

## And I regret it everyday, did you know?

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# **And I regret it everyday, did you know?**

by [triiqoree](#)

## Summary

A relationship after the killing game,

## Notes

i blacked out when I wrote this but man, all of my thoughts are at the end notes so.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

In the few weeks of waking up after the killing game, Shuichi could say that everything was awful. It was terrible, waking up to someone screaming in the next room because they were *scared* because they felt like they were dying again or some other horrible reason like that.

He was scared too. Sometimes in the dark, he'd see *something*, something with Akamatsu's eyes, cold and hateful. Or Momota's voice, speaking to him with envy, or Ouma's small frame standing by the window, watching him quietly.

Sometimes Yumeno or Harukawa sleep in his room, too haunted by their nightmares to sleep alone. When they don't though, the hallucinations come back and dig at him until he's hyperventilating in the closet or clawing at the door, trying to get *out*. Shuichi keeps his mouth closed though, he's far more trouble than he's worth.

Shuichi hasn't talked to any of the victims of the killing game since he's woken up. He's that maybe the sight of him would send them into a panic, so he stays in his hospital room all day nearly every day.

He's not as strong as everyone wanted him to be. The pressure of trying to stay alive isn't there, he doesn't have to be strong for anyone anymore. He can finally break and nobody will end up dead because of it.

Shuichi knows that separation will probably only make things worse. He needs *help*, not eerie silence and pale white walls. He feels sick whenever one of the victims *does* knock on his door, asking if he's alright.

Ouma is the one that sickens him to the point where he has to scramble to the bathroom. Flashes of blood underneath a press, cold and dark red. A confirmation that *someone* had been under there, *someone* had been alive up until that point.

*"This is a mistake, you know." Ouma had whispered all those nights ago. "Loving me like this." His tone had been quiet, soft, and sweet. It still made his heartache thinking about it.*

*“It might be.” Shuichi had responded just as quietly, brushing Ouma’s hair behind his ear. He pressed his forehead to the leader’s before intertwining his fingers with Ouma’s. “But it’s my mistake to make.”*

Even now that he’s ruined, Shuichi wouldn’t have taken his love for Ouma back. Nor would he neglect to remember those few nights of genuine happiness that he had in an otherwise horrible nightmare.

He wondered if Ouma still knew that he loved him. Although the stress of the killing game had gotten to him in their last moments together, he had still loved him.

In the end, though, it was Shuichi who had been alone. Ouma still had DICE, people who wanted him despite everything. Maybe he had even found friendship in Momota or Amami, people who could understand the position he was in.

Shuichi had nobody that he wanted to see, nobody that wouldn’t make him feel guilty to the point of sobbing. Nobody knew what it felt like to use your talent, something that was supposed to be a *gift*, to accuse and kill others.

“Hi, Saihara-chan.” The voice that haunted him came from outside the door, a wave of nausea passed through and he took a deep breath. It will be fine, it’ll be over in just a few minutes. Ouma will eventually give up like everyone else. It wasn’t selfish to give up on him, in his opinion. They needed to take care of themselves, not some leech who hasn’t spoken a word to them since they had all woken up.

When Ouma visits him though, he stays outside the door. Takes a seat behind it and stays there all night. He doesn’t talk except to greet him and let him know he’s there. He doesn’t ask to be let in, doesn’t ask for an apology, or ask him to talk to him. He just sits there.

Shuichi wonders if it’s an effort to make him feel less alone. Maybe Ouma doesn’t hate him, despite everything. Despite those stupid and cruel words he had said in the heat of the moment.

*“What are you planning?” Shuichi had said after the fourth trial. “Please tell me, Oumakun, I want to understand.”*

*“Oh? I thought I was alone.” Ouma hissed. “Or does Saihara just think that I forget these sorts of things?”*

*“I’m sorry, I didn’t...I didn’t mean it. I was angry, I’m sorry.”*

*Ouma had smiled at him somberly like he was grieving over something. “It’s okay. It won’t matter soon anyway.”*

Then he died. Died feeling alone and unloved, died hating him. Died feeling hated. Even though that’s what Ouma had wanted, he still...

Shuichi gets out of bed, shaky and uncertain. Nausea that comes with thoughts of Ouma settles down a little as he sits next to the door.

*“Well, you know...” Ouma whispered lowly. “Even if I can’t talk to you, you can talk to me.”*

*“I don’t understand.”*

*“Hmm?”*

*“You. I don’t understand you.”*

*“Oh? Well, you see Saihara-chan, keeping a little distance would be safer right? After all, I don’t know if you’re the mastermind or not.”*

*“I’m not.”*

*“And I don’t know that. I’m staying safe. But everyone’s different, so you can still talk to me. I know things are different for you than anyone else, so if you need to talk I’m here. Always.”*

After a moment, Shuichi opens his mouth to speak. “You don’t hate me, do you?” His voice is raspy from the lack of use, soft and unsure.

“No, I don’t hate you,” Ouma responded. He sounded surprised but still kept his voice low. It was so unlike how he normally sounded, so gentle and caring and-

He felt sick again.

“You probably should,” Shuichi mumbled. If Ouma hates him, he’ll stay away. He won’t have to suffer the pain of losing Ouma ever again. If he stays away, it keeps both of them safe. Not happy, but safe.

“If I hated you, I wouldn’t be here.” Ouma hummed. “I could never hate you, Shuichi.”

“You lie all the time,” Shuichi murmured. “It’s a part of you. You said it yourself, sometimes lies make people happier.”

“No, Shuichi, I-“

“I know how you are. Because lying gives you the best results sometimes right?” Shuichi traced the tile on the ground thoughtlessly, his tone neutral. “I understand.”

“Shuichi, no you don’t, please listen-“

“I understand.”

“Shuichi, stop it!” Ouma hissed. “You *know* it isn’t like that. I’m telling you the truth right now and you know it. Why don’t *you* tell me the truth, Shuichi?”

“I...” Shuichi hugged his knees closer, screwing his eyes shut. “If I lose you again, what am I going to do?” He asked. “Everyone probably...they probably hate me. I ruined everything, most of them just wanted to get out and I killed them.”

“If they killed someone, that’s on them. You were just trying to survive too,” Ouma insisted. “They don’t hate you. And don’t worry about me, Shu-chan, I’m not planning on dying again anytime soon.”

“You could be lying to me,” Shuichi murmured. “I don’t want you to lie to me anymore.”

“I’m not lying,” Ouma said gently. “I don’t think I want to lie to you like that anymore either. Can you open the door? Maybe seeing me will prove I’m not lying.”

It sounds overwhelming. Overwhelming, but maybe it was what he needed. Knowing that Ouma was *alive*, knowing that he wasn’t a puddle of blood squished beneath a press. He was there and he didn’t hate Shuichi.

He opened the door slowly, shaking as he saw Ouma’s eyes meet his. It wasn’t cold and malicious like his hallucinations at all, instead, it was warm and kind and *god* he felt sick again.

“Hey, Shuichi,” Ouma said with a smile. “It’s nice to see you again.”

Shuichi nodded awkwardly, his eyes darting to the ground. “Ouma-kun...” He answered slowly. “It’s...good to see you too.”

“I wasn’t lying,” Ouma said. “Can you look at me?” Shuichi slowly tore his eyes from the ground, fighting the need to slam the door shut and hide in the closet. Sure enough though, when he did eventually look at Ouma he wasn’t...

He wasn’t lying.

“I’m here,” Ouma said. A reminder, a soft and simple one. That through everything, through the death and the heartache, Ouma was still there.

He was extending a hand, and all Shuichi had to do was take it.

He was scared though. He had ruined Ouma’s plan. His own talent had been used to bring his friends down, he was a murderer just as much as the blackened were. Shuichi had ruined almost everything.

He didn’t deserve the kindness that Ouma brought, the warmth of his hand, or the love or care. He needed to be stronger on his own, that’s all he had to do. Why was it so hard? He hadn’t done enough, hadn’t even *tried* and-

“My, you’re thinking hard! I think Shuichi should learn,” Ouma reached over and grabbed his hands, holding them tight, “that he isn’t a monster for needing to be cared for.”

“I-I...”

“Because that’s what it was wasn’t it?” Ouma asked. “You feel guilty because the others died. Do you think you got off easy just because you lived? Do you share the same feelings for Harukawa and Yumeno? Did *they* get off easy too?”

“O-of course not!”



“Then let yourself be cared for, Shuichi. I know I’m not the best with emotions or feelings, but I’m here.” Ouma pressed his forehead to Shuichi’s, a happy smile on his face. “I won’t leave you ever again.”

“Promise?” Shuichi asked quietly.

“I promise.”

## End Notes

Whenever I read fics about them having a relationship during the kg, I think about what happens after. Because no matter how you look at it it's a tragedy. Kokichi dies and Shuichi lives, yeah?

Guilt over someone's death is hard to overcome, especially when you feel like you could've stopped it. That maybe if you tried harder, things could have turned out differently.

oh well, that's enough rambling from me hehe!! those mfs getting therapy because this is MY slumber party and I make the rules

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