

Wintertime Confession

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Wintertime Confession

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Summary

Mika fiddled with the small notecard in his hands, which he'd written talking points on - a bit stupid, now that he thought about it. Mademoiselle couldn't tell him what to improve on, only he could.

Mika practices confessing to someone with Mademoiselle.

Notes

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

“...What am I gonna say to him?? I haven’t got th’ slightest idea....”

Mika was sitting across from Shu’s prized doll, Mademoiselle, and had his hands on his head and his head on the desk as he let out a guttural groan. Mademoiselle was propped up on several light satin pillows and sat back, unblinking and ever-listening. The Mademoiselle that Shu always had with him was with Shu at this moment - His partner in Valkyrie was currently taking a standardized test with a couple other Yumenosaki graduates - something something about figuring out how much knowledge the idols had retained, something something like that. This left Mika alone with the doll, something he wasn’t unfamiliar with - he’d been trusted with taking care of big sis Maddie from time to time - But now was different.

Looking out the window, Mika saw the gentle flurry of snow and let out a shiver - was it nerves or the cold that got to him now? He wasn’t sure.

“Okay, okay... Hmm, should I give him flowers? Nah, he’d see that as cliché an’ tacky. Chocolate? It would hafta be somethin’ real expensive for Oshi-s... Ngaah, I can’t call him “Oshi-san” if I’m confe-“ Mika clamped his hands over his mouth as if Mademoiselle could hear. The idol couldn’t say it out loud, it was much too embarrassing. Mika and Shu were Valkyrie together, partners in a different sense! They weren’t supposed to be doing things like this...

Mika groaned and looked back up at the perfectly painted on smile and brushed, coiffed hair, outfit a crimson red to match Shu’s - He made matching outfits for his beloved Mademoiselle and would refuse to go out unless she matched, a trait many might find annoying but one Mika couldn’t help but find endearing. His dedication... Ugh, it was so sweet it was sickening, like the candy Mika loved indulging in. The young man sucked up some air and tried again.

“Alright, Maddie, ‘m gonna pretend that yer Oshi-san... Should I call him that?? Callin’ him “Itsuki-san” or “senpai” doesn’t seem quite right, an’ I tried callin’ him “onii-san” durin’ the SS tour but that didn’t work at all.... Can’t call someone that ya want t’ date that.” The words were out once again and his face turned a deep red despite there being no one in the room other than him and the pretty little doll sitting across from him, unblinking and unjudgmental as always.

Mika fiddled with the small notecard in his hands, which he'd written talking points on - a bit stupid, now that he thought about it. Mademoiselle couldn't tell him what to improve on, only he could. And he only got one shot at this!

"C-Can I call ya "Itsuki" just this once?" He said to Mademoiselle. No response.

"Kay... Itsuki, I really like ya a lot. The dedication that ya put into work is so nice to see, an' I... Well, I want to do that with you. As yer... Well, we're already partners, but y'know.... As, like...." He wanted to give up, but his recital had already gone this far.

"Itsuki Shu, will you be my-" He tries his best to get the words out. It's a whisper, but he does manage to choke out the word "boyfriend", with a fair amount of stuttering and looking away.

"...Mika-chan?"

The shriek that comes out of Mika's mouth is not one he's proud of - but he certainly didn't expect to hear Mademoiselle's falsetto immediately after his confession. Jumping into the air, Mika's seat clatters to the ground as he finds a surprised Shu immediately upon the doll, ripping her off of her pillows and covering his face with her. Mika knew it was just Mademoiselle's way of talking, but it also seemed like Shu himself was... Embarrassed? Had he heard Mika?

"...Shu-kun wants to know what you were saying, but he thinks he knows the answer." The arms holding Mademoiselle in place were quivering. Mika took notice very quickly of this - his heart sank. "N-Nah, Maddie, it's not whatcha think, I promise..."

"Fufu..." Mademoiselle let out a small chuckle, which somehow made Mika feel worse, until he heard her response, "You know that Shu-kun doesn't take things like that lightly... He doesn't want you to be joking about something like this."

“‘M not joking around, Maddie.... I love him a lot.” For once, Mika’s able to say the words he’d been practicing without stuttering. He takes a small step closer to Mademoiselle, keeping his arms behind his back. He lets the notecard drop to the floor.

“You’ll take care of him, Mika-chan? Do you promise? He won’t forgive you if you hurt him~” Mika knows Mademoiselle enough to know she’s joking - probably.

“Mhmm, I will. Promise.” He extends his pinky and locks it with her porcelain one, gently as possible. A pinky promise. She lets out a small gasp, and then another chuckle, before a larger hand brushes Mika off of Mademoiselle and lowers the doll away from the owner’s face.

The look on Shu’s face is one Mika’s never seen before. Was he... Sniffing a little?

“Kagehira.... Please do not use Mademoiselle to practice confessing to people.” He sounds like he’s trying to be mad, but he sounds strangely... happy. “If you want to say something to me, I ask you say it directly to my face instead of propping her up on pillows and gossiping about me behind my back.... The answer is yes, though.” Shu almost mumbles the last part, setting Mademoiselle down on the table - A sign that she didn’t have anything else to say for the time being, and a sign that Shu felt comfortable enough to not need her. So it was a yes...

“Hm... Gaah, my first question is if I can call ya somethin’ more... Ah, different than “Oshi-san” since we’re... Yknow...”

“Since we are... Potentially in a relationship together?” Shu’s face goes a little red, “Yes, you can call me whatever you would like, although I must say I might miss hearing your constant “Oshi-sans”.”

“So can I call ya... Darlin’?” Mika retorts, grinning, his nerves replaced with sudden joy. Shu seems almost jokingly offended. “Non! Not... Not quite yet. Give me a bit to get used to something... Like that.”

Mika almost lets out a cheer in response, doing a small twirl in excitement and once again grinning even wider. Shu is smiling as well. “Kagehira... No, may I... call you by your first

name this once? I may go back if it feels too strange.” Shu asks, taking a seat in Mademoiselle’s pillow covered seat. He gestures for Mika to come closer, and Mika does. When the other idol nods in response to the question, Shu continues. “M... Mika.... I am, overjoyed... That someone like you would confess to me like this. Perhaps... We can talk more about it later? I am very busy today, but the answer is yes. I promise you.” Shu finally says, a gentle smile on his face. Mika sits down on the floor cross legged, putting his hands back and smiling at Shu. “Mmkay... Get goin’ then, I’ll see you back at th’ ES dorms?” He’s sad to see Shu go, but the “yes” continues to resound in his head like a holy chorus of angels trumpeting sweet victory. Shu nods, and stands up once again, his brilliant scarlet suit matching Mademoiselle’s perfectly.

“Well... Mika. I will see you later.” Shu gives Mika one final smile, and heads out the door with a strange spring in his step. A welcome sign.

End Notes

Hello this is my first ao3 fic it was a big hurdle to publish, but I'm so glad you read it! Thank you so much.

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