt tired, and he didn't know why.

Then, he apologized for not setting a great example of himself. He apologized for so much that I had to stop him. I said he had nothing to apologize for and to stop apologizing for that shit. He apologized again, and I thought he'd look at me with an awkward smile or something, but he really looked like he was beating himself up over that.

I'm starting to think that he isn't very kind to himself.

Day 5

Todoroki didn't show up to class. The whole day, I couldn't stop thinking about him. Not in the way I usually do since he's almost always on my mind, though. I had a terrible feeling about it. I texted him in the morning to ask if he was all right, and he didn't reply. I didn't even care if he lied to me. I just wanted to know he was there. I wanted a sign. Something. Anything.

At lunch, I went to his dorm, and I felt like I waited at his door for a century before he finally answered. He looked so tired. He sounded tired too. I could tell he hadn't showered, and he hadn't changed his clothes either. He just looked like a mess.

He apologized if he worried me, and he said he woke up that morning and started to get a bad migraine, so he went back to bed.

I asked if I could do anything for him or if he needed anything, but he said he was fine. Bullshit. I told him to wait there, and I brought him back a bowl of rice and some water. He thanked me, and I tucked him back into his futon.

I said I'd be back after school. The cherry blossoms are starting to turn brown, and they're mostly on the ground now.

After school, I rushed to his dorm, and he looked a little better. I was worried as all hell, and that's when he gave me his awkward, sheepish smile. He said I was sweet for being so worried about him. What an asshole. Told him to shut it.

He said he'd been thinking a lot about me, us, and our relationship. We're just dating right now. He asked if there was anything I really wanted to do together, but I really didn't know. I asked him why he asked, and he said he was just curious. Then, I asked him if there was anything he really wanted to do together. He looked like he wanted to say something, but he didn't. So, I said one of the cheesiest fucking things I'll ever have the disgrace of saying:

"Actually, there's one thing... I'd love to know what your lips feel like."

That cute asshole blushed a little bit. It was so damn cute. Seeing him with cheeks that were light pink like cherry blossoms was fucking perfect.

He said he wouldn't mind feeling mine, and then, we kissed. It felt good. His lips were soft. It felt so right to kiss a guy. It felt so damn right. And we went for another kiss. It was deeper. More passionate. More impulsive and raw. We held that one for a bit. I couldn't help wanting to run my hands over his sides, and I think it was the same for him. It got deeper again once our hands kind of broke the barriers of clothing. Fucking hell, it felt so right. I've never felt that way before.

When it was over, I hugged him tight. He didn't say anything. He hugged me back, and we just hugged for a good while. I didn't want to let go until he did. It just felt like he needed that sense of being loved.

When we finally let go, he said something that I can't get off my mind:

“Even if I forget, you won't forget about this moment, right?”

Day 6

Today was crazy. I did so much stuff with Todoroki. We got some ice cream after school, and we just sat on a bench in the nearby park and talked. He got strawberry-flavored ice cream, and I got vanilla. He said it was his first time eating ice cream; Endeavor never let him have sweets or unhealthy foods. I asked him how it tasted, and he said it was good, but he was sad that it was slowly disappearing and would soon be gone. He also said that you can only go down from the best.

I told him to stop being so negative and to enjoy things for what they meant to him. To not let his pessimism take away from the joy of the moment. He smiled a little and said I was right. Damn extra.

After that, I asked him if he wanted to go to an onsen and then get dinner. His whole demeanor changed. He thought about it for a while, and he asked if it was something I really wanted to do. I said we didn't have to if he was uncomfortable with it. Then, he asked if going would make me happy. I said yes, but that I'd be just as happy doing something else if he didn't want to, and that he didn't have to force himself to do anything for my sake.

He said he'd take it as an opportunity to branch out and try something new. So, we went. He looked pretty damn nervous the entire way there, so before we went into the place, I asked him if he was sure. He nodded, but I didn't really believe him. While I rinsed off, I looked over to see that Todoroki had frozen most of his body with ice. I didn't ask about it because he was uncomfortable enough, but I assume it's just because the onsen's hot, and the mark on his face was because of boiling water.

I washed his hair and he washed mine. He was so damn gentle. The soft little smile he had after a bit of washing my hair was so fucking precious. I told him his smile was adorable, and he embraced it and smiled a little more. Why the fuck is he so cute? I did his hair kinda rough just for fun, and I spiked his wet, soapy hair up a little bit. He looked so dumb. But I loved it.

We got in the onsen together, and it felt so fucking nice. It's been a solid year since I've been to an onsen, but goddamn do they feel refreshing and rejuvenating. He seemed to enjoy it too. We even held hands under the water. He rested his head on my shoulder, and that cheesy motherfucker really said I was hotter than the water. I wanted to splash his face with some water, but I didn't.

God, I had such a good time with him there.

After that, we dried off and got dinner together. There was a light breeze, and the brownish cherry blossoms were scattered all over the outside tables. Todoroki said he wanted to eat outside, so we did.

He said it was sad to see the end of the cherry blossoms falling, but he didn't leave it on some shitty note, and he added that it was just a sign that spring was, in a sense, dying, and summer would replace it. Though, he did also ask: "How do you deal with the times when the things in your life that make you happy eventually die out?"

I shrugged and said it's just a part of life. I'd get sad and reminisce over the good times, but I'd know some other good moment was waiting for me in the future.

The food, though, was great. I got my card to pay for everything, but Todoroki fucking knocked the card out of my hand and gave our waitress his card. He said he didn't want me to pay for anything. He also paid for our first date. Now I feel like shit. I'm making it up to his dumb ass. He doesn't get to one-up me here. Not happening.

While we were walking back, he asked me something that's still really unsettling to me:
“Would you be sad if the cherry blossom that was different from the rest and seemed like it would always be with you suddenly decomposed without warning?”

Day 7

Big news. Shouto's my boyfriend now. We talked about this after school, and we both said we felt like we wanted to take our relationship to the next level. Though, he kept asking me if I was sure. It's like he doesn't think he's worth my time. It's sad. I definitely think he's got some issues with his self-worth and self-esteem, based on everything I've seen.

I asked him if he was happy, and his answer was pretty fucking sad. He said something like: "Of course I am. Given everything I have, I don't think I have the right not to be. How could I *not* be happy and content?"

I asked him if he was sad. He said that if he was happy, then of course he wasn't sad. So, I asked if he felt down or just not himself at all. He said he didn't think so. I smell bullshit.

I asked him if he hated himself. He said he sometimes does. I asked when those moments were, but he didn't want to say.

He changed the topic to ask me if I wanted to do anything in particular today. I didn't wanna let the conversation go, but I didn't wanna press anything.

One day, I'll break his walls. I want him to open up to someone, even if it ain't me.

We ended up hanging out in my dorm. We sat on my bed and talked about a bunch of random shit. It was fun, though. It was nice to hear his experiences and be listened to by him.

It was strange that he never once brought up anything about cherry blossoms.

But eventually, I ended up telling him about my anxiety, and how bad it was in the past. He listened to everything. He didn't try to step in and say stuff about himself. He just listened, he nodded, he made slight expressions, he asked a few questions, and I just felt so safe and respected. Felt really nice. And it got that shit off my chest since I've never told anyone else about it. I told Deku some bits and pieces, but he immediately jumped to try and solve my problems whenever I wasn't talking. Knew he didn't mean any harm, and he just wanted to help, but I didn't want someone like him to tell me what to do. I just wanted someone to listen.

Shouto's an oblivious dumbass, but he's still sharp. He asked if my anxiety and desire to have someone listen were the reasons why I'm loud, aggressive, stubborn, and all of that. Exactly that. Exactly fucking that. It's made me who I am today, but it doesn't control me like it used to. *I'm* the one in control. I'm stronger, and that's what I wanted to prove to the shitty world that mocked me for being weak.

I thanked Shouto for listening. I made myself thank him. Asshole said I didn't have to force myself, and he had that shitty fucking smile on too. I tackled him to the floor, and fucking hell, his smile was sublime. I kissed him, and damn, it got pretty hot. His face was all flushed and pink, he was breathing a little heavier, and his heart was like a symphony of lightning.

When the passion started to fade, *I* was the one thinking about cherry blossom shit. I started to pay more attention to how beautiful it was after the kiss was over. I paid attention to those lingering feelings, but I guess maybe it's true that you can't fully appreciate something until later when you realize how much it really meant to you. It was great to see the cherry blossoms falling while it lasted, but now that they're all dying and being trampled on the ground, I wish I could go back to look at the trees before all the flowers fell. Guess there's always next time, huh?

Day 8

A lot happened today. Shouto seemed like he was in a rush the whole day. He was all over the place. I asked him if something was going on, but he insisted that he was fine. He said: "I just don't have enough time to do everything anymore."

Told him that if things got too difficult, he could come to me. He thanked me, and I hugged him. This was during lunch, and we were outside. Then, I felt something warm and wet on my shoulder. I felt soft drops landing on my shoulder and seeping into my uniform. I felt Shouto's chest shake and twitch.

Shouto was crying. I hugged him tighter and moved him into my lap. I told him to let himself feel and release whatever he was feeling instead of suppressing it. He cried for a while, and he got some ugly sobs out. I didn't know what the hell to do, so I just ran my hand through his hair and rubbed his back. Was it embarrassing to be stuck like that in front of other people? Absolutely. But I knew it had to have been at least ten times worse for Shouto.

He muttered some things like "I don't want to yet," "I can't," "not yet," "don't go," and yeah. At one point, he was starting to breathe normally again, and I'm not sure what it was, but something broke him. It kind of felt like he was going to crush me with his arms, but I was just glad he was letting everything out.

After lunch ended and everyone went back to class, we went to the bathroom so he could wash his face. He said he felt better. After he washed his face, he apologized for everything, and he asked if I could step out for a few minutes.

I didn't ask, but after a bit, I heard him throwing up. I felt so fucking bad for him.

When Shouto was done and I heard him tearing off paper towels, I opened the door, and he was standing with his back to me but at an angle. My body froze over with fire. I was paralyzed. I couldn't believe what I'd seen. I felt like my brain had been dipped in the sun. It was so sudden. I never would've expected it.

Shouto was wrapping up his left arm, which was covered in countless cuts and scars. I only got a glimpse of some of his arm, but there were fresh cuts *all over* his arm. Immediately, he rolled his sleeve down and tucked his arms in, but that single glimpse was all I needed.

I felt like someone rubbed salt all over my guts. Like my heart was filled with hot gas, and it popped and just stopped beating. Like I'd been punched in the stomach. Like my tongue was covered in spoiled milk.

I found out my boyfriend was cutting himself, for fuck's sake.

But I didn't do anything rash, for once in my fucking life. I pretended not to see, and I just asked if he was feeling all right. He looked so relieved. Knew it was kinda cruel, but he'd already been through enough. I'll talk to him about this tomorrow.

He said he wanted a few more minutes to breathe, so I stepped out again and let him finish bandaging his cuts. I felt like a meteor crashed into my skull.

After school, we didn't really talk or do anything. I tried not to think about what happened, but I couldn't shake the image that's burned into my head:

Shouto staring, petrified like a deer in the headlights, in the bathroom with a paper towel over his arm sliced up with cuts and scars.

Day 9

Shouto looked pretty perky today, but his eyes were like the splotches of brown on an otherwise perfect cherry blossom. He sounded enthusiastic, and he looked like he had more energy than usual, but every now and again, his eyes looked so dead. They looked like the rivers of brown mush on the sides of the road and sidewalk from trampled, dying cherry blossoms after the rain.

He asked me if there was anything I wanted to do today or tomorrow, but I didn't know. He seemed kinda desperate for me to say something. I suggested seeing a movie, so we planned that out.

Since it was Sunday, we just kinda talked and studied until lunch. I asked if we could talk about some stuff while we ate, and he agreed. But I didn't want to bring it up. I didn't want to have that conversation. I didn't want to face it.

But I told him that I saw the cuts on his arm, and I asked if they were self-inflicted. Shouto was silent, but he knew I knew the answer. I asked him why he was cutting, and he looked so defeated and empty. He said it happened during the moments he hated himself.

I figured he had issues with that, but I didn't think he was this self-destructive about it. It hurts to know. It fucking hurts.

I asked if he'd ever considered getting help, and with conviction, he said he didn't want it. I asked if he'd ever cut too deep before, and he shook his head. I asked if he was cleaning his cuts, and he nodded.

I said I really didn't want him to be doing this to himself, and if there was something else he could try to do instead of cutting. He shrugged, but I asked him to write a list of potential things he could try instead. He nodded, and I hugged him.

Then, he asked me if he thought that rotting petals still looked pretty. I think he wanted to ask if I still liked him, despite the awful truth I now know about him. I told him the petal is what's pretty—not what's making it rot. Then, I told him I'd always be there for him if he needed me.

“Don't say that.” I remember him saying that so vividly, and I asked why, so he said, “I don't...know if I'll always be able to be there for *you*. I want to be, but...” He trailed off and hugged me tight, and we just kinda silently hugged for maybe fifteen minutes.

I feel like he might be depressed.

Later, we saw a movie with a lot of action and comedy. Shouto didn't get any of the jokes. No surprise there. It was a decent movie, but the plot kinda sucked. When the credits rolled, I fucking knew Shouto would feel obligated to stay for the credits like everyone else. Yeah, I appreciate the people that worked on this, but I'm not gonna remember a single name by the next day, so I dragged him out of the cinema.

Shouto asked if there was anything else I wanted to do, so I took him to a sushi place. He looked at all the dead, brown petals on the ground as we walked, and he said it's sad but inspiring that we get used to moving on from things we've lost, and we can keep going as if nothing happened. He also said it's sad that we have so many good memories, but not all of them survive, and most are damaged by time. Then, he apologized, and he said he just didn't want to forget any of our time together.

While we ate, he reminisced over good memories we had together. He even brought up the time last year when our class went to the beach for the day, and I chucked his ass into the ocean. Well, now I know why he refused to change out of his uniform. Damn, the water must've burned real bad. But he looked so sad and yet so peaceful while we walked through our memories together.

When we got back to the dormitory, Shouto asked if he could sleep at my dorm. I said sure and asked why. He said he was just in the mood for being snuggled up next to me. It's so fucking sweet that it's disgusting, but in a good way. Goddammit. I love him. So, he brought a change of clothes and a toothbrush to my dorm.

Something big happened. Long story short, we had an intense kiss, and the clothes came off. Now I know what lust and loving passion feel like. He had *so* many cuts and scars all over his body. It was fucking sad to see how much he's hurt himself. How many times he's dragged a blade over his own skin. How much he hates himself.

But it won't change the fact that I love the ass that is Shouto Todoroki. I'll bet his ass is gonna be sore for a few days. But after that, when we were lying in bed together to go to sleep, he snuggled up against me and said:

"I love you, Katsuki... I love you. I just need you to know that. And either tomorrow or the day after that, I think it'll be obvious why this April is special to me."

Day 10

It's all my fucking fault. It's all my fucking fault. It's all my fucking fault! If I'd done something differently, this wouldn't have happened! I'm looking back at what I wrote for today, day 10, and how could I *not* have noticed?! I don't have the space here to write everything I want to, so the rest of this is going after what I wrote for today:

All day, Shouto's been acting kind of weird. It worries me when he's not himself, and especially now that I know he has a problem with self-harm.

This morning, I woke up, and I knew what happened last night, but I still wasn't prepared to wake up in bed with Shouto. I'd woken up half an hour before my alarm, so I took a shower and got ready. I still couldn't fucking believe last night wasn't just a dream. We haven't been in a serious relationship for that long, so was it impulsive? Yeah, definitely.

I woke Shouto up, and he looked so tired, even though he slept like a log. He got out of bed, but immediately, he had the same realization I did.

Once I gave him his clothes, I couldn't help but look at his damaged body. "I know they're ugly," he sighed. "I'm sorry you have to see them." Then, he looked like he realized something else. "Kat? I'm going to skip today."

Something felt so wrong. I skipped as well because I felt like he was gonna hurt himself if I left him alone.

After Shouto showered and got dressed, he hugged me and told me he loved me. He's been doing this a lot lately. I ain't complaining, but it feels kinda uncanny. I jokingly said he'd been doing it a lot, so I must've done something good. He said he felt like he didn't say it enough. Then, he said:

"In the blink of an eye, everything we love will rot away and die."

Is he afraid of losing me? Is that why he's been so clingy? It's like he's never known what it's like to be loved. Maybe he doesn't want our relationship to end when school ends, and I don't want that either, but we won't be living practically next door anymore.

I told him I wasn't going anywhere, and I said not to get caught up in "what if" scenarios in the distant future.

Then, as if he hadn't been acting weird enough, Shouto suddenly started to perk up. He was pretty playful and talkative. It was like I was talking to a completely different person.

He was so damn clingy. I didn't have a problem with it, and physical touch is definitely my love language, but it was all so abrupt and unlike him.

After we ate breakfast, Shouto asked if we could take a picture together. We took one outside of the main building. It's goofy as fuck. My arm's around his neck, he's got a sheepish smile

like Deku, I look like I just heard the most hilarious yet what-the-fuck thing ever, and the dumbass made a peace sign behind my head. Then, we took another photo, and it was of us kissing. I have a new phone background.

Shouto asked if there was anything spontaneous I wanted to do, so I said I wanted him to try a hot, spicy curry. I thought he'd veto that idea, but he seemed pretty willing to do it. So, after I beat his ass at All Might Kart and got the cutest smile ever out of him after tickling his ass to the floor, I made him eat some hot, spicy curry.

His reaction to the first bite was hilarious. He nodded like he was saying it was good, and then he suddenly stopped and just silently blinked. He covered his mouth and looked around the table for his glass of strawberry milk. He snatched that glass real fast, and he slowly sipped on his milk for a while. I couldn't help but laugh.

By the time we finished eating lunch, it was raining pretty hard, which is unusual. We don't normally get heavy rain this early. There was some thunder, and the sky was like a thick blanket of gray ash. Even though we had umbrellas, when we got back to U.A., we were fucking drenched.

"There's always sunlight after the darkest, heaviest rain, right?" Shouto asked me. "There's always something new that grows from what the dead left behind, right? There's a reason to see so much suffering and death in just one lifetime, right?"

I ruffled his wet hair and splashed his legs with water. "Sure is. Even when you're left with nothing and everything you have has fallen away, it won't stay that way forever. Now, get moving."

Shouto *ran*. He looked back at me in the thick haze of the gray rain, and you bet I chased his ass down. I chased him in the rain for a while, and despite how simple and stupid it was and sounds, I had so much fun. I couldn't stop myself from smiling. It was that kind of fun. When I caught Shouto by the ass, we were both exhausted and panting like dogs. I pulled him into my chest and rubbed my knuckles against his head. I think that motherfucker laughed a little bit.

But after that, he looked really tired, so I carried him back to my dorm. We ended up taking a bath together, and while I was washing his back, he looked at his cut-up wrists and said:

"You know...this is the first day in months that I haven't done this."

I rinsed off his back, telling him that I was so fucking proud of him and just happy to be there for him. But it felt like someone dragged hot glass over my ribs when the realization sank in that Shouto was cutting himself every single day for who knows how long. To think I only found out about his cutting problem a few days ago... I never knew. All the time I'd known him... All the time I *thought* I'd known him... Who knew such perfect smiles could hide such horrific secrets?

"You're really okay with letting me see? You used to be really adamant about not letting me see them."

At that point, we were just cuddling and talking in the bath. I had my arm around him, and he had his head against my shoulder.

Shouto smiled a little bit, but it was a lonely, dying smile. “Well, I’d already failed to keep them hidden, so there was no point in hiding them anymore, I guess. I didn’t want them to stop me from having this much fun with you and making the best memories possible.”

“Guess you’re right, but you say that like we won’t have any more moments like these.”

“Hey, Katsuki?”

His expression was something I couldn’t even begin to decipher. It was neutral but cold but curious but sad but annoyed but, but, but. It was so many different things at once.

“At least artificial flowers don’t die, right?” He smiled a little bit, and it was hella eerie, but then he sighed and went back to his casual tone and expression. “I got you a small, artificial sakura tree so...we won’t forget all the flowers that came to fruition for us this spring.”

It’s a symbolic little tree. I like it. It looks shitty in my room, but I couldn’t care less. I put it on my nightstand.

Again, something felt so wrong, though.

“You say that like you’re gonna leave me.”

He tensed up and looked away. “I’m...afraid of that day. I want to make the most out of our time together while it lasts. The cherry blossoms rotted away too fast. I don’t want time to fly like that.”

I get what he means. He doesn’t wanna waste any of the time we have since there’s only so much of it left. Pretty fucking sweet, but I don’t want him to stress out over it like this.

After our bath, he changed into some of my clothes. We snuggled in bed and listened to the rain and the thunder outside. Then, he fell asleep. I’m awake. I’m writing this while he sleeps. But I’m tired too. Guess this is the end of the ten-day journaling, huh?

No. Not yet. It’s four in the morning, and Shouto is gone. He jumped. It’s all my fault. It’s all my fucking fault. I should’ve known. I should’ve seen. It should’ve been obvious. I didn’t want to believe it. I didn’t want to face it. I’m so fucking weak. I thought I grew. No. I’m just as weak as I’ve always been. Weak weak weak fucking weak!

I want him back. This whole fucking time, he tried to tell me. This whole fucking time! He gave me so many hints! I want to cry, but I can’t. I can’t even grasp the fact that he’s gone. The person I’ve known for almost three years and that I spent all my time with for the past ten days is suddenly gone from my life. The person I was just sleeping next to is sleeping eternally in a place I can’t reach. The living, breathing human being I loved and was talking to just hours ago...is dead.

It hurts. I want to fucking cry, goddammit! Why can’t I fucking cry?! Why can’t I express anything I’m feeling?!

I bashed my knuckles and wrists against the side of my desk. It didn't even hurt. I can't move my left fingers. My hands are bleeding. It hurts now that the adrenaline is fading and the peak of my anger's gone, but I just feel sick and empty. I feel fucking horrible. I can't even describe it. I can't.

My boyfriend is dead. My best friend is dead. My classmate is dead.

And I can't even cry. It's not that I feel nothing, and thank fuck I *do* feel something, but I can't get any of my feelings out. I feel like they're eating me alive. I feel like throwing up this disgusting mess of emotions that ultimately makes me feel empty. I feel like I can't breathe, and my emotions are suffocating me.

It doesn't feel real. I'll go to sleep and wake up to Shouto at my side, right? Shouto isn't actually suicidal, right? My dumbass is still gonna greet me in the mornings with his monotonous voice and emotionless face, right?

He's dead. He's dead. Why can't I accept that?! I know what it *means*, obviously, but I just can't fucking picture it or believe that someone I was having the best time of my life with is gone without warning! Everything we did... I let him die. I didn't realize. I wasn't enough. I wasn't there for him. I let this happen. I could've prevented this. It's all my fucking fault...

If I fall asleep, Shouto will be alive, right? He'll be here, right? If he's not...

04/01

9 days left...

I'm going to end it in nine days. I've had this date planned out for a few months, and finally, it's almost here. I'm sick of living. I really just want to die. I thought my views might change if I gave it some time, but all that's really changed is how many cuts are on my body.

Bakugou is the only reason why I decided to give myself a few months more. He's a really good friend. He's my best friend. And I like him. I really like him. But I know I don't deserve him. I know I'm just a waste of his time. I know I missed my opportunity to maybe have a chance with him. It's too late.

But I want these last ten days of my life recorded. I want both sides of the story written down. So, I told Bakugou that we should journal the next ten days of our lives.

I want to be remembered as a person that made him happy. I'll keep pretending to be happy if that's what makes him the happiest.

He looked pleasantly surprised this morning when I walked up to him with more life in me than usual. It was draining, but he's worth it.

At lunch, I was mesmerized by the falling cherry blossoms. They're beautiful. Every year, they're stunning. But they only last for a little while. They blossom, they fall, they scatter, they slowly rot, and then they die. My life kind of feels like this endless cycle of death and rebirth. A fleeting moment of good memories and good days, a slow yet abrupt and expected transition to bad days and memories, and then the days when I can't even get out of bed. Restart, repeat... Every good moment dies at some point.

Bakugou snapped me out of my thoughts, and that's when I had a selfish idea:

I'll drop hints about my plans to him. A part of me clings to life. To my good memories and bonds. To the unknown wonders of the future. But I know I don't deserve to have any of those things. But...

Through metaphors with cherry blossoms, I hinted to Bakugou that my time was running out, and that I knew he and everyone else would only start to care after the fact. Most people want to do everything they can before they're unable to, right? I want to make up for everything I've fucked up.

I studied in Bakugou's dorm for a bit, but I couldn't stay awake. I know I sleep too much. I'd rather sleep than be responsible for anything. I'd rather be plagued by nightmares than be someone else's nightmare. And I just don't have the energy. I'm always tired. I never feel like doing anything.

It really is weird to know my life is on a timer, but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't relieved to have my sights set on the day I can finally disappear.

I know this was supposed to be about us, and I feel so selfish for making it mostly about me, but it's actually helpful to write down the things I'm feeling and the thoughts I have. I say that, but I have a bad urge to cut, and I'm still in Bakugou's dorm. I don't want to accidentally get blood on anything.

Fuck it. I'll be careful. I deserve it.

04/02

8 days left...

I cut my upper thighs. I guess it's the next day, so I'll just add more here later. I walked out of the bathroom, and Bakugou was awake and looking at me. It was like an aftershock from an earthquake, but with adrenaline.

I apologized for everything I'd fucked up. I don't want forgiveness for anything, but I want to give closure on the things I've left frayed at the ends. Bakugou looked a little sad and annoyed. He told me not to apologize for things I already didn't need to apologize for in the first place.

Wrong. I should be apologizing for my mistakes. But if it'll make him happier, I'll try not to do it as much.

He asked me if I was okay. I'm fine. I know I am. I just overreact. So, I said I was fine, and that I just wanted to see his annoyed expression. His expressions are all charming in their own unique ways.

He rolled his eyes at me and pulled me onto the floor with him. My heart was beating a thousand beats per second. His hair looked like it was dented from the back from how he slept.

I don't want to forget his expressions when I'm gone. I don't want to forget his face. His warmth. His voice. His scent. Everything. I don't want to let any of it go, but I don't deserve it in the first place.

He said I looked sad. I felt terrible for coming off as anything but happy and okay. I don't want him to worry about me. I don't want anyone to worry about me. I want their last memories of me to be good ones.

But I did feel pretty overwhelmed yet empty. It gets harder and harder to make myself get up when I start thinking of all the things I have to do. I just can't handle it. Getting up is a chore that I don't want to do. Doing anything but nothing feels like too much, and dwelling on it keeps me in bed. I'm tired. I'm tired of waking up and getting up being some of the most challenging things for me. It's embarrassing. Thinking about a new day makes me want to break down. I can't think about those kinds of things. I just can't.

I almost said: "Sometimes, I wish that I'd fall asleep one day and never wake up." I had to think of a quick lie. I said I wished that we had Saturday off like other places do.

I can't stop thinking about dying. I think about it a lot, but sometimes, I have moments where it gets so bad that I do stupid things. I think irrationally. I can't get out.

I wish someone hated me enough to kill me. I wish the people I love would realize how terrible of a person I am, and that they'd tell me to die. I wish I had a valid reason to die

rather than the pathetic excuses I have that mock the people who want to die the most.

Just a few more days...

But Bakugou asked if I wanted a hug. I don't deserve to be loved. I told him I couldn't bother him to do that, but he hugged me anyway. It hurt. Why, Bakugou? Why? I don't deserve it. I don't fucking deserve it! I don't *want* anyone to love me. That's why I've been such a quiet, solitary person. But I felt obligated to make everyone happy before leaving. I shouldn't have. I shouldn't have done this. I didn't think it through. I should've gone out silently. What was I thinking? This isn't how it was supposed to go...

I felt like crying, but I have no right to be sad. I'd rather feel nothing anyway. I wish I still felt numb like I did last year. But I didn't want Bakugou to see me as I was, so I said I was sorry, and I went back to my dorm.

I cut my wrists until I forgot how I really felt.

As long as you only see the pretty exterior of the petals, it doesn't matter if they're bleeding out beneath that, right?

04/03

7 days left...

One week left. One week left.

Make them think you're happy. Like you couldn't be happier. Like nothing is wrong.

I don't want to leave my dorm. I don't want to get ready. I don't want to go to school. I don't want to do anything.

And yet, I still constantly think about spending time with Bakugou. I like him. I like him a lot. I hate that I like him like this. Why did I let myself get attached to him?

This morning, he asked me if I was okay. I hate that question. I hate questions like those. I'll never be honest because I don't want anyone to be concerned about me. But I told Bakugou I was fine and didn't know why I wasn't really myself yesterday.

I fell asleep during class. I didn't mean to. Not that I was paying attention in the first place, but it's disrespectful. I apologized to Aizawa for it. He asked me if I was okay. I don't want to hear those types of questions. I nodded, but he pressed it. He said I haven't been looking well, my grades have been dropping, and I've started to neglect turning in assignments at all.

I just can't be bothered. I don't have that much time left. Why should I try when it won't matter in a few days?

At lunch, Bakugou told me I looked nice. Just that compliment made me feel a little better. Yet, I just couldn't believe him, even though, deep down, I knew he was genuine. I saw a cherry blossom in his hair, so I grabbed it, and I gave him another hint, but I made it represent something akin to what I was getting at. I'm just one petal—one person—in a sea of other, more beautiful petals.

Do I really stand out enough to be remembered?

I felt weird. There was a light, fluttery feeling in my chest. Bakugou touched my hair, and he brushed it behind my ear. It was like everything was moving in slow motion, and yet, I couldn't keep up. He gently put the cherry blossom in my hair, and he told me right now is what matters most if it's worth remembering. There was a weird, soft tension in the air, and we were both silent...until he said that he liked me.

It hurt. It hurt so much. You're supposed to be happy if your crush likes you back, right? I felt... I don't know.

Happy? Surprised? Confused? Empty? Guilty?

I don't know... They're my emotions, and yet, I don't know.

I told Bakugou that that was what I was afraid of the most. I don't want him to like someone as worthless as me. All I do is lie to his face, pretending to be someone that I'm not. But I said I also liked him because I do like him, and I didn't want to hurt him by turning him down. He looked so happy... I've never seen the expression he had when he realized I liked him back.

I couldn't bear to take that happiness away from him, so we planned out a date for tomorrow.

I'm a little excited for that...but that's why I feel so guilty. I shouldn't be allowed to feel something nice like this. I wasn't created to enjoy life or be happy. I was created to work, to train, to fail, to learn, to grow, to surpass.

I don't want to be happy.

I'm afraid of being happy.

I don't deserve to be happy.

I kept the cherry blossom in my hair all day. While we walked back from class, he told me I looked cute. Only Fuyumi calls me cute, but when Bakugou said it, I felt so... I don't know. I just don't know. But I liked it. So, I put a cherry blossom in his hair and said he looked cuter. He blushed. He blushed a lot, and he tried to hide it. He really did look cute. Cuter than I could ever hope to be.

I asked if he wanted a hug, and I could tell he didn't want to admit it, but he did. My heart was on fire. He was so warm. So strong. So cozy.

I thought about taking my antidepressants since I've been on them for a long time but haven't taken them once, but I couldn't bring myself to. Before I knew about the signs of depression and what depression really was, Fuyumi asked me some questions, and I didn't know she was asking because she thought I was depressed. I answered honestly, and she brought me to a doctor that week.

I was so naive. I was so fucking stupid. Useless. Fucking worthless.

I was diagnosed with depression, and I was prescribed antidepressants. I was told therapy would be beneficial, but I refused the idea.

I thought what I felt was normal, and it *is* my normal, but I also didn't want the labels. I didn't believe I was depressed. I know I was, but I don't want to admit that or accept it. I couldn't accept it, and I didn't want to be looked down on or looked at differently, so I didn't take my meds. I pretended to get better. I suppressed even more of how I felt until I was empty and numb. I still feel sickeningly empty most of the time, and I end up being very self-destructive whenever I feel something.

I'm not depressed anymore. I refuse to believe that I am. I'm not. How could I be depressed? Every fucking thing about my life is good, if not excellent. I have to be happy. I have to be content. I have to be okay like this. This has to be what happiness is.

What else could happiness possibly be?

And yet, above all else...

I want to die.

I just want to die.

I just want to fucking die...

04/04

6 days left...

I'm happy. I'm happy. I'm happy.

I have to be. Until I believe it completely, I'll keep telling myself that lie. Until I make it become the truth, I'll burn it into my head. Until I've become that lie, I won't stop tearing away everything else that I am—everything that I don't need.

I cut a lot this morning. I'd gotten a call from Mom. She said she loved me. She said she was proud of me. She said she'd always be there for me. Fuyumi was with her, and Fuyumi said she missed me, so I should stop by home soon.

I hate it. Don't think of me like that... I don't want them to be close to me. I don't want them to love me. I don't want them to care about me.

But they do. And that's what hurts the most.

Bakugou asked why I seemed so on edge. I guess I was shaky and kind of out of it from cutting. I told him I hadn't slept well. I sleep so much, but I feel like I haven't slept at all.

He demanded that I get proper rest tonight. I promised him I'd try, and he smirked at me, saying, "That's the spirit."

I wrote a short draft of a poem during class:

*A glaze of gunpowder
Across my bedroom
Window.*

*A .22 caliber bullet
Cracks through my
Tatami mats.*

*A spent shell casing
Recalls the murder
Of "me."*

But I just couldn't die.

Maybe I'll do something with this draft, but I doubt I'll do anything more with it. I just wanted to get my thoughts out of my head, but I still can't describe what I feel and think properly.

At lunch, I tried to put on the happy persona again, and I gave Bakugou more hints. All my good moments and memories are rotting away as this invisible timer ticks down.

After school, I was dreading our date. I didn't want to fuck anything up. I didn't want to make things awkward. I didn't want to say the wrong thing.

I started to dissociate from the situation, but Bakugou asked if I was all right. I started to scratch at my wrists from under the table, but I said I was fine. He said I looked tired and down. I hate those comments.

I said I was sorry to have let my tiredness show, and I took the opportunity to ask him why he liked me. He said I was attractive, loyal, nice to talk to, "and yeah, a bunch of other stuff." I just can't believe any of it. I smiled at him, or, well, I tried, because I just don't see how he could possibly be honest about that.

Then, he asked why I like him. When I saw him, I had a crush on him. He was good-looking, strong, independent... I liked his voice a lot too. I thought the feeling would fizzle out, but I found more and more reasons why I liked him. Then, we became friends, and I knew I was interested in him romantically. He asked me why I didn't say so sooner, but I couldn't tell him why, so I said I didn't recognize my feelings until this year. Really, by the time I saw him as a potential partner that I wanted to be in a serious relationship with, I figured I would end it soon, so I didn't want to put him through that.

We talked about random things until our food came. I wasn't hungry, and I felt worse as I ate more, so I had to stop. Bakugou asked if I was really okay, and hearing him ask me about how I was doing so many times made me feel sick to my stomach. I said I was just tired, and he asked if I had some kind of sleeping disorder. I don't know. I told him I'd sleep for a long time and then still not feel rested after that. I realized after I said it how much that should've brought up the question of depression.

Then, I apologized for everything. Everything. I felt like I'd done nothing but waste his time. But he interrupted me at some point. He grabbed my hands and told me not to apologize for things I never needed to apologize for in the first place. Out of habit, I apologized again. I didn't mean to. I did exactly what he told me not to do. How fucking useless am I?

He said it was okay, and that I shouldn't beat myself up for that, but I can't let it go. I said he was right, and I made myself eat the rest of what I ordered because I didn't want to make things even more awkward. I also didn't want to leave so much food behind because that would've just been disrespectful. Someone put all that effort into making a dish that I picked at a little bit, so it would've essentially been for nothing.

At the end of our date, I asked if I was the worst person he'd been on a date with. I guess he's like me and he's never dated anyone before until now, but he said no, and that he had fun. I feel like he was lying. We accomplished nothing on this date.

When I got back to my dorm, I threw up everything I ate. I held it in while I was walking with Bakugou because I would rather have died than subject him to that. It was disgusting. I hate throwing up. Everything about it is awful. But I guess I deserve it. It's a fitting punishment for someone as disgusting as me.

I keep thinking about Bakugou. I keep making scenarios in my head where we're having a good time together. Where we're smiling by each other's side. Where we're honest and open.

It hurts to know we'll never have a relationship like that because of me.

Chapter 15

5 days left...

I couldn't get out of my futon. This morning, no matter what I told myself, I just couldn't get up. I was awake, but I couldn't get up. I couldn't even pick up my phone.

I usually have days like this at least a few times a month. Days where I can't do anything, and sometimes, where even the thought breaks me. Something as basic as standing up becomes something I can't do.

Luckily, though, it didn't last all day this time. Usually, it lasts for a few days.

I got up after around eight hours of lying awake in my futon and being unable to do anything. I woke up really early. I didn't change or anything once I got up, though. I used the bathroom, and that was it. I went back to my futon and looked at my phone, but I immediately put it back down. I couldn't even look at the flood of notifications on the screen.

I went to sleep, and a little later, I woke up to Bakugou knocking on the door. It was hard to get up again, but I managed. He looked so worried... He looked like he'd run all the way here.

I lied and told him I just woke up with a migraine and went back to bed. How could I admit that I was so weak that I couldn't get out of my futon? And I didn't want him to worry even more. But he asked if there was anything I needed or anything he could do for me, and I felt like I'd break down then and there. It hurt so much. I didn't want those words... Those kind, beautiful words... Why would you waste them on me?

He got me a bowl of rice and some water, and he said he'd be back after school. His expression... It was so openly concerned. The whole time, it's like I was the only thing on his mind. I don't want that. I don't want that at all...

I thought about how there was only so much time left for our relationship. It motivated me a little bit to do more with him, and I was able to brush my teeth and wash my face. But it also left me feeling so empty.

After school, Bakugou came back. I told him it was sweet of him to worry, and he blushed ever so slightly. It was cute. He told me to shut my face, but his flustered face said otherwise.

I asked him if he wanted to do anything together. Before I go, I want to make sure there's nothing he still wants us to do together. Anything. I'll try to make myself do anything he wants. But eventually, he said he wanted to know what my lips felt like.

I've always wondered what it'd be like to kiss someone. I thought I'd die without ever knowing. But I felt a warm gust of wind in my chest. It was a weird, uncomfortable yet comfortable feeling. Knowing the person I liked wanted to kiss me...

We kissed. I felt like I was melting into him. It was so nice. It was *too* nice. I felt good, but I also felt so guilty. After the first kiss, there was another one. It was unlike anything I thought was possible to feel. I felt his hands on my sides, and I felt his sides with my hands. It was hot and intense but so loving. I felt his hands on my hips, and then, my bare sides. We both wanted more. It felt so right. It was a little...arousing, honestly.

When we pulled away, he looked at me with such a soft expression. We were both breathing heavily. Then, he hugged me. I felt our chests heave, our rapid heartbeats slow, our hands sliding... I wanted to stay like that, and we did stay like that for a while. I didn't want him to forget that moment between us. I want him to remember the good parts of knowing me instead of the bad ones so that maybe he can smile when he remembers me rather than thinking I was a burden he had to bear.

Yet, I also feel so guilty for letting myself experience this all. It felt good. Too good. This lovely buzz still hasn't gone away. It makes me wonder what tomorrow has in store.

I don't deserve to experience such wonderful feelings.

I feel so selfish for wanting to hold on to this good feeling. I know I don't deserve it. So, I'll cut it out of me.

04/06

4 days left...

I got up today. I worked out for a bit after I got up. I took a shower. I even brushed my hair and ironed my uniform...after a while of being terrified of the iron. I wanted to look presentable in front of Bakugou.

He said he couldn't put his finger on why, but I looked particularly nice today. Just something as simple as that...made me feel really good. I looked at him, and while I don't think he really looked any different, there was a change: he had a little bit of cologne on. He smelled nice.

It's kind of funny to think about the small things we'll do just to make that much more of an impact in some way.

I felt a little more motivated to pay attention in class, but I ended up thinking about Bakugou a lot. I also thought about the things I'd fucked up, the things I hated myself for, the things I regretted, and things like that. But I managed to turn in a few assignments today.

After school, it was sunny, and there were cherry blossoms that were turning brown piled up on the sides of the sidewalks and the corners few traversed. Bakugou asked if I wanted to get some ice cream with him. I'd never had ice cream until then, but it tasted great. It was cold too. It was kind of like frozen, creamy strawberry milk. Well, I guess ice cream usually has milk in it.

But I didn't like how I was slowly ripping away the beauty and existence of something that was so good. The closer you get to the end, the more you wish you had more. It reminded me of myself: I slowly strip the flavor from my life until nothing but an empty bowl is left.

Bakugou said I shouldn't be so negative all the time, and not to bring down my own good moments with so much pessimism. I can't help but see the worst in things, but maybe I unconsciously do it to punish myself. But I told him he was right, and he said, "No shit I'm right." I don't know why, but that stuck with me.

He suggested going to an onsen and getting dinner. I knew he wanted to since he offered, so I tried to think of a way to make it work, and I came up with covering my cuts and scars with my ice since my ice is far from transparent. He could tell I was apprehensive about it, and he kept making sure I was sure about going, and saying how we didn't have to if I didn't want to.

The fact that he cares so damn much...

I *wanted* to back out because I was terrified of him finding out that I cut, but I did it for him. He's worth it.

I was very uncomfortable when we got there, but I started to cover up my body with ice. He gave me a weird look, and I knew other people must have been looking at me like I was violating some kind of rule, but I tried to ignore it. He didn't ask, thankfully. When I knew he was undressed, I tried to avoid looking at him for as long as possible. I felt very, very self-conscious and uncomfortable.

But I had to face him when I showered with him. He's stunning... I don't see him shirtless often, but I always end up staring a little bit. But we washed each other's hair, and it was really nice. Really nice... I liked feeling his fingers go through my hair. He had such a gentle smile, but every now and again, he tried to cover it up with a smirk. He was a little rough, but I think it was intentional. He even playfully hugged me when we were covered in soap, and he gently washed my back like that.

When we got in the spring, it was hot, of course, so I had to be aware of my ice at all times. But it was nice to relax by his side. Our hands touched under the water, and our fingers came together. I smiled and told him he was hotter than the water. He blushed and rolled his eyes at me. He squeezed my hand and ruffled my hair with his other hand. It was so nice...

But it also made me feel so empty. I won't have more moments like these when I'm gone. So, I want to make the most out of my remaining time. I want to do everything I can with him. Whatever he wants to do, I'll do it. It won't matter when I'm gone, but it'll matter to him.

After soaking for a while, we got dinner. I dropped a few more hints to him. He'll have to move on to someone else when I'm gone, but I'm sure whoever he finds next will be even more beautiful and memorable. I'll be gone, but someone else will replace me.

Then, after we ate dinner, I gave him another hint. He treats me so much differently from everyone else, and I assume he thinks our time will last for a span we can't fully wrap our heads around, but I wonder if he'd really be sad to see me suddenly disappear from this world.

A part of me doesn't want to say goodbye yet...

04/07

3 days left...

I only have three days left with him. I'm getting anxious about how much time I have left.

But Katsuki's my boyfriend now. We're in a serious relationship. I didn't want this when I'm just going to leave him, but he wanted it, and I also wanted it because that's just how I feel about him. I love him. I love Katsuki.

But Katsuki said he wanted to discuss something after school, and it was about taking our relationship to the next level. It was an awkward spot for me, so I said I was thinking the same thing, but I asked if he was sure. I just don't want him to regret this. I'm really not worth his time, no matter how much I might enjoy being with him. He said he was sure, but my doubts got the better of me, and I asked if he was really sure. He held my hand and looked me in the eyes when he said he was sure, and if I thought he was lying, to tell that to his face.

But then, he asked me a question that I hate: "Are you happy?" I have no right not to be happy. I have everything. There's almost nothing I want that I don't have. How could I not be happy? I'd be selfish to say I'm anything but happy. I'd be mocking the people that are suffering and struggling.

He asked if I was sad, but I have no right to be sad, and if I'm happy, I can't possibly be sad. Then, he asked if I felt down or not like myself. It reminded me of when Fuyumi asked me questions because she noticed some warning signs of depression in me. Of course I wasn't honest. And then, he asked if I hated myself. I fucking *hate* myself, but I said I sometimes did, and he pressed it, so I talked about something else.

I hate talking about myself. It's a waste of time. It's depressing if it's the truth. It's all a facade if it's not. Pick your poison or just don't take it.

We went to his dorm to talk more, and he brought up how he struggled a lot with anxiety in the past. It was sad to hear. He said it shaped him and made him who he is. He struggled, he was called weak, he was laughed at... But he overcame that all and kicked his anxiety in the ass after a shit ton of work and struggling. That's basically what he said. He still struggles with it, but he's the one in control.

It was very inspiring and motivational.

He thanked me for listening to him since no one ever let him say what he wanted to say, and finally, he was able to get it all out. He had a flustered scowl on, so I teasingly told him he didn't have to force himself. He went, "Ha?!" He grabbed my hands and dragged me to the floor. I love it when he's playful like this.

Then, he kissed me. I was pinned to the floor, and he was on top of me. The kiss felt good. We looked at each other for a moment, and it's weird that we seemed to know exactly how the other was feeling towards the situation. As the kiss got deeper and stronger, I felt hotter and more out of breath. I can't really describe what I felt, but it was passionate. Hot. Grasping. Desperate. Burning. Undying.

Katsuki was sweaty, pink in the face, and out of breath too.

I don't want our time together to end yet... But that's why it needs to come to an end.

04/08

2 days left...

I want to cry. I have today, tomorrow, and the rest of the day after that left with Katsuki. It feels like I'm procrastinating on a massive project that will make or break my grade, and it's like I've procrastinated two years of work with two days left to do it all.

Why am I so anxious? Why am I shaking so much? Why can't I concentrate on anything?

I made a few cuts to try and calm down, but it didn't really help. I would've made more, but I was pressed for time and had to go.

All day, I couldn't stop worrying about my time with Katsuki. I felt so anxious to where my stomach and chest were tight, and I had to blink back tears multiple times in class. I was so overwhelmed.

At lunch, Katsuki told me I could always go to him if things were too much for me to handle on my own. He's so kind... I don't deserve him. I don't fucking deserve him. Why did I let myself get so close with him...

He hugged me, and that hug broke me. I couldn't hold back my tears anymore. I cried into his shoulder, and he held me close. I tried to force myself to stop crying, but every time I tried, my body rebelled. I sobbed, and he rubbed my back and told me to let myself feel instead of suppressing my emotions for once.

I thought I was finally getting a grip after a bit, but I started looking at a clump of brown, dead cherry blossom petals, and it was just another reminder that I didn't have much time left. I could easily push back the date I planned to end it, but I really do want to die, and if the timer is breaking me, well, it serves me right.

I felt terrible for crying. For making Katsuki endure it and miss class. For doing something so fucking foolish.

When I was finally able to suppress everything, I went to the bathroom because I had a piercing urge to cut, and I felt like I was going to throw up, but I said I just wanted to wash my face. I cut my left arm from shoulder to wrist. The cuts were deep. I felt so fucking guilty, ashamed, and pathetic. Seeing all the blood made me even more nauseous, and my lunch came back up.

After I rinsed my mouth out and cleaned my cuts, I started to dry them, but I felt like my chest had been sliced in half with some blade of fire. Like my eyes were frozen solid, and my pupils were going to explode. Like my lungs had been crushed into dust.

Katsuki walked in on me while my cuts were all exposed. I jumped. I flinched. I nearly gasped. I immediately yanked my sleeve back down, and I felt like I'd throw up again from

how fucking paralyzed with fear and shock I was. My heart hurt, and it was throbbing in my chest, my neck, my temples, my palms, and even my eyes.

But I don't think Katsuki saw? It felt like I waited a century, frozen in time and boiled alive by my worries as I waited for him to say something. But he didn't look like he'd seen. He just asked if I was all right. A wave of tingling warmth flooded through me. I said I was fine but that I wanted a few more minutes.

Once he left, I sat on the floor and had to calm down. I was hyperventilating. Then, I wrapped up my wounds and stepped out of the bathroom.

Katsuki said I looked really pale. I said I was fine, but he walked me back to my dorm and said he'd bring my stuff to me. When he did, he hugged me, and he kissed my cheek.

I felt so alone and empty when he left for class.

I hate that I can't kill the part of me that loves him so much and feels some enjoyment from the things we do together. I hate that I've started to look forward to spending time with him. I hate that I'm letting myself enjoy this at all.

But most of all, I hate that I have a reason to live.

04/09

1 day left...

I couldn't get out of bed for a while. I don't know what I thought about. I stared at the ceiling and closed my eyes. In the last hour or so of being debilitated in bed, I remember telling myself I had to get up, and going through cycles of discouragement and motivation.

I don't know what I'm feeling. I kind of just feel numb. Like the release of all the anxiety and pressure from yesterday left me with nothing.

But I want to make the most out of my remaining time. I knew I had to get up. I couldn't waste today in bed. Despite that, it still took hours for me to get up.

Finally, after getting up, I went to Katsuki's dorm, and I asked if he wanted to do anything today or tomorrow. He brought up seeing a movie, and I'm not much of a movie-watcher, but I liked the idea of being there with him.

I felt like my head was full of a thick fog. I couldn't think clearly, and everything was getting muddled up into one mess of confusion. I felt so detached from reality. I still do right now.

We cuddled, talked, and studied in his dorm for a while. He was so fucking kind to me... He's always his usual, loud and aggressive self to everyone else. But to me, he's so soft and quiet. What did I do to deserve this? I don't deserve it...

He grabbed a blanket like he was going to fold it, and he captured me with it. He wrapped me up and tossed me onto the bed. He said my dumb ass looked ridiculously cute like that. He took a picture of me, and he said he loved my stupid ass. I smiled and wormed out of the blanket so we could snuggle up in it together.

At lunch, something that I never wanted to face finally happened. Katsuki knows I'm cutting. He saw. He knew. The hot, asphyxiating feeling that went through my chest was so familiar but so agonizing. I couldn't say anything. He asked me a bunch of questions, but I've already blocked them out of my mind.

I don't want help. I don't want him to worry. I don't want him to look at me differently. It's my problem alone. I deserve the cuts. I have to make up for the things I've fucked up. But I don't want anyone to know. Katsuki knows now.

He looked so sad. So concerned. So worried. It hurt. I hated seeing him look at me like that. With those eyes. Those squinted brows. Those long blinks followed by a few rapid blinks. I hated it. I felt sick to my stomach.

He said he didn't want me to do this to myself, that it was dangerous, and that he didn't know what he'd do if I cut too deep and couldn't get help in time. He said he was really concerned about how self-destructive my habits are. He said he wanted me to be able to love myself.

I wanted to tell him to shut up.

When that was over, he hugged me, and I gave him another hint. Does he still think something that's on the verge of dying and is ugly to the core is still worth something? To him, it seems to be that way.

He said he'd always be there for me. I didn't want him to say something foolish like that. I'll be gone soon. I don't want him to think our time is essentially unlimited but obviously limited. I'd love to be able to say I'll always be there for him, but I can't because that's not true.

We hugged for a while, and before long, we went to see a movie. I'm pretty sure I fell asleep. I could hardly pay attention to it. I remember hearing people laugh. The last thing I remember is my hand being grabbed and Katsuki dragging me out of my seat.

Then, we went to a sushi place. On the way, I gave more hints. I don't want to forget the time we've spent together like how the cherry blossoms get swept aside and forgotten.

So, at the restaurant, I brought up good memories we had together to relive them, appreciate them again, and so we won't forget just yet. I felt cozy from the memories but empty from the thought of leaving them all behind.

Remember the beach trip where you threw me in the ocean? Remember the pesky seagull that stole your burger? Remember the crab you tried to imitate because you said it was insulting you?

Remember the time you used the fire extinguisher on me because you mistook my flames in the kitchen for an actual fire? Remember the look on Kaminari's face? Remember how you started humming, and the three of us talked about music together?

Remember when I beat you at All Might Kart for the first time? Remember the way you chased me through the dormitory? Remember how we wrestled on the floor back at your dorm?

After dinner, I asked if I could sleep at Katsuki's dorm. I want to be with him for as long as possible before I go. I want to cuddle him as much as I can before I can't anymore. I want him to know I love him so much.

Katsuki ended up taking me. I don't feel right about writing that. I knew he wanted it, so even though I didn't really want to do it yet or maybe even ever, I let him take me. He asked multiple times if I was sure, which was really sweet. I was ashamed that he had to look at all my cuts and scars, and I didn't want him to see them ever again, but I felt so obligated to do things I wouldn't normally do for his sake. For one last gambit.

I can't say it felt as good as it's typically painted as, but now I know what it's like. Though, I definitely do feel closer to Katsuki.

After all that, I was really tired, and I remember snuggling up against him. He held me close and covered us both with a blanket. I told him I loved him, and that it would be obvious as to

why this April is a special month.

I've written so much... I want to write it all out just to know my memories won't be forgotten.

I hate it, but I'm going to have to write a suicide note for Katsuki tomorrow. Do I tell everyone else goodbye in my own way? What about my family? I don't know. I don't want to think about it. Maybe I'll write a poem.

Another Wind

*Remember the sakura sapling
You buried 16 years ago?*

*A gift of life
Dyed in pink,*

Resembling a human.

*It waved with thin, tender branches,
Reaching for you,
For the sun.*

*Though the wind threatened
To crack it in two, it could not
Retaliate. It simply aged.*

*Its wishes bore flowers;
Pink, glistening, fragile petals.*

*Its branches, like fingers,
Splayed towards the azure bend,
Cupping ribbons of gold-flecked hearts.*

*The sapling, soon cresting the horizon,
Could not continue to climb.*

*From sapling to young tree,
Its roots snarled into the earth,
Sapping Earth's life for itself.*

*It weeps pink, rotten tears.
It speaks gray, timeless silence.
It feels nothing.*

*Last year was the same story:
A meltdown of pink, unfeeling hearts.*

*The wind swept away the dead petals
Bitten by decay. It shook the remaining life*

Into a sea of crumpled brown.

*The petals that gleamed in the mind's reverie
Have slipped from its grasp,
And now they gleam
With the color of decay.*

*Unable to reach for its fallen, bleeding
Petals, the tree lies in wordless rest, waiting
For the day it flowers again.*

*But if another wind should shake
Its barren shoulders, it would become
The dead, forgotten petals it bled*

Ironically, this poem came to me naturally. I'd say that I'll revise it later since this is a draft, but I won't be able to do that.

Tomorrow night, I'll jump, and I'll end it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The last day...

My heart is pounding. All I have left to do is write this and then my suicide note. Then, it'll be over. It'll be all over. Finally. This is what I wanted...right?

Kat woke me up, and I didn't know how to feel. I was relieved, happy, anxious, distraught... All my emotions were conflicting.

It was suffocating. It was like I was walking with a noose around my neck. It was such a disgusting feeling.

When I got up, I knew I had to skip class for the day. I wasn't sure if Katsuki would also skip, but I couldn't bear the thought of seeing all my friends again. He looked at me with such concern. He asked if I was okay, and that question hurt even more than usual. I said I was fine, but he skipped too. I said he didn't have to, but that's how worried he was about me. Maybe he wouldn't have been so worried if he never found out one of my secrets.

I got ready for the day, and I hugged him as if he'd been disappearing in my arms. I hugged him with everything I had. And I gave him my biggest hint:

"In the blink of an eye, everything we love will rot away and die."

He assured me he wouldn't be going anywhere any time soon, but that's the opposite of how I intended my message to be interpreted. I guess it works out so he won't know, but I feel guilty. He said not to dwell on "what if" scenarios, but that's not it at all. A selfish part of me hoped that he'd maybe piece this all together, but...

It was starting to get to me that I'd no longer be able to talk to Kat anymore, so I tried to shove it down and do as he said: enjoy the moments that are worth my time. It's difficult when I feel like my life is just on autopilot, but I made the effort to be present in the moment.

Kat had onigiri for breakfast. I was still too unsettled and anxious to have an appetite, but he made me eat one. It did taste good. To the person that made the onigiri we ate, thank you.

Then, we went outside, and I wanted to have a picture of us together. That way, our memories can be captured exactly as they appeared at that moment in time. We took two pictures, and they turned out well. I like them. Kat set the one of us kissing as his phone background. I'd love to frame the silly picture we took and put it on my desk so there's a ray of good memories looking at me when I can't get out of bed, but that won't be necessary anymore.

When we finished looking at the pictures, I really wanted to know if there was anything Kat wanted to do that we wouldn't normally do. He thought about it for a bit, and with his classic smirk, he told me he wanted me to try spicy curry. It sounded horrible. I didn't want to do that whatsoever, but I did it.

Before that, though, Kat wanted to play All Might Kart since it'd been a while. I was very rusty. I was ashamed of my performance. But he got a good laugh out of it, and that's really all I could have asked for. As long as he had fun, that's all that mattered to me. He tickled me, and again, he looked like he was having the time of his life.

Do *I* make him happy, or could he have the same fun with someone else?

We went to a curry place, and I got strawberry milk since they served it. The entire time, Kat had a smug look. All traces of his softness were gone. This was the Katsuki Bakugou I knew the moment I met him. He laughed at me when I took the first bite out of the curry. It tasted great, but after a moment, I felt the spice seize my tongue. It hurt. I needed that strawberry milk. But I ate more. I couldn't feel my lips. My throat was burning. My nose was running.

I couldn't finish it. I ate a fourth of it, and Kat had the rest. He patted me on the back for stepping out of my comfort zone.

We went back to the dorms, but it was pouring. I gave Kat more direct hints, but I made them a little more positive. Life sometimes beats you down with the worst, and it seems like it won't stop, but it will, right? There's a point in enduring that pain, right? There's a point in living, right? No matter how much I want to die, that's surely not the answer... Or is that just selfish to think? But even when I try to deceive myself into thinking that everyone would be happier without me here, a part of me knows that just isn't true. Mom, Fuyumi, Natsu, Kat, my friends... But what if I'm just thinking that they care? No. I have no right to assume anything outside of what they've shown me.

A part of me doesn't want to die.

Kat splashed me with water from a puddle, and he told me that even when I have nothing, it won't stay that way forever. I guess he's right. But climbing is so much harder than falling. One slip, and you could be back at square one again. Then what? Get up and try again? It's so much easier to sit there and wait for the end to carry your soul away.

I want to die. I want to live. I want to surrender. I want to fight. I want to escape. I want to stay. I want to forget. I want to remember. I...

I don't know anymore.

But I had a good time being chased by Kat in the rain. I'd always wanted to run around like that with friends, but I never got to. I hate that my childhood was stolen from me, but at the same time, I deserve that, and there's nothing I can do about it.

You never truly realize how important time is until it's too late.

Anyway... Kat caught up to me, and he hugged me and ruffled my hair. It was fun. It really was. I wanted to keep running in the rain, but I was tired. Kat was too. He carried me to his dorm, and I couldn't tell if he was flustered or just pink in the face from running when he said we could take a bath together. It sounded very pleasant. Though, I still felt self-conscious about my body. I really didn't want him to see my scars again, but I got past that anxiety for him. He saw my discomfort, and he told me to stop beating myself up like an insult to injury.

"Oi, Shouto. Oi. Look at me. No matter how much you hate yourself, there's someone that loves you and would go to hell and back for you. No matter what you've done, there's someone that still loves you, despite your mistakes. No matter what you're going through, there's someone that's got your back and that can look past your flaws. I love you. I love you, dammit... You don't understand just how much you mean to me."

He was so nice that I wanted to cry. Surely, those words couldn't have been real... He couldn't have meant that. Someone like me... But I have no right to say he thinks differently from what he told me. It hurts. I still don't want to be loved. And yet, I feel so good and so bad when he shows me he loves me. I love it. I hate it. I'm so confused.

He washed my back, and it felt really nice. He was so gentle. Even the smallest things he's done for me... I'm grateful. I'm so, so grateful.

But even as I write this, I haven't cut at all today. I told Kat that, and he said he was proud of me. Then, he asked why I was okay with letting him see my scars. Knowing I'll be gone, I want to put it aside to get the most out of my remaining time with him. I gave him a big hint. I started to feel sad as the water slowly cooled, but I said I got him a plastic sakura tree so he could remember this spring with our good memories. I might be gone, but that artificial tree will remain as a pretty reminder of our memories.

I didn't want to say goodbye yet. I didn't want our relationship to end yet. I didn't want to lose it all yet.

Finally, he picked up on my hinting at leaving him. I said I was afraid of the day I'd leave him. It's true. I'm afraid of dying now when I have so much to look forward to tomorrow.

After that, we dried off, and Kat let me wear his clothes. They smell like him. They look essentially no different from mine, but I like them so much more. He snuggled with me in bed, and I pretended to fall asleep.

How could I sleep when I knew what was ahead of me?

Now, I'm writing all the events of today out. I'm shaking. I'm anxious.

I don't want to die yet.

I want to die, but I have a reason to live.

I want to live, but I have endless reasons to die.

But I don't want to die tonight... I set this date, and the only reason I lived was to reach the day I'd set to end it all. Every day, I wanted it to be over already. Every day was miserable. I dreaded waking up. I dreaded the next day. I dreaded getting up. I just wanted to die.

I still do. Just because I have a reason to live, someone to love, and something to look forward to tomorrow... That doesn't erase everything that's killing me from the inside. It doesn't reverse the damage that's already been done. It can't erase the scars. It won't stop me from picking up a blade and slicing into my skin. It doesn't change the fact that I want to die. I just don't want to leave Kat or these good memories. I want to die, but I don't want to leave so much behind.

But...that's exactly why I deserve to die. I don't deserve to be happy. I don't deserve to have these good moments in life. I don't deserve to *want* to be happy, subconsciously or not.

Katsuki, I love you. I'm sorry. I don't want to do this to you. It's cruel to you. It's not fair to you. I'm sorry. But you deserve a real sakura tree to take root in your heart. Not an artificial one that was simply painted in color for you to enjoy for a fleeting moment. But maybe, in another life, I'll be an honest person worth your time. I don't want to keep causing problems for you. I don't want to keep lying to you. I don't want to keep hiding things from you. I just want you to be truly happy with someone you deserve. Not something that has to imitate a perfect model.

I'm sorry.... I'm sorry for everything.

Mom, Fuyumi, Natsuo, Dad... I'm sorry you had to live with a failed creation. I'm sorry for being born, Mom. I'm sorry you always had to be there for me, Fuyumi. I'm sorry we never got the chance to interact much, Natsu, and I'm sorry you had to watch this all unfold. I'm sorry for always falling short of your expectations, Dad.

I'm sorry, everyone. I'm grateful for everything. Really. I've learned to appreciate the small things in life. Just the smallest, simplest things can mean so much. I'm so grateful for everything... No one was ever to blame for why I'm the way that I am. It's all my fault. I did this all to myself. I deserved it, but none of you deserved to be caught up in it. I'm sorry...

I'm starting to cry. I don't want to die yet... This selfish part of me is holding me back. I never wanted a reason to live. That's what I wanted to avoid. But I got so selfish... I indulged in too many good things. I let myself feel happy too many times. I don't deserve it. I don't deserve it... I don't fucking deserve it. I really do deserve to die, don't I? I should've done this years ago. I shouldn't have let myself have friends. I could've avoided all this. I could've hurt the people I love so much less. I wouldn't have even known my classmates. They never would have known me.

It burns. I kind of had an episode. I started to think about all the reasons why I deserve to die, and I snapped. I grabbed my scissors without thinking, and I repeatedly stabbed my arms and legs. I don't even know what I was feeling. It was like a frozen scream. I couldn't stop once I started. All I could think was: "I deserve it." I repeated that again and again and again.

I finally stopped when the adrenaline rush was over, but I still just felt like clawing my eyes out or scraping my nails against something until my fingers were bloody. It hurt a lot. It still

does. I ended up hanging my head and sobbing against my desk. There's blood all over my desk, my body, my clothes, and my floor.

I don't know how many times I punctured my skin with my scissors, but it's a lot. I kind of wrapped them up. But that's why there's blood all over my dorm. I just felt a rush of something, and my body moved on its own. And then, I cried for a while. I can't even describe what I was feeling. I don't know. I just wanted to scream until my voice was gone.

I've imploded in incredibly self-destructive fits before, but none have ever been like this.

All I can say is that I deserve it. It hurts, and my entire body hurts on the inside and outside, but I deserve it. I'd gladly do it all again.

I'm going to go up to the rooftop, text Kat and my family that I love them, and then, I'm going to jump.

No matter how much that part of me wants to live, this is what I deserve.

Goodbye, everyone.

???

It's cold, but it feels nice. This spring... It's unlike any spring I've experienced before. It was a good spring, honestly. I'm happy. Ironic, isn't it? Here, at the barrier between reality and death, I couldn't be happier. I've waited for this day for so long. I should be happy, and I am, but... Let's not think about that. I'll take off my shoes, and...I'll jump. Not yet... Not yet. Just...a little longer.

One wrong move on this railing, and that's the end. But this is what I wanted. I planned this out. I waited for this. I wanted this so, so badly... I thought I'd be overjoyed, racing to

jump and finally plunge into freedom, but...that's not how it is. Why? I should be ecstatic to finally erase my good-for-nothing existence from the world.

I wanted this. I wanted all of this. This was all I could have hoped for.

It's a long way down... My stomach aches. My body wants me to live. I'm this close to having it all, and yet... Through everything, no matter how much I've wanted to die, my body has fought through it all to keep going. It's cruel. It's tantalizing. Even when I just want to die, my body will do all it can to fight and force my head above the water, no matter how painful it is, and no matter how much easier it would be to die and give in. Even when the pain is too much to bear, I'm still here. Why? Why does my body hate me?

Jump. I can't move. My body won't move. How cruel...

I'd love to look up at this sky with Kat at my side. Just us. Feeling his warmth in the cold of the night. I'd love that. Kat... I'm sorry. I want to be with you. I do. I love you. I just...

That was close. I almost fell. I almost...fell. Hey, Kat... In my mind, I've convinced myself you'll all be fine. You'll all overcome this. No one will care, and the love I thought I felt was just a twisted illusion. That would be ideal.

But...

That's just not realistic...is it? You'll grieve. You'll hurt. You'll blame yourself. Mom would too. So would Fuyumi. And... I'd hurt you all so much. But why do you care about me so much? I just can't understand that. I don't want to believe it, but I have no right to say you're lying. I hate it. I really hate it... I don't want to be loved. I don't want anyone to care about me. And yet, deep down, even though I deny it, a part of me aches to be loved and cared about. No matter what I do to drown that part of me, it refuses to die.

Kat is going to wake up, and very quickly, he'll know I'm dead. That's...so cruel to him. Mom's been out of the hospital, and for her son to suddenly commit suicide without warning or any goodbyes... Fuyumi has always been extremely worried about me, and if she knew I never took my pills, if I just lied to her about it all, and if what she trusted me to have overcome ended up being what killed me... They'd all blame themselves. They'd all think it's their own fault. They'd wonder what they could've done. They'd hate themselves for never realizing the signs.

Maybe...not tonight. Instead of dying, I can find other ways to punish myself for my mistakes. How pathetic... But I'd be lying to myself if I said I wasn't relieved. I...don't want to die yet. Not yet... Not like this. Not when it's going to hurt the people I want to be happy. Not yet. I—

I... This... Surreal. Cold. Fast. I guess it's decided. I accept it. That's all I can do now. If Life wants me to die, then... I feel so oddly calm. Like time isn't moving, but I'm falling so fast. The ground is...

I didn't want it to end this way...

I didn't want it to be this way...

[To be continued...]

Chapter End Notes

and that is all. yes, the plot was incredibly predictable, and it was very easy to read between the lines and figure out what everything meant, but that was kind of the point. sometimes, you don't realize how obvious something is until after the fact when you look back at it.

i didn't really edit anything, so the chapters are essentially just my published drafts, but like with my fic Drowning, that's what i wanted. i didn't want to put too much thought into everything going on to make it sound the way i wanted it to. that wasn't the point. they're diary entries, so i wanted to keep them as what first came to mind.

but i hope you guys enjoyed, and thank you for reading. have a wonderful rest of your day or night.

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