All Might had met Quirkless people before, but meeting little Midoriya Izuku would change both their lives forever.

I will add tags and characters as the story goes.
Meeting Midoriya Izuku

Toshinori Yagi, or more known by his hero name All Might, was currently regretting adding a hat to his disguise. It was mid-summer and even though the park through which he was walking had shade, there wasn’t quite enough to keep the heat at bay.

All Might wiped sweat from his forehead for what must’ve been the third time in five minutes, fixing the large sunglasses on his nose while doing so.

“Damn, it’s hot”, the man sighed, undoing the upmost button of his long, cream-colored coat.

That was what Toshinori Yagi’s disguise usually consisted of, sunglasses, a long coat and occasionally, like today, a hat to hide his trademark hairstyle. Although many copycats had surfaced throughout the years All Might had actively been doing his job as a hero, no one came close to his style. No amount of hairspray or other products could keep hair up like All Might’s.

Don’t get the wrong idea though. It wasn’t like All Might did this every day. He really liked his fans. But like everyone else in the world, the man needed some time alone from time to time. Especially after last week. He had been in an interview after interview as well as appeared as a guest in many shows. The fan meetings hadn’t been easy on him either. Being a top-class hero really was a lot of work. More than the man could’ve ever expected.

Today he had decided that a calm and quiet walk in the park would do. His life was usually so noisy and full of action that it was distressing how quiet the park was. At least the cicada were making noise, a lot of it. What all heroes quickly learned was that quiet never meant anything good in this line of work. All Might knew this fact as well.

Good thing that the silence didn’t last long. All Might was just about ready to rip his jacket off and get ready to face a Villain possibly stalking him in the quiet when a scream of a cry pierced through the air. No lie, the sudden noise made the muscular hero jump a bit. Good thing that no one saw it.

All Might quickly pinpointed the source of the noise to a small playground just a small distance from where he was standing. A group of kids were playing something together. There were five or six of them in total. There was no way to tell their age but All Might guessed that they couldn’t be out of daycare yet.

All Might stopped to observe the scene. Things usually weren’t as they seemed at first. There must be a reason why one of the kids cried out like that. It didn’t sound like a happy or surprised cry either.

Although All Might wasn’t married and didn’t have any kids either, he worked a lot with them since they made up quite a chunk of his fanbase as well as daily clients. The man had learned a thing or two about kids throughout the years.

“Kacchan! Don’t bully others!” a boy had separated from the group and was now standing in front of the others, arms spread apart and a fierce look on his face.

If only the boy didn’t have such an adorable and innocent baby-face, it might’ve looked even a bit
intimidating. The fact that he was around a head shorter than everyone else didn’t help either. Now the boy just looked like a scared kitty cat trying to look as big as possible when faced with an angry pack of wolves.

Now that All Might got a good look at the situation, he saw that the green-haired boy was shielding what must be a friend. There was some blood tripping from the kid’s nose. That must be the source of the cry then. Some friendly brawling gone wrong.

“DEKU! How many times have I told you not to interfere! You Quirkless!” a blond stepped forward from the group and faced the boy, apparently named Deku, head on.

“B-B-But Kacchan! It’s not good to hit people! A hero wouldn’t….”, the boy mumbled, intimidated by the taller boy’s presence. To be fair, the boy looked like a thug with the spiky hair and angry eyes.

“What would you know?! Quit talking about heroes, Deku! You can’t become one! Never!” the blond spat as sparks flew from his hand.

‘A Quirk?’ All Might thought to himself. He felt a strong urge to interfere but decided not to. He could remember his own childhood and all the fights he and his friends had had. A bruise there and there was necessary for a strong friendship.

Then there was an explosion. It was very small, but an explosion all the same. A cloud of smoke swallowed the playground and the group of boys.

When it finally faded, Deku was on the ground, holding his nose as well. Now there were two boys with bleeding noses.

The blond boy was glaring at Deku, his aura speaking of pure hatred, “And never call me ‘Kacchan’ again, Quirkless!”

The group turned to leave, clearly done with the situation here. Picking up their backpacks they shot a last glare at the small boy before finally leaving.

“A-Are you okay? Does it hurt?” Deku crouched down next to the boy still left in the park with him. There was worry in his eyes.

“Stop it. I’ll just get punched again if they see me with you”, the boy countered the kind gestures and stood up, wiping the knees of his shorts, “You really are lame, Deku.”

“Wha-Huh?” the green-haired clearly didn’t understand.

“You really think you can become a hero with all the notes you do?! I saw you drawing them again. It’s really embarrassing, you know. You don’t even have a Quirk.”

“I will become a hero!” Deku exclaimed, not let down by the words. He must’ve heard them many times before not to get discouraged by them now.

The boy didn’t want to argue anymore and left running, trying to catch up with Kacchan and the
others, “And don’t come near us again! You’ll get punched.”

“Huh? Okay”, Deku nodded, still on the ground. He had never had the time to get up from there and was still sitting on the dirt.

All Might saw this as his chance to make an entrance. He knew that he was hours late to make things better for the boy but he could always try. A hero never gave up when faced with a challenge.

“All Might!” Deku suddenly screamed, looking around frantically. He was totally ignoring the man and forgetting that he should be at least a bit suspicious of an unknown man offering him anything.

The man in question flinched. Had the boy really seen through his cover that easy?

But that wasn’t the case. Deku first ran to his backpack and picked it up, then to the bushes. The yellow backpack was huge and made the boy look like a turtle or something as he searched through the bush. He emerged after some time with his messy hair full of twigs and leaves, but on his face was a relieved smile and in his hands an action figure.

All Might had sat down on a bench somewhere during the boy’s search and Deku now sat right next to him, jumping to reach the seat. Yeah, he clearly hadn’t gotten the memo about approaching strangers either.

“Aa! That is a very old figure!” All Might pointed out as Deku held the figure out for the man to look at, a proud grin on his chubby, freckled face.

It was an All Might action figure. Those could be found anywhere from kids’ meals to toys stores’ shelves. Super heroes were very a popular theme on toys. It was a design from years ago. It was nostalgic for the hero to see.

“Mm!” Deku nodded, happy that the man knew such details.

All Might could tell that the toy was the boy’s most prized possession by the way he held it. The thing had also seen better days. The red base color of the plastic shone though in most places and the figure was missing an arm. It had been replaced by a piece of wood that somewhat looked like the other arm still in place. Hey, at least it wasn’t a mere twig.

The two sat in silence for some time. All Might didn’t know what to say to a boy he had just met and the little one seemed content just to sit there and play with his toy, sprouting facts about the hero in between.
“So.. Would you like to have something? Ice cream?” All Might smacked his face right after saying that. He sounded like a creep. His dubious appearance didn’t help either. Next he should invite the kid to his place while telling him that he wasn’t a weird guy at all.

“Dad said that I shouldn’t take things from strangers”, Deku mumbled, drawing something in the notebook he had pulled out earlier. It was full of scribbles of heroes and All Might could recognize some of his colleagues in there.

‘So that’s the part he taught you?!’ All Might thought. What a father the boy had. Well, better than nothing.

“Then why did you sit next to me? I could tell you my name if that would help.”

“It’s cause you look like a hero! You’re big and strong!” Deku giggled, showing All Might the action figure once again. He pointed out the similarities to the man.

“I look like a hero? You’re the first one who has ever told me that! My name is Toshinori Yagi. Pleasure to meet you”, All Might smiled. His real name was safe since he went by his hero name in the public. There was absolutely no way anyone could make a connection just from his name.

“Really?! ” Deku’s eyes were huge, “My name is Midoriya Izuku! But you can call me Deku!”

“W-Why Deku?” All Might asked as he shook the boy’s hand. The kid had wanted to go for a formal greeting. The small hand was swallowed by All Might’s much bigger one. The man made sure not to use any strength or he could’ve crushed the little thing.

“Kacchan says that it’s because I can’t do anything and I’m a worthless piece of trash. That’s what ‘Deku’ is!” the boy, Midoriya explained. The smile was still present as if he had just stated something completely normal.

All Might was taken aback. Not only by the boy’s way of telling the meaning behind the name like it was an universal fact, but also because someone could give another such a terrible nickname and use it on top of it all.

“Mr. Toshinori?” Midoriya nudged All Might’s hand.

“Don’t call me mister. Yagi is just enough”, the man smiled, placing his hand on top of Deku’s head, “I don’t know about the whole ‘Deku’ thing but you’re definitely not worthless. No one is. Never forget that.”

“Why? Everybody says that”, Deku tilted his head.

“Why would they say that, young boy?”

“Because I’m Quirkless.”

All Might had heard of Quirkless people, of course he had. He had even met some. It just had become so normal to have heroes and such that not having a Quirk had become something abnormal and weird. Ironically.

“There’s this bone in my toe and that’s why the doctor told me I can’t get a Quirk”, the boy kept on explaining, “Mommy and daddy both have Quirks. Kacchan and everyone have one too.”
All Might listened to the boy go on about how the bone made it impossible for him to have a Quirk for a minute or two more. He soon learned that Midoriya was a good speaker and had a ton to say. It was like a flood once the boy got to open his mouth.

While doing so, All Might couldn’t help notice the state the boy was in. On closer inspection, the bloody nose didn’t come close to being his main worry with this child. All in all, the boy was skinny and dirty like he hadn’t eaten or showered in weeks. His hair, from which All Might had removed the twigs and leaves from by now, was shaggy. It looked like an afro with the natural curls. The clothes on him didn’t look too shabby either. The shorts were hardly holding on and the T-shirt was close to being see-through.

Although All Might didn’t exactly want to, he had to wonder about what was going on back home. There was no way a parent would let their child look like that. Were they poor?

Right around then, Midoriya happened to check the large clock in the park.

He jumped off the bench and pointed to the clock, turning to All Might, “I’m late! I have to go!”

“Whoa, whoa!” All Might held the child in place, preventing him from running away, “What’s the hurry?”

“Daddy said that I need to be home when the arms look like a long line”, Midoriya explained, forming the same form as the clock when it read six.

Too bad that it was at least fifteen minutes over that already.

“And I have to go shopping too!” the boy continued, digging a pouch and a dirty piece of paper out from the pocket of his pants.

“Maybe I could help” All Might offered. He had to learn more about the boy’s situation back home.

“No, no. Daddy said that I have to do it.”

“But four arms is better than two”, All Might suggested, watching Midoriya think, “And I should get some shopping done too! We can help each other!”

The latter was a lie, but it got a positive nod as an answer.

“Great!” the man smiled as Midoriya took his hand and they began their short walk to the nearest grocery store.

It was only a block or two away and by the time they watched the automatic doors part from their way, All Might had somewhat read through what Midoriya would need to buy today. The letters looked like chicken scratch or worse. He could only make out ‘meat’ and ‘milk’.
“What do you need?” Midoriya asked as he took a basket. It was a bit too big for him but the boy was determined to carry it anyway.

“S-Some noodles”, All Might told him. He could get some instant noodles for his roommate.

“Oh”, a pack of ham went to the basket alongside a bottle of soy sauce.

“Isn’t it Deku! Welcome back!” a clerk greeted the two as they advanced further into the store, “Doing shopping for you dad again?”

“Hm!” Deku nodded, “I need fish, the little kind.”

“The mackerels? Sure! I’ll wrap some up for you”, the middle-aged woman smiled as she went to get the said item. While doing so, she waved for All Might to follow her.

“I guess I’ll get some as well. I’ll be back”, All Might excused himself and ran after the clerk.

“Sure”, Deku nodded, looking at the milks and checking their prices.

“Do you know the boy? Are you a family member?” the woman asked as soon as they were out of earshot. There was clear worry in her eyes.

“I met him just today”, All Might admitted, watching the woman give him a weird look and a once over. He really looked like a pervert. The disguise would have to be changed.

“Aren’t you worried? The kid doesn’t have shoes on for god’s sake!” the woman finally cried out.

“Do you know how his home is?”

“Not really, but Deku is always here to do groceries for his father. I usually give him leftovers just so he can have something to eat. He gets all the unsellable items too, for half free. I have to sell him tobacco and alcohol or he'd be in trouble back home”, the fish was wrapped in paper and a priced. The fish were the smallest and cheapest there were. The ones no one else would buy.

“Have you reported anything yet?”

“I can’t. I don’t really have enough evidence”, she sighed, “And what about adoption? Deku would be stuck in the system forever.”

All Might had to agree.

“Please, take care of him. He really is just a sweet boy.”

The two returned to Midoriya, who now had half of his basket full.

“Are you ready?” All Might asked as he watched Deku check his list once again.
He got a nod as reply and they went to pay for what they had.

“Anything else?” the woman asked Deku, knowing very well what would be next.

“Daddy said to get some cigarettes and beer”, the boy told her, pointing behind the counter where the smokes were.

“You know very well that I can’t sell you those”, she sighed.

“It’s not for me.”

“Couldn’t your father come and buy those himself?”

“He’s busy.”

The clerk had to give up. She knew what she was doing was a crime but she couldn’t really risk the kid getting in trouble. Last time he hadn’t gotten the items, there had been a black eye and other bruises.

“Just tell him to come next time”, she told Deku.

The crumbled up bills and loose change came very close to not being enough for the purchase. Deku eyed as the clerk counted the money, clearly worried as well.

“Thank you, come back again.”

“You think you can carry all that?” All Might swung his almost empty plastic bag around, watching Deku carry a bag. Most of the stuff had fit in the backpack.

“Hm!” the boy nodded.

“Are you okay with the woman calling you Deku?”

“Why not? It’s my name”, Deku stopped, tilting his head. Why would it be wrong to be called with your name?

“Do you like that name?”

“Yeah.”

The conversation ended there. There was no way All Might would call the boy Deku though. Maybe one day, but not yet. When there would be something more positive to connect with the name, then he could.

The sun was setting as the two walked.

All Might had offered to walk the boy home. To be honest, he was curious about where he lived. Seeing how the neighborhood changed from cozy and nice to the dirty suburbs, the man was glad he
decided to tag along. This part of the town was known to be the Villains’ den.

“I live here!” Deku pointed to a block of flats. Some of the windows were broken and the once bright red paint on the door was chipping off.

All Might made sure to remember the address. It could be of use later.

“W-Will you be busy tomorrow?” the boy asked, kicking the ground.

“Maybe. Do you think you could come play with me tomorrow?”

Deku beamed, his eyes sparkling, “Can we go to the beach?!”

“Of course!” All Might smiled, “Let’s meet in the park. Let’s say three o’clock.”

The boy nodded running up the apartment stairs, “Bye bye!”

All Might stayed glued to the place for five minutes before he turned to leave. He couldn’t wait until tomorrow.
Midoriya Izuku slowly opened the door with a spare key, stepping into the dimly lit apartment, “I’m back.”

The smell of decay, trash and something unnamed hit him like a wall as the boy entered. Coming from the fresh outside air didn’t help much. It wasn’t anything new though and he’d get used to it in minutes, like he always did.

The voice was hardly above a whisper as Deku sneaked into the kitchen to put the stuff away. Dodging all the bottles and other trash, the boy carefully made his way to the fridge.

A cockroach ran across the floor, making a beeline for the cupboards. The bug would be disappointed as there wouldn’t be anything edible in there. Not that the boy cared, he didn’t need any competition.

“Deku? Come here”, a low grumble came from somewhere in the living room.

The apartment was rather small. It consisted of a kitchen, a living room, a bathroom and a bedroom. Like the outside of the place, the inside had seen its better days as well. The wallpaper was stained and the ceiling had some water damage to it. Bugs and other pests roamed free within the piles and piles of trash on the floor.

“Yes, father”, Deku mumbled as he slowly walked to his father’s side. There was no use disobeying or he’d be dragged there. Might as well walk.

Hisashi Midoriya was a fairly well-built man in his thirties. He was taller than most around him and currently sitting on an armchair watching TV. A can of beer hung from his left hand.

“What time did I tell you to be home?” the father asked as he noticed his son had made it to his side, “Sit down. On the floor.”

“Yes, father. At six”, Deku told him, lowering his head. He knew what was coming.

“Did you get the stuff at least?”

“Yes. It’s in the fridge”, Deku handed a carton of cigarettes to the man.
“Watch me in the eyes when you speak!” the man roared, hitting his son to the head with the half-empty can, “You can’t even do that?! You really are useless.”

“Yes, father.”

“Why were you late? Did the girl in the store ask those stupid questions again?” Hisashi lit a cigarette with a blow of breath, “I swear she’s a cop or something. Don’t talk to her.”

The man had a Quirk which gave him the power to breathe fire. It wasn’t anything super powerful but could cause some serious damage when used properly. It was something Midoriya had learned.

“I haven’t”, a little white lie. Deku was good with those.

“Then what was it?” the man was getting impatient, Deku could tell it by the way he fidgeted with the smoke in his mouth.

Midoriya did know when to tell the truth. He might seem like it sometimes but the boy wasn’t stupid.

“I-I met this man at the park. He gave me a tissue when Kacchan beat me up again”, he said.

“It’s the Child Protective Services for sure! They just knocked on the door the other day!” that wasn’t the reaction Midoriya was hoping, although he knew his answer wouldn’t be taken well anyway. He was hoping for his father to laugh at him for getting into a fight with the blond again. The man always seemed to find it very amusing that a kid beat his kid.

The men and women from the Child Protective Services were a common sight around this part of the town. They visited the Midoriya residence almost monthly yet never managed to find solid proof of anything. Make-up and threats for the boy, a quick clean-up and a couple friendly smiles was usually what it took to chase them away. They never had the time to search things any further or even do their job properly.

“I-It’s not! I’m sure!”

“How can you know shit? Did you tell him anything?” another hit to the head.

“N-No. We did the groceries together and then he left.”

“So just an individual wanting to do something nice to someone less fortunate to make themselves feel better for the rest of the day?”

Midoriya nodded, not really understanding what his father was talking about. The boy didn’t know of egoism or such. He believed in kind people and doing good things, not chasing one’s own good. He didn’t like heroes for nothing. Practice what you preach.

“But that doesn’t change the fact that you were late”, the man finished and stood up. He didn’t feel like arguing today. He was too tired.

Midoriya knew not to stand up with him. His father loved to watch him anticipate the attack, quiver in fear of what was to come.

“What should I do to such a useless little boy this time? Tell me, Deku”, he sang as he took a quick look around the room, checking to see the arsenal of weapons he had for tonight.
“Are you going to cry for mommy? Poor little Deku. You should’ve done like you were told.”

Deku knew very well that even if he had decided to cry out for his mother, it would’ve been useless. There was no one to cry out for.

The boy had only seen his mother in the pictures they had on the walls, now dusty and dirty. He had never really heard anything more than what his father mumbled about her when seriously drunk. But what Midoriya could guess was that she had been a really nice person. She was always smiling in the pictures after all.

Deku’s father always blamed his son for his wife’s death. It was only logical. Inko Midoriya had died during childbirth. It didn’t help either that the son born was a spitting mirror image of the man’s lost wife.

The two had the same green hair, though Midoriya’s was an untamed mess while Inko’s had been straight. The large eyes were from her as well and it ticked Hisashi to no end.

He sometimes hit his son just because he looked at him like Inko had sometimes done.

Finally, a blow came from behind. Hisashi also liked to attack from behind. It wasn’t weakness or anything. He just enjoyed that Deku had no way of expecting him from there. Bare fists were the weapon of choice tonight.

The boy’s face smashed right onto the aluminum cans on the floor below him.

Deku let it happen. He knew that crying or even squeaking in pain would only result in more injuries. If he was still and quiet his father would get bored with him very quickly. It didn’t change the fact that the cans digging to his face hurt a lot. Deku just didn’t cry, he did feel the pain.

“What will you do next time when you go out?” the man cooed, rubbing Midoriya’s face into the stained carpet.

“Come straight home and not talk to strangers”, Deku echoed the instructions he had heard so many times before. He had a bad habit of forgetting the time when outside and this was definitely not his first time late. Not during this month or even this week. He had the bruises to prove that.

“Good boy. Now go make me something to eat”, Hisashi kicked his son as the boy went to stand up, just to make sure he understood his punishment, “And clean up. This place stinks.”

“Yes, father”, Deku mumbled, emotionless.

Midoriya went to the kitchen. At least he was safe in there. His father hardly came into the room. He’d just call for a beer rather than fetching it himself.
After going through the contents of the fridge, Deku decided to make an omelette. Yes, a single omelette. There was no way he was going to get to eat a thing after coming back home that late. He might get whatever was left on the plate, though his father usually finished his meals.

Midoriya was used to going to bed without a meal. His father usually wasn’t in the mood to give him anything. It was a good thing the boy had sneaked a piece of bread in the morning. It had been a bit stale but better than nothing for the whole day.

A small smile found its way onto the boy’s face. He thought of the kind man and their promise. He couldn’t wait until tomorrow. He’d show the man all his secret places to play and maybe they could go for ice cream too.

Deku would do his chores extra good tonight and tomorrow morning. Maybe then his father would let him out. If not, Deku could always sneak out when the man was out working.

Deku didn’t exactly know what his father did for living. He could sometimes be out for days only to return with a wad of cash or something else. Sometimes he brought his friends in and they’d drink and talk about something. His father had told him that they were making plans and that he shouldn’t disturb them. Deku didn’t like the men. They were all mean.

The food was done and Midoriya placed it on the cleanest plate he could find. He only found a fork and a spoon but those would have to do. Taking a fresh can of beer from the fridge, Midoriya brought the meal into the living room.

“Omelette? Couldn’t think of anything else?” the father sighed as he eyed the plate, “Didn’t you make this just the other day?”

“No, father. I’ll make something else tomorrow”, Deku said, watching his father wolf down the meal.

He didn’t let himself drool or his stomach to make a noise. His father would just tease him for it. Deku was always forced to stand by his father as he ate.

“You better”, the man huffed, giving the empty plate back and cracking open the can.

Deku briefly thought of licking the plate clean but quickly decided against it. If his father ever found out that he had done something like that, he’d never hear the end of it. Scraps would have to do tonight.

Finishing the mountain of dishes, the boy got to cleaning the rest of the apartment. The cans and bottles alongside all the other trash would go into a bag and outside. The dirty clothes would need to be washed and hung out to dry.

They didn’t own a vacuum cleaner. A mop and a bucket was all Midoriya had to make the place shine.
“Quit making such a racket! I’m trying to watch TV!” Hisashi shouted from the living room, throwing a can towards the noise.

Good thing that the trash was almost gone. Midoriya could retreat into the bathroom to take care of the laundry. Hauling the last bag out, the boy wiped his hands into his shorts and picked up the pile of clothes he had collected throughout the apartment.

The clothes went in. At least they had a washing machine though it was in the same state than the rest of the apartment. It had flooded the whole bathroom last week. Of course the boy had been blamed for it.

“I should take a shower too”, Deku mumbled, undressing and throwing the clothes into the machine as well. He wanted to look as good as possible for tomorrow.

He climbed to a stool and checked the mirror to see if his face had suffered any damage. Nothing serious, just a couple scratches and a bruise. Midoriya would clean those up and cover them with bandages before bed. A first aid kit was something his father always made sure that they had. Going to a hospital wasn’t an option for him. Midoriya would need to take care of his injuries himself.

Stepping into the bathtub the boy turned the knobs as far right as he could. His instructions were to take a cold shower, no exceptions. He was used to it.

Sitting in the bath the cold seeped deep into his bones. Shaking, Deku took some soap and tried scrubbing his hair and body clean. Of course a once-over wouldn’t be enough but that would have to do today.

Drying off, Midoriya got ready to take out the laundry. It would be hung inside on the many wires he had hung in the bathroom. The apartment didn’t have a balcony and if they would hang the stuff in the yard, they wouldn’t have them tomorrow.

The clock was well past midnight when Midoriya finally got to go to bed.

The father’s snoring echoed throughout the apartment. He had fallen asleep in his chair. With the TV still on and everything. It had been a long time since the man had actually slept in his bed. He’d be mad in the morning with a sore neck and a headache. Midoriya mentally prepared himself already.

Midoriya’s room was a closet, around a meter by two meters. Located near the entrance in a small hallway.

The boy curled on top of a mattress from a baby’s crib and pulled a faded orange sleeping bag over his body. He didn’t have a pillow and couldn’t remember the last time he had had one.

A plug-in nightlight was the only light source in the room. Deku switched it on and crawled to his backpack. Most kids of his age were afraid of the dark. He wasn’t. The monsters hiding in the dark were nothing like the ones he lived with.

He took out one of his many notebooks. A nice lady in the library had given them to him. She had also helped him write ‘Hero Observation Diary’ onto the front. Midoriya was learning to write. He knew most of the basic characters like other kids his age but learning kanji was going very slow. The
woman taught him whenever he came to the library.

This notebook was already half full with drawings of different heroes. Deku made sure to follow the news so he knew whenever there was a new hero in town. He’d also write info next to the pictures, like what their Quirk was or something else important.

A pack of color pencils came out next as well as the All Might figure.

“I think red suits him the best”, Midoriya whispered, placing the figure on a plastic box left over from when they moved into the apartment years ago. He used it as a table.

“It’s the color of heroes”, he carefully wrote ‘Mr. Yagi’ on the top of the page.

Chapter End Notes

Second chapter!
This is so slow compared to when writing the one-shots! Of course it lets me give you more details and action but the beginning goes so slow. At least it feels like that to me.

Thank you so much for the support even on the first chapter! I hope you all stick with me until the end!
Love the comments you all wrote!
Chapter Summary

All Might & Midoriya meet again.
This time, a third wheel joins in.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

"You were late yesterday. Did something happen?" Aizawa Shota, AKA Eraserhead, asked as he rolled over while still in his yellow sleeping bag. He had woken up because there was noise coming from the kitchen.

The man looked like a hobo, really. His dark hair was an untamed and uncut mess. An ever-present stubble on the chin completed the look.

Aizawa preferred loose and comfy clothes and wore his favorites until they were so well-worn that they literally fell off. It was obvious looking at the pajama pants he had on. The pant legs were half gone already and the color faded. At least the old band shirt looked better with some wear.

"Sorry about that. Did I wake you up?" Toshinori Yagi smiled, "I brought you noodles."

The blond smiled as he spotted his roommate’s bedhead. It looked like a bird’s nest. Not that All Might himself didn’t get ridiculous looks after a good sleep, Aizawa’s just always seemed so much worse. He also knew that it would be near impossible to tame that hair. They had lost three combs to the nest the past month.

"No you didn’t. Thanks, I noticed those”, Aizawa crawled to check the time. He huffed. He would’ve liked to sleep an hour or two more. A healthy twelve hours would’ve been nice.

"I still like chicken flavor better though”, he continued, stretching his long limbs and yawning. His back cracked loudly, followed by a content sigh.

The form of housing was comical to say the least.

Two heroes, All Might and Eraserhead, living under the same roof.

The two had studied together in the past and met again when they were both looking for an apartment. Their financial situations hadn’t been the best, having just started their jobs as pro heroes. It didn’t help that the rents in the city were almost as high as the buildings themselves.

Conclusion, they’d have to become roommates.

In the end, the two had decided on an apartment, causing the real estate agent working with them to
choose an early retirement afterwards. They had been a bit difficult to work with. Apparently.

It wasn’t anything special. A two-room apartment in the city center. Heroes needed to be where the people were, usually choosing to stay in the center of the city.

“I met a boy yesterday”, All Might told his friend as they ate breakfast. It was a ready-made meal. Just stick it in the microwave and wait for a couple minutes. The two were powered by the stuff.

They were sitting on the living room sofa, watching the morning’s news. Those usually determined their work for the day. There was nothing special going on today.

All Might was relieved. He already had plans for today, after all.

“Oh”, Aizawa sighed, “Tell me something new. Did he scream ‘pervert’ and run away at least? With that disguise of yours I’m sure everyone would.”

“He was new! He had so many bruises! I’m sure he’s abused back home”, All Might didn’t want to comment on the disguise part.

“Shouldn’t you report that to the officials and not me?”

“That’s the problem. I don’t have the proof. Not enough at least.”

“The social workers are understaffed too”, Aizawa admitted.

The heroes often worked with the group since they both dealt with children. Aizawa, who often worked during the night, sometimes called them about a kid wandering the streets alone in the middle of the night. He had had to come in between a fight between parents once as well.

“I just need the proof. Then I can get the boy out of there”, All Might huffed in frustration, “He is such a sweet young boy too.”

“What’s the plan?”

“We are supposed to meet again today. He wants to go to the beach”, All Might told the raven head.

“The junk yard? That can hardly be called a beach anymore.”

The muscular hero nodded. He had been worried about that detail as well.

The only beach in town had slowly turned into a pile of trash throughout the years. The city had tried to solve the problem many times but the stuff just kept piling up. In the end, they had had to give up. There was everything from sinks and tubs to fridges and other appliances. Heck, Aizawa had seen a car there the last time he had walked past.

“So, what’s with the burnt food?” Aizawa finally asked.
He had heard this and that about the boy. All Might hadn’t talked about anything else throughout the whole breakfast.

The two were currently in the kitchen, staring down at a pan full of something unknown and charred.

“Well”, All Might blushed, “If we’re going to the beach for the day, I thought that we should have something to eat.”

“You tried to cook?”

A nod.

“You who can hardly boil an egg?”

Another nod.

Aizawa sighed again, “You really are something else. Just buy a ready meal or something. They have boxed lunches in the corner store, don’t they?”

“But I wanted to make it special for the boy”, All Might mumbled, taking a bite out of the mystery food. He spit it out right away. It tasted nothing like the fried eggs they were supposed to be.

‘Are you a girl?!’ Aizawa thought.

“S-So… You think you could help me?” All Might asked.

It wasn’t widely known, maybe because Aizawa himself didn’t make a big deal out of it, but the man was a decent cook. At least when compared to his roommate and when he actually had the energy to do something.

“I helped you make the lunch. Just let me go home and sleep”, the raven head sighed, pulling a hood over his head.

“You have to see the boy”, All Might countered, “Think of the ramen.”

The man had promised to feed his friend to some top-class ramen tonight if he helped with the food. The second part about tagging along and meeting the boy might’ve slipped his mind when they shook hands on the deal.

Aizawa was visibly uncomfortable. He was a creature of the night and a bright summer day wasn’t something he enjoyed. He’d rather be sleeping the day away curled up in his favorite sleeping bag right now.

The two had come up with new disguises too.

Aizawa was wearing a pair of khaki shorts, a dark grey hoodie and a pair of sunglasses. His eyes were very sensitive so the sunglasses were a must. The hoodie was just for comfort. Though it was hot, the man wouldn’t have left the apartment without it.
All Might had shorts too, they were military inspired. He also had a thin long sleeved shirt, striped. This time around he had regular glasses, fake, and a bucket hat.

“First a pervert creep and now just a plain weirdo?” Aizawa asked, switching on his handheld fan. It was the best buy from a 100yen-store he had ever made. The pink color was the only downside but it had been the only color there.

“Hey! I worked hard on this one”, the muscular man huffed, “The youngsters wear something like this, don’t they?”

“Hopefully not”, Aizawa mumbled, “And you’re not exactly young either.”

“Shut it.”

“It’s the truth.”

“So sorry I’m late!” quick steps approached the two heroes, “I helped a goose cross the road! Then a granny fell and I helped her up.”

Midoriya Izuku came to a halt in front of the pair, huffing. He had clearly been running. His cheeks were bright red.

“It’s okay, young boy!” All Might told him, patting his head gently.

“Yeah, it’s twenty minutes past”, Aizawa checked the clock on his wrist. He also thought about the goose crossing the road.

The boy flinched, just now noticing the strange man next to his new friend.

Hiding behind All Might’s large form, Deku took a good look at Aizawa, “A weird man.”

“I told you this was a bad idea”, the man in question mumbled, “He hates me already.”

“No he doesn’t!” All Might laughed, “Right, Midoriya? You don’t hate my friend here, do you?”

Deku shook his head, keeping his huge eyes on the raven head. If the man was Mr. Yagi’s friend, then he should be okay.

“Aizawa here made us lunch. You should thank him”, All Might explained, crouching down to the boy’s level.

“Lunch?” Midoriya peeked into the box All Might had handed to him.

“Doesn’t it look good?”

“Hm”, a nod, “Did you make us all food?”

“Of course”, Aizawa tried to smile. It looked more like a cringe.
“Thank you”, Deku kept staring at the food, not closing the lid of the container.

“Would you like to eat it now?” All Might noticed the staring. He was sure that the boy hadn’t had anything to eat this morning. Maybe not yesterday either.

“Can we? Isn’t it lunch?”

“We can”, Aizawa nodded, “Better eat it while it’s still fresh.”

“Then, can we go to the beach and have a picnic?” Deku suggested, jumping in joy.

“Show us the way!” All Might nodded, letting the boy carefully slip their hands together.

Aizawa walked behind them. He worked with kids, but he hardly knew what to do with them. He didn’t know how to play or keep them entertained. He hardly knew how to speak with them. He decided to keep quiet not to scare the kid any further.

The beach was just as messy as the two heroes had remembered. If something had changed, there was more stuff in there than before.

Midoriya had slowly warmed up to the new face during their walk. He had even asked Aizawa for his name, after which they had exchanged those and shook hands. And just like with All Might being called Yagi by the boy, the name Aizawa was safe.

“And this is my secret hideout!” the boy exclaimed, stopping as the group reached a secluded location surrounded by tall piles of junk. It was in mostly in the shade and cool even in the warming evening air.

Aizawa could appreciate that, flopping down onto the sand. He was tired.

All Might unpacked the lunches and sat down as well.

Deku was running around the opening, digging out bits and pieces of junk from the piles. It took him some time, but he soon returned to the two adults with three pieces of some sort of metal. His hands were stained with rust but the smile on his face told the adults that it wouldn’t ruin the mood. He wasn’t hurt either, having dodged the sharp glass and such. They did make sure to wipe the hands clean before eating though. Hygiene first.

“What did you find?” All Might asked, taking a piece from the boy when offered one.

“Chairs”, Deku explained, giving Aizawa one too, placing his down onto the ground before sitting on top of it.

“Genius!” All Might clapped his hands, “Now we just need a table!”

The blond jumped up and went to a huge tractor wheel he had spotted earlier. He pulled the heavy thing out and hauled it in the middle, next to the chairs. He made it look like nothing. Not even breaking a sweat.
Now it was Deku’s turn to clap his hands. His eyes were sparkling.

“Thank you, thank you!” the man bowed his head.

“You’re like a super hero, Mr. Yagi!” Midoriya cheered, “Can you fly?”

“No, I can’t fly”, All Might nervously laughed, “And stop with the mister.”

“Just sit down and eat already”, Aizawa mumbled, taking a bite out of his sandwich. He really wasn’t that hungry. Maybe he could sneak most of the stuff to the two.

“An octopus!” Deku smiled as he showed All Might a sausage he had stabbed with a fork.

Aizawa blushed. He had been told to make a lunch for a kid. Of course he’d put in octopus wieners. He had even given them eyes with some sesame seeds.

“Hey! Why doesn’t mine have any of those?” All Might pouted, pointing to his sandwiches.

“Cause you’re an adult”, Aizawa huffed, giving Deku an extra piece of food from his box. He also just might’ve been too lazy to do anything else but sandwiches for the two adults.

The group ate in silence. The boy was enjoying his food too much to speak.

Aizawa and All Might observed the little child wolf down a meal fit for a full-grown. He also got some bites from the two adults’ meals.

Aizawa was happy that someone appreciated his cooking that much but at the same time, he worried that the boy would feel sick afterwards. If he really was this hungry, it meant that he hadn’t eaten in some time. It could also mean that eating a huge amount of food in such a short time would cause sickness and a serious stomach ache.

“J-Just eat slow”, the man mumbled into his sandwich.

“I brought All Might with me!” Deku explained as the trio had finished. They were sitting in a ring, the two adults watching the boy take out stuff from the backpack he had with him.

Aizawa snickered as he spotted the fixed hand of the figure, eyeing the actual hero sitting next to him.

“He should’ve replaced your head with wood too”, the raven head whispered, nudging All Might, “Would’ve been more accurate.”

He earned a light punch from All Might as a reply.

“And look! It’s Eraserhead!” Deku cheered as he presented them with yet another action figure, “Isn’t he cool?”
Aizawa was handed the old figure. He turned it in his hands, observing its every detail. The state of it was very similar to the All Might figure. The scarf on the neck had broken on several places and put together again with some tape. Both of the figures were clearly very loved.

“Yeah. He’s cool”, Aizawa nodded, “Isn’t he Mr. Yagi.”

All Might had no use but to nod. He knew his roommate was teasing him.

“You can be Eraserhead and you can be All Might”, Midoriya handed the toys to the respective heroes.

Oh, if he only would’ve known.

“But what will you be then?” All Might asked, trying to pose the figure in some of his trademark poses. He was careful not to use any strength. Breaking the toy would’ve surely been the end of their friendship.

“I will play the Villains! You two will protect the city”, the boy explained, placing bits and pieces of trash on the ground. He had dragged an old cooler to the new playground and begun digging stuff out from it.

“You’re building a town”, Aizawa nodded, watching a building after building rise from the sand.

“Hm!” Deku nodded, showing the man a piece, “I made them myself! This is a skyscraper!”

“It sure is”, Aizawa nodded. The boy was really creative. What had once looked like trash, was now a city, complete with even an airport and a shopping mall. All you needed was a good imagination.

Midoriya finally reached back to his backpack and took out a bunch of figures.

They looked to be made of clay with bits and pieces of metal and such added in. They were all humanoid, showing some characteristics of the most famous and terrible Villains out there. But one of them was different. It didn’t look like anything the two heroes had dealt with.

“This guy is the boss”, Deku explained, waving the unknown character, “He can breathe fire! He’s really mean too!”

“Eraserhead, the Villains are planning to attack the mall! We need to stop them!” All Might told his roommate. He put the figure’s hand up, showing that All Might was on the job. The man was lying on the sand on his elbows, careful not to crush the playground under his weight. His clothes were sure to be dirty but he didn’t care. He was way too into this to care.

“Yeah”, Aizawa mumbled, “We need to make a plan.”

Midoriya was fidgeting in place. He had had no idea that his two friends could mimic the heroes so well. They were so cool!

“The All Might pose! The hand is just right too!” Deku mumbled to himself, “Not many know it, but the hand is supposed to be at an exact 45 degree angle, not the 50 the fans usually do. If not the pose
Aizawa listened to the boy go. The flood of words just kept on coming.

‘Seriously?’ he turned to stare at All Might.

The hero nodded, ‘Dead serious. Isn’t he amazing?’

‘He is weird.’

“Eraserhead! It’s the Villains!” All Might exclaimed.

Midoriya did an evil laugh. It sounded more comical than evil coming from such a little boy but the adults managed to keep a straight face.

“We have the people! Give up!” the boy roared, moving the boss of the group. The rest of the figures were around the miniature mall.

“Not so fast”, Aizawa butted in, “Erasure!”

Midoriya squealed, “So cool!”

“Young boy, stay in character”, All Might whispered, earning a serious nod.

“Now, All Might!” Aizawa continued. He was really getting into it. If asked later though, he surely wouldn’t have admitted a thing.

“It’s alright now! Why is that!? Because I’m here!” All Might shouted, laughing, “Texas Smash!”

Midoriya knocked over all the Villains, leaving just the boss standing, “Not so quick! I made a shield using my fire!”

Aizawa didn’t comment on how that was impossible when Erasure was in effect and wouldn’t probably have worked against All Might anyways. This was a game. He wouldn’t ruin the boy’s fun.

“Oh no! All Might, dodge!” Aizawa moved in for close combat.

“Too late!” Deku laughed again.

“The civilians!” All Might roared, “We have to save them!”

“You take them! I’ll buy us some time!” Aizawa replied, quickly moving closer to the main boss.

“What can you do alone, Eraserhead? You’re powerless against me!” Deku stepped closer with the Villain, “Let me teach you a lesson not to disobey me!”

‘I haven’t done anything though’, Aizawa thought. He and All Might had both noticed that the Villain had a lot of weird quotes that didn’t seem to fit the situation. They were afraid that the
character was designed after someone the boy knew. They’d have to find out more. This Villain really needed a backstory.

“I won’t lose”, Aizawa huffed.

An epic battle ensued.

All Might joined after getting the people to safety. There were injured among the civilians and those had to be taken away from the Villain as soon as possible.

Eraserhead had managed to keep the Villain busy until the backup arrived. Even without a Quirk in use, the Villain proved to be quite a fighter. His hits weren’t something to take lightly.

The fight was over with a huge bang as All Might punched the Villain while Eraserhead kept him still, not letting the man dodge. The Villain went flying into the air, landing right into prison where the police took him.

Midoriya clapped his hands together. This was the best!

“Agreed!” All Might laughed.

Aizawa just nodded, brushing sand off of his clothes. He also gently took some out of Midoriya’s hair. The boy had rolled around in his excitement and gotten dirty all over.

“I really feel like eating some ice cream now”, All Might pointed out as he lifted Deku off of the ground and onto his broad shoulders. He could still remember that he had promised to take the boy have some when they first met. He never got to do that back then. Better late than never.

Midoriya seemed to panic a bit but quickly adjusted to his new surroundings. He actually seemed to enjoy being so tall for once. He kept bouncing up and down, making it hard for the man to keep the kid up there.

“What flavor will you have?” All Might asked the boy., fixing the hat on his head. It almost fell off.

Aizawa was right by them, carrying Midoriya’s backpack. A small smile had found its way onto the man’s lips. He hid it well with the hoodie’s neck though. There would be no evidence.

“Strawberry!” came the enthusiastic reply.

Chapter End Notes

Although Mr. Aizawa the Caterpillar is literally my totem animal, I still feel like I can't write him properly.
"You were right. The boy is a mess", Aizawa had to admit.

He was flipping through his contacts list trying to find an official fit for Midoriya Izuku’s case. It was proving to be quite difficult. Maybe his standards were a bit too high but Aizawa didn’t want to take any risks. He knew that his roommate felt the same way.

All Might had left the job of finding the official to the raven head. Aizawa was a lot better judge of character and if someone, he’d find the right person.

As mentioned, the Child Protective Services suffered with loss of staff. Some of the workers there weren’t really fit to take care of such a serious case either.

“Did you see the injuries?” All Might sighed, taking a sip out of his can of beer. He usually didn’t drink but he just needed a cold one right now.

The two were back home, having treated Midoriya to some delicious ice cream. The boy had loved it and made Aizawa and All Might promise that they’d see each other tomorrow as well. He didn’t want to be walked home this time and after a hug from All Might, he ran back home.

“Of course I did! There were cuts on his face too”, Aizawa hadn’t wanted to think that it was that serious. He had wanted his roommate to overreact, like he always did.

Midoriya had been wearing the same pants as yesterday but a different shirt. He hadn’t had any shoes on, only socks. The exposed legs and arms were dotted with a collection of bruises in different stages of healing. There were old scars mapping the dirty skin. A couple band-aids had been hastily placed on the face, possibly on the worst cuts on there.

“I just want him to be safe.”

Aizawa had known the boy for a day, All Might two days, and they were both already getting seriously attached to the sweet boy. Those chubby freckled cheeks and huge bright eyes really got to you. The boy looked even younger than he was. He was small for his age too.

“I’ll see what I can do”, Aizawa mumbled, dialing a number, “You keep your image up, Mr. Symbol of Peace.”
“I want to take him to the new American burger place tomorrow”, checking a flyer on the table for the place, All Might decided.

“Wha?” Aizawa gurgled in the bathroom. He was washing his teeth. He had a clay mask on and a towel wrapped around his wet hair.

The two were getting ready for the night. All Might would go to sleep while Eraserhead would have a nap before getting to work.

The raven head was tired, but he’d have to go out. A hero had to work. It was just like any other day, no working meant no money. He really couldn’t afford to take that many days off. Unlike All Might, Aizawa didn’t have ad deals or other ways of income. He had had one interview though but it hadn’t lead to anything more.

“You know the place. They have a hero theme this month”, All Might huffed. He couldn’t believe that his roommate had missed the ads for the place. It had everything great combined in one. Heroes and America.

They had a huge indoors playground too. Midoriya would surely love running around there, having fun. There might even be some kids there of the same age to play with and befriend.

“Do you have the time?” Aizawa turned on the hairdryer.

All Might checked his calendar. He had an interview in the morning but he’d have the afternoon off if nothing major happened. Though the city had been calm lately, they could always call him if something came up.

“Of course!” All Might exclaimed, “It’s a hero’s duty to take care of the people!”

“You think you could visit the Police Station? There’s a woman I’d like Midoriya to meet. I’ll meet you there.”

“Just don’t oversleep.”

“Good evening Midoriya. What brings you here tonight?” a man greeted Deku as the boy stepped in through a door. A bell over the bar’s door rang, signaling a new customer.

“Father isn’t home tonight”, Deku explained, climbing on one of the bar stools. It was a struggle but he managed in the end. Determination was the key.

The boy took a quick look around the place. It was much cleaner than back home. The dim lights and dark wood of the furniture made it very cosy. It had that old-school bar feeling to it. Not that Deku knew what that was.

“Is he working late?” a cup of juice appeared in front of the small guest, “Drink up. I'll prepare you something.”

“Thanks Kurogiri”, Deku smiled.
Kurogiri added a straw to the glass before exiting the room into the kitchen.

The boy was visiting his father’s favorite bar. It was a couple minute walk from where the Midoriyas lived. Living where he did, Deku was bound to know a Villain or two.

“Hi Deku”, a sleepy mumble came from one of the sofas.

“Hi Shigaraki”, the boy replied with a smile.

“What’s up?” the grey haired young man didn’t like people, but he tolerated the kid. When Deku was there, he also wasn’t the youngest around. He would be taken seriously and his behavior tolerated.

“I ate some ice cream today! And wiener octopuses!”

Midoriya had pulled out his notebook and selected a blank page. He’d have to add a new hero there and update some information. He selected the colors and began doodling.

“Really now?” just then, Kurogiri returned behind the bar counter, “Did your father buy you those?”

“Of course he didn’t”, Shigaraki huffed, biting his nails, “You really think he would?”

“Not really”, the dark Villain had to agree. He placed a sandwich in front of the boy, sitting down next to him on a stool. He watched the boy draw, sliming as he spotted a tongue in the corner of Deku’s mouth. The concentration was admirable.

“I made a new friend!” Deku revealed to the surprise of the two.

The two men had an image of some sort when it came to the little Midoriya. They had known the kid since he could crawl and the father even longer. The man was a regular customer to the bar and sometimes took part in the Villains’ plans and such. The man preferred to work alone though.

In their eyes, Deku was just a little kid. Maybe a bit shy but mostly just like a huge ray of sunlight. He always seemed to be happy even when such terrible things happened to him. The two Villains knew what the boy went through back home but they were powerless. Well, Shigaraki didn’t even care. All they could do was to make the bar a nice place for the boy. A place to escape.

“Sounds nice”, Kurogiri said. Deku usually didn’t make friends, and the ones he made ended up becoming his bullies.

“Yeah. They’re really cool too!”

“Wait a second, ‘they’?” Shigaraki piped up. One might be possible, but two or more was unheard of.

“Two!” Deku held two fingers up as if the males hadn’t understood. He had already finished his small meal and was now sipping his drink, enjoying the company. He just soaked it up like a sponge, enjoying every minute of someone treating him like another human-being.

“What did you three do together then?” Kurogiri asked. Seeing Deku happy always made his day even a bit better. Working with tough and rude Villains sometimes really took its toll on him. Shigaraki was a brat too and Kurogiri had to live with him every day.
Kurogiri was actually Midoriya Izuku’s unofficial godfather. The little one worked for him during the summers too, earning some pocket money and food.

“We played heroes!” Deku exclaimed, “But I played the Villains!”

The boy had no idea that the two people with him were dangerous Villains. Though he probably wouldn’t have chosen his words any different, had he known.

“Did you win?” Shigaraki asked from the sofa. He was scratching his neck. Flakes off dry skin and scabs fell off onto the leather sofa.

Kurogiri would make the brat clean after himself. Even Villains had standards when it came to hygiene.

“Are you sure you’re okay by yourself? You could stay in”, Kurogiri suggested as he watched Deku get his backpack on, ready to return back home.

He had gotten the boy to sit down just long enough that he could run a comb through the green mess on his head. The curls were tamer now, though not perfect. Kurogiri would’ve needed a pair of scissors for the worst mats. The hair looked like one of those rescue dogs you sometimes saw on the TV.

“No. I’m going home”, the boy shook his head. He’d need to be ready if his father came back home during the night. He’d have to have breakfast ready as well as clean up before that happened.

“At least take this. Eat it when your father isn’t watching”, Kurogiri handed the boy another sandwich. He hadn’t gotten all of them sold tonight. He would give some to Deku if that happened and he and Shigaraki couldn’t eat them all by themselves.

“Don’t die”, Shigaraki waved from where he was still seated. He hadn’t moved an inch during the whole time the boy had been in the bar.

“I won’t”, Deku told them, “Bye bye.”

“He doesn’t mean that”, Kurogiri whispered, “Tell your dad to come have a drink. He has a tab to pay.”

“Sure”, the boy nodded, waving the two goodbye before running off into the dark night.

Chapter End Notes

A shorter chapter this time
“So, I was thinking that we could go to someplace special today”, All Might told Midoriya as the two walked through the usual park. He readjusted the red baseball cap on his head, a part of his disguise for today.

They had met up in their usual park again. And although there had been a risk of rain on today’s forecast, the sun was shining. There were only a couple little cotton balls of clouds in the sky. The air was hot and dry. A perfect summer day.

“Where?” the boy was holding All Might’s hand, looking up to the man’s face. Now that the sun was up, he had to squint his eyes to see properly.

Midoriya had been full of stories from the second they met. This time, he had met a huge cat on his way. The feline had been sitting on a wall when Midoriya walked past. The boy got to pet the cat though it had looked pretty mean at first.

“The kitty felt like jello”, Deku had told All Might, “And he didn’t like it when I scratched his tummy.”

He had the small scratch marks on the back of his hands as proof. The cat had been gentle with the boy, not making a cut deep enough to bleed.

Apparently the boy had gotten to watch some TV too. Namely the night’s Hero Watch. A show where two reporters went through the week’s hero news and all the things that had happened. There were also interviews and rare videos of heroes, like home videos and such. The show was very popular.

“Present Mic was super cool!” Deku began muttering random facts again.

The hero was a regular with the show, having hosted the show on multiple occasions. His Quirk, the Voice, made him a great host. When he began to sing though, the show usually decided that it was the time for a commercial break.

“I saw a commercial for a new burger place”, All Might begun, “They have a hero theme going on and a huge playground.”

It was a little white lie. He hadn’t just randomly seen an ad and decided on going. No, he had been
planning this for some time.

The boy’s eyes lit up, “Heroes!”

Deku couldn’t wait. He wanted to see the place already.

“Aizawa will be coming with us later”, All Might explained, “He wants to take you to someplace too.”

“Where?”

“He said that it’s a surprise. Told us to just have fun until that.”

Midoriya nodded.

The place was huge. Bigger than the other burger places All Might had been in, and that was a lot of places.

He was a regular at any place that served American food, especially if it was grilled. Protein was good for the muscles.

It was the weekend so the place was packed with people. Midoriya stuck to All Might’s leg like glue as soon as they stepped in through the automatic doors. He would flinch each time there was a loud voice, like a kid screaming. His eyes kept wandering around though. He couldn’t contain his excitement.

“Hello! What could I get you?” a young man greeted them from behind the counter. He was dressed in all red.

The two had had to stand in line for some time but Deku didn’t care at all. Any other kid would’ve been all over the walls at this point. Deku was standing still, holding All Might’s hand.

“Uh. Um”, All Might stared at the menu, “What would you recommend?”

“Well, we have the kids’ menu. I’d recommend that for the little guy. You get to choose a toy with that as well. With the adults, the classic burger meal is the most popular”, the man explained with a smile, pointing the items out from the menu in front of them.

Deku was staring at the toys on display. The display’s light made the colorful plastic shine, making the toys look as amazing and heroic as their real counterparts. Midoriya’s breath fogged the glass as the boy stared at the action figures.

Midoriya had a serious problem.

All Might saw the reason for the boy’s distress. There were many figures available and two of them were All Might and Eraserhead. The boy was trying to decide between the two heroes. His eyes scanned between the two figures. His brows were furrowed in deep thought, surely enough to cause a serious headache.
“Y-You think I could get a kids’ meal as well?” All Might mumbled with a small blush. He knew they were taking too long ordering just two simple meals. The people behind them were getting impatient.

“Or you could pay some extra and get two”, the man had noticed the problem too, “A man has to have his burger and the little guy has to get his heroes. But man, he really is a fan.”

“I can do that? Thank you so much!” All Might sighed, taking his wallet out to pay for their meals. He didn’t know if it was a normal deal in the restaurant or if the man had just given them some special service. In any case, All Might was really thankful and sure to leave a tip for the employee.

“You’re welcome! Just take a table and I’ll be right there with your meals. It shouldn’t take more than five minutes.”

Midoriya got the two action figures, taking and holding them like they were made out of glass. His eyes were the size of plates as he checked every detail of the toys.

They were the newest figures there were. The costumes were updated and the plastic shining.

Deku still loved his two old toys, but these two were awesome too.

The two sat down in a quiet booth. The place had several options for seating and this definitely fit them the best. Midoriya could eat in peace without having to worry about the other customers.

All Might was afraid that Midoriya would be too anxious to play at all. He was hoping that Midoriya could at least finish his meal.

“Look! Look!” Midoriya was on fire, posing the figures on the table.

Guess All Might worried for nothing. The boy didn’t even notice the others around them.

Their meal had arrived already and All Might was enjoying his perfect burger.

Deku had just nibbled on his fries. He wasn’t that hungry to be honest. He had had a lot to eat these past few days. Plus, he was way too busy playing with his new friends.

All Might sneaked a picture and sent it to Aizawa. He didn’t care if it woke the raven head up from his sleep. He had to see this.

There was no reply but the message was read. No doubt the picture was saved too.

“Eat your food. It’ll get cold. Should I get you some ketchup with the fries? I can go get some if you want”, All Might reminded the boy, “You can go play afterwards.”

“Mm”, Deku nodded, placing the figures on his backpack lying beside him on the bench.

Midoriya kept poking the hamburger. He had taken a couple bites out of it but then left it and
finished the fries instead. He was now drinking his juice.

All Migt had gotten him juice instead of any carbonated drink. He was unsure if the kid would appreciate the bubbling drink as much as he did. All Might himself loved cola. It always tasted good, especially when ice cold and enjoyed after a long day of work.

Deku mumbled something under his breath.

“What was that?” All Might tried.

“Don’t like that”, Midoriya said a bit louder this time.

It was a blow to the man’s pride. Could there really be a person who didn’t like hamburgers?

But it also made him happy. Midoriya was opening up to him. Telling the man his likes and dislikes was the first great step. It also spoke of trust. Deku trusted that the food wouldn’t be taken from him. He could tell the man his opinion.

Deku opened the burger up to check the insides, “Don’t like these.”

All Might checked what the boy was talking about, “Oh. You don’t like pickles? I can take those off for you.”

A sigh of relief. Pickles really could be something not fit for a kid’s taste buds. It was good that the problem was an easy one to solve. Just remove the thing the kid didn’t like. Had it been the sauce it might’ve been a bit more tricky.

“There you go. Try having a bite”, All Might smiled as he wrapped the pickles up in a napkin, “It should be good now.”

Deku carefully took a new bite.

“Good?”

“Hm!” Deku nodded.

Problem solved. Another great day to be a hero.

“I’ll look after the heroes. You can go check out the playground”, All Might suggested, watching Deku color a picture that came with his kids’ meal. He had gotten a new pack of colored pencils too. Those would come to great use. The old ones were way too short to hold already. Even with the kid’s small hands.

The boy seemed really eager to go. He really wanted to check the playground out, but there were so many other kids there. Midoriya’s experiences with other his age weren’t that great. They just reminded him of Kacchan, his harsh words and the strong punches.

“Just be careful. I don’t want you to get hurt”, All Might pet Midoriya’s head, nudging him to just go and play already. The man would watch him from the booth while making a couple phone calls.
Finally, the boy seemed to build up enough courage to go. He walked to the edge of the playground, staring at the colorful, foamy panels covering the floor as well as the many pairs of different shoes there. There was a no shoes policy on the playground.

Midoriya had his sandals on so he took them off and placed next to the others. They were very old and coming apart. They were one of those plastic ones you bought to use when gardening. The really cheap kind. The size was also just a bit too small to the boy, leaving feet sore when worn too long.

Having gotten rid of his shoes, he made it to an opening. The playground had swings and such but the main structure was the huge jungle gym in the middle. Those that every school had. There were tunnels, slides, a ball pit and everything else a child loved on there.

Deku crawled into a tunnel, going higher and higher. He dodged all the other kids, hiding when an especially big group of kids ran past.

The boy was agile. He had to be in order to escape his father’s rage back home. He was like a ferret going through the tunnels and pipes.

Needless to say, he made it to the top very quickly. It was fairly isolated, a small crow’s nest with a clear plastic roof in the shape of a dome. Not many kids dared to go there, fearing the height.

Midoriya pushed his nose against the glass. He could see everything from there. It was nice, being on top of everything. The boy felt invincible. No one could find him here.

He tried to wave to All Might, who Deku saw still sitting in their booth. Of course the man didn’t see him but it was the thought that counts. Midoriya thought of the man with him in the nest. He smiled when he pictured the large man squeezed in with him. They would never fit.

“Hi”, a small voice came from somewhere behind Midoriya and caused the boy to jump, almost hitting the ceiling. He had really thought that he was alone.

Deku turned quickly, spotting a small girl on the other side of the small crow’s nest. She didn’t seem too happy though. Her eyes were puffy, her brown bob cut hair covering most of her face. She had been crying.

Midoriya carefully crawled closer to the girl, “W-What’s wrong?”

The girl sniffed loudly, wiping the remains of tears from her eyes. She looked young, about the same age as Midoriya.

“I-I’m hiding from my mommy and daddy”, she hiccupped.

“Why?” Midoriya had made it next to the girl, sitting there. He didn’t hug her or anything, he just stayed close. He watched the girl’s brown eyes, watching the emotion there.

“They are mean! I just wanted to help them!”
Midoriya’s heart leapt. He quickly checked to see if the girl had any bruises visible on her skin. Luckily there wasn’t.

The boy just nodded. He was relieved.

“Daddy said that I can’t work with him in the buildings. Mommy is taking his side too.”

There was a comfortable silence between the two. There was no judgement, no pity.

“I thought that with my Quirk I could help daddy with work”, the girl sniffed. She showed Deku how she could make her teddy float in air with her Quirk Zero Gravity. She thought of making the boy float too, but decided not to spook him any further. It might also be dangerous. His parents always told her that.

Midoriya’s eyes were sparkling, “It’s flying!”

“I can make things lighter”, the girl explained.

“Hey, hey. Do you like heroes?” Deku asked, watching the teddy in the air. He was captivated.

“Uh… Y-Yeah?”

“You should become a hero!”

“Why? I can’t help daddy if I’m a hero”, she pouted. This boy didn’t understand at all. She had thought that he would.

Then she thought for a while. Heroes were in the TV all the time. They were famous. That must mean that they make a lot of money. If she had a lot of money, then she could make her parents’ lives easier. That was just what she wanted.

Now it was the turn for her eyes to sparkle, “My name is Ochaco Uraraka! What’s yours?”

“I-I’m Deku”, Midoriya mumbled, surprised by Uraraka’s sudden change of mood. He was happy that the girl was happy again.

“That’s a cool name! It’s like ‘You can do it!’” Uraraka exclaimed.

“Y-Yeah!” Deku nodded. He didn’t quite understand. It was nice to be called something else than ‘useless Deku’ though so he smiled too.

“Do you really think that I can become a hero?” Uraraka asked, staring out to see where her parents were in the restaurant. She spotted them near the playground. They looked worried. She felt a pang of guilt in her chest.

“Of course you can!” Deku nodded. He watched the determination in the girl’s eyes. There was no sign of the previous bad mood anymore.

The girl smiled widely, taking Deku’s hand to hers. She then begun dragging him out of the jungle gym. She must’ve used her Quirk. She wasn’t even out of breath when they broke out onto the foam mat.
“Mommy! Daddy!” Uraraka shouted, getting her parents’ attention.

“Ochaco!” the mother cried out, hugging her daughter tight, “Don’t you ever run away again! We were so worried about you!”

“I’m sorry”, the father crouched down to his wife and daughter, “I shouldn’t have said that. You know that I only want you to be happy. I want you to follow your dreams and happiness, not mine.”

Ochaco nodded, “It’s alright! I will become a hero instead!”

“A hero?” the mother asked, sounding unsure. Of course, if that was what her daughter wanted, then she’s have her full support.

“Hm! Then I can make a lot of money and send you to Hawaii!”

“Well, that sound nice!” the father smiled, petting his daughter’s hair. Knowing what his wife was thinking, he agreed.

Midoriya watched the family reunion. He was glad that the parents weren’t bad after all. They were just worried.

He quietly left the group and made his way back to All Might, hoping to someday see Uraraka again. Maybe they could play together. He could show her his secret hideout and they could play heroes there.

“There you are!” All Might smiled as Deku jumped onto the bench, “Well, did you have fun?”

“Yeah!” Midoriya nodded.

All Might let out a breath he had been holding. Seeing the boy smiling like that reassured him that the boy was indeed alright. There had clearly been no bullies or such and the boy had had fun.

“Aizawa called me just now. How about we get ourselves milkshakes to go and go meet him?” All Might suggested. He was hoping to keep the boy’s spirit up as long as possible. He knew that Aizawa’s surprise wouldn’t be a good one. The raven head really wasn’t good with those.

Midoriya agreed and the two left. They tipped the male who had served them, ordering two shakes, vanilla and chocolate.

“Please come again!” the employee waved. Deku waved back.

“Do you want to come again?” All Might asked, taking Midoriya’s hand. He took a long sip out of his drink. Chocolate shakes were really the best. This place also made them well. Delicious.

A series of nods was the reply he got. Guess so. They’d be back for sure.

“Where is Mr. Aizawa?” Midoriya asked when they had walked for a while. He had already finished
his small shake and was now sitting on All Might’s shoulders again. His legs had gotten tired already.

“We’ll be there soon”, All Might reassured the boy. He fixed his hold on the boy’s legs.

Deku held the two new figures in his small hands. His chin was resting on the top of All Might’s head as he yawned loudly.

All Might smiled. The boy was getting tired and it looked absolutely adorable.

When All Might finally made it to the Police Station, Midoriya was already half-asleep. His head lulled to the side as he fought to keep his eyes open. All Might had saved the figures and put them into the backpack.

“Is he asleep?” Aizawa asked as he approached the two. A police officer followed him. A woman with light brown hair and glasses, dressed in a uniform.

“Not yet”, All Might nodded a hello to the woman, lifting Deku off of his shoulders.

“Mm!” Deku yawned, stretching his hands over his head. He rubbed his eyes as All Might placed him onto the ground.

“Good morning”, Aizawa smiled, “Slept well?”

“Mr. Aizawa!” the boy cheered, spotting his friend. Deku was now fully awake. He looked around to see where they were. He seemed quite confused. He couldn’t see the surprise anywhere.

“Hello Midoriya. My name is Yumiko”, the officer crouched down onto the child’s eye level, “I’d love to ask you a few questions if that’s okay with you.”

At the sight of the uniform, Midoriya froze. He looked to see the Police Officer behind the woman’s back. The building just as scary-looking as he remembered it.

His father’s words echoed in his mind. Police were evil. They were all Villains.

Hisashi Midoriya hadn’t really been a father, but he had made sure that his son feared the police just as much as he resented them. He had taught that lesson better than well. So well that the boy shut down completely in front of the kind officer wanting to help him.

“I don’t want to go”, Deku whispered. He grabbed All Might’s pant leg, his knuckles white.

“It’s okay. She is a good person”, All Might reassured him.

“I don’t want to go!”

Chapter End Notes
I need to take time and reply all these amazing comments I've gotten! Like seriously. We'll have a thousand hits soon, we have over 100 kudos already and sooo many comments. Thank you so much! This is really what keeps a writer going.

I might become a bit more slow with the updates the next week. Nothing serious though! Don't worry! I WILL finish this story. I have the drafts done and I will finish this. I could never do such terrible things to you like leaving a fic unfinished. I know the pain too well myself.

I have an entrance exam coming up and although the papers are boring and bland, I have to study them still. It's not until May but I need to get serious. I really need to get to a school. I can't take another year of this limbo.

I also want to just simply make the content much better. I sometimes feel like this isn't the best I can do when I update so quick. I know you like the quick updates but I want to give my best to you.

Notes!
I really don't know what those are called. Are they called jungle gyms? The really big playthings with the tunnels and such.

Yumiko comes from the words Yumi, an archery bow, and Ko, a child. I thought that it would fit a police officer.
The visit to the Police Station doesn't go that well

"I don’t want to go!” Midoriya screamed, squeezing All Might’s pant leg. Tears were forming in the corners of his green eyes.

Aizawa sighed, looking at All Might for help. He really wasn’t good with kids.

“Hey, little guy”, All Might spoke in a quiet voice, shielding the boy from the two others with his body, “What’s wrong? Why did you shout to the nice lady?”

“Cause she is mean!” Midoriya sniffed.

“Why is she mean?”

“She is a police!” the boy screamed, burying his face to All Might’s chest. Aizawa had broken his trust. He would never talk to the man ever again. He didn’t like this surprise at all.

“All she wants is to ask you a couple questions. You don’t need to answer if you don’t want to”, All Might pet Deku’s hair, “I’ll be right with you. Come on, let’s go inside.”

The boy whined loudly but let the man lead him inside the brick building. All Might had to carry the boy to the interrogation room as he refused to take another step. He was like glued to the place.

Aizawa and the police officer lead the two into the room, the woman leaving them together. She’d have to go fetch some papers and such. She also wanted to give the boy some time to calm down and get used to the new surroundings.

It was clear that Midoriya was upset, fearful even. His body was rigid and his eyes huge. He kept close to All Might, only sparing a couple quick glances around the room.

Aizawa was uncomfortable. It was clear that the boy hated him now. He didn’t even want to look his way.

“It’s alright. Look. Look at all the toys”, All Might tried to coax Midoriya off of his lap. He might as well have spoken to a rock, telling it to grow legs and run. The boy didn’t move.

“I’ll go talk with the officer”, Aizawa finally decided. He was of no help in the room.

The raven head left the room, closing the door behind him with a small click.
“He won’t talk with me”, the female officer massaged her temples, “I don’t want to make him. I don’t want to cause any trauma. He hates us as it is.”

“I’m sorry. I thought that this would work”, Aizawa agreed. They were sitting behind a one way mirror. They could see what was going on in the interrogation room.

The room was fit for children. It looked nothing like the other rooms in the office. The table and chairs were sized for the smaller customers and painted colorful. There were also bean bags and pillows on the floor, which was covered with a playmat. It showed the city. A treasure chest of toys sat next to a wall by the mirror.

“No. I’m the one sorry here”, the officer made some notes. She was reading the boy’s behavior. Having had the training to become a child psychologist, she could make some conclusions based on the boy’s body language and behavior. Of course, she would’ve liked to speak with him face to face but this would have to do for now.

“Have you contacted the Child Protective Services for any information on the family?” Aizawa asked the officer. They watched as Midoriya slowly begun to calm down.

“I have. That’s the disappointing part. There is absolutely no proof of anything serious enough to investigate”, the woman looked disappointed. She really would’ve wanted to help.

“The house looks bad, but is nothing too serious. It is to be expected of this area. We have suggested fixing the front door as it looks like it’ll fall off. The father is a polite man. And although he can’t share with us what he does for a living, he has showed us that he has the finances to take care of his family. The boy is small for his age. There are some injuries associated with playing. The father has told us that the boy is rather clumsy and often comes home with injuries. When asked about the abuse claims, the boy remains adamant that his father would never do such things. We will return again next month to see if there has been any change”, the officer read the report she had received.

“It’s bullshit!” Aizawa hit a wall. What were the officers doing? Were they blind?

“Have you visited the home?”

“No. Not yet.”

“You know we can’t do much at this state. We could always examine the boy for any injuries and use that as evidence. We’d need authorization for the search warrant.”

“Just give us some time. We’ll get the evidence needed”, Aizawa ran a hand over his face. It was frustrating. He was a hero yet he couldn’t do anything to help.

“I’ll talk with my superiors. I’ll call you tonight. We need a plan.”

“I don’t like this surprise”, Midoriya mumbled. He was still sitting on All Might’s lap. He had the new toys out and was playing with them quietly.
“I know”, All Might nodded, “You know Aizawa just wanted to help.”

Deku nodded slowly. He understood but couldn’t appreciate it all.

The Midoriya family’s hatred for the police was rooted deep. A single act of kindness wasn’t enough to change that. You’d need much more than that.

The little boy had actually suffered in the hands of the police in the past. At least that was what his father had made him believe. It was partly true though. Midoriya really had suffered because of the police’s decisions.

Hisashi Midoriya had been caught once. He had been robbing a jewelry store when a group of cops had burst in and caught him. Apparently they had gotten an anonymous tip and decided to act. Hisashi had been held at gunpoint. Using his Quirk in a small, closed space wouldn’t have been wise so he surrendered. Not without punching one of the officers though. The old man was hopefully still missing his front teeth.

Hisashi could breathe fire, but he wasn’t immune to it. He had burn marks from his failed experiments as a kid. Well, his old friends had gotten the worst of it.

The man had gotten off easy. He had some information of other Villains that he traded off for a shortened sentence. No hard feelings. He still stayed in for three months though.

The officers hadn’t gotten the information about the boy, so nothing was done to make sure that the then three-year-old Midoriya Izuku was safe. The child was basically abandoned for the three months, left to fend for himself in the messy apartment.

Midoriya had always been independent for his age but couldn’t survive on his own. He hadn’t had a source of fresh food in the house and the couple coins he had found around the house hadn’t been enough for anything.

He had been alone for around two and a half weeks when Kurogiri and Shigaraki had visited. They had noticed that their regular hadn’t showed up in quite some time. They had wanted to know if something had happened to the man.

They had found little Deku sitting on the living room floor, eating a piece of moldy pizza. His clothes were soiled and the boy was emaciated. His collarbones looked like they could burst free from inside the greyish skin anytime.

Needless to say, the two had taken the boy back with them. They gave him a bath and fed him a proper meal. Midoriya stayed with them until his father came to pick him up after the three months.

The man hadn’t been happy when he arrived to pick up Midoriya from the bar. His son had been a burden to someone else when he hadn’t been around.

The boy had limped for weeks after the beating he had got back home.

Aizawa joined the two in the interrogation room. He looked visibly deflated.
The two adults shared a knowing look. Though this didn’t work, it didn’t mean that the war was over. They’d just have to try another approach. Justice would prevail.

Midoriya had fallen asleep at some point, still on All Might’s lap. He was hugging the new toys like they were the softest stuffed animals in the world. They weren’t.

“She’ll check out some things and call me later”, Aizawa explained as he sat next to the other hero, “Sorry about this. He looked so happy when you arrived.”

“It’s alright”, All Might smiled sadly, “You just wanted to help. Midoriya knows that too.”

“Thanks.”

They stayed still and quiet until the boy showed signs of waking up. Only talking in hushed whispers if they had to.

Midoriya stretched his arms up in the air before bringing them to his face and rubbing it. He looked like a little kitten. A fluffy kitten. The little sounds he was making were also absolutely adorable.

The day had tired him much more than the two had expected. This was his second nap of the day.

All Might didn’t mind. He had read from somewhere that children needed a lot of sleep and that naps were healthy for them. If Midoriya wanted to, he could sleep whenever he wanted to. All Might would take the job of a bed anywhere.

“Hello again”, All Might took a napkin and wiped drool off of the boy’s cheek where it had stuck to.

It took a minute or two more until Deku was fully awake. He seemed keen on leaving the place when he did. He wouldn’t stay in this room even a minute more.

“Midoriya”, Aizawa carefully crouched in front of the boy, “I’m sorry. I really am.”

The boy faltered for a while before putting his hand onto the man’s raven hair and petting it a couple times. Aizawa was forgiven. No words needed. Midoriya knew that he had only wanted to help.

“Come on. Let’s go home”, All Might told them when the sensitive moment was over.

The two nodded. They couldn’t agree more.

Aizawa and All Might still didn’t get to walk the boy home. They had offered him to stay at their place for the night too, but the boy had declined that too.

The two had briefly thought of just following Midoriya, so that Aizawa too could see the place the boy was living in. They had decided against it though. They wouldn’t become stalkers.

“I’ll see you again tomorrow”, All Might told the boy. It was a half question since it was always unsure whether either one of them could actually come. All Might could have sudden work he had to attend to while Midoriya wouldn’t be able to come out at all.
“N-No”, the boy had to mumble. His father wanted him to clean up the whole apartment. He wouldn’t be able to go out tomorrow.

“It’s okay”, All Might pet the boy’s head again. He had noticed that such a simple gesture meant so much to the boy. It was a hand that didn’t hit, a hand that showed love and not pain.

Aizawa nodded. They’d go with the boy’s rules.

Midoriya let the raven head pet his head too before running off again.

He had left his new toys with All Might, telling him to keep them safe. He couldn’t possibly take them back home with him. If his father found them, they would surely be destroyed. His father would think that he had stolen them from somewhere and punish him accordingly. Midoriya didn’t want to take that risk.

“They’ll be safe with me”, All Might had promised and Midoriya believed him.

“What are you doing out?” a voice surprised Deku as the boy was nearing his home. He was walking slow so that he wouldn’t need to face his father just yet.

It was getting dark already and the neighborhood more and more dangerous by the hour.

“Shigaraki”, Midoriya spotted the man dressed in a black hoodie and sweatpants. He ran to the man, smiling up at him.

The boy was already feeling better. Aizawa had apologized. The officer had too, telling him that she didn’t mean to upset him at all. Midoriya had forgiven them.

People often wanted to help him. Doing more bad than good when doing so. His father was sure to find out sooner or later.

Suddenly, a huge creature tackled Midoriya to the ground. Grunts and heavy breathing could be heard.

“Noumu!” Midoriya laughed.

“Off. Get off”, Shigaraki aggressively tugged at the leash he had in his hand, “This is why I never take you to walks.”

The boy got up from the ground, wiping his face to his sleeves. Noumu had licked it thoroughly, greeting Deku happily.

Noumu was a Villain as well, an artificial human. His body was very large and black, his brains exposed on his head and his mouth was a beak with teeth in it. Noumu had superhuman strength as well as shock absorption and super regeneration powers.

Despite all his powers, Noumu didn’t speak or think much for himself either. He was a puppet, a pet for the Villains. He lived for taking orders.
“It’s okay”, Midoriya assured, petting the creature as it purred in response, leaning to the touch.

Shigaraki huffed in annoyance, “Come on. Let’s go. I’ll walk you.”

Midoriya got the leash and the two walked together, Noumu walking beside them. Shigaraki took the boy home, waved him goodbye and left.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry about not updating yesterday.
Enjoy this chapter for today!
At first, I was just busy, having decided that I'd go out and such. And where did I go? IKEA, I went to IKEA. Well, at least I got the April Art Event 2017 prints I wanted. Then when late evening came and I was supposed to write I felt so bad that I just couldn't. I had a terrible headache and my stomach was real bad. Just the whole of me felt bad.
I also ate a lot of cake. A birthday cake. My birthday cake. It was smooth, sweet and delicious. I can tell you that much. I ate at least a third of the whole thing after all. Maybe my stomach was upset because of that.... Nah.
The heroes alongside the Police had come up with a plan. They had made several phone calls back and forth late to the night, none of them catching the suggested and healthy amount of sleep. They felt half-dead but satisfied with the results.

Now they could finally fight fire with fire. Quite literally.

They had decided that if little Midoriya didn’t let them in, they’d have to force themselves in instead. It wasn’t as aggressive as it sounded like. The plan was that the two or three officers, one of them a social worker, and the two heroes would go to the Midoriya residence early the next morning. They would find out what was actually happening in there.

The Social Workers would visit the apartment once a month. It wasn’t ideal but they often visited at a certain time on a certain day. It also wasn’t what they were supposed to do, since the visits were supposed to be something you couldn’t expect and prepare to as so. It was yet another fault in the system that had yet to be fixed.

The group would fix that today. The visit would be a complete surprise. Hisashi Midoriya had no chance of preparing for this visit.

All Might and Aizawa had their uniforms on. This was work. No disguises needed.

All Might pulled his gloves on as the group walked the stairs of the apartment complex.

Doors closed and safety chains went on as the group moved up. Eyes from the mail slots followed their every move, waiting for the group to stop at their door.

The neighborhood was known for its Villains. There was a lot of shady business going on there so expecting a police officer at your door wasn’t something totally out of this world.

They had already caused quite a fuss when stepping out of their vehicle. Maybe choosing a police car wasn’t such a good idea after all. Most of the people had vanished into thin air as soon as they had spotted the car and the people in it. It was possible that the word could reach Midoriya Hisashi as well. They’d have to hurry.

Good thing that their goal was right in front of them. The paint was chipping from the old door, the welcome mat covered in it. It didn’t make them feel any more welcome.
All Might had known the right building, but finding the right apartment had been a task. Good thing that the nameplate was still on.

The officers had brought a battering ram, but they hoped that one of the residents would open the door for them instead of having to break in with force. It was always a shame, though this door could use a replacement.

An officer knocked on the door. He had deemed the bell unusable seeing all the rust it was covered in.

“'It’s the Child Protective Services! Please, open up!’” the officer screamed, knocking on the door again.

There were quick footsteps and mumbled conversation from inside the apartment, but no one came to open the door.

They waited for two more minutes. All Might and Aizawa were getting really anxious. They had seen what the man could do. A minute could be enough to do some serious damage.

“Okay. Break the door”, an order finally came.

The knock on the door woke up both the father and son. Their reactions were very different though.

Deku was confused. He couldn’t remember expecting anyone today. He was supposed to clean, not serve any guests. His father would’ve mentioned that, and definitely made him buy more alcohol.

“Damn. Damn. Damn! They weren’t supposed to come today!” Midoriya could hear his father’s hurried footsteps going around the apartment. He ran to the kitchen to check the wall calendar, then to the windows and then to the bedroom.

The boy had to agree. It should still be at least two weeks until the officers would come. He carefully went to his door in hopes of finding out who it was.

“DEKU! Who is at the door?!” that was a bad idea. Hisashi grabbed his son’s head as soon as it popped out from the closet, “They said ‘Child Protective Services’ but there’s a Police car parked outside! What did you tell them?!”

“N-Nothing!” Deku screamed back, “I didn’t talk to them!”

The father dragged Deku by the hair to see for himself. All the while the knocking on the door continued. It was getting louder and more desperate by the minute.

“They can’t come in! They’ll put me to jail for sure!” the man raged, “I have all my papers out!”

Hisashi was talking about his plans. He had been planning a huge heist and all his blueprints and such were still scattered around the bedroom and living room. His previous prizes were also still in the house. If the police got those into their hands, the man would be looking at more than just a Child Abuse claim.
Deku watched his father run around the living room, trying to stash the papers away. Noticing that it would never work, he stopped.

“I have to burn it”, the man sighed, running a hand through his hair. He didn’t want to. He had put a lot of work into those. But if it would get rid of the evidence, he’d have to do it.

Deku felt his father grab the neck of his shirt, lifting the little boy up into the air. He couldn’t breathe.

“I need to get rid of the evidence”, the man breathed out, his grip tightening.

“Do you smell smoke?” Aizawa asked, stopping the officers who were trying to break the door. He checked the mail slot to see if he could see something through that.

Wisps of smoke came through the opening, alerting the group.

“Move it!” All Might shouted, readying himself and punching the door right off the hinges. They didn’t have even a second to miss.

The smoke surrounded them as they stepped into the apartment. All the trash on the floor made it hard to move that quick. The smoke was also making it hard to see.

“Find the boy! I’ll take care of the father!” Aizawa shouted to All Might, taking the officers with him, “Someone, get the fire extinguisher!”

They had one in the car and an officer ran to get it. It would take minutes but with it they could fight the flames. Hopefully, it wasn’t too late.

All Might nodded and the group scattered.

Aizawa and the officers ran into the bedroom from where they heard a man’s voice, cursing loudly.

All Might first checked the bathroom, then he burst into the closet, noticing all the items there. He took the familiar yellow backpack, packed all the things he could get his hands on into it, taking it with him. This was definitely Midoriya’s room and these were all his precious treasures. All Might would have to save as much as he could.

All Might then came to the kitchen and the living room. The fire had started from there, so the flames were getting really bad. The smoke was suffocating too. All the trash was producing a lot of obnoxious smoke. Some of it might be lethal too.

There, by a wall, All Might spotted the boy. He was lying on the floor, his head bloodied. He wasn’t moving at all and it worried the man the most. The flames were already licking his clothes.

“Midoriya!” All Might flew to the boy’s side, doing his best to avoid the flames. He’d need to get them out of here as soon as possible. He could hear that Aizawa and the others were leaving already, coughing hard as they moved around.

Deku’s head was bloodied, a clear sign of a serious head injury. There was some on the wall as well,
so it was safe to assume that he had been smashed there and then slid down onto the floor. He’d have to be careful. There was no telling if the hit had damaged the spine or broken the skull.

What worried All Might was the state of the boy’s left cheek and the side of the neck. The skin was dark and blisters were forming on the edges of the injury. It was a third degree burn. All Might had seen those before. They were very painful and would always leave a scar. He’d have to get that, as well as the head injury, treated as soon as possible.

“All Might! Let’s go! The firefighters will be here soon! Hurry up!” Aizawa shouted from the hallway, “The fire is out of control!”

“I’m coming!” All Might shouted back, carefully taking the boy onto his arms. He shielded the small body with his as he burst through the fire and smoke out the apartment.

The building had been evacuated.

The police and the firefighters had the situation somewhat under control when All Might and Aizawa finally exited the burning building.

Hisashi Midoriya was lead into the waiting car and driven off. He hadn’t gotten any injuries and seemed very grave as he ducked into the car. He got a glimpse of his son, a flicker of emotion going through his face before it was back to the usual stoic expression.

An ambulance arrived. The officers had requested one to join them as soon as they had spotted the flames.

Recovery Girl jumped out from the back of the vehicle. She was a hero too and an old friend of All Might’s. Her Quirk Recovery made her a great nurse. She was working in the U.A. High, taking care of the injuries the students would get when training. For being an older woman, she was still very agile and sharp.

“What’s the situation?” she asked as All Might had made it to the vehicle, “Place the patient onto the stretcher.”

“This is Midoriya. He was caught in the burning building”, All Might explained, trying not to get too emotional. He had to stay professional. It wouldn’t help the boy if he was crying.

Recovery Girl waved her assistants to help her load the patient in. They’d need to get to the hospital. The head would not only need to be X-rayed but it would need stitches as well. The burn would need to inspected as well.

“I’ll come with you too”, Aizawa ran to the group as they were packing up, preparing to get going.

All Might had already squeezed into the ambulance with Midoriya, his muscular body making it near impossible. His weight didn’t help either.

“Hop on!” Recovery Girl huffed. The vehicle was cramped enough as it was. That’s why they usually didn’t allow any family to drive with them. The two were her acquaintances though, so she made an exception.
The driver hit the accelerator, flipping the lights and sirens on, “Hold on!”

Chapter End Notes

A shorter chapter again. Sorry about that!
I've been a bit busy with everything lately. I'm trying to get my driver's licence and let's say that I'm not a pro when it comes to driving a car. Not at all. I will try and post at least two or three times a week. I don't want to make a promise cause I'll of course end up breaking it in the end and then we'll all feel bad.
Thank you so much for the birthday wishes on the last chapter! You're all so nice.
And to my regulars who always find the time to comment on a new chapter... THANK YOU SO MUCH! You have no idea how much it means to me. It's like we're growing together, writing this fic. Thank you.
I will try and give you the best facts and such on these fics but if you have any experience in anything with what I write, please tell.
I have personally been in a hospital for two weeks, so I know the details somewhat. My father also suffered a third degree chemical burn some years ago, but that treatment was just minor since it wasn't too bad.
I'm hoping to keep my fics as realistic as possible! Have patience and tell me what you think honestly and without holding back.
I'm also beginning to think that the only real villains in this are the terrible social workers... Well, damn. I just watched this documentary some months back about Britain's social workers and how two rookies were straight up put to the serious cases and such. I've later watched a documentary about 'good' social workers so don't worry, the picture I put forward in this fic isn't necessarily realistic nor what I think of the workers.
I also finally got to playing my Pokemon Sun version. I'm in love, though coming from playing the Platinum version last, it's quite a change. There just seems to be so much to do. Almost too much. I have fucking two rivals! The pictures, the riding and everything. I'm overwhelmed. I love the 3D and animated pokemon though.
And Rowlet is my baby. He is so adorable.

Sorry for you who just don't give a damn. I just had to tell what's up.
Opening Eyes

Chapter Summary

Little Midoriya is taken to the hospital and the two heroes have some time to think about the situation they're in.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The ride to the hospital was a stressful one. There was no noise but the shaking of all the equipment. There was also a heart monitor beeping steadily, telling that the patient was alive. For now.

Aizawa and All Might were squeezed into the back of the ambulance with the patient and Recovery Girl. She was checking Midoriya’s vitals and writing things up on a notepad. Her brow was furrowed in concentration, wrinkles forming on her forehead. She was looking older and more worn-out than usually. Jobs like this really brought out her actual age.

Midoriya was still unconscious. He had woken up for a couple seconds when All Might had been carrying him to safety from the burning apartment. Back then he had been really confused, his eyes dilated all funny.

“All Might?” the boy had asked, his voice slurred. The boy then had a moment of silence before he did a small smile, closing his eyes.

“Mr. Yagi. I’m sleepy”, he had then said.

All Might wasn’t sure if it was because the boy had a serious concussion or because he had seen through his disguises all along. Anyway, he was thinking that his friend had come and rescued him. It was the truth though.

“Yeah. I’m right here, little man. Try and stay awake for me, please. We’ll be going to a hospital and you’ll be alright”, All Might had breathed out.

“I don’t- I don’t like hospitals”, Midoriya had mumbled. He wouldn’t be able to stay awake for any longer.

“I know. I’ll be there when you wake up. I’ll be right there.”

“I’ll take him straight to ER”, Recovery Girl told the two, “He needs intense care. His body is in shock.”

She made sure the two understood that they couldn’t follow the boy in there. No matter how worried they were, they’d need to sit outside and wait. The hospital had nice chairs in the waiting room. They could get a cup of good coffee there too. The woman was hoping that that was enough for the two.
The building wasn’t a five-star hotel after all. It was a hospital.

Aizawa was checking his phone, checking to see the latest updates on the older Midoriya’s case. The police had promised to keep them updated, texting them all the new turns. He was resting his other hand on the boy’s knee. He was both showing Midoriya that he was there, as well as reassuring himself.

All Might was holding the boy’s hand. The one that didn’t have an IV in it. There was one stuck in the right hand to administer strong pain killers and antibiotics right into the vein.

“He will be okay. Show some trust”, Recovery Girl sighed. She wasn’t used to seeing her friends look so depressed. The boy really must be important to the two. she hadn’t gotten the history on them yet, just that this was a child abuse case and that there would have to be evidence collected with the check-up.

She had already made the promise to get Midoriya the best care she could. No matter the cost. Recovery Girl knew that she had the okay from both the adults already. If a risky surgery was what would save the boy, then she would do it.

“Walk right there”, the group had arrived to the hospital, “I’ll info you as soon as I can. Just sit still.”

Recovery Girl didn’t work full-time for the hospital, she was a school nurse. But if she could help a patient, she would no matter where. She already visited the hospital almost weekly for the serious cases and to direct the doctors. She knew her way around.

Aizawa and All Might nodded, watching the boy being wheeled right into the ER, through the swinging doors. They could hear shouts of orders coming from inside.

“Want some?” Aizawa asked, sitting down next to All Might. He offered a paper cup to the man. There was steaming black coffee in it.

“I added some sugar”, he added. He still remembered how his roommate took his coffee, with three sugars and no milk.

“Thanks”, All Might nodded and took a careful sip. He almost spit it out. It was such bitter sludge. He really preferred energy drinks.

“Did we really do the right thing?” Aizawa sighed after another ten minutes of complete silence. They didn’t have anything to talk about.

Staring at the white wall in front of them seemed like a good way to pass time at this point. And the two did just that, Aizawa had already counted the tiles on ceiling, twice. There were exactly 39 tiles visible from where he was seated. Their placing wasn’t in perfect symmetry and it kinda bothered the raven head.

It was distressing to just watch the nurses and doctors walk by with their white coats and clip boards. The two men always thought that one of them would stop in front of them and show them to Midoriya’s room. But no, the men and women just walked past only nodding their greetings to the waiting adults. So this was how a parent must feel?
“What if it’s something serious?” All Might held his face in his hands, the coffee long forgotten and cold.

He didn’t want to hear any bad news. He wanted young Midoriya to just stand up and walk out of the hospital on his own. If not, then All Might wouldn’t know what to do. It was his fault that this all happened in the first place. He didn’t want to be held responsible for ruining someone’s life forever.

“Then we’ll manage. Midoriya is a tough one”, Aizawa mumbled.

He didn’t like that his roommate said that aloud just now. He had tried his best not to think about it and keep it out of his head. Midoriya would be okay, and that’s it.

It was nighttime when Recovery Girl exited the ER, walking to the two.

The two heroes had not eaten much, only going to the hospital canteen to get sandwiches and more coffee.

They were nodding off. The adrenaline had worn off and the exhaustion had taken hold. They were still attentive though, snapping their head up as soon as the woman cleared her throat.

“Is he alive?!” All Might bolted up.

Aizawa stood up as well, both fully awake now.

“Calm down. The boy is alive”, Recovery Girl told them. He still couldn’t believe that these two weren’t the parents. They surely acted like one.

“I had to do some serious work though. The burn wasn’t as bad as I expected but it will scar. It was on the surface not reaching anything vital on the neck or face”, she explained, reading through a clipboard she had brought with her, “The head needed stitches. There was a small crack on the skull but luckily no bleeding or damage to the brain.”

Aizawa and All Might both let out a breath. The situation still wasn’t good but at least the boy was okay. They had feared the worst.

“How is he?” Aizawa asked, holding All Might so that the man didn’t dash down the hallway.

“He’s sleeping. His body needs the time to recover”, she said.

She had had to use her powers on the boy. Recovery Girl’s Quirk let her amplify and speed up the human body’s healing progress, but the power used for that came from the patients themselves. Midoriya would be sleeping his injuries away for a while.

It was for the best though, since the head had been damaged. Though there wasn’t swelling in the brain which would often be treated with a medicine induced coma, there was no telling what damage the hit had done.
“Could we at least see him?” All Might asked.

“If you promise me that you’ll get some rest afterwards. You two look like death”, Recovery Girl guided the two to the room. She had prepared two extra beds in the room, but wished that the two men would return home and get a good rest before returning tomorrow. She knew that wouldn’t probably be the case but there was always hope. Good thing the two weren’t the only heroes in town.

Midoriya’s room was private and located in the quieter wing of the hospital. The door could be locked and guarded around the clock if that was necessary. The wing was equipped to take care of everyone from dangerous criminals to victims of crimes.

The current patient was clearly the latter case and would be taken care of accordingly. Midoriya had a nurse to take care of him at all hours and Recovery Girl himself would check on him at least three times a day.

Recovery Girl hadn’t wanted to put him to the children’s wing having read the short known history of the boy. She might move him in later, but now he needed the calm and quiet. The kids were also a curious bunch, always asking questions about the new patients. Midoriya would be overwhelmed in minutes.

His social skills and psyche would be analyzed with a psychologist when Midoriya woke up. Therapy would be given if that was needed. The ward had also been contacted, just in case.

“Disturb him and I’ll throw you out myself”, the woman warned the two sternly before closing the door behind them. Both knew that she was serious. Recovery Girl could be scary if she wanted to, though she only wanted the best for her patients and nothing more.

The room was dead silent save for the heart monitor and the other machinery humming and beeping around the boy.

A young male nurse sat next to the bed, reading a book. He looked up as the two entered the room, nodding a greeting, hair falling from behind his ear. He quickly tucked it back.

All Might had told Recovery Girl that he thought Midoriya would be more comfortable with a male nurse. The boy didn’t really have a female role-model in his life. It had been clear that he wasn’t that comfortable with the opposite sex when they had met the police officer. It was a problem they’d have to deal with slowly.

“Family?” the nurse asked.

“Not really”, Aizawa shrugged, “More like friends.”

The male smiled, “Good to hear that he has those.”

The raven head nodded.
“Have you talked with the doctors? They have already called the Child Protective Services. A lady will be coming in tomorrow to get some information for adoption and such.”

The two heroes hadn’t heard that though it was definitely an important thing. That meant that the boy would be put up for adoption after he was released from the hospital.

“We’ll talk to her”, All Might snapped. He wouldn’t let the boy get lost in the system.

Aizawa sighed. He already knew what his roommate was thinking. Not that he didn’t agree with him, he too wanted the boy to be safe and happy. He knew the stories of the foster families and the terrible things that could happen. It was a long progress and a child’s needs were often dismissed.

“You should go home. I’ll watch over the boy for you”, the nurse told the two. They had sat in silence for an hour, the two heroes sitting by the large hospital bed, watching the boy’s every move.

The nurse had administered medicine and checked the vitals a couple times, putting up the information on the clipboard by the bedside. The patient was very stable, only twitching in his sleep when the nurse fixed the IV drip.

The two watched the young man closely, paranoid. They had a hard time letting a stranger touch Midoriya after all that he had been through. They were handling him with silk gloves, like a treasure that had to be kept safe under a lock and key.

Midoriya looked so small on the bed. The white sheets and pillows looked like clouds surrounding the boy’s body. His pale skin seemed just a couple shades darker than the surrounding white. At least it looked comfortable. It must be the softest bed the boy had ever slept in.

The nurse went out to fetch some equipment, leaving the two adults in the room with the patient. It was usually against the rules to do that, but the two had shown enough proof to be trusted. The nurse felt safe leaving the room. He knew his patient would be alive and well when he returned.

“What are you planning?” Aizawa asked as soon as the door had closed behind the nurse, “And stop staring at the man. He’s a professional.”

“Sorry. I know that. It’s just… I must be tired, that’s all”, All Might sighed, holding his head in his hands, leaning to the bed in front of him.

“Aren’t we all”, Aizawa agreed. He brushed some strands of hair off the patient’s face, feeling the forehead just in case. A habit.

“I just want him to be safe.”

Aizawa closed his eyes, his lips nudging upward a bit, “Do you think our house is big enough for three? Is that what you’re worried about?”

All Might couldn’t help but smile as well, nodding his head, “That lady tomorrow will be surprised to learn that she isn’t here to see an orphan.”

“Just so you know, I won’t do all the paperwork on my own.”
“Of course not.”

Chapter End Notes

The title is more about All Might and Aizawa than Midoriya. I mean he isn't even awake in this chapter.
It's like the two open their eyes to the situation they're in or something.
I just wanted to make that clear, since I kept stating at the title for ten minutes straight thinking if it was clear enough to keep or if I should change it. I couldn't come up with another one though, so I had to keep it.

The first comment I got on the last chapter was 'If he got a third degree burn he'd die' or something. Thank you so much!
That's exactly the honesty and information I wanted!
To clear that out, I fixed it so that it's actually a second degree one. Let's also keep the fiction in fanfiction and say that Recovery Girl's Quirk is a powerful one.

OMG. I just checked my FF.net feed and I have over 1,000 hits there as well! It's a huge thing back there. I think that it's much easier to reach my readers here in AO3. I seriously need to become more active on my other social medias though, like Twitter and Tumblr.
I don't even know where to begin. I feel like this story has just taken me to a whole new level.
I know I thanked you in the last chapter but I thank you again for all your hard work! Keep commenting and reading! That's what makes a writer happy

Today and tomorrow will be kind of a party around here where I live. I had to post this chapter a bit earlier than what I would usually do as well because of that.
It will be May Day. It's an Internation Workers' Day as well. It's kind of a big thing in where I live. People like to celebrate after a long and dark winter. Though we just celebrate it as a family by eating a ton of good food. I hope we will get some home-made donuts tonight!
Just Google Walpurgis Night in Finland if you want to find out more.

I will try and reply as many comments as I can during these next two days as well! I feel like you deserve a reply at least after writing so many amazing comments.
Check your inboxes!
Hisashi Midoriya was escorted to the waiting police car. The officer helped him in, lowering the man’s head into the vehicle. He was already in handcuffs as well as having been restrained by the legs. The officers weren’t taking chances with a Villain like this.

“You understand that everything you say might and will be used in court against you”, the driver waited for his partner to step into the car with him, explaining the criminal his rights while doing so. The officer was a muscular man, clearly an owner of some powerful Quirk as well. There was no use even trying to escape.

Hisashi sighed, “I know.”

He had heard those same words many times. He knew his rights from front to back. He had to, it was an occupational thing.

The car stared, turning to leave the park. The car slowly rolled out and took the shortest route to the station.

Hisashi got another glimpse of his son in the back of an ambulance. He could see that there was blood, a lot of it. There were many people around little Izuku, caring for him.

Hisashi closed his eyes, leaning back on his seat. The things hadn’t always been like this.

They had been a loving family once.

Just where had it all gone wrong?

“Dear? Do you think this makes me look huge?” Midoriya Inko asked her husband, waking him up from a nice nap on the living room sofa.

It was a late afternoon, both the adults had finished with their jobs and were currently home resting and planning the upcoming weekend.

Midoriya Inko was a petite young woman. Her body was slim and her short green hair always on a ponytail on the left. Her green eyes were big and kind, shining like stars when she got excited. She was kind and would often cry about the smallest things.
The two had initially met when they had studied in the same school, in different classes though. They were high school sweethearts, having married soon after graduation. It had been a small ceremony, just the family and closest friends having been invited.

The two had moved in together and begun working. Hisashi worked odd jobs while Inko worked the checkout at a nearby grocery store. They weren’t rich, but getting by just fine.

“You look gorgeous”, Hisashi yawned, “No matter what you wear.”

“Oh you”, Ino let her husband peck her cheek, “But isn’t the belly too big? Should I just wear the loose dress instead?”

“You are pregnant Inko. That’s normal.”

The two had found out that they were pregnant just three months ago. The bump was just beginning to show and the mother was slowly getting used to her new size and center of gravity.

The wardrobe had been the number one difficulty these past few weeks, Inko dragging her husband out shopping with her on the weekends. The new mother had heard the stories of having to buy a new set of clothes altogether but she hadn’t thought that it would really be the case. She was wrong.

They both had been surprised when the doctor had told them the news, but quickly accepted and even been happy. They hadn’t known that they wanted a child.

They were currently planning the nursery. The old guest bedroom would have to go and become a room for the newest family member. It would be their little project.

“We aren’t even sure of the gender yet”, Hisashi mumbled as he watched his wife glare the buckets of paint on the shelves.

They were at a local hardware store looking at paints and other essentials for the nursery. Inko had had a sudden surge of inspiration and energy despite being six months already and decided that this weekend, they would get the nursery painted and ready. They had already gotten some furniture from their parents.

“The doctor said that it’s a boy in the check-up”, Inko caressed her belly, “I feel like that too. Mother’s instinct. Just believe in me.”

“Whatever you say”, Hisashi shrugged. He didn’t want to start an argument with a pregnant woman in a store. She had become quite moody these past months and would surely get them banned from the store altogether if he got her started.

“What do you think of green? Baby blue and pink are so basic. I want something new”, Inko was pointing to a bucket of mint green paint, “I bet Izuku would love it!”

“Sure… Wait, Izuku?”
“Yeah, Izuku. I just decided. Isn’t it a good name?”

“You’re really ahead of yourself”, Hisashi smiled, “It’s perfect.”

“Good! Now let’s buy me a rocking chair!”

Hisashi opened the door with a small click, stepping into the apartment and taking his shoes off. He put his jacket onto the hanger and left his satchel on the floor.

“Honey, I’m home!” he walked into the living room.

His beautiful wife was on maternity leave already. The doctor had given her some after diagnosing her with depression and anxiety related to pregnancy.

As Hisashi had expected, Inko was lying on the sofa once again. Her belly was getting uncomfortably big and kept her from getting a good sleep at night. She often napped throughout the day as result.

“Huh? Is that you dear?” Inko mumbled as she slowly woke up, carefully sitting up.

“No, don’t stand up”, the man sat down onto the sofa instead, putting pillows down to support his wife as she sat.

Inko relaxed as she leaned to Hisashi, “How was your day? Anything good happen?”

“Nothing really. My boss didn’t like the idea when I suggested that I should stay home and take care of you. Not that it matters because I will.”

“You don’t have to”, Inko smiled, flinching when the baby decided to practice his kicking once again. He had been doing that all evening, making it hard for the mother to do much anything. Izuku was really becoming an active little baby.

“But I want to. Who was the one I found yesterday crying her eyes out in the bathroom?”

Inko sighed, “Me.”

Yes. She had done that. She actually did that almost daily. Not necessary always in the bathroom but she cried daily. The whole pregnancy was just getting to her. She couldn’t even point out a single thing about it, it was just everything about it.

“I feel like a beached whale whose insides want out.”

“Don’t. You look gorgeous”, Hisashi silences his wife.

She clearly didn’t see how well she looked even when in a situation like this. It must be what they call the pregnancy glow since she definitely looked like she was shining to the man.

“And even if you were, I’d chase you all the way to the depths of the ocean. My little Moby Dick”, Hisashi kissed her on the forehead.
“Aren’t you a romantic?” that got Inko to laugh. Her husband’s humor always got her.

“And I wouldn’t kill you. I’d keep you all to myself, admiring you my every waking hour.”

“Oh stop it already”, Inko hugged him, “Thanks. That made me feel a bit better.”

“Just a bit? Guess I need to try better.”

“There’s always next time.”

The baby had decided that it was time in the middle of one otherwise calm July night.

Inko had woken her husband up, screaming bloody murder as the water broke.

“I’ll call a taxi! No, an ambulance!” Hisashi got his phone, dialing the number. He checked his wife before making the call, telling the nurses what the situation was.

“Yes, there’s blood. Yes, she’s hurting real bad”, he told them, fetching everything he could to stop the blood. Most the household’s towels would have to be replaced when they finally returned home. These would be soiled.

“They’ll be here soon. Don’t worry”, Hisashi told Inko, who was trying to find a comfortable position. He had already taken out the hospital bag they had packed in advance. Thank god for that. He wouldn’t have had the idea what to take.

“It hurts!” Inko screamed, squeezing her husband’s hand for dear life.

Her knuckles were white and her face red. She was breathing heavily, her chest heaving with every breath. The occasional contraction sent her to another fit of screaming and crying.

“It’s alright. It’s alright”, Hisashi kept saying, repeating the mantra over and over again.

In truth, he had no idea how he could ever help his love. He felt so useless. All he could do was hold her hand and tell her it would all be alright. He didn’t even know if that was the case.

Hisashi ran to the door when the ambulance arrived, guiding the two nurses into the bedroom and to his wife. He couldn’t read anything from the two faces as they checked the patient. They were professionals, trained not to let their emotions show.

“How is she?” Hisashi asked the two. They were in the elevator, headed down and straight into the waiting vehicle.

“She’ll be fine. Just keep holding her hand”, a nurse told him, “You can tell us her medical information in the ambulance. We also need her possible allergies and such.”

Hisashi nodded, watching Inko be transported to the bed in the car. Her face was much calmer now,
the meds having kicked in. The nurses had had to give her some strong pain medicine.

“I’m right here. I love you Inko”, he whispered, sitting next to the bed as the ride to the nearest hospital begun.

“You are the husband of the patient and the father of the child, is that right?” a doctor asked Hisashi as they were finally in the hospital.

The ride had seemed to last forever. It was truly only about twenty minutes. Twenty minutes too long that is. Inko had drifted in and out of consciousness throughout. The nurses had spoken in hushed whispers the whole time as not to worry the husband.

“Yes. I am” Hisashi nodded dumbly. He was exhausted and he wasn’t even the one lying on the hospital bed.

“Do you have a name for the little one already?”

“Izuku. Izuku Midoriya.”

“Alright. Your wife will be taken to surgery shortly. We’ll have to perform C-section. It’s for the safety of both the mother and child”, the doctor explained, “Would you like to join in the room?”

“Of course”, Hisashi nodded, taking the baby blue bundle of clothes a nurse gave him alongside gloves, a mask and safety glasses.

“We’ll be starting shortly.”

The hospital bed was reeled to another room.

There were bright lights. The smell of disinfectant burned in the nose and eyes.

Hisashi sat by the wall, couple long strides away from the bed his wife was lying on. He listened to the quiet orders between the nurses and the doctor. The clanking and humming of the equipment were a constant white noise in the room.

The beeping of the heart monitor was slow but constant. It was a small hope for the waiting man, telling him that his love was alive still, breathing on.

Hisashi felt like he was lost. He couldn’t see. He couldn’t hear. All he could do was hold his head in his hands and wait. It felt like he was sinking deeper and deeper into the darkness around him.

A small cry pierced through this void, making the man finally rise his head and see the world around him. The light hit his eyes like a torch, forcing him to squint his eyes.
“Congratulations! It’s a healthy baby boy!” a nurse cheered, wiping the small baby clean with a towel and cleaning his airways with a small device.

“Hisashi? Where are you?” a tired voice came from the bed, “Come here. Come see your son.”

Inko was alright. Inko was calling for him. The man rose from his chair, quickly walking to his wife’s side and onto the waiting chair the nurses had fetched for him.

The new mother didn’t look good at all. Inko was pale like a ghost, her sweaty hair clinging to her face. Her eyes were puffy and red, tears falling from them. This time they were happy tears though.

Hisashi’s eyes were getting wet too.

“Isn’t he beautiful?” Inko breathed out, “I think he has your nose.”

Hisashi couldn’t help but smile when the baby opened his eyes, his mother’s green eyes revealed from beneath. Izuku squealed, then yawned widely before settling back down again. He was very calm and well-behaved for being only minutes old.

“Do you want to hold him?” Inko asked, letting a nurse lift the precious bundle to her husband’s waiting arms. Her own strength simply wasn’t enough.

“He’s so small”, Hisashi breathed out, poking the baby’s fat, freckled cheeks.

Little Izuku grabbed his finger, gurgling. He stared up at his father, question in his eyes.

“Hi little guy”, Hisashi smiled, “I’m your father.”

Inko laughed quietly, “You’ll be a great father. He loves you already. He got that one from me.”

“The feeling is mutual.”

“Come here. I want to see you both.”

Hisashi kissed his wife as he lowered the baby back onto her chest. He then sat down and half lied on the bed with Inko. The whole family was together at long last.

“I’m so happy”, Inko breathed out and closed her eyes.

“I am too. Are you tired? You can rest now. We’ll be here when you wake up”, Hisashi kissed her once again.

Izuku had fallen asleep already, cuddling to his mother.

Inko nodded, “I’ll just have a little nap. We can take pictures after that.”

“I brought the good camera too”, the husband added, “We can frame them and put them in the living room. Next to our wedding photos and all.”
“I’d like that. Tell me more.”

“Then, when Izuku and you are well enough to leave the hospital, we’ll return home as one big happy family. I added some finishing touches to the nursery. A little surprise to you both.”

“What did you do? I hope it’s nothing too bad.”

“I love it how much you trust me”, Hisashi huffed playfully, “I bought that mobile you were eyeing before in the store.”

“The one with the flying heroes?”

“That one. I still don’t get it why you wanted that one. It doesn’t fit the theme at all.”

“They’re heroes. They’ll protect Izuku from bad dreams”, Inko smiled.

“And I’ll protect you. Now get some rest. You’ve deserved it.”

He watched Inko let out a long breath, a smile on her lips. Then she stopped.

“Inko? Inko?!” Hisashi screamed as nurses and doctors flocked around the bed, checking the machines and tubes, whispering again.

Panic began to settle in the pit of Hisashi’s stomach. Inko didn’t answer him and the hand he had gripped in desperation was cold, too cold.

“Please mister. Let go of your wife. We can’t help her if you don’t let us”, a doctor told him, guiding the man to sit where he had been before. They had to give the man a mild sedative. Hisashi didn’t even flinch when the needle entered his arm. He just kept staring at the bed on which his dear wife was lying on, seemingly lifeless.

Izuku was taken from his mother and put into a warm incubator. The baby whined a bit after the separation but quickly settled down and fell back to a calm slumber.

A shrill, continuous beep filled the room.

The nurses put their hands down, lowering their heads. None tried to touch the patient anymore.

“Midoriya Inko. Time of death 4:56 due to birth complications”, the doctor solemnly stated as a nurse covered the body’s face with a white sheet.

Hisashi Midoriya’s world fell apart. You could almost hear it shatter as the doctor told him the news of his wife’s passing.

The house seemed so empty, so cold. It didn’t feel like a home anymore.

The cheery colors of the nursery seemed to mock Hisashi whenever he entered the room. The music
from the toys and the mobile ringing in his ears.

They had quickly moved away from the apartment, leaving behind the happy family life that was supposed to be. The new house was a single bedroom apartment in a notoriously bad neighborhood. The rent was low, and honestly, Hisashi couldn’t bring himself to really care anymore. it had been the first free one that he came across when looking at the ads.

Midoriya Izuku had been released from the hospital only a week after the mother’s death. He was a perfectly healthy child, cheery but quiet. His huge green eyes were just like his late mother’s.

The nurses had asked to speak with the newly single father and find out if he was fit enough to take care of a baby. They never got to that though, as both the father and the baby disappeared before they could do so. No contact was made after that and the family slowly forgotten.

Izuku was what people called an easy baby. He would sleep when put to bed, eat his food when offered and cried only when there was a clear reason for it. He wasn’t fussy and kept himself entertained with the toys the parents had bought him.

In order to deal with the pain of loss and the loneliness, Hisashi Midoriya begun drinking heavily.

He quit his previous job and quickly got involved with the wrong people. He began with small crimes like theft but quickly moved to heists and scams. He was making a nice amount of money, affording his wet lifestyle alongside the cigarettes and the occasional drugs he did.

Izuku was growing up in this toxic environment.

It was like he was immune to it though, as he was still cheerful and didn’t seem to actively avoid social interaction. He actually enjoyed it, babbling away whenever there was someone to listen to the baby-talk.

And despite all his father’s faults, he was still alive and well after two years. Izuku was both small and thin for his age, smelly and overall a mess but alive all the same.

That was when the father had first made contact with Kurogiri and the rest of the Villains in the bar. It had been a stormy night and the man had been especially drunk, taking a walk with his son. Something he did rarely, when he was either very drunk or in a good mood.

Izuku had learned to move around very quickly. He had to if he wanted to get any food back home. He often had to scour for it, usually finding a box of cereal or leftovers from his father’s meal.

The shady man had quickly become the boy’s godfather and would take care of the child when the father couldn’t. He even had the key to the apartment and the permission to stay for a night or two if needed when Hisashi was gone.

The bartender was teaching the boy to speak. Something Hisashi didn’t actively do. He would read to the child, spelling out simple words for Izuku to repeat.

Izuku also watched the TV a lot. Possibly because that was what his father preferred. The man would place the child on the armchair, flip the TV on to some children’s cartoon and leave to do
something else. It kept the boy both quiet and out of the way.

That was how the love for heroes had sparked and it hasn’t faded since.

Hisashi Midoriya hit his son for the first time when Izuku had been two or three. The memories were hazy, coated with the sweet release of alcohol.

The kid had done something he shouldn’t have, like dropped a plate or something else very minor. But Hisashi’s mind had gone blank, he had seen red and just released all the bent-up anger inside of him.

Izuku had been sent flying to the fridge, smashing the back of his head to the hard surface.

There had been a huge bruise, but nothing more. Maybe a headache, but no serious injury.

Hisashi had panicked at first, but then a sudden calm had come over him. He felt good having hit his own son. He was truly a monster.

“I’m so sorry, Inko.”

Chapter End Notes

Haha! A longer chapter!
I’ve been active. I replied the comments AND wrote a new chapter too.

I have to admit that I will probably not be as active during the next two weeks.
I have an entrance exam on the 15th and I need to, have to, study.
After that though.... That will be a whole different story.
I Want to be Your Hero

Chapter Summary

Izuku is in the hospital. All Might & Aizawa stay with him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Midoriya Izuku woke up for the first time only five days after the accident. He was very confused, his eyes unfocused as he scanned the small hospital room.

He didn’t seem to be in much pain, meaning that at least the pain killers were doing their job. Well, he was on a big dose after all. The nurses would make sure of that. He didn’t even seem to notice the burn on his neck and cheek either.

Izuku didn’t speak but turned his head a bit when All Might spoke to him, but not anything else. His eyes were tired and the usual spark in them wasn’t present. He was really out of it, drugged all the way to another world. He didn’t even react when the nurses and the doctor came to check on him, drawing blood and performing other tests on the young patient.

Izuku fell back asleep soon after, staying awake only ten minutes or less. It was to be expected. His brain had suffered a serious hit. The boy’s body would need more time to heal.

The woman from the Child Protective Services arrived the next morning, having heard that the boy had woken up. She was hoping to maybe get some answers from the boy himself, but knew that it would be highly unlikely.

She was a younger woman, nothing the two men had expected. Guess they had watched a couple too many movies to except the woman to be a mean old lady. Stereotypes really stuck.

Her heels clicked as she walked in the hallway, coming to a halt in front of the door to the hospital room. She pushed the door open, holding a stack of papers with the other one.

She was a shorter woman, red curly hair like autumn leaves and eyes brown like earth. She was dressed professionally, a pencil skirt and a blazer, both navy blue in color.

“Good morning. You’re the two interested in adopting the boy, I presume?” she smiled as she sat down on a free chair next to the hospital bed.

Aizawa and All Might gulped. How had she known? They hadn’t told anything to the officers before. An esper?

“How did I guess?” the officers smiled kindly, her eyes glinting playfully, “I’ve been doing this job long enough to know. I came to this city only a month ago though.”
“You were with the Child Protective Services before as well?” Aizawa had to ask.

“You seem passionate”, All Might said, petting Izuku’s messy hair. They’d have to wash that soon, it was getting really greasy.

“Of course I am”, she nodded, dead serious, “So, let’s stop with the small-talk and get to the point. What do you know about little Midoriya here? I only know what I read from the very few documents we had. They mainly listed the injuries and what the officers had, or hadn’t should be the right thing to say, seen when visiting the home. I also get regular updates from the doctor on the situation. I bet you know much more. Why do you want to adopt him?”

“He met him first”, Aizawa pointed to the muscular hero next to him, “He dragged me along later.”

All Might nodded, knowing that Aizawa had been dragged at first but had later come willingly. Whether he admitted it or not, Aizawa had a soft spot for Midoriya Izuku.

“And you noticed the injuries back then? Why didn’t you fill a report?” the woman asked, “I mean. I do understand that you both are heroes but the Child Protective Services should’ve at least been informed of the developments.”

“I’m a hero. I had to do something too. I just couldn’t give it up to the officers”, All Might sighed, “He seemed to scared whenever the police or even the officers were as much as mentioned. Maybe I’m just that selfish.”

“No, you’re not. You’re a true hero. Even most of our people look up to you. And I’m not going to even try to hide it. We’re quite busy. The situation might’ve not advanced in months”, she admitted, “Don’t worry. I’m working day and night to change that. Not a day will be wasted with this case anymore.”

“I’m thankful for what you did though. All that matters is that Midoriya is safe now and that he is surrounded by people who truly care about him”, she continued.

“Thank you”, All Might held his head in his hands, “I didn’t know if what I was doing was really the right thing or not.”

“Did he look happy when he was with you? Did he feel safe?”

“He was smiling all the time.”

“Then you did the right thing.”

“My boss seemed surprised when I told her that the boy was already going to a home. She had a place for him in an orphanage already, one for disturbed children at that”, the officer smiled as she laid out the papers for the two adults.
Both Aizawa and All Might smiled a bit. Mission accomplished.

They had moved to sit around a table in the room to take care of all the paperwork. There was a ton of that too. Both the men’s hands were aching already.

“I can’t see why you need to know all these details”, Aizawa mumbled as he crossed his answers out one by one. He squinted his eyes at the small font and weird questions.

“I know that it might seem stupid, but it’s very important for us. It helps us decide if the new parents are really fit for the child or not. The children often have special needs and we really need to take those into account as well. It’s all for the child’s good”, the woman explained, giving the raven head yet another stack of papers, “I really hoped that the office would’ve moved to online surveys already though. It was a little disappointing to see all the mountains of papers I had to go through.”

“You really have your work cut out for you”, All Might admitted. He felt sorry for her. He had never been good with paperwork either. Frankly, he hated it. Especially the bills.

“I will have to interview you all after you get yourselves situated as well. To make sure that everything is going well with you three. Let’s say, in two or three months. Depending on Midoriya’s progress.”

“Yes, of course”, All Might really liked this woman. She was a real pro.

The paperwork took hours to fill.

The trio had coffee and snacks, having a quiet conversation all the while they ate and wrote. The nurses came to check on the patient a couple times as well. All Might would also check on Izuku at least three times an hour.

The atmosphere was serious but calm. Everyone in the room knew that they were doing the right thing. Midoriya Izuku’s life would be so much better, Aizawa and All Might would make sure of it. Izuku would get a nice room to call his own, go to school, learn to read and write as well as count. He would hopefully make many friends in the future as well.

Izuku woke up the second time the next week. He was a bit more alert this time, even lifting his hand up a bit, wanting All Might to hold it. The man did just that and the three sat in silence for over an hour this time before Izuku fell back asleep again.

It was comical to watch Izuku’s curly hair bob up and down as his head dipped, fighting the inevitable sleep. In the end he had to give up and let All Might lower him back onto the pillow and tuck him in. He made the two promise that they would be there when he woke up.

“Do you think he knows?” All Might whispered, “You think he knows that he is going to be adopted.”

Aizawa nodded, “Who knows, maybe he heard us in his sleep.”
All Might nodded as well. He wanted to believe that that was the case.

Izuku had a small smile on his face as he slept.

“Since you’re clearly not going to move your ass from that chair in some time, I guess I’m the one who has to get a room ready for the boy”, Aizawa sighed after yet another week had passed.

They had pretty much lived in the hospital room this whole time, only going back to their apartment to get the utmost important things, like a razor or a toothbrush. The nurses were used to them and the doctors had given up on trying to send them to sleep on their own beds. They had become like a part of the room’s layout by now.

The two had decided that All Might’s current room would have to become Midoriya’s and the hero would have to move to the much smaller guest bedroom/storage. Aizawa clearly preferred sleeping the sofa so he could continue doing that. They wouldn’t let the boy live in anything that resembled a closet even the slightest, which the small room did.

Some restorations would have to be made, like the wallpaper changed to something a kid would like. The boring cream colored one would have to go. They could choose a theme later when Midoriya was there to join the decision making. Though, it was quite obvious what the theme would be. If you had spent even a minute with the boy, you would know what theme he would want for him room.

All Might had to nod. No, he wouldn’t move from the chair. Not today, not tomorrow.

“Talk about separation anxiety”, Aizawa sighed, “Text me a list if you can come up with one. I’m not the right man for this job.”

“All do", All Might agreed. He really had to send a list. Aizawa honestly could buy pretty much anything he thought was okay. Damn, he would buy a crib if no help arrived on time. All Might wished that a clerk would offer their help to the raven head before he would even have to think about that.

Midoriya was waking up once or twice a day now, staying up about half an hour to a full hour before falling back to sleep again. He still wasn’t that lucid but seemed aware of where he was and who were in the room with him.

He still hadn’t eaten or such. That would be their next step when Izuku could stay awake for a bit longer and be aware of the spoon in front of his face. Izuku had already managed to have a sip of water.

He would also need to take a bath. He was beginning to stink.

Izuku had freaked out when he had first noticed the white walls, sheets and everything else, connecting the dots in his head very fast for his condition. Hospitals in his mind were a bad place. His father had always taught him that. He had had to be lightly sedated in order to prevent the boy from trashing around, hurting himself in the process.
Aizawa and All Might had managed to explain the situation to the boy in the end. He would be safe in the hospital and it was a good place. The nurses and doctors want to make him better, nothing else. They wouldn’t never hurt him. And even if they’d want to, the two would never let them do so. They would protect him.

That had managed to calm the boy down once more and help to accept the fact that he would be in the hospital to get better. He wouldn’t be released tomorrow. It would surely be weeks still before that was possible.

The doctor scribbled something down onto his clipboard, humming and nodding while doing so. His white shoes squeaked on the floor as he walked around the bed, examining the patient.

“Everything looks good. Do you feel alright? No pain or anything?” he asked Midoriya, who was now sitting up on the bed with support from a mountain of pillows and the automated bed. He looked rather comfortable, eating some animal crackers alongside a cup of juice.

“Hm”, Izuku nodded, picking at the medical tape on his hand which was holding the IV line in place. It was itchy and the skin below was getting red. A nurse had promised to take a look at that later.

The doctor agreed. The patient didn’t seem to be in any pain. He had only winced when the doctor had touched the burn. That injury was the most serious one, still wrapped in some gauze.

“You’ve been here a bit over a month now. Do you feel like you’d be ready to leave?” the doctor asked.

He believed in including all patients in the conversation, no matter the age. It made them feel much more secure, knowing that their opinion bore weight. Midoriya was also very mature for his age, understanding most of what the doctor and nurses told him as long as they didn’t speak in ‘medical language’. No one understood that.

Izuku thought for a while. Aizawa and All Might had already told him the plan. He would be going to live with the two men, not in the orphanage. He had had his doubts in the beginning, thinking that the man were taking him in because of pity or something. The two mad him loose that idea though. They clearly cared for him, not because of what had happened to the boy but because they actually cared. Now Izuku really wanted to become a part of their family.

“C-Can I leave?” Izuku asked. His voice was still a bit raspy. Breathing in all that smoke in the apartment hadn’t done any good to the boy’s throat. It would be fine with time but Midoriya still shouldn’t speak that loudly.

“We’d love to see you go. A change of environment is often the best medicine for a patient”, a nurse smiled, administering some pain killers through the IV, “Believe me. No one really wants to be stuck in a hospital bed.”

“We can get the papers ready by the evening. I think you should try and take a bath. I’m sure Mr. Yagi and Mr. Aizawa can help you”, the nurse continued.
The doctor agreed, “We’ll come back and perform the final check-up before you’re released. You’ll have to come back for regular check-ups though.”

Izuku nodded.

All Might lifted Izuku up from the bed and into the bathroom. The surprise movement made the boy squeal a bit, moving to clench the front of All Might’s shirt.

Aizawa followed behind the two, taking out a pile of towels and a fresh change of clothes before getting into the room himself. All Might’s hands were too full to take those.

The IV line had been removed just moments before. It was now important to keep an eye on the boy’s pain level. He wasn’t on constant feed on pain killers anymore and would have to be given a shot or pills.

Izuku sat on the toilet lid as All Might started the bath, checking the temperature of the water regularly. They both waited as the bath filled up. Izuku watching the blond intently.

“Do you want bubbles?” Aizawa eyed the many bottles on the shelf, “How about a nice flower smell?”

“Bubbles. Please.”

“Alright. No need for the please. Drop that”, Aizawa said, pouring a generous amount into the water, turning it bright pink.

The two adults stared at the liquid. It looked like something poisonous almost. At least Izuku seemed to like it. He stuck his hand into it and swirled around, his eyes sparkling.

The trio had to be careful with the burn. The bandages were not to get wet or soapy.

All Might once again lifted the boy up, this time sticking him into the tub. He carefully looked to see if the boy was in any pain or if the water was too hot for him. It didn’t seem like it as Izuku quickly relaxed into the bath, closing his eyes.

“Don’t drown”, Aizawa mumbled, looking at Izuku’s relaxed face. He’d surely fall asleep in there.

“Hmm”, the boy mumbled, pinching his eyes close as All Might poured a cup of water on his head, wetting the hair.

Pouring a generous amount of shampoo on his hand, All Might then went to wash the hair. He massaged the stuff into the curly green hair, watching Izuku relax to the touch.

“We have a room ready for you. We still need to get clothes and stuff but you have a bed and pajamas”, All Might explained as he washed the boy. He’d have to tell him these things anyway, so he might as well tell them now. Two birds, one stone.

“I picked out the bed”, Aizawa added, a little proud with himself. He thought that he had made a good pick. The young clerk had had to help him with the size and such, but in the end it had been
him who had decided on the final item.

“Yeah. He did. I think it’s pretty awesome.”

“It is awesome.”

“I think we’ll eat at the house tonight. You still need to rest. What do you want to eat? We can get you anything you want. No need to be shy”, All Might rinsed off. “It’s like a welcome home party.”

“Anything’s fine”, Izuku mumbled, scooping up a pile of bubbles.

Both men sighed. They were sure that there would be some problems seeing the boy’s background. They would have to move slow. Small steps.

“Then, how about some hamburgers?” All Might suggested.

Izuku agreed, while Aizawa could only think the stomach ache he’d have afterwards.

Drying and combing Izuku’s hair proved to be a task.

All Might was first afraid that he’d burn the boy’s scalp, then that he’d pull his hair off.

God knows when the green afro had met a comb the last time. There was all kinds of things in there as well as come knots. Combing it was like trying to safely detonate a bomb.

“We’ll have to get this cut. I can’t get the comb off”, All Might huffed. He crossed his hands in frustration. The comb was now stuck and wouldn’t even budge.

Izuku shook his head, checking to see the thing on his head. He smiled a bit. It looked funny.

“If you’re saying no just because cutting your hair costs money, I’d suggest you stop that”, Aizawa said from the corner he was seated in. Had been the whole time, not taking part in the wet part of the whole bath thing. He did hand out the stuff the two needed. Nothing else.

Izuku lowered his gaze to his lap and nodded slowly. Yeah, he had thought just that. He felt bad that the two had spent so much money on him. They had bought him food before, they’d be the ones paying the hospital bills and they had even bought him a new bed to sleep in. Izuku just thought that the two adults had done more than enough for him already. He wouldn’t need to get his hair cut or new clothes.

“Aizawa is right. Besides, that hair must be bothering you. I know I’d want it cut”, All Might nodded. He pet Izuku’s head, giving the boy a huge smile.

Izuku had to agree. It was getting in in the way. He could hardly see at times.

“Don’t you look good”, the doctor smiled as he handed the rest of the many papers to All Might and Aizawa, pointing them to sign a couple of them.
Izuku sat in a wheelchair wearing the clothes Aizawa had gotten him before, a simple red T-shirt and jean shorts. One of his nurses had offered to cut his hair, having previous experience in the field. Now the green afro looked just messy. Not as messy as it was before, but still like a tuft of moss.

“Ready to leave already?” the nurse asked, wheeling Izuku to the car waiting outside.

The boy could walk just fine but it was part of the protocol.

There had been nothing wrong during the last check-up the doctor had performed a couple hours ago, giving the trio enough time to pack up the few possessions the boy had with him. Namely, the backpack All Might had saved from the burning apartment.

The burn was still something the adults would have to treat and dress. Most of the other injuries had already healed. There were just some bruises and small cuts that still needed to be looked at. The burn had shown some signs of infection in the past few weeks but nothing else. It was healing pretty well, though it would definitely leave a scar still.

“Remember to come back in a week. We’ll check everything again then”, the doctor reminded Izuku once more.

The boy nodded, hopping off the wheelchair to climb into the car.

Aizawa would drive. He had gotten the card at some point in history, preferring not to use it at all cost. Driving was exhausting. They should’ve just called a taxi.

Their ride being All Might’s didn’t help either. The man owned a red Land Rover Defender with American flags painted onto the sides. The car was massive, dwarfing every other car on the streets. It had been pure luck that they had found a parking space in the first place.

“You buckled in?” All Might asked as he, too, jumped into the car. The thing jerked with the man’s weight. He sat on the backseat with the boy. Aizawa didn’t want anyone disturbing him in the front.

Midoriya let All Might put the seatbelt on for him. He was busy inspecting the child seat he was on. He had never seen such thing before and he was curious.

“Good. Let’s go home. Hamburgers, here we come!”

Chapter End Notes

Hello again everyone!
Had to throw you with a new chapter as soon as I could! I just couldn't let you wait any longer.

A TON has happened after the last chapter.
Mainly.... I fucking dislocated my knee... for the third time. It didn't hurt as much as the second time but it still did hurt.
I can't drive a car so I can't drive my licence for some time.
I'd need to have a MRI taken but those jerks haven't contacted me yet, though they
highlighted it in the letter that they indeed would contact me and I shouldn't. I'll call
them on Monday. It's been a week since my visit to the doctor and two weeks since the
knee decided that I really shouldn't walk.
At least the physiotherapy has helped.

I also went to the first entrance exam. It was a four hour drive away. And I had crutches
the whole time, it was wonderful.
I would've loved to take long walks during the three days I was there. The views were
amazing at least.
I think it went well, not excellent but well. The people who I spoke with in the interview
were super nice.
I also got an invite to the second art place I sent work to. The second one just mailed me
today and told me that I won't be coming to the interview. No matter though, I really
wanted to get to the one I got the invite to, not the other place.
And I freaking got a full score on the one piece of art I sent! I was surprised.

Thank you all for waiting for me! I'll be more active now!
The views have gone up while I've been away. Why? How?
Do you re-read this?
Welcome Home

Chapter Summary

Welcome home, Izuku.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Midoriya kept staring out the window as the group drove to the apartment. He kept stretching the seat belt to see better, pressing his nose to the glass of the window.

All Might was afraid that the boy would get sick but didn’t have the heart to tell him to stop. Izuku’s eyes sparkled as he watched the scenery pass by. They were going so fast.

It was obvious that he hadn’t been in a car in ages if ever. He had actually flinched at first when the vehicle had begun to move, squeezing All Might’s hand in panic. Soon though, he relaxed and seemed to even almost fall asleep to the steady hum and vibrations of the huge car.

“I like my bike better”, Aizawa mumbled from the front seat.

He owned a motorcycle he used when working. It was a black Harley-Davidson. He looked like a gang member when he wore a leather jacket when driving it. The bike was much more agile and could get into tight alleyways no car could.

“Come on. My baby is a beauty”, All Might laughed, “Just don’t damage her or I’ll do the same to you.”

“You really are a weirdo”, Aizawa huffed, focusing his attention back on driving the car. It would still be around ten minutes or so before they were at their target. Aizawa was driving carefully, slightly slower than what he would’ve been allowed to. He really didn’t like cars at all.

Aizawa thanked the gods that he didn’t need to perform a parallel parking. The apartment’s parking space didn’t have such spaces.

“And now, hamburgers!” All Might cheered, hopping out of the car, taking Midoriya’s stuff with him. He was fast like lightning on his feet.

The boy seemed to agree, following the large man as he half walked half skipped into the apartment complex.

Aizawa sighed, locking the car before following the two. The neighbors would complain again of the smoke and smell. The blond muscle head would surely want to take out the grill to prepare the food. They had had a written note in their mailbox the following morning the last time.
Aizawa didn’t want to think about that now. He just hoped that Izuku would like the room he had prepared for him. It was the first time he had ever done something like that. He wasn’t an interior designer and would never be. He was sure that the boy wouldn’t mind that detail though.

Midoriya was already sitting by the kitchen table by the time Aizawa entered the apartment. He kept kicking his feet up and down, humming something to himself.

“Go on. Have a look around”, All Might was coaxing the boy to explore the apartment, get used to his surroundings.

As the two had arrived, the boy right on All Might’s heels, Izuku had just sat onto the chair, staring around in the kitchen. He was clearly curious of the new surroundings but stayed glued to the spot. He kept glancing towards the living room and especially the large TV there.

All Might shrugged. The boy could help him make the dinner then, he decided. They’d have a good look around later. He took out the ingredients from the freezer and fridge, placing them all neatly onto the kitchen counter.

Izuku seemed to like the idea, jumping down from the chair and pushing it to the counter to help him reach the surface. He was too short to even see what was on there without the chair.

“Could you wash the vegetables?” All Might asked. He handed Izuku the plate those were on and the boy took it, carrying the rather heavy thing with both hands.

They had tomatoes, cucumber and some salad to stick between the buns alongside the steak and such. Hey, they were keeping it healthy, keeping in mind the food circle.

The boy did as told, moving the chair again so that he could reach the sink. He turned on the water and felt to see if the temperature was good.

All Might had dressed him in an apron to protect the clothes. The man had also given him plastic gloves. To protect the hands as well. Both of the items were hopelessly too big for the boy. The apron hung off of the chair. The hands hardly filled half of the gloves, leaving them looking very funny.

Aizawa had returned to his couch. His sleeping bag fresh from the dryer, he snuggled in and burrowed among the sofa pillows. He had missed the piece of fabric, thinking of it every night he had spent on the hard hospital bed wrapped in those thin white blankets.

Light snoring could be heard in only a few minutes.

“All then you hold the knife. Good, just like that”, All Might kept a close eye on Midoriya, who had insisted on not only washing the veggies but cutting them as well.

All Might was afraid that the boy’s fingers were in danger. He had only agreed to give the boy the dullest veggie knife they had. It could still cut a finger all the same.
The worry proved to be unnecessary though as Izuku effortlessly chopped up the tomatoes and everything else. Seeing the boy’s history and where he came from, of course he’d have a clue as to how to hold and use a knife. All Might had completely forgotten about that.

Izuku seemed pleased with himself, taking the praise he got from All Might with a smile on his face. He found that he quite liked to be praised. He hadn’t gotten much of those in his previous life.

“Now, let’s get the gill out!” All Might went to the balcony. He had the grill there, covered in a blanket to protect it from the elements. It was an electric grill. Coal just wouldn’t be that practical with neighbors so close to you. All Might did miss the smoky taste only a coal grill could provide but it couldn’t be helped.

Izuku helped carry the ingredients to the grill, watching All Might prepare everything. It was mesmerizing. All Might really put up a show.

“Aizawa! Get up and come here! It’s time to build your burger and enjoy!” All Might roared, trying to wake up his roommate sleeping on the sofa. His booming voice could be heard just fine inside and through the plugs Aizawa had on.

The raven head tried to get back to sleep, just turning sides and pulling a pillow over his head. It didn’t help. All Might had sent troops to attack him.

A small hand poked his cheek. It was a very careful, light touch. A stubble was left over from the long stay in the hospital and it must’ve felt funny as the hand quickly retreated.

“Hmm. Stop it”, Aizawa groaned, swatting the thing away.

It came again, two pokes this time and a nudge. Aizawa could feel the pillow being pulled from over his face.

“Hamburgers”, Izuku told him, determination in his voice. The green eyes came to view as Aizawa turned his face, the pillow dropping onto the floor.

“I’m sleeping.”

“Hamburgers!” Izuku repeated, continuing the poke attack. All Might had definitely told the boy to do that.

“Alright, alright! I’m coming. Just let me get up”, Aizawa had to give up and unravel himself from his cocoon of a sleeping bag.

Izku smiled, following behind him as Aizawa walked to the kitchen table.

“Great job! You woke up the bear!” All Might clapped his hands as he came from the grill, a plateful of meat and grilled veggies with him. The smell was mouth-watering, even Aizawa had to admit that.

The raven head huffed, shooting a glare towards the man, “Who is the bear around here?”

All Might shrugged with a playful smirk, sitting down with the two.
All Might burped. It was loud, like the whole apartment had shook with the sound waves.

Aizawa sighed. Guess he’d have to be the one teaching the manners in this household. He wouldn’t trust the blond after a show like that.

At least it got Izuku to laugh. In the middle of a drink that is. All Might had to help him as the boy swallowed the liquid the wrong way, causing a coughing fit. The chubby cheeks were rosy red when Izuku finally got a break.

“All right, little man!” All Might laughed, wiping Izuku’s face with a napkin.

The boy had a healthy appetite. The hospital had had quite a job trying to keep the boy from overeating and making himself sick because of that. Coming from a home where food was a thing you had to scavenge for and even then was hard to get your hands on, when there was a chance to eat, the boy would eat his stomach full.

Tonight, Izuku had settled with one burger with a mountain of toppings. Some of everything and maybe a double serving of some. He had skipped the pickles though, as well as the mustard.

The men were happy. The boy was willing to try everything. It was also a relief to see that the boy didn’t force himself to eat the things he didn’t like. He knew that he didn’t have to.

All Might had eaten most of the burgers. The man had always had a huge appetite. Especially when it came to anything American. It was a miracle that he hadn’t turned into a blob of lard by now.

Aizawa was finishing his drink, trying to hold back a yawn.

Apparently, yawns were contagious even when you held them in. Izuku yawned, his eyes blinking slower than usual. The boy was ready to drop.

“It’s getting late. Maybe we should do the dishes and hit the hay?” All Might had to agree with the two. He too was getting quite tired. The day had been busy, full of things to do and places to go.

The two nodded, yawning once more.

“Just put the plates into the sink. I’ll do the rest”, All Might offered, “You look like you’ll drop at any minute. Take the boy to wash and get ready.”

Aizawa nodded, taking Midoriya’s hand and guiding him to the bathroom.

Good thing that they had remembered to buy a toothbrush and a towel before.

All Might finished with the dishes, which consisted of just sticking everything into the dishwasher and throwing in the detergent tablet. God bless technology. It made everything so much easier.

“I’ll hop into the shower”, All Might whispered to Aizawa sitting on the living room sofa. He hadn’t
had one in a long time and he really longed for a long hot one right now. He was sure he stank like garbage by now.

“Sure. I’ll have one the next morning”, Aizawa nodded, his mind focused elsewhere. Now it was his turn to try and comb Izuku’s hair.

The boy had already changed into his new pajamas. They were designed after one of All Might’s many uniform designs, topped with a small red cape sewn onto the back of the shirt’s neckline.

Needless to say, the boy had been all sparkles, inspecting the outfit for a good while before even thinking of putting it on. He had had to be helped to pull his head through, putting everything else on by himself.

He ran a couple circles around the living room before sitting down on the sofa, giggling to himself. It was amazing how happy a piece of clothing could make someone.

Aizawa wished more people were as appreciating as that. It made him happy as well, seeing that his pick had been spot on. If getting pajamas had earned such a reaction, he couldn’t wait until the boy saw his new room.

The raven head had gotten a good dose of random hero facts in rapid fire as well. It still amazed him how much the boy actually knew. He was like a walking hero encyclopedia. Speed setting, super-fast. It seemed to be the only one as well or the two adults just hadn’t found the rest.

In the end, the man had turned to simply nodding to the boy’s flow of words. He’d hum every minute or two, not to give the impression that he wasn’t listening. He really was.

“Huh? Did you put Izuku to bed already?” All Might came from the shower, a towel draped around his body. He was using another one to dry his hair.

He hadn’t done that good of a job. Water was dripping on the floor at a steady pace. Aizawa would make the man dry that off later before the floor could be damaged.

“I would’ve wanted to be there when he saw his room!” All Might continued with a long whine, pouting a bit as he did.

Aizawa was lying in his favorite spot on the sofa, wrapped in his favorite sleeping bag. He had even changed into his pajamas, which were just a T-shirt and boxers. All Might had bought him a set of silk pajamas for his birthday at some point. Those were deep in some corner of his wardrobe, still in the plastic they had came in. Aizawa was a man of simple things. Their bright color also didn’t appeal to him.

Aizawa snaked his right hand out of the bag and went to the zipper.

The room was dead quiet safe for a quiet white noise coming from the TV which was on. The news were on, the man on the screen explaining something about a traffic jam or such.

The two men were staring right at each other.
Then Aizawa opened the zipper enough to show what the obvious bump in there was.

It was Izuku, sleeping on the raven head’s chest. The boy had drool dripping down onto the fabric of Aizawa’s shirt. He sounded like a small animal, snoring quietly.

All Might took a minute, or two.

“Damn you”, he then whispered and ran to get his phone. He had to get photos.

The two did put Izuku to sleep on his own bed but only after a little photo session. They’d need to get a bigger memory card. They had never thought that that would be one of their first problems as new parents.

They couldn’t wait until tomorrow when the boy woke up and saw his very own room for the first time. There was sure to be some confusion at first but they were sure that he’d be just thrilled.

Before leaving the room, All Might made sure to connect the nightlight to the wall. It was unclear to the two if Izuku was afraid of the dark or not. It wouldn’t be nice to wake up in an unfamiliar and dark room whether you were or not.

He also took out Izuku’s backpack, taking out the superhero figures and placing them carefully on the foot end of the bed. All four of them in a neat line. They’d watch over the boy’s sleep, hopefully making sure no nightmare could get to him.

Chapter End Notes

I told you I’d be active. Here’s another chapter for the weekend. Enjoy!

Thank you so much for the warm welcome back as well as the wishes to get better soon.
I really appreciate those!
Adjusting

Chapter Summary

This new life needs some adjusting to, from both sides

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

All Might opened his eyes, looking around in confusion. He furrowed his brows.

It was still morning. He could tell by the rays of the rising sun peeking through the open curtains. The clock on the bedside table read five in the morning. The numbers on the digital clock blaring brightly in the half-lit room.

The apartment was silent. No one was moving around. The young woman in the apartment below must’ve just returned from a night shift. A shower was running.

The man thought that it was all weird. He usually slept until the alarm rang. Nothing ever managed to wake him up like this.

His roommate usually came home with a loud bang of the apartment door but it only managed to cause All Might to turn his side, maybe mumble something. He’d be out like a light soon after.

What was different this time?

All Might felt a lump crawl its way onto the bed, causing a dip in the bed.

The hero stayed still, having a small hunch as to what this small creature was. He waited until the lump had settled down, coming to a halt right next to All Might’s side and curling up there.

Aizawa was sure to be asleep. If All Might decided to get up now and go make breakfast, he’d have to do it without waking up the raven head. He’d surely like to sleep for at least three or four hours still and would make All Might regret waking him up so early in the morning.

When Aizawa didn’t have work he liked to sleep to the early evening hours.

Conclusion, All Might should go back to sleep.

He did a fake stretch, bringing his hand to rest around Midoriya Izuku sleeping next to him.

The boy snuggled closer to the warm body, mumbling something unintelligible.

All Might woke up the second time when his alarm rang through the room. He really needed to change the annoying ringtone. It would give him a headache one day.
The sun was already well over the horizon. The birds were singing outside. The weather was also nice. Only a handful of clouds visible in the sky.

All Might noticed that the spot next to him was empty and cold. When had Izuku woken up? He surely would’ve noticed.

A giggle from the kitchen answered his questions.

All Might smiled, getting up and ready for the day.

“Good morning! I see you’re making breakfast already”, All Might greeted as he entered the kitchen, flipping on the coffee machine Aizawa had loaded up. He’d have a cup, with a ton of sugar and milk, to get the day started.

The duo was making bacon and eggs. The raven head was currently showing Izuku how to crack an egg using only one hand.

Aizawa wasn’t too bad in the kitchen but onions were definitely his greatest enemy. He already had dry eyes that got irritated very easily. As much as cutting an onion in half made his eyes just flow like a waterfall. Good thing it was only eggs and bacon this time.

Izuku had wanted to make breakfast and to surprise the two adults.

He had quietly left All Might’s bed and sneaked his way to the kitchen.

He had opened the fridge and checked out what ingredients he had. He had spotted the eggs and then found the pack of bacon. The meal was his father’s favorite, so he thought that the two would surely like it as well. he took out a carton of orange juice as well.

Taking out the frying pan hadn’t gone as smoothly. The thing had made a loud bang as Izuku tried to pull it out from the cabinets. At least it was in the lower ones and not in the ones over the counter. The glasses would be there though.

The loud noise had woken Aizawa up, who sprang up from the sofa. His hero senses were tingling. Someone was in their apartment. In their kitchen.

The raven head had sneaked into the kitchen as well, stopping in the doorway to see who was in the room. He had fetched his goggles just in case. It could be a Villain wishing them harm.

He hadn’t expected to see what he saw in the kitchen.

“Deku, what are you doing up so early?” Aizawa asked the boy, having checked the time from the clock on the kitchen wall.

He had been a bit pissed off after being woken up but quickly just had to forgive everything as he listened to little Izuku’s reasons. No one could be mad after hearing that.

“So, you wanted to make breakfast at six thirty in the morning? All alone?” Aizawa asked as he took
the silverware, glasses and plates out from where Izuku himself couldn’t reach, placing them on the table.

Deku nodded, “I’m sorry. I woke you up.”

Aizawa sighed. So, the boy still didn’t feel comfortable around them, after all. He had seemed to be doing so well these last few weeks.

“Look”, he crouched down to the boy’s eye level, “I don’t mind at all. Actually, I’m glad you woke me up. What if something had happened to you?”

Izuku was quiet for a minute. His eyes were downcast as he thought about what Aizawa had said. Aizawa let the boy be. It would be better if he got to think the things out.

In the end, Deku took Aizawa’s hand.

“Shall we make it together then?” the man asked, smiling a bit.

Izuku nodded.

That was how the two had ended up making breakfast together and what All Might had walked to.

“Morning”, both Aizawa and Izuku replied as All Might sat down by the table.

He took the day’s paper and opened the first page. Guess he’d check what had happened in the world while waiting for the breakfast to be done. Aizawa had brought that to the table before.

A colorful ad caught his attention, “There’s a sale in the mall we always go to.”

“You go to”, Aizawa corrected, “The one few blocks away?”

“Yeah. Think we should go there today?”

“Don’t ask me. I’m not the one who needs stuff.”

All Might nodded, “Izuku, do you want to go out today?”

He had to ask. They wouldn’t go if the boy wasn’t ready for it. He had just been released from the hospital after all. It wouldn’t be a surprise if the boy refused.

“Where will we be going?” Izuku asked.

The breakfast was ready and put to the table. Aizawa and the boy sat down with All Might.

“Here, your medicine”, Aizawa took out a couple bottles, giving Izuku some pills to take with the juice. He made sure to explain what each of them did. He knew it’d calm the boy down and make him take the pills more willingly.
The doctor had prescribed Izuku strong painkillers as well as antibiotics. There was also an ointment that would have to be put on the burn when changing the bandages. Aizawa would do that later, after breakfast.

“We need to buy you clothes. I bet you saw your room already. It’s empty”, All Might explained.

There was a wardrobe, bookshelf and a writing desk in the room alongside the bed but they all were all but full. There were just a couple outfits and hardly any of the usual items you’d except to find in a child’s room.

What they needed were clothes and toys. Anything Midoriya would like. The two would buy him anything he’d want.

“There’s a huge shopping mall near us”, All Might showed the ad on the paper. He showed the picture of the mall’s playground for kids as well, hoping to get Izuku excited.

Midoriya checked the ad, trying his best to read everything it said.

“We could go there after breakfast. They have some good diners in there. We could have lunch after our shopping”, Aizawa suggested, pouring Izuku another glass of juice.

The two others agreed with a nod, inhaling the rest of their breakfast.

The raven head sighed, “There’s no need to rush. Remember your manners.”

He said the latter more to the adult one, who was supposed to be a good example and a role model to the boy.

Aizawa and Izuku had went to sit on the sofa. The boy had wanted to watch the morning cartoons while Aizawa had to treat the burn and check out the other injuries.

Aizawa had taken a quick shower as he had promised. He had finished his breakfast early and hopped in and out the shower before Izuku and All Might were done with theirs.

All Might would wash the dishes again. He thought that it was fair since the two made him breakfast.

“This might sting a bit. I’ll try to be quick”, Aizawa warned as he went to take off the old bandage on the cheek. Taking off the tape would surely hurt.

Izuku nodded, indicating that he was ready.

“On count to three, two, one.”

Izuku flinched. The tape pulled on the inflamed skin, causing a bit of pain.

“That hurt a bit, huh?” Aizawa took out the clean bandages and the salve, reading the instructions carefully. He didn’t want to mess up and make the situation worse by doing so.

Deku was too busy watching the cartoons to care what the other was doing. The colorful characters
and cheery music had his full attention. He had no idea what the show was or what it was about but he couldn’t care less. He hadn’t watched a lot of TV before. His father wouldn’t let him. So now that he could watch any show he liked, he watched all of them. He could decide which ones he liked later.

Aizawa and All Might would have to keep a close eye on the boy’s screen time in the future.

“I’m starting to think that I can’t leave you two alone. Not even for a second. Honestly. It must’ve only been ten minutes. How did you manage this?” All Might eyed the two sitting on the sofa, the sound of the cartoons in the background.

He was met with silence from the both occupants of the sofa.

Crooking an eyebrow, All Might asked again.

“Deku insisted”, Aizawa finally mumbled, avoiding eye contact. He had a blush of embarrassment on his cheeks.

“Izuku, explain.”

“The lady on the TV was doing it so I wanted to try too!” the boy had his tongue out in concentration and a comb in his right hand.

“I can see that”, All Might nodded, “But that is a fishbone braid!”

The blond couldn’t even make a basic braid and this little guy had just whipped up one of the most challenging braids he knew of. Izuku definitely couldn’t have previous experience on this field.

“And with that hair!” All Might added, pointing to Aizawa’s thick and rough hair which was now all braided up. First it was half-impossible to comb and second the thing was immune to any product. All Might had tried to curl it once as a prank but there had been absolutely no reaction from the hair even after using a dozen products on it.

“Pretty”, Izuku nodded.

“Can’t disagree with that. On a lady that is.”

“Maybe try a man-bun next time”, he added with a whisper.

There was one long braid on the left side of Aizawa’s head. The braid portion followed the side of the head, the rest of the hair hanging free when the braid itself ended. It wasn’t a professional job, of course, some hair hanging and sticking out there and there. It might just be the best you could do with Aizawa’s hair though.

All Might made sure to sneak a picture when the raven head wasn’t looking. It would be great blackmail material in the future.

“You’ll go out looking like that?” the blond had to ask.
“Of course!” the man huffed, “Deku worked hard on it. I can’t just go and destroy it.”

Izuku seemed pleased with himself, following the two men to his room. They’d have to get dressed up before leaving.

All Might and Aizawa let the boy choose his outfit of the day. They sat on the bed as Izuku went through his wardrobe.

There wasn’t much to go through but Deku still seemed to think hard of his decision. He stared especially long at the T-shirts. He had already picked the same shorts he had on yesterday. He was already wearing his socks and underwear so there was no need to pick out those two items.

“What is it? You don’t like the shirts?” Aizawa asked.

He had just picked out the first shirts that had been the right size and looked like something a little boy would wear. Guess he had made the wrong picks then.

“I-I’m sorry. We can pick out some better ones today”, the man mumbled.

But Izuku shook his head furiously, turning to face the two adults. He had two shirts in his hands. One was an All Might while the other was Eraserhead themed.

“Can’t decide”, Izuku huffed, lifting his hands and the shirts up.

The two heroes held back a laugh before turning very stern.

“Of course he’ll pick Eraserhead. He’s way cooler”, Aizawa whispered to the man next to him.

“No, no, my dear friend. He’ll pick me of course!” All Might whispered back.

The two were nose to nose. This was quickly becoming a rivalry situation. A matter of being more popular than the other.

“Hmm”, Izuku was clearly thinking hard. If it was possible, there would surely be smoke coming up from the head by now.

“Well?” All Might carefully asked.

“This one!” the boy held up the Eraserhead one.

“Yes!” Aizawa whispered, pumping his fist.

“I had the other one yesterday. I want to wear this one today”, Izuku explained, pulling the shirt over his head.

“Alright. You ready to go?” All Might smiled.

“Hm!” a nod.
Izuku ran to get his backpack, stuffing the action figures in it as well as his precious notebook. Now he was ready.

Chapter End Notes

Well, wasn't this a comical chapter?
Where is my drama you ask? I don't know either. Let us hope it will raise its head on the next chapter!

Thank you so much for the many comments once again. I've read each and every one of them through.
I'll take a day to reply to them all again someday. Maybe even this week.
Izuku smiled as he watched his sneakers light up. They’d do that every time he took a step and the boy found it absolutely mesmerizing. He was running in circles, watching the lights blinking on the shoes.

All Might gave Aizawa a quick thumbs up. That was a good buy from his part. Aizawa agreed with a curt nod.

The trio had decided to walk to the mall. It was nearby and the weather was great. After lying down for so long, Izuku was probably itching to use his feet again. He had been practically jumping in place all morning.

“Do you think we’ll see any heroes today?” Deku asked, looking up to the two adults. He was walking in between the two, holding one hand of both. It was a very wide formation but they could always make way if needed. They would break this lovely thing.

All Might coughed, “Maybe. Let’s hope not cause that means that there is something wrong.”

Aizawa nodded.

Good thing that they had texted the other heroes in the area in the morning, explaining them their situation. They wouldn’t be coming to work for some time. The police had briefed them on the current situation in the city as well, telling the two that they could definitely handle things today. They’d call if anything major came up.

The two heroes were very grateful for having such good friends at work, willing to take up added work like it was nothing. There were mothers and fathers among the police and heroes who knew exactly what the two men were going through. It was no surprise the news were taken so well.

The mall was huge.

There weren’t that many people shopping this early in the morning. It seemed that a fair amount of people had found their way to the sale today though. It was busier than a normal business day morning.

“Now remember. You need to hold a hand at all times. Either mine or Aizawa’s. We don’t want to loose you”, All Might crouched down to explain to the boy.
Izuku nodded. He didn’t want to get lost either.

Aizawa was playing with his sunglasses. They were a part of his disguise but absolutely useless when indoors. Paired up with the black leather jacket and the ponytail, the man looked more like a movie star than a hero.

All Might had cargo pants and a white T-shirt on. He believed in the power of glasses and a hat.

“Then, where should we go first?”

Izuku stared at the screen in front of which they had stopped. It was a map of the place, showing each shop and what they sold.

“Clothes”, Izuku poked at an icon of one of the shops. He flinched when a new window opened with the information of the shop. He hadn’t expected that.

The two heroes agreed. They definitely needed new clothes. A lot of them.

The summer was already turning to autumn, the days getting shorter and colder every week. Izuku’s outfit was already a tad bit too little for the weather. He’d need long sleeved outfits and a jacket at least.

“You want to go check out the toys after that?” All Might asked, checking to see where those stores were. He’d pick out the largest one. They’d have the most toys.

Izuku agreed.

“I’m just glad that Deku isn’t a baby”, Aizawa mumbled as he checked the baby section next to the children’s section they were currently in.

Three months, six months and twelve months. What did those even mean? And shouldn’t you write it as one year instead of twelve months? Aizawa was both confused and overwhelmed.

They had gotten one of those carts you could put your child in. Izuku was currently sitting in it, looking around. He didn’t understand much about clothes either. He hadn’t worn much of them. He had worn the same shirt every day for the last year or so. He couldn’t find the point in buying more than one or two shirts. He already had the two back home, so why did he need more?

“How about these?” All Might was the only one who the situation didn’t affect. He was used to buying clothes actually, as surprising as it seemed. He was always on the TV or social media. He had to have a lot of outfits for the photos and such. He wasn’t that into fashion but would at least look through the fashion magazines when one dropped down their mail slot.

“Hm”, Izuku just nodded, staring at the pants the man had shown him. He couldn’t see the difference to the pair he was shown previously.

“I think these are a bit too long for you”, All Might admitted as he took a better look, “Let’s look at a smaller size.”
“Hello! Could I help you in any way?” a sudden voice of a cheery young woman cut through the group’s quiet shopping.

Aizawa seemed relieved. Finally, someone who actually knew what they’d need. All Might had put the third pair of pants in their cart already. Even Aizawa could be sure they didn’t need that many jeans. The boy would grow out of those in a second.

“Yes, thank you”, All Might smiled bright, switching to his usual character he put on when in public. He was charismatic and good-looking. No girl could resist.

“For the little one? For which season?” she walked to the cart, taking a good look at Midoriya.

Noticing the boy’s discomfort, she took a step back. She had just been in a company meeting where she had been taught to watch the customers’ movements and expressions and act accordingly. She knew that this boy was anxious, almost as if he was afraid of her. She’d need to take things slow with this one.

“Summer and autumn.”

“Is there a piece of clothing in specific?”

“A-Actually no. It’s the whole wardrobe”, All Might stuttered, afraid of the reaction he would get.

“A makeover then? I’m up for the challenge!” she smiled, her eyes scanning over the selection, “You’re lucky. We just got the new season in. There are some really nice pieces in there if I can say so myself.”

“I’ll give you free hands then.”

“Aye, aye”, the girl did a mock salute. She really liked challenges. The days in retail always seemed the same to her. To be honest, she was getting rather bored with it.

“Do you think I could take some measurements from you, little guy? I really need those”, she turned to Izuku, making sure to speak to the boy, not the adults. She took out a roll of measuring tape and a small notepad.

Izuku eyed the two items, then nodded. All Might helped him out of the cart and onto the floor where the measurements could be taken.

It only took a couple of minutes. The worker moved so fast you couldn’t see her hands at times.

“A Quirk?” All Might asked.

The girl laughed, jutting in the numbers, “No, no. I’m just fast. Been doing this for a while.”

“You do have a Quirk though. It seems fitting for a job like this”, Aizawa nodded.

“Y-Yeah”, she mumbled and scratched her head.
The Quirk had been in plain sight the whole time. She had an extra pair of arms next to her original ones. They seemed to move according to the owner’s will and have the same strength as the other two.

“My mother wanted me to take this job because of them. I was really against it though. I’ve never really liked this kind of work”, she shrugged, “I wanted to be a daycare teacher actually.”

Izuku was beaming, staring at the extra arms.

“So cool!” he breathed out.

“Huh?” the clerk tuned to the boy.

“They’re so cool!”

“Aha, thank you.”

“You could be a hero!” Izuku squealed.

“I think you could still become a teacher. There’s no use giving up your dreams just yet”, All Might added.

“But my mother.”

“Forget about her. It’s your dream we’re talking about.”

She smiled, “I guess so. Thank you so much. I suddenly feel so much better.”

“What about the clothes?” Aizawa piped in.

“Sorry! I’ll get right to it!”

“There’s this one and this one. Which do you like better?” the clerk was showing Izuku jackets.

They had already picked out two long sleeved shirts, one thicker than the other, one more T-shirt and three pairs of pants. There was also a pack of both socks and underwear in the cart.

The girl really was something else. She instantly knew the boy’s size in all the styles they had in the store.

“You like the grey one better? I like it too! The emblem here is really cool. It’s actually loosely designed after the UA uniform. You know, the really famous hero school”, she explained as yet another item was added to the cart.

Aizawa could just hear their bank account crying out. He told it to shut it. This was all money well spent.

“Then we need rainboots and a raincoat”, the clerk mumbled as she went to fetch new things yet again, “Ah! Do you think you need any hats? What about gloves? We have new arrivals on bags
“No”, Izuku mumbled at that. Only All Might and Aizawa heard that.

“Yes. We could look at the hats and gloves, please”, All Might smiled, watching the girl go.

“I don’t want a new bag”, Izuku mumbled again. He had crossed his arms to his chest. He was pouting.

The adults understood. There was an emotional attachment to the backpack he had now. It was something he had possibly gotten from his father and it must hold some good memories for him. Like the figures did.

“Alright, but can’t we at least get you a travel bag? We might go somewhere during the holidays and such. We’ll need to pack your stuff somewhere if that happens. Your bag isn’t big enough”, All Might tried.

Izuku thought about it and nodded. Maybe they could get a new bag then. He’d always like his yellow backpack the best though.

The clerk was soon back with a set of perfectly fitting items yet again. Izuku picked out the ones he liked and the group rolled to the bag section of the shop.

“Wasn’t that a blast?” All Might laughed. He had a large bag in both his hands.

He had had to give up on holding Izuku’s hand. There was no way Aizawa or Izuku could either carry the bags. They both lacked the muscle mass All Might had.

“I think she saw us as a gay couple”, Aizawa mumbled, “Her eyes were hungry. What were those called again? A fujoshi?”

All Might grimaced, laughing dryly, “Yeah. Let’s forget about that. She was just doing her work.”

Izuku was holding Aizawa’s hand. He was looking around if he could spot their next destination. It was the toy shop.

The shop wasn’t hard to miss. It’s entrance and display windows were both huge and colorful, filled with movement and flashing lights. There was also music. Izuku could recognize it as the theme of one of the shows he had watched this morning.

“There it is”, Aizawa noticed that the boy had spotted the shop as well. He was tugging the man’s arm.

Izuku ran straight to the hero display. His face squeezed right onto the display case, his breath fogging the glass. He was admiring the details of every figure, naming them all to the two adults behind him.

“That’s the new Space Hero Thirteen figure!”, Izuku jumped up and down, not able to contain his excitement.
All Might and Aizawa looked at each other, both smiling. The true Midoriya Izuku was finally coming out of his shell.

“Get ready for the speech”, All Might whispered.

“Oh, I know what’s coming”, Aizawa replied with a smirk.

But there was no lecture that followed, Izuku simply ran to the next shelf. Guess miracles still happened.

“What is it?” All Might asked as Izuku pointed to the topmost shelf of the display.

“That’s from father’s favorite movie! It’s gogozilla!”

“It’s Godzilla”, Aizawa snorted a laugh.

“I want to hold it”, Izuku stretched his hands to reach the huge plush toy.

“Sure. Here you go”, All Might handed it to the boy.

The thing was Izuku’s size. He had trouble holding the toy, choosing to squeeze the lizard’s midsection and burrowing his face to its neck.

“You really like that one?” Aizawa asked. He hadn’t expected Deku to choose a toy like that. Godzilla was what you’d technically call a Villain. Izuku had shown them that he liked heroes.

“Hm! Soft!”

“Do you want us to buy that for you?” All Might asked.

Izuku stopped. He didn’t know what to say. He had seen the price of the clothes at the register and known that the three numbers meant that the amount of money used had been big. He had felt a bang of guilt right away.

They had used so much money on him already. Izuku didn’t want them to use any more.

He slowly gave the plush toy back to All Might.

“Y-You can put it back”, the boy mumbled, looking away.

“You don’t want it? Are you sure?” the man asked, turning the toy in his hands, inspecting it closely. He was beginning to like the cutesy look of the monster. It looked vaguely like the thing in the movies.

Izuku nodded, kicking the ground. He didn’t want to look the two in the eyes.

“Izuku”, Aizawa crouched down with the kid, “Look at me.”

All Might followed suit. They must look ridiculous to the other customers in the store but he didn’t care.
“Hmm”, the boy whined, refusing.

Aizawa took a hold of the boy’s hand, preventing a possible escape. He had read a couple books and was now hoping that they had thought him something.

“Izuku. You can get any toy you want. Do you understand? Any toy you want. Don’t look at the price tag. Don’t think of our wallets. Just think of what you want. We’ll get you anything. We want to get you anything you want.”

“Don’t worry! My wallet won’t feel a thing!” All Might tried to awkwardly reassure Izuku too.

That earned a strong jab to the stomach from the raven head. He told the man to shut up and just be there. Nod if he had to, nothing else.

Izuku whined again, tears were forming in the corners of his eyes. He didn’t know what to do. His mind was fighting against itself in his head.

He knew that the two would never lie to him. He knew that they honestly cared for him. They’d do anything for him. They had already done so much for him too.

On the other hand, he also knew what his father had taught him. What his father wanted of him. He should never ask for anything. He wasn’t worth it. He should just keep quiet and take what he got.

He really wanted the toy.

“Do you want us to buy you the toy?” Aizawa asked slowly, petting Izuku’s head while doing so.

All Might was on wiping duty, taking care of the flowing tears of the boy’s cheeks.

“Y-Yes please”, Izuku finally managed to hiccup.

“Good job”, the raven head praised the boy, “Do you think you could pick out two or three more toys? We’d love to get you those too. So that we can play properly when we get back home.”

“Hm”, the boy nodded, having gotten back his stuffed toy. He wouldn’t let go of it again.

Izuku picked out a box of building blocks, a set of toy vehicles and a superhero costume.

It had taken them two hours. The adults hadn’t rushed the boy in any way, just following him as Izuku walked through the store over and over. They had wanted Izuku think on his own pace.

Aizawa and All Might had thought of a physical evaluation for the first time just then. They’d have to make some calls when they got back home. Recovery Girl would surely want to hear how the things were going as well.

“Do you want to wear the costume when we get home?” All Might asked, chomping his ice cream cone.

They had gotten some ice cream. The flavors had looked too tempting to resist. They all knew they
shouldn’t eat sweets before lunch or they’d ruin their appetite. They promised each other that this time was special. They wouldn’t do that again. Probably.

Izuku was sitting on the blond man’s shoulders, holding tight so that he wouldn’t fall. He nodded his reply, licking his ice cream. It was mango and grape flavored. He definitely would wear the costume. Then they could play heroes together again. All three of them. They could build a city out of the blocks and drive the cars and planes around the mat. The mat was like a city map and Izuku loved it. It was sure to inspire numerous hours of fun and play in the future.

The new lizard friend was in Aizawa’s care. The man chose to carry the thing on his shoulders. He looked dead serious. Like a man on a mission. The cute face of the toy ruined the image.

The other customers turned and stopped to watch the weird group. There were laughs and smiles. No bad looks were given and it made Izuku feel warm. He felt like he was normal, that he was accepted despite being Quirkless and all.

A hatch on a door opened with a high-pitched creak. Some of the paint flaked off, falling onto the cell floor.

The room was colored a boring cream color, all the furniture in it either white or made of metal. It was a very boring room all in all.

“Yes, Mr. Midoriya?” a guard asked through the hatch.

“I need to talk to the boss” Hisashi rasped, scratching the beard that had begun to form this past month.

“What is it? You don’t usually want to talk to anyone much less meet them”, the guard asked, “A change of heart perhaps?”

“Haha, very funny.”, Hisashi closed his eyes, “I want to see my son. I need to talk to him.”

Chapter End Notes

It's a good thing that I wrote in advance this time, because I haven't written a thing in two days. Guess I've been feeling a bit out of it. It's been getting hot lately and I just got my new glasses to fit and they need some getting used to from my eyes' part. Of course those are only excuses. I just haven't been writing, that's all.

I also got a comment saying that my writing is kinda messy and it got me to go beep into myself. It's not the fault of the one who commented. I'm to blame here again. I just stop and begin thinking too hard. I fully admit that these past chapters, and probably many more, have been very jumpy. I've just been in the mood to just upload and upload. I guess I should take more time to write a single chapter and then upload something that has quality.
Sorry about that for those who have noticed this and are annoyed by it. I'll try my best to get the quality up.
The room was stripped of anything that would’ve made it seem even relatively warm and welcoming. Again, the walls were white and the floor was covered with that plastic kind of stuff you’d always see in schools and hospitals. There were just two chairs and a table in the room. Those three pieces of furniture were bolted onto the floor so they couldn’t be used as weapons. On the wall was a one-sided mirror.

“What makes you think that we’d let you see your son, Mr. Midoriya?” an officer asked the man sitting in front of him. He was checking the records from this past month the man had spent with them in the prison. The guards would fill a report at the end of each shift, telling how the prisoners were doing.

Hisashi was handcuffed to the chair, a guard standing next to him keeping a close eye on him.

The guard’s hand flew to his belt if the prisoner did as much as flexed his fingers. He knew that Hisashi had a Quirk and a potentially dangerous one at that. He had seen him use it before and didn’t want to be the man’s next target. He had only been put to this job because he had a water Quirk that would counter Hisashi’s very nicely. it wasn’t anything huge but better than what the others had. He could blow bubbles out of his mouth. One wouldn’t surely help with fire but if he blew out a bunch of them then maybe he’d have a fighting chance. It was really just a Quirk to entertain with. His daughter absolutely loved it too.

“I’ve been a model prisoner. I haven’t caused any harm to anyone around me and the guards have had it easy with me. I’ve visited the psychologist almost daily with my problems”, Hisashi explained.

Well, he might’ve punched his cellmate’s teeth in on the first day he was in. He was hoping that the guards had already forgotten about that little pout of rage and would focus on the positive progress he was making each week.

“You’ve been talking with him about your anger issues?” the man was playing with a pencil, his eyes glued to the paper.

“Not really. We talk about my past mostly and how that could’ve caused everything that followed. We’ve been working on explaining my behavior.”

Hisashi and the psychologist had been a match from the start. The man had expected to have to talk to at least two or three before meeting the right one for him. This was a welcome change to the usual norm with the shrinks.

Both knew what Hisashi had done but no blame was thrown or hard looks given. The psychologist
focused their time on finding out what had happened in the man’s past that had caused all. He knew that child abuse and crime was never in anyone’s blood. It was in your past. If they could find out the triggers, they could focus on fixing things. He had prescribed the man some meds to help him keep his temper in check but nothing else. The meetings they had were all talk.

“So, the psychologist is suggesting meeting your son? He’s saying that it would help you?” the officer asked, doubt clear in his voice. He couldn’t see how that would help anyone in this situation. The boy would only be traumatized more if he was to meet his father again so soon after being rescued.

“Yes. He wanted to talk to you about it too, to tell you the details.”

The officers sighed. He had to admit that Midoriya had behaved himself. He had done double the usual work and been a volunteer whenever those were needed. He was what you could call a model prisoner. The officer was still reluctant about giving the man a chance though. He hated nothing more that those who hurt the people who were supposed to be the dearest and most important to them. He just couldn’t forgive anyone like that so easily and couldn’t believe that someone like that could just change so quickly.

The prisoners were given task to do every day. They were something simple, like helping the kitchen staff or the cleaners. Some even got to go to a local animal shelter and help there. Two guys had cats in their cells permanently, to help the felines get over their shy behavior. The prison had come up with this system in order to keep the prisoners occupied. Also, some of the men and women didn’t know how to clean a toilet or how to use a dishwasher, so it was also an important opportunity to learn important skills needed in life.

For those whose release dates were coming up they had more intense training. There were officers who’d teach them how to fill their taxes or other official documents as well as money saving tips and tricks. They’d also help a prisoner to get their first job. They had a list phone numbers and e-mails for companies who were equipped to work with parolees and such.

Getting back into the working life was often very important for someone who was released. It would help them get back into the society and prevent them from becoming the social deviants they had been before imprisonment. Since beginning the program, the amount of people returned to the prison had dropped over 20 percent.

The officer sighed. With everything presented to him, he’d have no choice but to try and comply to the prisoner’s wishes. He stood up to send some e-mails. This meeting was over.

“Have a good day, Midoriya. Keep behaving”, he mumbled before closing the door.

“Yes, officer”, the man replied as he stood up to return to his cell. He couldn’t wait.

Izuku was getting tired. His hands were losing their grip and his head was lolling back and forth. It wasn’t a surprise. The meds the boy was on were known to cause drowsiness. The doctor had checked other similar meds as well but found that this one was the best for this cause despite the side-effects. He had given them a second one to try as well but that had caused Izuku a serious stomach ache. They wouldn’t use that anymore. It had been a terrible evening in the hospital room’s
bathroom.

The day had already been a very busy one too. It had been an emotional rollercoaster for little Izuku. He had both laughed and cried already. And knowing the little boy, his brain must’ve been going at a 120% all this time, trying to both take everything in and consider all the options at the same time. The two men were beginning to consider getting the boy tested. His IQ was bound to be high.

Aizawa and All Might could forgive the boy for feeling a bit tired. Had they been in the same situation, they would have surely already been asleep in the playground’s ball pit or something.

“You see a calm room anywhere?” Aizawa asked, eyeing a map as they passed one.

“There’s one about two shops over”, All Might said fixing his grip on the boy. Izuku was out like a light.

Both adults decided that they’d need to sit down for a while and let the boy have his nap in peace.

Aizawa and All Might found the room. It was designed for mothers with babies in need of breast feeding as well as for people with anxiety in case the noisy mall proved too much for them.

There were sofas and armchairs with dividers in between to make them a bit more private. A radio was playing calming music and there was a bookshelf on one of the walls. It was full of books of all genres as well as the latest issue of most magazines in the market.

There was a small coffee buffet for the tired customers. Coffee, tea and biscuits were available with no extra charge. You simply paid at the door. Like with a parking meter. You’d put in money that would amount to hours and minutes that you could spend in the room. You could add yourself hours after entering as well if your situation changed and you needed more time.

It was a very nice addition to the mall and was almost always full when the mall had its busy hours.

It was a good thing that it was a working day and early to the day. Izuku might’ve not taken a full room so well. He was still anxious with strangers and being in a closed space with so many would’ve surely got him going.

All Might and Aizawa took an hour and settled on a sofa. They nodded to a young mother in the room with them and Aizawa went to fetch a cup of coffee. The mother would leave in a couple minutes, leaving the trio alone in the room.

All Might had lifted Izuku down from his shoulders, deciding to place him in between the two adults on the sofa. Izuku curled his legs in his sleep, mumbling something as the hero placed the small head onto his lap.

Aizawa was sour. He got the legs, which were hardly even touching him. He wouldn’t feel satisfied petting those. He’d do it of course. He would’ve just preferred to run his hand through the curly green hair instead. Well, at least Izuku had slept on his chest before. Aizawa would hold onto that sweet memory during tough times like these.
“Have you made the call already?” All Might suddenly asked. He had a serious expression on his face which was unlike the man when he wasn’t working. As a hero, he was serious. He was known for his smile but inside he was all business. When you were in your hero uniform, you wouldn’t play around.

“Hm?” Aizawa had been busy stirring his coffee, “Ah. Yeah, sure have.”

“What did they say? Did you get a meeting arranged already?”

“If you can call it that. They want to meet the boy before deciding on anything else like the possible treatment and the best form of therapy.”

“So they really think that he needs therapy”, All Might sighed. That much was obvious seeing the situation the boy came from but he still would’ve liked to believe that everything was alright now that he was out of the house and his father in jail. Guess these things weren’t so simple after all.

“They want to offer him a way to go through his past and come to terms with it. That’s what they told me.”

The blond nodded, petting Izuku’s head. He had been doing that all this time. It was therapeutic for him almost. Like petting a purring cat. Of course, Izuku was a human being not a pet. The man almost forgot that at times. Besides, you’d treat your pet like a family member so even if he did it wouldn’t change things that much.

“Do they want to meet us as well? Have a nice interview and such?” All Might asked.

Aizawa took a huge gulp out of his coffee. Sadly, the beverage was already getting cold.

“Later yes. Not this time. They want to talk to Izuku alone”, he explained, “They want nothing affecting the patient in the therapy situation.”

“Makes sense I guess”, All Might sighed loudly, running his free hand over his face, “Why is it that I can’t seem to trust anyone anymore? I feel like something will go wrong with the whole therapy stuff.”

Aizawa and All Might shared a long silence. The quiet music kept on playing in the background. The scene would’ve probably looked very weird for an outsider if it wasn’t for the sleeping boy on the sofa. The two adults sitting there without a word, looking very stern as they did so, looked almost eerie. You know, like those twins from that horror movie.

“Is this what it feels like to be a father?” All Might finally mumbled.

“Must be”, Aizawa agreed.

There was yet another moment of silence.

“By the way, I saw you put that cat onesie in the cart. Don’t even try to deny it”, Aizawa turned quickly, shooting a glare towards the man next to him. He had paid for that and it hadn’t been cheap at all.

“You did? Isn’t it cute? I’m going to put Izuku in it tonight!” All Might seemed oblivious to the glare
he had just been given and the underline hatred it contained.

“I liked the bear one better. It would’ve looked much cuter”, Aizawa huffed. All the while his hands made something that looked like a sign for taking a picture with a camera and a thumbs up.

All Might did the latter as well. Good thing he had remembered to throw in new memory cards as well.

Izuku woke up slowly. He stretched his legs and arms like a starfish, rubbing his eyes afterwards.

He usually woke up with a bolt, awake and ready to go in a matter of seconds. It was necessary when you lived in an abusive situation. You never knew what you’d have to do or what punishment was awaiting you right afterwards.

It had been quite a bit of work to teach the kid that washing your teeth and face in the morning were something you should do. Izuku had been trying to bolt right back into the kitchen this morning as well, when Aizawa had tried to help him wash his teeth.

Aizawa was quick to snap a picture of the adorable scene unfolding in front of him. All Might was unable to do the same, his phone was in his pocket which was under the boy. He didn’t have the heart to shove his hand in there and take the phone. It might spook the boy too.

The result, Aizawa got a new background image and All Might was left with nothing.

“You’ll have to pay me if you want a copy”, the raven head whispered with a mean smile.

All Might felt terrible for having wasted such a good chance. Remembering that he’d get his kitty onesie pictures later helped a bit.

“Had a good nap?” he asked the boy.

Aizawa was helping Izuku wipe off the drool from his cheek with a napkin. There was some on All Might’s pants as well. All Might didn’t mind. Izuku looked sorry for it and even tried to wipe it off. It was useless. It would have to go to get washed tonight.

“Hm”, the boy nodded, “Did I sleep long?”

“An hour almost”, All Might checked the time.

“Sorry.”

“For what? If you need a nap then you nap!” the hero smiled wide, “I think you should’ve slept for another hour.”

Aizawa leaned in, “What the blockhead is trying to say is that we don’t mind at all. The morning was very tiring and the meds are there too. It’s no surprise you had to have a little nap.”

Izuku nodded.
All Might seemed to have deflated. Was he really that hard to understand? Was it the English he was so used to adding in to his sentences?

“Are you up for some lunch then? I bet we’re all a bit hungry”, All Might suggested.

The trio had left the room and were currently lazily walking around the mall, looking at the many shops and everything else in there. It was really a huge place. It looked like the ceiling could touch the sky. That was how high it looked.

Izuku kept staring at one child. He knew it was rude but the boy seemed so familiar. He just couldn’t find the name. It was bothering him quite a bit. He was usually good at remembering things.

Suddenly, there was a scream and quick steps.

“It’s a robbery! They have a gun!” someone screamed.

“Someone! Call the police!” another scream.

“Are there any heroes here?! They have hostages!” one asked.

Aizawa and All Might stared first at each other then checked the little boy in between them. There was some fear in the boy’s eyes but he seemed almost more excited than scared. Well, a Villain usually meant that there would be Heroes too. The two seldom came separately. It was a package deal. Besides, the boy was used to Villains. He had lived with one for years. He just wanted to see some Pro Heroes.

All Might and Aizawa knew that at least one of them would have to take action and interfere. It was a hostage situation and there was no telling how quick the police could get there and if they could even solve the situation. The mall’s guards were already running to the scene, against the mass of terrified shoppers.

“I’ll go”, All Might told with a low voice. He didn’t want Izuku to hear.

“My Quirk is more useful in a situation like this. I’ll go”, Aizawa argued.

They knew that they both had to go and leave the boy. They didn’t want to do it but they had to. There was still no sign of other heroes or the police and the situation was gradually getting worse. There were gunshots now and angry shouts coming from the shop the Villains were in.

Izuku got a better look at the boy. His eyes lit up.

“Kacchan!” Izuku shouted, waving his hands madly. He looked he could take flight any minute now. That was just how hard he waved.

The blond noticed the other boy. He had been shopping with his mother when the Villains had attacked. The two were currently trying to make sense of the situation and try to squeeze through the people running away. Where was the calm from this morning? Where had all these people come
“Deku?!” Bakugou shouted. He couldn’t believe his eyes or ears. First of all, he hadn’t expected to see the boy again. Second, the couldn’t believe that the boy just went and called for him. He was a bully. Izuku wasn’t his friend.

The two families met in the middle where there weren’t as many people.

“Isn’t that the Midoriya’s kid?” Bakugou’s mother asked, “The one you always play with?”

The blond nodded, a blush on his cheeks.

“I don’t always play with him mom”, he mumbled, “We aren’t even friends.”

“Don’t say such things! Hello, I’m Kacchan’s mom”, Mitsuki Bakugou introduced herself, bowing deep, “Thank you for always playing with Katsuki, Izuku.”

The two really looked alike, both had a spiky blond hair and their eyes were really similar looking too. The two heroes wondered if the boy had gotten anything from his father’s side.

Izuku blushed, shaking his head furiously, “N-No problem!”

“Good timing”, All Might huffed as he hastily introduced himself and Aizawa, not with their hero names of course, “Could you look after our son for a minute? We have someplace to be right now.”

“O-Of course”, the woman nodded, confused. She hadn’t known that these were little Izuku’s parents. She had met Hisashi before and even Inko. She had never heard the two mention anything about these two men in front of her. Maybe they were his uncles or something. Distant relatives?

“Thank you so much!” All Might nodded, already running to the scene, Aizawa hot on his heels, “We’ll be back soon!”

Chapter End Notes

Almost a week without an upload and this is all I can come up with? I know, its disappointing.
At least it's a long chapter... and there's action! And a cliffhanger!

Thank you so much for the comments on the previous chapter.
I just can't help but feel guilty if I don't upload steadily and quick. I might also be addicted to your comments but I'm not admitting a thing.

PS. Go watch the Koe no Katachi/Your Voice movie. Damn, I loved the manga and now that the movie can be watched online I checked it out. It's really one of my absolute favorite mangas.
The movie's visuals were so stunning and the music so good. Of course they left a thing or two away from it but it was still really good.
Go watch it now! I love the setting it has! So much fanfiction AU material!
Mitsuki Bakugou stared at her new protégé in disbelief. She had quickly gone from shopping for new shoes for his son to a guardian of two boys instead.

Katsuki had managed to destroy yet another pair of shoes. He went through those so fast that they never had the time to become too small for him to wear. In a way it was convenient. You never had extra pairs of shoes laying around the house.

The mother took a good look at the boy holding her hand. She hadn’t seen Izuku in years. He looked terrible. He was way too skinny to her liking and she could see the bruises and cuts on his pale skin. The gauze on the cheek was the last drop. Mitsuki had to question the two adults as soon as they returned. She wanted answers. They’d need to convince her of their innocence or she would call the police of them.

Last time she had seen him the boy had been in a swaddle, drooling and squealing when he wasn’t sleeping. He did that quite a lot. When Hisashi had brought the baby home, Mitsuki had just attacked the little guy. Izuku’s freckled baby cheeks had been irresistible to her.

The Bakugou family used to live right next door to the Midoriya’s before the latter moved away. They hadn’t been in contact since.

Both wives had been pregnant the same time. Little Katsuki was born on the 20th of April while Izuku still had a couple months before he’d get to meet the world. Both being first-time mothers meant that they were worried and had a ton of things they didn’t know. The pregnancies had actually brought them together in the first place. They had quickly become best friends, giving each other the support they so desperately needed.

There only so much the husbands could do. They couldn’t feel the pain or the weight. The two men could keep accepting their wives’ weird cravings and mood swings.

Mitsuki and her husband had been worried. Ever since his wife had died Hisashi had become a lot quieter and withdrawn. He had used to hang out with Mitsuki’s husband on Firdays over a beer or two while Mitsuki and Inko shared pregnancy tips. After the funeral he hardly stepped out of his apartment for months. Then there had been a notice that he’d be moving away with the boy.

“Look Kacchan!” Izuku smiled at the boy seated next to him.
The group had made it outside and were now waiting on a bench for the two men to return. Mitsuki had dug out lollipops from the bottom of her bag and gave them to the boys to keep them occupied. Her husband referred to her handbag as a bottomless pit. She always managed to find the items for any situation in there. The husband called it magic while Katsuki called it witchcraft.

Izuku was holding the large plush Godzilla. Aizawa had left it with the boy before. He couldn’t go to a scene of action with it. Just think how that would look. It might work to confuse the Villains though but Aizawa had decided not to try it this time. Maybe later.

Katsuki stared at the boy. He would’ve liked to shove him away from him and scream something right at his face. He was pissed off but couldn’t lash out because his mother was there.

The mother still thought that the two were best friends. She and Inko had decided so, even going as far as to plan playdates before either of the boys were even born. Katsuki had first met Izuku when the boy had come home from the hospital. He couldn’t remember it. He had only been a about two months old after all. Too bad his mother still had the evidence. She had taken pictures.

The two had later met occasionally when the blond had been out playing with his group of friends. He had always thought that Izuku was a weirdo. He didn’t have a Quirk, he was always dressed all weird and he talked way too much. Katsuki had accepted the boy to his group at first but quickly got enough of Izuku’s behavior. But Izuku hadn’t given up and hung around even after Katsuki had hit him once. From that point onward he had begun bullying the younger boy every time he’d see him.

“Izuku dear. Who were those two men with you? Where’s your dad?” Mitsuki asked carefully. She didn’t know the situation so she’d have to move slowly not to possibly upset the boy. That was the last thing she wanted.

She had just given Izuku a short and simple explanation as to how she knew him. She had noted that the boy had looked at her in confusion and even with a hint of fear when they had met. He clearly knew her son but he didn’t know her.

Izuku had been pleased with the explanation ‘I’m your mother’s friend. I’m sure you don’t remember but we used to be neighbors’. He had simply nodded and questioned the topic no further. Mitsuki was worried how trusting the boy was. That could cause him trouble if it hadn’t already.

“Father is”, Izuku thought of his choice of words, playing with his toy lizard as he did so “He is thinking.”

Izuku had heard one of the officers tell Hisashi to ‘think carefully of what he had done’. Izuku hadn’t known it before but that must be what you did when you were in prison. Having thought long and hard of anything else you could do. Not coming up with anything that pleased him, he had decided that that was what you indeed did in prison.

“Where is he thinking?”

“In prison”, Izuku told her flatly.

That got a reaction from the woman.
“In prison?! Izuku, did you just say that your father is in prison?” Mitsuki screamed. She had known that the man had been going in the wrong direction ever since his wife’s death. She still couldn’t believe that the he had actually gone to prison. She knew Hisashi as a kind and loving husband, not a criminal.

Even Katsuki seemed shocked. He stopped playing with his mother’s phone and in turn waited to hear what the boy would say next.

But Izuku said no more, he just nodded. Yeah, his father was in prison.

A longer, in depth explanation would have to wait it seemed.

All Might and Aizawa had changed outfits. It was good that they often had their uniforms under their disguises. It was very much necessary and useful in case there was a sudden job to take care of but it was a terrible idea during the summer months. A hero would have to have their uniform on when working. If not, it would be like seeing a bird without its wings. No one who saw it would believe it to be able to fly.

They stripped as they ran, gathering the items coming off onto their hands and showing them into a bag All Might had taken with him. They had left everything else with the three others. After paying that much, the two weren’t going to risk ruining the clothes and other items in the bags.

It all didn’t go as smoothly as planned. All Might almost tripped over the legs of his pants and Aizawa got his shirt stuck over his head.

Some of the people escaping from the scene stared at them as they ran past. They must’ve thought that the two were some weirdos. Some even laughed at them as they dashed past. Oh, if only they had known. Those two idiots were famous heroes on their way to answer to a call of duty.

“Do you ever think that Present Mic would be great at evacuation missions?” All Might suddenly asked as they slowed down, “You’re buddies, right? What do you think?”

All Might thought that the man could use his loud voice to guide the people who were evacuating. Seeing the chaos in the mall got him thinking that. There seemed to be no organized anything in this situation. People just ran in panic. At least some of the workers of the mall were trying their best but with little to no results.

Aizawa couldn’t see the point in the question. It had absolutely nothing to do with the situation and answering it wouldn’t help in any way. Actually, Aizawa could hardly ever follow the blond hero’s train of thought.

“We were classmates”, Aizawa finally corrected. He wouldn’t answer the actual question.

Yes, Aizawa and the obnoxious Pro Hero known by the name Present Might were old classmates. Their personalities were different like night and day yet they had been friends throughout school and continued after graduating. Aizawa still felt like he could tolerate Mic much better than All Might for some reason.
There was yet another gunshot followed by a loud set of screams. It snapped the two heroes out of their thoughts and they stepped up their pace. This was no time to be joking around.

When there were guns added to the equation, even heroes often faced problems. If you didn’t have a hardening Quirk or such, you could be hurt by a bullet. Guns weren’t a Quirk so Aizawa wasn’t that useful either. Guns always made the situation much more dangerous for everyone, as weird as it sounded in a world filled with such extraordinary powers as Quirks.

“I’ll move first and secure the situation if possible”, Aizawa whispered.

The two were now sneaking towards the store where all the commotion was. The bright colors of All Might’s uniform didn’t make that any easier. Aizawa had never understood his roommate’s weird costume choices. To top it all off, the cape was completely useless. It could only be in the way and nothing else. Aizawa himself was always dressed in black for a reason. Black didn’t stand out. Never. It made him near invisible at night. He had his scarf-type thing but it wasn’t in the way.

“I’ll cover you from behind”, All Might nodded, watching Aizawa blankly stare at his uniform.

The two heroes nodded to each other, taking their positions.

“On three”, All Might whispered, “One, two, three.”

Aizawa stepped to the scene. He had decided to just walk there and announce his presence very clearly. If he was to sneak in and surprise the group, the gun would surely go off. The Villains’ trigger fingers were sure to be tight enough as it was.

“Good morning, gentlemen. Care to explain to me what is going on?” Aizawa walked to the middle of the room, seemingly unaffected by the situation around him.

The Villains had noticed him the moment he stepped into their view. They had stared at the raven head as he walked closer and closer. A few had their knives pointed to the hero, their eyes following his every move. They knew Aizawa and his Quirk.

Aizawa had noted that none of the Villains seemed to have a gun in their hands. The gunshots must’ve come from something else then. A gun Quirk maybe? It would be a first to Aizawa.

The boss of the group walked to Aizawa. He was sure to be the boss. Everyone else made way to him and some even seemed to shrink away a bit. They were afraid of him. Well, the fear was justified. The man was a head taller than most, a constant scary scowl on his face. He hadn’t skipped gym either. His shirt was too small to contain his muscular chest and arms. He just might be a worthy opponent to All Might and his muscles.

“What’s the deal with you?” the Villain spit, flexing a bit to seen more intimidating, “Can’t you see that we’re a bit busy here?”

“Aah”, Aizawa stared at him blankly, “I must’ve taken a wrong turn somewhere.”
“Boss! Don’t you know him? He’s dangerous!” one of the Villains whispered.

“It’s Eraserhead!” another one added.

But the warning came too late to the big boss. Aizawa had already captured him with his Capturing Weapon, using his Erasure Quirk to make the man powerless.

The Villain had a gun Quirk, just as Aizawa had expected. All the man’s ten fingers were shaped like barrels of guns. There were all different kinds which must’ve all shot different kinds of bullets. Aizawa could recognize the Desert Eagle in there. It was one of the most powerful handguns there were so he knew he and everyone else would need to be careful when handling the Villain.

“Secured. Your turn, All Might!” Aizawa shouted over his shoulder.

There was a wave of whispers in the group of Villains. They clearly respected the name.

All Might rushed to the scene. He had been itching to get into the action ever since Aizawa had left him alone to hide behind a column. It had been way too small for him in the first place, hardly hiding even his body much less his huge shoulders. If the Villains had known to look for him, they would’ve found him in seconds.

All Might was a hero at heart. He just couldn’t sit still when he knew that there were people in danger and in need of help. Had it taken a minute more, he would’ve ran into the scene on his own accord for sure.

“It really is All Might!” the Villains shouted as they noticed the Pro Hero approach.

They looked like bull fighters who had just realized that they had made a very bad choice and were trying their best not to run away from the ring crying like little kids. Many of them weren’t even that great and had only come to this heist knowing how strong their boss was.

“Don’t you run away! I’ll turn you into drainers if you do!” the boss shouted, clearly mad and frustrated with how the situation had turned out. A hero or two appearing had originally been a part of the equation but not such top class heroes as these two.

Many of the Villains stopped dead in their tracks. They knew that their boss didn’t make empty threats. Still, they didn’t want to get a special treatment from the hero either. Taking a step away from where the action was, the grunts got ready to flee the scene. They wouldn’t be going to prison. Not today.

The people held hostage seemed relieved to see the Number One Hero arrive. The screams stopped and the people focused on the situation at hand. Some even took out phones to snap pictures with. It wasn’t every day you got to see heroes so close and in action at that.

“It’s alright now! Why? Because I’m here!” All Might did his trademark smile and a pose for the audience, “What’s this? I’ve never seen a Quirk like this. Interesting.”

All Might stepped to inspect the Villain Aizawa had caught. He circled around a couple times,
humming and nodding to himself.

“You making fun of me, you jerk?” the man growled, “Fight me like a man! I don’t know about you but I’ll crush you with one finger!”

“B-Boss!” the other tried to stop the man but he had clearly made his minds already. He would fight this hero in front of him, no matter who he was or what people said about him. He had always had trouble with his temper. He’d always go after people bigger than him, challenging them to a fight. He usually won but this time he didn’t have his Quirk on his side.

“Shall I do the honors?” All Might ignored the man, turning to Aizawa instead.

The raven head just sighed, nodding his head, “Go on but I won’t clean up after you.”

“I try not to make a mess. Promise”, All Might shrugged, “The police can take care of it if that happens.”

“They’re not here to clean up after you, bonehead.”

“Don’t ignore me! Fight me!” the Villain screamed, trying to break loose from his restrains.

“As you wish”, All Might gave him a good smack on the head, knocking the man unconscious.

The Villain crumpled onto the floor alongside his grunts’ courage.

As All Might flexed his hands and cracked his knuckles, it almost looked like half of the Villains in the shop were ready to piss their pants. Their legs shook like leaves in the autumn wind. They were sure to miss their mother and apologize to them for ending up in this situation.

Aizawa secured the big shot before joining the blond, giving the group a death glare as he stopped next to his roommate. His grin didn’t help either. It was really creepy. Unnatural even.

“We’re in a bit of a hurry here. Let’s get this over with”, Aizawa put his goggles on and took out a pair of caltrops.

The people captive got to escape as the Villains were too busy trying their best to protect themselves. They ran away from the shop and into the mall’s halls. The security guards would help them from that point on. They were all safe now. Shaken but safe and alive.

Only some had sustained minor injuries as the Villains had handled them quite roughly. There were only bruises and a couple cuts. There would be no need for hospital treatment. An ambulance was called just in case though. The people were in shock and would need a professional to effectively calm them down.
The police arrived only a couple minutes after, putting the rest of the group in handcuffs.

“Thank you so much for your hard work!” one of the officers came to thank the two.

Aizawa and All Might were helping the police, making sure that none of the Villains tried anything stupid. Their presence alone was enough to make them docile enough so that they just walked into the waiting car in a pretty line.

“It’s nothing!” All Might smiled, shaking the man’s hand.

“You should train the guards more to respond to situations like these. There won’t always be a professional hero to take care of all your criminals for you”, Aizawa mumbled. He wasn’t being mean. He was simply a man of logic and high expectations. He helped in his own way.

“Yes. Of course”, the officer nodded nervously. He had seen and talked to the hero in front of him many times before. They were like old acquaintances. Aizawa had seen him getting promoted many times. The officer believed that it was all thanks to the feedback he was always sure to get from the hero. He always listened and would follow it through. Thanks to that, he was now in charge of training the new recruits.

“Good”, Aizawa nodded, patting the man’s shoulder as he walked past, “See ya.”

All Might and Aizawa thanked the police and finally got to leave the scene. They promised to come to the station to share information on the heist later. It was something the heroes had to do. The information might lead to the capture of more Villains or just help the officers be prepared for a similar situation in the future.

A hero’s wage also depended on the report. There were actually many details that made up the payment. It was like any other job. You’d have to tell your boss what you did if you wanted to get paid. In this situation it was the heroes reporting back to the government.

The two heroes ran back to the benches where they had left Izuku with the Bakugou family. They felt so guilty leaving their little boy alone like that without explaining any details. Izuku must’ve thought that they had abandoned him or something. The adults had already noticed the early signs of separation anxiety in the boy and would have to do something about that later.

The disguises had been put on again. Aizawa hadn’t actually undone his braid. He had had it on throughout the whole heist. He had looked fabulous.

“Izuku!” All Might shouted as he spotted the boy.

Izuku perked up when he heard the voice call him. He recognized it right away and ran to the two men, jumping right to All Might’s open arms.

The group had been playing. Well, two had been playing and one had been forced to join.

Katsuki Bakugou still couldn’t understand how Izuku had just popped out of nowhere. It also did
help how the younger boy was now trying desperately to befriend him. Izuku still didn’t understand that it was useless. Katsuki didn’t want to be his friend. Izuku was way too lame.

Yet there he was, playing Pat-a-cake and other clapping games with his mother and the lame Izuku. Worst of all, the moss head really seemed to enjoy it. Katsuki couldn’t do anything since his mother was constantly keeping an eye on him. She was scary enough to keep him from trying anything.

“Sorry it took so long! Did you have fun with Bakugou? What were you two playing there?” All Might bombarded the poor boy with questions, squeezing him into a huge bearhug.

Izuku was turning blue by the time the man let go.

“Pattycake!” Izuku told him, “And some other ones too! What did you do? Did you beat up the Villains?”

“That’s not the name”, Katsuki mumbled and got smacked gently onto the head by his mother thanks to that remark. If Izuku said that it was pattycake, it would be pattycake.

Aizawa and All Might shared a look.

“N-Not really”, All Might explained, “We were helping the people evacuate. The police took care of the bad guys.”

Aizawa nodded. That was exactly how it happened.

Mitsuki stared at the two, doubt clear in her eyes. She had clearly already recognized the two.

“Wasn’t that nice of you”, she smiled, keeping her eyes on the two all the while.

“O-of course!” both All Might and Aizawa agreed. The woman was really scary.

“I gave Izuku my number. You better call me so that we can arrange a playdate or something”, Mitsuki told them as they were leaving the mall.

There would’ve been shopping to be done still but neither group thought that it would be necessary anymore. They could always come back later and finish what they had begun. At least one of them was happy with that decision. Katsuki wouldn’t have wanted to come shopping in the first place.

All Might kept nodding, gathering all the bags they had with them into his arms.

Aizawa was again carrying the plush toy. He was also holding Izuku’s hand, who had wanted to walk this time. All Might would’ve wanted to carry him and was sad when his offer had been denied.

“What about daycare? Where is Izuku going?” the woman continued.

“He isn’t going yet”, Aizawa admitted.
He and All Might had checked out a couple already though and the boy would hopefully be beginning in a daycare in a month or two. They’d have to get Izuku evaluated first and they would then begin to think which daycare was the best for them. It would surely make everyone’s life a bit easier. All Might and Aizawa could return to work and Izuku could begin to make friends and learn new things.

Mitsuki was clearly confused with the answer she got. She had thought that the boy would surely be in daycare already. Her Katsuki would soon graduate.

“I’ll give you the address to Katsuki’s daycare. It’s real nice and the workers there are true pros”, she decided, taking out her notepad and quickly scribbling down a couple numbers and the address, “There. I’m sure they’ll take Izuku in even in the middle of the semester. No worries. I can talk to them too.”

“Thank you so much. This will be a huge help”, All Might agreed, pocketing the note making sure that he’d find it later. They’d really need to look into that daycare. Izuku would already have a friend there, making so many things that much easier.

“Alright, we better get going already. We’ve taken up enough of your time”, Mitsuki was finally done. She took Katsuki’s hand and begun walking to her car.

“I’ll see you later! Take care, Izuku”, she waved as they went. Katsuki gave a half-assed wave as well, not even looking to their direction.

“You really didn’t punch the Villains?” Izuku asked once more, “Not even a little bit?”

“I am not a pro. I can’t do such things”, All Might laughed. He sounded rather awkward. He really wasn’t a good liar at all. He had always been taught to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. He could hardly even tell an innocent white lie without making it seem obvious.

“I think we should get something for tonight’s dinner”, Aizawa finally butted in, saving his roommate. He had waited as long as possible, enjoying the despair on the blond’s face.

“What would you like to eat?” he asked Izuku.

“Anything is fine”, the boy replied.

Both the adults sighed.

Small steps. Very small steps.

Chapter End Notes

Is it just me or are the chapter longer the longer I take to write them? Must be my imagination.
I had to post this chapter today. I just still feel bad for not updating so often. I'd like to update at least twice a week but I just haven't had the inspiration to do so. Sometimes I don't have the time, this time I didn't have the power and inspiration. It has been hot lately now that summer finally arrived. I don't take the heat that well so that is a thing as well.

I will go up to north this Sunday to take my final entrance exam for this year. I won't take my laptop with me so there won't be any writing for those days. I will return later next week and I hope that I'll get something done before leaving so that I can update on Friday or Saturday that week.

Thank you again for having patience with me. I hope you liked this chapter though it wasn't anything special. I will try and answer your comments while I'm not able to write.
Izuku has to go get a check-up. It's very unclear who is the most nervous about it.

The rest of the evening went by in a flash.

The morning’s shopping and then afterwards the evening’s attack had left all three feeling dead-tired.

Especially Aizawa was affected. His eyes were irritated after having used his Quirk for so long. The drops didn’t seem to be doing much either.

If the two heroes had had any energy left after duty, having to deal with Mitsuki Bakugou had drained them of that as well. The woman was spicy, ready to explode at any minute. She had kept glaring at the two men the whole time they had talked, doubt clear in her eyes. Her other hand was always in her pant pocket and Aizawa had spotted a phone in the hand. She had definitely been ready to call the police right there and then and report the two suspicious males. She must’ve thought that they had kidnapped Izuku.

Aizawa and All Might would explain the situation to her eventually. When the woman was more willing to actually listen to the voice of reason and not jump to conclusions so quickly. They hoped that they wouldn’t need to explain anything to the police before that.

The whole situation made the two heroes feel like they were diffusing a bomb or something. One wrong word and the mother would report them to the officers. Of course the two males had nothing to worry about. But as legal as the adoption was, there was no stopping the rumors from spreading. They also didn’t want the situation to affect Izuku in any way and cause him more trauma. The little one had already gone through enough.

The trio went to get some ingredients for dinner. The bell chimed as they walked into the small shop and the clerk behind the counter welcomed them with a small bow and a smile.

The dinner would be something really quick to make yet something homemade. Aizawa wouldn’t buy anything readymade for the little child. Those lacked the vitamins and minerals a growing boy needed and often had everything useless, even harmful added into them.

Aizawa had went through mountains of cooking books during Izuku’s stay in the hospital. He had a notebook where he would write the recipes in, as well as count the calorie intake and other such information. Having been starved for so long, the doctor had given them strict orders hoping to try and make up for the past. It was clear that Izuku was short for his age but there was no telling how much the situation had affected any other things like the brain’s development. That would remain to
be seen in the future.

All Might had already tried to dump a bunch of frozen meals into the cart but Aizawa had stopped him, giving him a stern glare as he pointed the man to put them back to where they had come from. They wouldn’t eat fish fingers and French fries for dinner. Such foods were reserved for special occasion or as treats and were to be eaten no more than once a week. And preferably when they did eat food like that, they’d go out to eat and have a fun family event.

Izuku sat in the cart’s child seat the whole time, watching the colorful food packages and trying to read everything he could see. He got to help Aizawa pick out the vegetables and weigh them for the price. He even pressed the number and stuck the price tag onto the plastic bag. Izuku was thrilled. He hadn’t pressed any wrong button and Aizawa had praised him after doing so well. He’d get to pick out one item from the candy isle when they pulled to the cash register. He picked a chocolate bar and shared it with both All Might and Aizawa despite the two telling him to eat the whole thing himself since it was his treat.

Aizawa dug out the keys from his pocket and opened the door to the apartment. There was mail on the floor. He picked those up and kicked off his shoes before walking into the kitchen with the shopping bags. The mail was mostly bills and ads, nothing interesting or new. Aizawa sighed as he put those onto the counter. He’d deal with those later.

Izuku followed the raven head, carrying a shopping bag himself. The boy had wanted to carry something too and All Might had packed him a very light one. It had a pack of cereal and a loaf of bread in it. Izuku tried to push the bag onto the counter but just simply couldn’t reach it. Aizawa helped by lifting him up so that he could place the bag on there. The man thanked his little helper and told him to go play in the living room while he’d figure out what they would eat.

Izuku ran back into the living room and All Might sat him down onto the sofa and put the TV on before going into the boy’s room to put away the clothes and toys. It was a good thing that they had bought a big dresser for the room. If the things continued like this, there would be many more clothes to come.

Izuku was given the remote to switch between the channels. He settled on a cartoon and took a pillow to lean onto. He yawned, smacking his lips afterwards. His eyelids felt heavy like lead.

The Godzilla plush sat next to him on the sofa, its beady eyes staring at the screen as well. It almost seemed to enjoy the show.

All three went to bed after the dinner.

They washed their teeth together in the bathroom. All Might kept teasing Aizawa all the while they did so. He nudged the raven head when he tried to put his eyedrops in and gurgled his mouthwash very loudly before spitting it out in the sink just as Aizawa was about to wash his face. Aizawa didn’t seem too thrilled but Izuku laughed from the toilet seat he was sitting on. That simple fact made the man forgive All Might. Though he’d definitely get his revenge later.

It was still fairly early but the family were just too tired. They could wake up a bit earlier the next
morning to make up for the lost time.

Izuku would have to go see the doctor tomorrow too, before lunch. The doctor wanted to check on the injuries and possibly change the meds if there was enough progress made. It would also have to be seen if the burn on the cheek needed any more treatment like a surgery or stitches. The area was already closing up, leaving a light pink scar. It hadn’t gotten infected thanks to the careful and daily treatment by Aizawa. All Might had tried to help but only ended up getting the gauze stuck into his hands and just generally made a mess.

All Might and Aizawa put Izuku to bed, tucking him in carefully. The figures were still on the foot end of the bed. The new plush got to sleep right next to Izuku under the covers. Falling asleep, the boy’s arms went to hug the lizard’s neck automatically. He smiled as the two adults stroked his hair. One of them even kissed his forehead but Izuku couldn’t tell which one it was.

“Roar”, a faint voice made its way into Aizawa’s dream.

“Roar!” there it was again followed by a rustling sound. It was louder this time, full of passion.

Aizawa slowly turned his body facing the other way. He wanted to sleep some more. Some monster wasn’t going to get him to rise from the comfort of his sofa and sleeping bag.

The roaring stopped for a while. Now there was some whining before everything went silent.

Aizawa smiled to himself. He was one of those people who couldn’t stand any alarm. He had tried everything. Those that ran away, those that emitted light and those that were just simply loud. None of them had had the wanted effect. Of course, Aizawa had woken up but he had had headaches and had been tired even after a good sleep. Few of those alarm clocks had met their end by his hands as well, being smashed or thrown after they had dared to wake him up. There was a visible dent in one of the living room walls now thanks to that.

To this day, All Might and Aizawa still searched for the perfect alarm for the latter. For now, Aizawa used his phone’s alarm. He wouldn’t dare to throw that so easily.

Aizawa was just about to fall back to sleep, snuggling deeper into his pillow. It was nice and warm. It was that perfect moment you had on those mornings you knew you would need to wake up. The bed’s embrace seemed just too strong to resist. Five minutes more. No, ten more.

The attacker didn’t agree. They clearly didn’t understand the call of the bed. Maybe they were unaffected.

“Omph!” Aizawa felt a weight on his stomach. The attacker had jumped right onto his lower stomach, full weight and all. It knocked Aizawa’s breath out, leaving him gasping for air. Hey, at least he was awake and fully alert now. This might be his new alarm from now on.

“Rawr! It’s Gogozilla!”

Aizawa should’ve guessed it. The attacker was little Izuku. The boy must’ve woken up early again.
and decided to come and see what the adults were doing. All Might would’ve been impossible to wake up so Izuku must’ve come to the living room instead.

“It’s Godzilla, Deku”, the raven head mumbled. He would’ve usually been mad at someone waking him up but he couldn’t stay mad for long when the culprit was dressed in a cat onesie and happened to be Izuku.

All Might had missed the size completely. The onesie was a size or two too big for the boy and the sleeves hung over the chubby hands. That just made it all look even more adorable. Aizawa would make sure to sneak a photo later.

Izuku was lying on top of Aizawa’s stomach. The huge plush toy had fallen onto the floor. His huge green eyes were locked with the man’s. They were like pools of water, green water. Aizawa had read from somewhere that the eyes were the mirrors to the soul but this pair were more like literal mirrors. They only reflected Aizawa’s face in them. You couldn’t see what the boy was actually thinking.

“Slept good?” Aizawa asked as he lifted his body up, taking the boy with him. They rose to sit on the sofa. The hero zipped the sleeping bag open, letting Izuku slip in before he closed it again. The plush didn’t fit in with them. The two had tired but had failed terribly. The lizard would have to settle with a guarding duty this time.

“Hm!” Izuku nodded. His curly hair bounced with his head.

“Good. I slept well too”, Aizawa eyed the clock on his phone. It was still early. Not as early as last time but still not a time Aizawa would’ve preferred. He would need to talk about this with All Might. If the boy continued waking up at random times like this, they might have a problem. It could be completely normal for a child Izuku’s age but it could also be yet another manifestation of his trauma.

The two watched the early morning news together. Nothing special had happened during the night. The weather would be good but not perfect. There was a small chance of rain but it would only be a drizzle.

The two sat in a comfortable silence for about an hour before both their limbs were getting numb and tired. Izuku rubbed his feet in order to get the blood moving again. He didn’t like the tingling feeling. He rubbed Aizawa’s as well just to be fair.

“What would you like for breakfast today?” Aizawa asked as he noticed Izuku slither around in the sleeping bag, grunting as the tight fit made it hard to do so. It would be the time to stand up and face the new morning.

All Might felt a déjà vu as he stepped into the kitchen.

Aizawa was by the stove, cooking what appeared to be eggs and sausages. Izuku was seated by the table. He was arranging the silverware next to the plates and glasses already in place. The old radio was on, playing a quiet tune.

“Good morning!” All Might smiled as he sat next to Izuku, “What’s for breakfast?”
“Morning”, replied the two.

“Toast, eggs and sausages”, Aizawa told him, “There’s a plate of veggies in the fridge to go with that. Take it out and put it onto the table.”

“Mine are shaped like octopuses!” Izuku added.

“Why aren’t mine?” All Might whined but did as he was told.

“It’s because you’re an adult. Try and act like one. I bet I’ve told you this several times before”, the raven head replied, not even bothering to turn to look at the blond.

On the plate All Might had taken out were sliced cucumber and tomatoes with some salad. Aizawa was clearly trying his best to make sure that there were greens on each and every meal they had, even when it was something as simple as breakfast.

Izuku kept glaring at the sliced cucumber even when Aizawa joined the two, putting down a plateful of eggs and sausage. He gathered a serving for both himself and Izuku, putting the boy’s plate in front of him before making his own.

“Izuku, what is it? Is something wrong?” All Might asked, noticing the discomfort.

“Do pickles make cucumbers? I don’t like pickles”, Izuku mumbled as he took a slice and inspected it meticulously. He smelled it, confused that it didn’t smell like vinegar. It actually didn’t have a smell at all.

All Might smiled. The boy just could be so innocently adorable at times. Of course, there was a dark side in this confusion as well. It seemed that Izuku didn’t know what a fresh cucumber looked like. He had only seen the preserved kind. It was obvious though. There was no way a fruit or vegetable could stay fresh and edible in the poisonous environment which the Midoriya’s had been. All Might had only spotted a single apple during their visit and it too had looked like an old man’s face, having been forgotten.

“No. It’s the opposite”, Aizawa seemed to have an endless patience with the boy, “Cucumber makes pickles. Try one. They taste totally different. Just a little bite. You don’t have to eat it all if you don’t like it. As long as you try everything.”

Izuku stared at the slice. He had brought it closer and closer to his mouth before he finally stuck it in. He put the whole thing in. No single bites or anything like that. It was all or nothing.

The adults looked at the boy as he chewed. There was confusion written all over his face. It earned a smile from the two.

“It doesn’t taste like anything!” Izuku exclaimed, taking another slice and sticking it into his mouth as well, “Why doesn’t it taste like anything?”

“Cucumber is 95 percent water”, Aizawa explained. He loved that he could finally put his knowledge to use. He had read that from a magazine one day and thought that it was cool. He often read random facts from the internet, hoping that he could use them. Finally, his powers were coming to good use.

Both Izuku and All Might’s mouths were shaped like the letter ‘o’ as they stared at the plateful of
veggies.

‘Don’t you look so amazed. You’re an adult!’ Aizawa glared at All Might who seemed just as excited as the boy was.

The trio washed the dishes together before getting ready to go out.

Izuku would have to visit the hospital today. The doctor had called them before to tell that he had found a great psychologist in the same building. He knew them from back when he had been studying. The woman was great at what she did and specialized in treating children. She had had a couple special children’s classes in the past before moving to work for the hospital. Of course it would be Izuku who ultimately decided whether the woman was good or not.

“Are you going to wear that to the hospital?” Aizawa had to ask as Izuku came from his room still dressed in the onesie from the morning.

The man wasn’t only worried about the looks they would give but the outfit might be a bit too warm for the weather as well. Izuku seemed determined and nodded. He had packed his backpack as well and was ready to get going already.

Aizawa glared at All Might as he joined. The disguise was as stupid looking as ever. But that wasn’t the point this time, he needed the man to support him and kindly tell the boy that an onesie wouldn’t do. If Aizawa himself told the boy that, he would make it sound wrong no matter how he did it.

“Izuku wanted to dress himself today”, Aizawa told him as he helped Izuku tie the laces of his shoes. The boy would either need to learn to tie laces or they’d have to buy him a pair with Velcro straps.

All Might nodded with a thumbs up, “Looking great!”

He was already half out the door so he clearly wasn’t bothered with the situation.

Aizawa sighed and took out his sunglasses. Guess Izuku would be wearing a onesie to the hospital then. The man was hoping that the check-up would go well at least.

They took All Might’s car once again. This time, Izuku got drive shotgun. He was seated on a kids’ seat, staring out the window excitedly.

“You’ll get sick”, Aizawa mumbled from the backseat.

He wasn’t driving this time. He couldn’t decide if it was a good thing or not. Of course, he didn’t need to drive the huge beast of a car but that also meant that he was alone in the backseat and that All Might would be driving. The raven head still couldn’t see how his roommate had gotten his license.

“And this isn’t America! Slow down”, he added to All Might who seemed completely obvious to the fact that they were always driving just a tad bit over the speed limit. At least the hero was a social driver.
“No worries!” All Might laughed, his voice booming in the car, “My baby will keep us safe. She’s a great ride.”

“That’s not what I meant.”

Needless to say, Aizawa seemed to have aged years when the trio stepped out. He was breathing heavily and his legs were shaking. Not with fear for himself as much for the passenger in the front seat. Maybe letting All Might drive wasn’t such a good idea after all. He was a good parent but his driving skills left something to be desired. Aizawa would drive from now on if Izuku was in the vehicle.

Izuku ran into the building as All Might and Aizawa followed behind. The two adults were relieved to see that the boy didn’t seem to have any traumas connected with the hospital. They were hoping that it was really that way. There was still the check-up to come. Anything could change.

“Izuku!” the nurse behind the desk cheered as she spotted the boy.

She was one of the two nurses who had been assigned to the little Midoriya’s case. She was a fresh graduate and had been working as a nurse for about half a year. She wasn’t tall but not very short either. Her hair was a fluff of white. It was her Quirk. Her hair was cotton but grew like regular hair. The cotton could be harvested like the wool from a sheep. As a result, most of the hospital’s cotton came from her.

Aizawa checked the name tag on the nurse’s uniform. It read ‘Hitsuji Aimi’. At least the parents had a sense of humor.

“Good evening!” Izuku tried his best to reach the counter. There was a stool for the smaller patient but it wasn’t quite enough. The boy’s nose was just over the counter so that he could see the nurse.

“Evening. As polite as ever, I see”, the nurse smiled, “Here for a check-up?”

Aizawa and All Might caught up with their protégé and pulled out the documents needed.

“Thank you. You’re in room two just down the corridor there”, she pointed out, typing some things into the computer in front of her, “Here are some papers from the doctor. He would like you to take a good read through them before the meeting. Something about a psychologist or something.”

“Thank you. We’ll read those”, All Might smiled kindly as he took the rather thick stack from her.

Aizawa offered to read the papers and wait in the hallway.

Izuku would visit a nurse first who would take some vitals and a blood test for the doctor. All Might went in with the boy for support. The adults needed it as much as the boy did.

The nurse was the other one Izuku had become familiar with during his stay. The doctor really had thought the things through for the family.
The reaction from the woman was very similar to the one before. She seemed much more enthusiastic, or was just more eager to show it. Her colleague had been working at the desk after all. She would have to act a certain way when doing so.

“Izuku! Look at you in your adorable onesie! Can I have a picture later? Can I?” the nurse shook the boy’s hand furiously, trying her best to keep her excitement at bay. She did a poor job at that.

She was a bit taller than the nurse at the desk. She had a long orange brown hair that was tied to tight pigtails on the sides. Two stray strands of hair curled next to her cheeks. She would brush those off behind her ears but they would always come back.

What was more prominent was what the woman was wearing. She had a normal nurse’s outfit, a white dress design. She had black tights with an anatomically correct bone design on them. It looked like it could glow in the dark too. On top of the uniform was a blue X-ray vest. She had worn that before too and never taken it off during their stay. She also had thick gloves, which she sometimes switched to plastic ones when necessary. On her nose rested the glasses. The round lenses were so thick that you could hardly see her actual eyes.

She also had a Quirk much like her nurse friend. She had X-ray vision. It was unclear if the radiation affected her but she would’ve worn the protective gear all the same. In her own words, it made her look more professional.

On her name tag it said ‘Wakana Rei’.

Izuku was doubtful about the needle but otherwise he sat perfectly still as the nurse checked him over.

“I know the feeling. I was afraid of needles before too”, the nurse nodded, “It’ll sting just once. Be a brave boy for me, okay? I have some stickers in my desk drawer. Maybe I’ll give you one after this.”

Izuku tried his best to sit still as the blood was drawn. He had his eyes closed tight and squeezed All Might’s offered hand so hard that his knuckles turned white.

The Pro Hero seemed just as nervous if not more than the boy. He kept biting his nails. He was sweating too. The large man hated needles. Recovery Girl had made him get used to them but seeing one would always make him feel nervous all the same.

Watching the two, the nurse smiled to herself. The two really looked like a family. If she hadn’t known more, she would’ve seen them as a father and son. They sure acted like that, even more than some actual families.

“There we go! All done!” the nurse smiled as she was done with drawing the blood. Seeing how much stress it had caused the boy made her regret making the family go through such thing. But it had to be done, the blood could tell many things about the patient. She fetched a super hero bandage and a sticker from her drawer, hoping that those would make up for the previous.

Izuku got the sticker and watched the nurse carefully smooth out the bandage on the arm. He was told to wait outside until the doctor called them in. As he sat down to wait, Aizawa praised him too for being so brave. He revealed that he didn’t like needles either.
The three waited for about fifteen minutes before the doctor peeked his head out of the room opposite to the sitting group on the hallway.

It couldn’t have been a better timing as Izuku was getting more and more nervous by the minute. He kept stealing quick glances of the others in the hallway with them, his breath hitching from time to time. Especially when a woman or a kid would go past them, he would tense up. The boy was again squeezing All Might’s hand. The hero could feel the hands getting sweaty.

“It’s good to see you, Izuku. How have you been? Be honest with me”, the doctor gave all three a quick handshake before guiding them to their seats. Aizawa and All Might got the seats by the wall while Izuku sat next to the doctor’s desk.

Izuku climbed onto the seat, taking a good look at everything the doctor had on the desk. There was the stethoscope, a hammer and many other tools the boy couldn’t name. It was almost as if he hadn’t heard the doctor at first or he chose not to pay him attention in favor of exploring his surroundings. He glanced nervously at his caretakers before he finally sat down properly and faced the doctor now sitting down as well.

“Good”, was all he got out.

“Alright”, the doctor nodded. The answer had been short and vague but he wasn’t going to complain. They would move on the boy’s pace and with his rules.

He took out a wad of tissues and wiped his mouth. Drool was dripping down his chin and onto the floor.

The doctor threw the used tissues into the trash on the opposite side of the room. This Quirk always made him feel so untidy. He couldn’t help it though. His Quirk made him produce much more saliva than regular people. His mood also played a big role. When he experienced big emotions, he would drool more. He could control the drool’s Ph. If he had to, he could clean almost anything with his saliva. It was ethically questionable though and he did it only when absolutely necessary.

“What have you done during these past days?” the doctor asked, hoping that less vague questions would get less vague answers. Questions like these were easier to answer as they had an actual answer and you wouldn’t need to analyze your mood or such. The doctor thought that these types of questions would be easier for the nervous boy.

Izuku seemed interested in the charts and anatomy posters on the walls.

“We went shopping”, he finally mumbled, clearly deep in his own world. This would be something the psychologist ought to take a look at. Izuku’s thoughts seemed to wander and Aizawa and All Might had reported seeing the boy sitting up in his bed, staring at the wall in front of him. It was unnerving. The boy could do that for hours if you just let him. He usually stopped when someone got his attention, usually by touch.

“What did you buy?”
That seemed to get the boy to snap out of it. He had calmed down considerably since stepping into the room. The familiar doctor, his kind voice and questions must be to thank for that.

“I got a Go-Gozilla toy!” Izuku finally got the name right. He stumbled a bit though but got it in the end.

Aizawa was proud.

“Gozilla? I loved those movies when I was little!” the doctor exclaimed.

Positive feedback got Izuku to really get going, “And there were Villains! I didn’t get to see them but I met Kacchan and Mrs. Bakugou instead.”

“I heard about that in the news. It must’ve been really scary.”

The beginning of the check-up went more or less like that. The doctor would coax Izuku to speak, listening to whatever the boy had to say. It was a tip from the psychologist herself. She had taught him to engage the patients in free speech. During that, they would often tell things that were bothering them and help themselves go through and handle them.

Izuku was healthy all in all. His weight was still low and he was short for his age but those were to be expected after being starved for so long. His body would need more time to adjust and begin recovery.

The burn on the cheek was healing nicely. There was no signs of infection and a scar had begun to form already. The doctor showed the group a new, lighter way to bandage it in the future. Aizawa got a printed guide.

The rest of the injuries were almost all gone. Only some of the deepest bruises and cuts were still there but would surely soon disappear as well. The doctor gave them some more ointment for those.

The actual check-up was soon over and the group found themselves being walked to a different part of the hospital building by the X-ray nurse.

“Miss Hayden is really nice, honestly”, the nurse explained, her pigtails swinging back and forth as she walked. She had a notebook with her.

The notes contained the doctor’s and nurses’ notes of the patient. It would work as a base on which the psychologist could build her case on. She usually didn’t read the notes before the first meeting, only after it. She always wanted to start from a clean table. Had she read the notes, she would’ve had an impression of the patient already. It might cause the session to go to a certain direction and she didn’t want that. Everything in the sessions would go along the patient’s mood and needs.

Izuku’s initial nervousness seemed to have disappeared completely as the boy was currently holding the nurse’s hand, walking towards the psychologist’s room. It might also be that he didn’t understand what a psychologist actually did and what it meant to meet and talk to one. It was better to be
blissfully oblivious though. Aizawa and All Might didn’t want to explain to the boy that he was going to talk to a woman about his past abuse and terrible life. All Izuku knew was that he was going to talk to a nice lady who wanted to get to know him.

“Are you sure you’re going to be alright?” All Might asked.

The two adults looked like parents not wanting to let go of their child on their first day of school. No parents were allowed in during the first meeting, so the two would have to wait outside. They could be present in spirit. That didn’t help much with the adults’ nervousness.

“Hm!” Izuku nodded, “I’ll be back soon, okay? Don’t worry.”

“I’m not worrying”, Aizawa smiled awkwardly, “Go on. We’ll be right outside if you need us, okay?”

Izuku nodded again, letting the nurse open the door in front of him.

Chapter End Notes

I feel so bad for not updating last week. I got back home on Thursday and didn't have my laptop with me, so you can guess how that went. I didn't have anything to upload for you. It still pains me though. You were all so patient. Thank you so much for that.

The exams weren't really for me. As an artist, I take everything very slow. We had a max of four hours for a single piece of work and it had to follow strict rules about the theme and such. Needless to say, it didn't go that well. But everyone else were so good! It was a pleasure to watch them work. They really deserve the place if they get it. I wasn't even invited to the second part and had the last day of my trip free. Now I'll wait for the results from the second University I applied to. If I get in, I will one day graduate and become an English teacher. Ironically. My grandmother was actually an English teacher.

This chapter was originally like 2,000 words but I wanted to make it longer. The end didn't make any sense and I wanted to introduce the hospital staff a bit better. They play an important role, after all. If you wonder how I come up with all these names, I use behindthename.com. The doctor still doesn't have a name, so I'm up for suggestions! And yes, he has cleaned his equipment by putting it in his mouth. Just imagine him doing that in front of a patient.

The character named Hayden is actually a real person named Torey Hayden. She is a psychologist and a writer. Her books are both fiction and real. They help you understand both the mind of a sick person as well as the work of a psychologist. If you want a suggestion as to where to start, just ask. My favorite so far is ' Silent
Another book series I use to help me write these is Dave Pelzer's 'The Boy Called 'It' and the other books in the series. It tells the story of Pelzer and how he was abused as a child.

PS. I replied to all you comments but my internet hasn't been liking me these past couple weeks. If I didn't answer a question or you're not satisfied in some other way, please comment and tell me that and I'll see what I can do.
Dollhouse Blues

Chapter Summary

Izuku & the psychologist have their first meeting.
Some shadows loom over the room.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Midoriya Izuku watched the door close behind him. It made a soft sound as the lock clicked into place. Now he was truly alone. Aizawa and All Might, his heroes, were behind the large door. It was only six feet at most but it seemed like ten times that with the door in the middle.

The room wasn’t big but it wasn’t small either. A comfortable size you might say. The floor was that same weird plastic mat as the rest of the building. There were bookshelves and lockers lining the walls both full of everything from books to toys and games. The floor was mostly covered with different kinds of carpets. The largest one was a soft cream-colored one. A lone armchair sat in one of the corners, partly hidden by a divider. A large teddy sat on the chair with a blanket, its beady eyes staring at anyone else in the room. Whoever had designed the room had clearly had the comfort of the smaller patients in their mind.

In the middle of the room was a messy desk and two chairs. On one of them sat a woman. She was leaning onto her hand, an unreadable yet somehow very kind expression on her face.

She looked older than the two nurses Izuku knew. She also wasn’t dressed in a uniform. She had a loose white dress shirt combined with a navy-blue yoke-waist skirt which went well over the knees. Her black stocking-covered, crossed legs ended to a pair of moccasins she had on her feet, clearly meant more for comfort than style.

The woman smiled kindly, gesturing Izuku to sit down on the chair in front of her. Her curly hair slipped from behind her ears as she nodded her head. She quickly brushed it back, deciding to put the hair up in a ponytail instead of the same happening again later.

Izuku did as he was told and climbed up onto the chair. It took some time as the chair was a bit too much for the short boy. He huffed proudly as he finally made it. He then sat still as the two occupants of the room stared each other in a comfortable silence. When one didn’t say anything the other kept silent as well. It would’ve surely looked rather weird to an outsider had one entered the room at that moment.

But the psychologist was anything but silent. Her mind was going through the information the boy had already provided her with his body language. He was stiff, had been ever since entering the room. He had been very alert, his eyes skimming through the whole room before settling on her. Maybe it was the situation, maybe it was that the boy wasn’t comfortable with females in general. He had seemed okay with the nurses though but the he also knew them from before and knew that they wanted only good for him. The room must’ve also caused him some discomfort. It was a closed space and a safe hiding place would be very hard to find. From the desk, you could have a clean sweep around the whole room.
The psychologist took a breath to calm her thoughts before opening her mouth, “Hello.”

She didn’t want to ask anything just yet. Izuku might see it as an attack and shy away from her, even close himself. She would have to form a connection first and earn the boy’s trust.

Izuku had been stating at the many art supplies left on the desk. There were color pencils, finger paints and a huge roll of paper you could pull over the desk to turn the whole thing into a blank canvas. They were all mixed with the other papers. All in all, the desk needed a thorough cleaning. It didn’t give out the expression of a professional psychologist who was supposed to reside in the room.

“Hi”, the boy did a shy wave and even looked Hayden in the eyes as he greeted her back.

“Would you like to draw something?” Hayden asked, “I forgot to put those away. I had a really artistic kid in here before you. She always paints a picture for me when we meet.”

“C-Can I draw too? Miss?”

“Hayden. You can call me Hayden. No Miss needed. What can I call you?” Hayden asked, pleased with the quick progress they were making. She took the bucket of pencils and pulled out a fresh piece of paper from her pile of printing paper. They’d use that today. Too big of a canvas gave a child a sense of freedom but for children who were shy and in need on prompting, it could work as yet another trigger to stress them. A much smaller paper that they could fill and control would be much better.

“I have a table there. Would you like to use that one instead? You’d reach much better”, she added as she stood up and went to the armchair corner to take out a folded table. It was a kids’ table, much shorter than the work desk she had. She took two pillows out as well, throwing them onto the floor before opening up the table and setting it down as well.

Izuku stared at her sitting on the floor. He took the bucket and piece of paper, hopping down from the chair. He sat down on a pillow as well. He was seated right on the other side of the round table, as far away as possible from the woman.

“Go on. Draw something. You can draw anything you want”, Hayden told Izuku as she took a piece of paper as well. She would try and draw something as well despite having the skills of a left-handed monkey when it came to arts. It would make the boy see the action as something that was allowed and okay. Even the adult was drawing so he could do so too.

“Let’s see. I’ll pick blue. I really like blue”, the psychologist explained as she took the said colored pen out, “What color do you like?”

Izuku took the whole bucket and dug through it. He was clearly searching for a specific color. A specific shade even.

Finally, a small pencil stub emerged. It was bright red in color. Many other kids liked that one as well. It was sadly also the color of blood. Some of the most traumatized kids drew what they had seen in their past. Some drew them in such detail that it sometimes made the professional like herself
sick to the stomach.

“I think I’ll draw a bird”, Hayden hummed as she made the first line. She kept glancing at the other piece of paper and what it would become.

“Heroes!” Izuku was clearly focused on his paper.

His tongue peeked out of the corner of his mouth as he tried his best to make everything perfect. His hands weren’t that steady and the lines weren’t straight, often more like waves than a line. It was partly caused by the nervousness, partly because the hand wasn’t used to doing such things as drawing. Such detailed things were beyond Izuku’s nervous system. The nervous system created new highways as the body tired and learned new stuff. As Izuku hadn’t drawn much, the brain wasn’t ready for it. Training would be needed in the future if they wanted the boy to catch up to the others his age.

The two spent a long time drawing. The psychologist had put on some calming music with the permission of Izuku. There wasn’t much of a conversation but none was needed.

“I think it looks like a bird”, the woman tilted her head, turning the paper in her hands. She was terrible at drawing and the bird looked like something one of her young patients would do rather than an adult.

“It’s good”, Izuku nodded as he lifted his picture up for the psychologist to see. It was like show and tell.

“Who are these two?” Hayden got to hold the paper and she brought it closer to have a good look.

There were two red forms drawn on the paper alongside something that looked like flowers. The two characters both had huge smiles on their faces. They couldn’t be the ones who had hurt the boy. There was genuine love in the picture and in the way the boy had drawn the characters.

“My heroes!” Izuku exclaimed, “That there is Mr. Yagi and that one is Mr. Aizawa.”

The boy pointed out the characters to her, explaining that they were walking in a park.

“Why aren’t you with them?” a careful question, “I think they would be even more happy if you would be walking in between them right there. I heard that you bought some ice cream in a park before.”

Hayden made a point by putting her finger where she thought that they boy would go if he was drawn into the picture as well. She had heard that fact as she had spoken with Aizawa on the phone.

“No”, Izuku mumbled, taking back the picture and placing it in front of him on the table. He carefully smoothed out the slightly crumbled edges. He was going to give this to his guardians and they would put it onto the fridge’s door where they could see it every day. The two adults would surely like it. Izuku had made it all by himself, after all. It would also be the first thing he would give to them.

“Can you explain to me why not?” she kindly asked. She had had a notebook on her lap this whole
time. She had a page of text on there already considering the patient sitting in front of her. Izuku himself hadn’t noticed that at all. He had been too focused with his own work to notice the woman taking any notes.

“I don’t want to”, Izuku’s lower lip came out. He was beginning to pout a bit, clearly unhappy with something. Maybe it was the situation itself or maybe it was the answer to the question asked before.

“Could I draw you there then?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t belong there”, the boy finally mumbled and pointed to the picture, “Look. They’re all happy. A happy family. I’m not a part of their family. Father is my family.”

Hayden sighed. These kinds of lost souls always made her feel so bad about the world. Why did the prettiest children always have the most terrible lives? She just never could understand that.

“Izuku. Come here. Come sit on my lap, would you?” she carefully suggested, making space for the boy to crawl onto. She moved slowly not to make the boy nervous or anything. He had calmed down enough to be somewhat comfortable with her but it was unclear if he was ready for contact like that.

Izuku stared at her for a while. The he slowly crawled onto the other side of the table and onto the woman’s lap.

He wasn’t calm at all. It felt almost as if you were holding a stone statue. His body was rigid and his breath came in short huffs of air. Those could escalate to a full-blown panic attack if the boy didn’t calm down soon.

“Of course you’re their family. Why would you ever think any otherwise?” Hayden whispered as she begun to slowly move her hand through the curly green locks of hair. She hushed the boy as he sniffed a bit. There were no tears though. It was dry crying.

“Have you seen how they look at you? Have you heard how they speak with you? They really love you. They love you a lot. You’re very important to them both.”

“How can you know that?”

“I’ve spoken with them a couple times on the phone. I noticed that right away. You’re the most precious thing that has happened to them in a long time.”

“Really?”

“Really. Really. You should ask them if you don’t believe me”, she finally gently hugged the boy, bringing her hands around the small, frail body. She somewhat whished that she could wipe out everything bad the boy had ever gone through in his life with this simple gesture. To make the boy forget all that and believe that it was all over now. Izuku now had people in his life who cared about him. Who wanted him to be safe and to feel loved. She just wanted Izuku to understand all that.
Izuku and Hayden sat on the floor, rocking slowly back and forth. Hayden hummed some random tune from memory. It must've been from the car radio or something. The CD had stopped ages ago but neither cared.

“What do you see?” the psychologist asked, following the boy’s eyes as they traveled around the room. They had already flipped through two picture books that had been lying close enough on the floor. The boy had seemed to really like them, stopping to inspect every picture and detail. He had calmed down considerably during this time.

“The house”, Izuku pointed to a corner of the room.

There was indeed a house. A big dollhouse. Its purpose was to function as a mirror to the patients’ family life back home through the disguise of play.

“I have some great dolls for that. Would you like to play house with me?” Hayden suggested, lifting the boy on her lap up and placing him down on the floor on his feet.

“I don’t know how to play that”, Izuku mumbled. A finger had found its way into the boy’s mouth. He had taken a couple steps towards the house though. If nothing else, he seemed curious.

“Look here. Here’s the kitchen and the living room. Come look”, she went to the house, bringing a chair for herself, “Here. You can move the furniture. Do you want to build your own house? Where would you like the sofa to be?”

She knew she sounded stupid but talking simple like that made understanding her much easier. Many adults didn’t realize it but they could use some very difficult words when they spoke. Many kids couldn’t possibly understand language like that. You might as well speak Latin to them.

Izuku was now by the house. He had stuck his nose into the rooms, checking every crook and cranny. He took out every piece of furniture and everything else in the house and placed them next to the house into a neat pile.

Then he began to rearrange the whole house.

Hayden waited and observed. She sat quiet as Izuku eyed every piece before placing it down and then fixing its placement. Many of the items didn’t go back. The boy ignored them altogether. Many of the rooms in the house were ignored too. He only furnished around two or three of them, and those too very scarcely.

Hayden observed. Izuku showed no external signs of discomfort. He actually showed no emotion. He worked like a robot. Reconstructing a house only he knew. His house. His home.

Izuku finished the look by tearing up a napkin and scattering it all over the place.

“What is that?” the psychologist carefully asked, afraid that she’d break the boy from his trance. He was clearly going through something in his head right now.

“Trash”, Izuku mumbled.

He next took out the dolls. There were a family of four. A mother, father, daughter and son. There
were some additional humanoid characters in the box as well as a dinosaur for example. Some of the patients liked the animals better than the dolls. The dolls were too familiar of a shape.

The father and son went into the house. The others were put back into the box. Izuku placed the father onto the sofa and the son onto the floor in between the sofa and the TV.

“Can the mother come in too?” Hayden asked, putting the doll back into the house.

“No”, Izuku said, taking the doll from her hands and putting it back to where it had come from. There was something similar to anger in the movement though it didn’t show anywhere else. Only the strong squeeze of the hand showed the discomfort and trauma the boy had with the idea.

“Why not?”

“No mother.”

“Alright. It’s alright.”

Hayden watched the scene play out in front of her. Izuku liked to speak it seemed and quickly began narrating whatever he was doing with the house. She had the notebook and pen ready.

“Now he is mad. The boy went out even though he told no”, Izuku mumbled to himself, moving the doll in question towards the smaller doll, “He’ll hit him. He’ll hit him hard! A bad boy! Bad!”

Hayden had seen a theatrical show of a broken family and an abusive father. This was what usually happened with the dollhouse and just some simple prompting. The patients would play through their memories, their traumas. They usually didn’t even notice. Izuku’s word to word play was an extreme example. Usually the happenings back home showed through the play in subtle hints. This was what it meant to Izuku to play house.

“Now, now. That is quite enough. I think we should stop for today”, Hayden had to go in between the dollhouse and the boy still sitting in front of it, “I think your guardians are already waiting for you outside. You must be getting hungry too.”

Izuku snapped out of whatever trance he had been in with the mention of his two guardians. He glanced up to the woman and let her help him up. He took his backpack, putting it onto his back.

He seemed to already have forgotten the little play or then he hadn’t been affected by it at all.

The two sat down by the office desk again. They had some paperwork to do before ending the meeting.

Hayden also wanted to see how the boy would behave after this session. There had been quite a few strong emotions present. Izuku had gone through a lot today.

“Would you like to come see me again? We could paint something together. I have some clay too”, Hayden spoke as she typed something onto the laptop on the desk.

The boy nodded slowly, “Can I come again?”
“Of course! Is there anything you like to do?”

“Aren’t you busy? The doctors are always busy. There are a lot of sick people”, Izuku seemed more worried about her than himself. He didn’t answer the question either. She would have to ask the guardians. She really wanted to do something the boy would like.

“I’ll always have time for you.”

“How is that possible?”

“Magic”, the psychologist winked jokingly.

Izuku seemed to take that seriously. Well, this was a world of Quirks after all.

Hayden herself did actually have a Quirk. One that gave her supervision. She was a third or fourth generation though, so her superseeing limited to having very sharp eyes. It wasn’t too bad when you worked as a children’s psychologist though. She could spot the small changes in the patients’ expressions and demeanor better than most of her coworkers.

“How does next week sound like?” she asked after checking her calendar.

Izuku shrugged. He honestly didn’t know. He thought that it was okay though. He could come on his own if nothing else would work.

“I’ll ask your guardians then.

A nod. Yeah. Maybe that was good.

Aizawa was drinking coffee again. This was his second cup already.

Some people smoked when they were stressed, Aizawa drank coffee. When he wasn’t able to wrap up in his sleeping bag that is. Too much coffee and his stomach would ache so bad that he’d be bedridden for the rest of the day.

All Might was tapping his foot impatiently instead. He still didn’t drink coffee. The vending machine hadn’t had his favorite drink in it either.

Both of the adults sprung up as soon as the door made as much as a noise. They hadn’t been able to hear anything from inside the room. They had even tried listening by pressing their ears onto the door. Nothing.

They had been worried the whole time. They had had no idea how Izuku would take it all. He had seemed very stressed out before. Meeting an unknown woman was unlikely to make him feel any better.

“Izuku boy!” All Might took Izuku right into his arms as soon as the boy was out of the door. The hero gave him a tight squeeze, rubbing their cheeks together.
Aizawa was right next to them, checking to see if their little man was alright and well.

Their worries seemed to be for nothing. Izuku smiled as soon as he saw them and hugged All Might back with full force.

Hayden came to the doorway as well, smiling as she saw the scene in front of her. There was no question about it, these three really loved each other. No matter what the boy might think, there was no way that was true. Izuku Midoriya was an important family member to these two.

She decided right there and then. She would help the two adults with the adoption as much as she possibly could. It was for the child’s good as well. He needed a stable home environment as soon as possible so that he could begin the real healing process. After that they could begin learning the things the boy would have to learn.

“Are you getting hungry?” All Might smiled as he heard the boy’s stomach make a loud grumble, “What would you like to eat? We can go out somewhere.”

Aizawa gave the man a look. They would be eating out again? His wallet wouldn’t like this. They better be eating something else than hamburgers and fries this time.

Izuku nodded.

As the trio walked away the boy turned and gave Hayden a small wave and a bright smile.

It was enough to melt her heart.

Chapter End Notes

I'm both pleased and not with this chapter. I should've looked through it a couple more times before deciding to post it but I wanted to post twice this week. I'm pleased with how I wrote this chapter though. Minus the end. It is way too hurried. I admit that and am sorry about that.

We have over 10,000 hits on FF.net and almost 6,000 hits on AO3 already! Thank you so much. It's like a dream. I also feel like the comments and readers I have on this fic are the best ones I've yet had. There are frequent comments as well as ones that analyze and suggest their own theories. I loooove all my comments but those have a special place in my heart.

As I mentioned in the last chapter's notes, Hayden is based off of a real psychologist/writer whom I am a huge fan of. Check out her work if you need to write traumatized younger characters or a psychologist treating them in your fic.
A Loud New Face

Chapter Summary

An old face appears. Aizawa wishes that he had never left the house.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The small family ended up in a cozy family restaurant after about half an hour of driving around. While doing so, All Might and Aizawa shouted out names of places they passed or knew otherwise. After one had shouted a name of a place the other one would criticize it. It took twelve places before they were both happy. They really looked like an old married couple as they argued like that.

Izuku didn’t take part in any of it. He would nod or shake his head once or twice but nothing else. He didn’t know too much about these things so he’d let the adults decide. The only places he knew were the ones they had visited before. The burger place and the ramen shop as well as a bunch of ice cream booths. He was sure to be happy with whatever they decided. He was ready to try something new. Izuku instead focused on watching the colorful scenery pass by.

He watched the different buildings and the people go past in a blur. He tried his best to read the name of every shop and other businesses but failed. They were going too fast. Had they been walking he would’ve been able to do that for sure. Izuku chose to watch the people instead, their eyes locked to the small screens in their hands.

The boy could remember that his father had had one in the past too before he smashed it into a wall one night. He had been really drunk and a friend had insulted him through the thing. After that the phone had always been different. One of those that looked like a brick and could withstand almost anything.

Izuku didn’t understand the point in all that. So much was going on around them. The nature was beautiful and many people were outside. Why stare at a screen? It was surely dangerous too. What if you hit something or a car hit you? Izuku had decided. He would never get one of those things. Never. He would talk with real people and make a lot of friends like that.

The family restaurant wasn’t busy during this time of the day. Lunch hour had already ended. The meeting with the psychologist had taken a lot more than what everyone had expected. Not that it mattered. It was better to get things done well and at your own pace than to rush them. Especially in this situation. So the two adults decided not to mention anything about it to the youngest of the group. As far as he understood, everything was going like had been planned.

Being late was actually an added bonus. It wasn’t intentional but now that the two heroes thought about it, it was better that they had taken as long as they had. Izuku was still a bit edgy after the check-up and evaluation. He kept glancing around, playing with his hands nervously. A busy and noisy environment at this situation might’ve very well triggered a panic attack. The boy hadn’t had
Aizawa was pleased. He had a chance to introduce Izuku to yet another piece of Japanese food culture. This time it was pork cutlets and cabbage with a side of sauce and white rice. It surely wasn’t a health food but beat a hamburger any day. Aizawa had won the fast food giant. All Might would be eating pork cutlets whether he liked it or not. Too bad he seemed to like them. Aizawa actually didn’t know if there was a food the blond didn’t like.

All three got the same serving or pork cutlets. Izuku’s was half the size of the adults’ meal though since it was from the children’s menu. He’d get ice cream for dessert with that. He had a glass of milk with his meal.

The meat was already cut into clean slices as the plates arrived but Aizawa cut them up a bit more. Just in case. He also helped Izuku pour the sauce over the pieces.

When he noticed All Might smirking at them, him to be exact, the raven head made sure to give him a strong kick under the table. It confused Izuku why the man suddenly let out a yelp and jumped up. Aizawa just smirked back, taking a bite out of his food.

All Might in turn carefully put a tissue onto Izuku’s lap and around his neck. They had a washing machine back home but they would prefer to keep the boy’s clothes clean if that was in any way possible. Neither man loved washing clothes. The machine seemed to hate them too, so the feelings were very much mutual. It must’ve eaten at least three socks already, spitting out just single ones. Their white clothes had also been dyed pink once when a red T-shirt had found its way into the batch.

Izuku didn’t know how to use the chopsticks that had come with the meal. The restaurant had kindly provided them with something that looked like a mix between a fork and a spoon. A spork. But as always, Izuku was determined to mimic the adults and took the chopsticks instead.

“You hold them like this. Look. Just like you hold a pencil”, Aizawa tried his best to explain the way of the chopstick. It was useless. Izuku didn’t know how to hold a pencil properly either. He held them with a balled fist, especially when he colored with them. This explanation wouldn’t do.

While Aizawa explained, All Might fed Izuku so that the boy would get at least some of the food to end up in his mouth and not his lap or the table. Some of it was already there. It was good that the workers there were used to this and were very understanding of the family’s situation. They even offered them more tissues and in the end, training chopsticks.

Izuku accepted his defeat and took the plastic training sticks. They were more like tongs, connected at the end to help manipulate the closing and opening better.

Now they could finally eat. Both All Might and Aizawa let out a relieved sigh. They had hardly touched their meals yet and their stomachs were grumbling like a pair of wild beasts.

The group was just finishing their meal when something else got Izuku’s attention. He had been eating his ice cream one minute and the next he was staring into the distance. The spoon was left
hovering somewhere midway to the mouth. The ice cream slowly melted off, dripping onto the boy’s lap.

“Hey, hey? What is it young boy?” All Might waved a hand in front of Izuku’s eyes hoping to get his attention.

Izuku sometimes did this. He would stare into space for a long time. It was unnerving to watch. He hardly even blinked when he sat still and just stared at nothing. He must’ve been one of his only activities in his previous life. He would retreat into the world inside his mind and forget the bad things around him.

Apparently that wasn’t the case this time. Izuku turned to look at All Might and pointed at something on the other side of the diner. His eyes were sparkling like the night sky.

All Might followed the finger to a table. There was a lot of noise coming from there. Maybe that was what had gotten the boy’s attention. Izuku was quite sensitive to loud noises after all. But no, that wasn’t the case either. It was the occupant of that table that had gotten Izuku’s attention.

It was the Voice Hero Present Mic. He was in the middle of eating, a large bowl of rice and cutlets in front of him on the table. It was almost as if he was entertaining a crowd. He kept making comments and trying to get the audience to join in by shouting things like ‘Come on!’ and ‘Make some noise!’. Too bad the place was empty beside him, the three and the people working there. No one was interested in him.

Aizawa almost spit out his drink as he too noticed the Pro Hero. If he noticed them, he’d blow their cover for sure. The man wasn’t only loud. He also never seemed to think before he spoke.

All Might and Aizawa eyed each other nervously. They made distressed hand signals at each other, keeping a close eye on the other table and the hero sitting by it. Then they checked Izuku, who was still eyeing the man in awe. This situation wasn’t good. Not good at all.

It wasn’t a surprise though. The hero wasn’t even trying to hide. Mic hadn’t even bothered to switch his hero costume to a civilian one like everyone else usually did. He wasn’t bothered with the looks and the fans the slightest. Actually, he was happy when someone came to him. They usually preferred to stare from a distance for some reason.

Finally, Present Mic seemed to notice them too. His face lit up and he jumped up from his chair, almost knocking down the table as he did so. He ran to the trio’s table and shouted something. It was more like a mumble as his mouth was filled to the brim with food. He pointed at Izuku and then Aizawa before mumbling something again. He was making a scene. It was pure luck that there weren’t any others in the diner. The last people had left just minutes ago.

“Don’t talk with your mouth full. I still can’t believe that you’re almost thirty” Aizawa told the man, turning back to Izuku. He chose to ignore his former classmate in hopes that he would get bored and leave them alone. He felt sorry for whoever was in charge of the hero’s costume. The neck piece was dirty, rice stuck to the metal like glue. Mic clearly didn’t bother with the napkins the waiter so kindly had given him.

Tough luck. Mic seemed determined today for a change. He chewed loudly and swallowed, doing as Aizawa had told him. At least he seemed to listen.

“What’s with the kid?!” was of course the first thing he asked the two, “Whose kid is this?! Are you
cheating on me?!”

Aizawa sighed. He could already feel the headache he would get from this. He massaged his temples, closing his eyes. He hoped that when he opened them again, this man would be gone and they could eat the rest of their meal in peace.

Luck really wasn’t on Aizawa’s side today. Present Mic was still there when he opened his eyes and he was talking with his little Izuku.

“So Deku, what are you doing with these two? No, we’re more like coworkers. Though me and Sho-chan were classmates.”

“Coworkers?” Izuku tilted his head. You could almost see the gears turning in his head as he thought about the small, innocent sentence and its meaning.

“Co-Coworkers of course! That was a wild summer job wasn’t it, Yagi?! Was it ten years ago?” Aizawa jumped to cover Mic’s mouth before the man could answer anything else or even open his mouth. His tongue was so loose it was dangerous.

“Yeah! Sure was!” All Might nodded. He was standing behind Izuku’s back. He was holding a finger over his mouth. An universal sign to tell the other hero to keep his mouth shut.

The message seemed to get through to Mic and he nodded furiously. Maybe it was because the neck hold Aizawa had him in was making it hard for him to breathe. Either way, he understood not to continue with the topic and was let go. He massaged his neck, giving his old friend a glare. That had hurt! What was that for?

Izuku had stared at the hero this whole time, his eyes huge like dinner plates. A Pro Hero, there, right in front of him. He could hardly contain his excitement as he watched the adults have their mute conversation. He just thought that they were remembering the old times or something, not in the middle or a heated argument like they actually were.

And then it began, the information flood. Izuku mumbled on and on, finally getting the adults’ attention as well. All three turned to listen to the boy, still seated unlike them, spurting out facts that even they couldn’t remember knowing.

“I really did that? I can’t really say I remember”, Mic shook his head as he listened, “Your boy here is like a walking encyclopedia or whatever they call those.”

“He really likes heroes if you somehow managed to miss that”, Aizawa mumbled, lifting Izuku up onto his arms in hopes of getting the waterfall of words to stop. He bounced him up and down like you would do with a baby.

Mic nodded, “Yeah. Kinda hard to miss that.”

“I bet you already know who I am, but my name is Present Mic. I’m a Pro Hero”, Mic decided to introduce himself all the same, giving Izuku his hand to shake.

But Izuku didn’t shake the hand in front of him, instead he nodded his greeting, “Deku.”
The fingers were already in his mouth. He was chewing them. Aizawa pulled them out but they would go back soon. Maybe it was better that he didn’t shake the hero’s hand. It would’ve been coated in drool and that would’ve been awkward to both sides.

Physical contact was still somewhat of a taboo to the little boy. People he knew could touch him almost freely but anyone else would have to ask. Even after politely asking and explaining their motives they were not likely to be allowed. It was like Izuku had a bubble around him where only the people he trusted the most were allowed to enter. Everyone else he ignored, even avoided.

But this meeting with an actual hero had dragged yet another interesting persona out of him. The two adults had seen glimpses of the fanboy Izuku could be, but never to this extent. Izuku looked like he could pass out at any time. His eyes were sparkling and his cheeks were bright red. His breath came out in short huffs which unnerved the two. It was close to a panic attack level of breathing without actually being one. His movements were very quick but awkward. It was like he was a robot still trying to learn how to move like a human.

“So cool!” Izuku finally managed to get out.

Until now he had just echoed something he had heard or read about Present Mic and heroes in general. It was like a spell or something. When he didn’t know what to do, he repeated information. He did that in a low mumble, mostly inaudible to others. All Might and Aizawa would have to mention that when they’d meet the psychologist later this week. They’d had a meeting just for the guardians. She would tell them tips and information and they would tell her of their concerns and problems so far.

“I know right?! Who would’ve thought? Meeting a hero in a place like this!” Mic spread his hands overdramatically. The volume of his voice was already increasing. Aizawa would have to put an end to it before it went too high. It could damage Izuku’s ears.

Izuku nodded his head so furiously it could’ve fallen off. All Might seemed worried that was exactly what would happen. He gently stopped the movement by putting his hand over Izuku’s head and holding it there for a minute or two, carefully massaging the scalp. He tried his best not to use any of the strength he was so known for. He could’ve hurt his little protégé otherwise. Aizawa would’ve surely killed him too if he did as much as ripped a hair out of the boy’s head. That wouldn’t be an easy death either but a slow and painful one.

“So he will be living with you from now on?” Mic eyed the boy in disbelief. He had just now spotted the injuries he had and the very visible bandage on his cheek. He could somewhat guess the boy’s background from those. He had been a hero long enough to know the sings.

Aizawa just nodded. He still had Izuku in his arms. The boy was nodding off, having tired himself with the whole fangirl thing. Aizawa’s arms were respectively falling asleep. He wouldn’t hand the boy over to All Might though. His pride would never forgive that.

“We’re still getting the paperwork done. But yeah, when that all is over”, All Might explained. For once, he was the one doing the explaining.

Mic let out a loud sigh, facepalming, “You really think you can take care of a damaged child like
him? I’m not one to say anything, of course, but I just get the feeling that you’ve bitten way more
than you can chew. As a friend, I’m worried.”

“Don’t talk about Deku like that”, Aizawa glared. He knew that it was true but still.

“We appreciate the concern. I don’t even know when we decided that we would do this. All I know
is that we will do it though. I’ll punch anyone who tries to stop me!”

“I understand what you mean. Just please don’t actually punch anyone. You’ll send them all the way
to America for sure”, Mic nodded. His hands were up in surrender.

Then he suddenly laughed a bit.

“But really, who would’ve thought? The Shota I know would’ve never even mentioned a child
much less taken care of one. I remember when we were forced to take care of some distant relative’s
kids once. You looked like you were ready to murder the whole bunch and present their rotting
corpses to their parents afterwards.”

Aizawa just shrugged at that and All Might’s terrified expression, not even blinking. The blond
suddenly didn’t want Aizawa to hold the boy.

“But I’m happy to see you like this. I think I actually saw a little smile there too”, Mic smiled too,
“It’s funny. It looks so natural. And here I thought that I had seen every side of you there was. Guess
I was wrong.”

Aizawa didn’t know if he was talking about the smile or the boy and the magic of parenthood. Either
way he decided to shrug once more.

The three talked for some more before they decided that it would be better if they head back home.
The day had been a busy one and Izuku had already fallen asleep. Taking a nap on someone’s arms
couldn’t be good for anyone’s neck. Izuku would have to be put to his bed or even the car.

“Could I catch a ride?” Mic asked as All Might buckled Izuku into his seat.

Aizawa was in the driver’s seat just as he had threatened. He was currently trying to get the seat to
bend to his will. It was way too far and low for him. The mirrors and steering wheel would be next.

It was raining just as the forecast had told. And it wasn’t a small shower either. Large droplets fell on
the car’s windshield with a loud splat. It wouldn’t be a surprise if they’d hear thunder too.

“Where to?” All Might asked.

“To your place?” Mic knew he was trying his luck.

“Why?” Aizawa asked in turn.

“What do you mean why? You got an adorable little boy without telling me a thing! I think it’s only
fair that I get to hear some facts. I want to get to know my boy!”
“He isn’t yours”, the raven head mumbled, “I don’t know where you even got the idea.”

In the end, Mic got a ride. He sat next to All Might in the back. Izuku and Aizawa were in the front.

All Might carried Izuku all the way to their apartment. He was still asleep when they arrived and no one had the heart to wake him up. He looked like a cute little kitty when he cuddled to the hero’s muscular arms. The costume made the look perfect. Even Mic sneaked a picture.

“So, what do you want to know?” Aizawa asked as soon as they had put the boy to bed. Straight to business.

“Whoa, whoa! What’s with the rush, darling? And don’t give me those eyes”, Mic brought his hands up in surrender. He sat onto the sofa, pissing Aizawa off even more. It was his precious sofa.

“I want you out as soon as possible, that’s what is up.”

“Always so cold!” Mic smiled, “But really, why adopt a child?”

“Aizawa and All Might looked at each other, waiting for the other to come up with a good explanation. There was a long silence. Neither could really tell why. Had it been instinct? A hero’s call of duty? Neither of them had even thought about adopting much less beginning a family. Why the change now?

“How did you meet?” Mic asked. His expression had softened. He could see the two struggling.

“I met him”, All Might mumbled, “He was being bullied and I happened to be there. We ended up talking and guess I was smitten.”

“I met him much later. He looked terrible. His clothes were a mess. He didn’t even have shoes on. His skin looked brown with all the dirt stuck to it”, Aizawa continued, “I don’t know. I just had to help him.”

“You two really are something else”, Mic sighed but smiled, “Heroes, huh?”

The three shared a knowing look.

“You already know but I’ll do anything to help you with this”, Mic finally told them.

The two nodded.

Aizawa went to make them something to drink. He had had to give up on trying to chase the man away. He just wouldn’t go.

All Might and Mic sat in the living room, talking about the situation. All Might even showed him the papers they had gotten from the hospital. Those would speak more than a thousand words. All Might and Aizawa had also decided that they could trust him enough with the information. Despite all Aizawa might say, Mic wasn’t stupid. He was a great hero with a strong sense of justice.
Mic was shifting positions on the sofa, trying to get blood to flow back to his bottom, when he felt something hard under him. He dug his hand in between the sofa cushions and pulled out a phone. It was a black smartphone with a cat strap.

“That’s Aizawa’s”, All Might told him as Mic opened the screen.

Mic smirked. The lock screen’s background was a picture of little Izuku. It looked like he was sleeping on Aizawa’s chest in the so familiar sleeping bag.

“Hey Sho-chan! There’s a missed call on your phone!” Mic shouted to the kitchen. He tried his best to shout quietly if that was even possible. He didn’t want to wake up the whole place.

Aizawa came to the living room as well. He had three cups of tea on a tray with him. He had thought that coffee would’ve surely been too much at this time of the day. His old classmate also wasn’t a huge fan of tea which made it that much better.

“I must’ve forgotten to take that with me”, the raven head took the phone and checked the number. It was from the hospital.

“I’ll need to take this one. Excuse me”, Aizawa mumbled as he called back. He retreated into the kitchen to talk in peace. All Might soon followed. If it was from the hospital, it would concern him as well.

Mic was left alone in the living room. He eyed the three cups left on the sofa table and wrinkled his nose. He hoped that they at least had sugar.

Suddenly Mic heard movement from the kitchen. There were hushed voices laced with worry and what might’ve been panic. He sat on the edge of the sofa, ready to spring up.

Aizawa looked distressed as he returned into the room. All Might was tailing behind him, a similar expression on his face.

“What happened? What did they tell you?” Mic asked, worried. He hadn’t seen his classmate look so worried in a long time and it made him very anxious. Aizawa wasn’t a man who would worry. He was rational and level-headed. He was the man who would calm the situation down.

“The doctor called”, Aizawa began, taking a long breath before he continued, “Izuku’s biological father is in intensive care. He tried to commit suicide.”

Chapter End Notes

I really had to post this one today. I just wanted to.
I'll be offline for a couple days and after that I'll be working for a month. Of course I'll try and post like usual but the next week and the rest of this week might be impossible to work with.
So I decided to leave this lovely cliffhanger here for now. I hope you all understand.

And of course like usual, thank you so much for the awesome comments! I got some very long ones again and I'll have to take my time to answer them all properly. I really want to take my time with them. I think it's only polite to do so.
An Accident

Chapter Summary

Present Mic offers to look after Izuku while the two heroes head to the hospital.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"We need to go to the hospital", Aizawa was holding his head in his hands. He was clearly stressed out by the sudden situation at hand. Beads of sweat gleamed on his forehead. His hands were beginning to shake.

This situation wasn’t good. Not good at all.

“How will we explain this all to Deku? He will have to know eventually. We can’t just not tell him and act like nothing has happened. He’ll notice”, Aizawa continued.

“The boy seems mature for his age. Maybe he’ll understand”, Mic suggested. He was getting nervous seeing his old classmate so nervous. Aizawa was supposed to be the calm one in the bunch.

“How could he understand? His father just tried to kill himself”, the raven head sighed once more, “The same father who beat him until his body looked like a piece of modern art! Why would he ever do something like that?”

“Shh, Sho-chan, calm down”, Mic came closer, lowering a hand onto his friend’s shoulder. He didn’t know enough to give an opinion or anything so instead he decided to try and give all the support and comfort he possibly could. He was loud and obnoxious. He wasn’t fit for a situation like this.

“We can’t take Izuku with us”, All Might joined the conversation.

First of all, he, or Aizawa, didn’t have the heart to wake the boy up from the lovely nap he had going on. Second, the boy had gone through enough stress for one day with the check-up and the psychologist.

In the end, All Might didn’t want to explain the situation to the boy either. Aizawa would have to be the one to do all that. All Might could never do it delicately enough. He would only end up making this all so much worse if he tried.

“You know. I could watch after the boy”, Mic mumbled, “I could stay here and look after him. Meanwhile you two could go to the hospital.”

Both heroes turned to the loud blond sitting on one of their sofas. Both were dumbfounded. Present Mic would look after their boy? Seriously?
“That would never work”, Aizawa found his voice first, “Never.”

All Might seemed to have a different opinion, “You’ve taken care of children before?”

“Didn’t I tell you that before? Of course I have! They loved me!” Mic nodded, looking rather proud with himself.

“Of course they liked you. You were as loud as them and acted like one too”, Aizawa mumbled. He didn’t like where this was going.

“Could you really look after the boy?” All Might asked. All he seemed worried about was if the man was serious about his offer or not, rather than his skills. He also wouldn’t dare to bother a fellow hero. He if someone knew how busy a hero’s schedule could be. He had given up on keeping paper calendars after one literally blew right open because of the many post-it notes and other papers stuck in between the pages.

“Anything for my buddies!” Mic assured the two, “I’ll look after the little rascal. I can feed him, bathe him, play with him, whatever you want me to do.”

“I’d rather you don’t do anything”, Aizawa mumbled again. He was furiously writing something down. The two couldn’t quite see what it was exactly.

“Aizawa, don’t be such a pessimist. Mic is offering us his help and we should take it. It’s not like we can leave Izuku here all alone. What if he wakes up and starts looking for us?” All Might huffed. Of course, he had his worries as well but it wasn’t like they had a choice. Mic was the best choice they had.

“So, you remember everything we told you? The snacks are in the upmost shelf in the kitchen. The toys are in the trunk in Izuku’s room”, All Might revised their new babysitter. He was pulling on his long jacket as he did so, trying his best to come up with a disguise in the short time they had.

“No more than two hours of TV a day and no sugary snacks before bed. Make sure he brushes his teeth and washes his face”, Aizawa continued. The tone of his voice was much more threatening than All Might’s. His eyes were hard and cold like ice.

“I know. I know!” Present Mic laughed nervously. These two were really giving him a very different image from what he was used to. The pro heroes he knew had turned into overprotective parents in just a couple weeks. This Izuku kid really was a powerful one. Mic would have to be careful around him or he’d be wrapped around the kid’s chubby finger.

“Besides, you left me with enough post-it notes to cover the whole fridge with! There’s no way you missed a thing”, Mic added. It was true. Aizawa had been writing those for the past ten or fifteen minutes while All Might had gathered some stuff they’d need at the hospital.

Aizawa seemed doubtful still. He kept glaring at his old classmate. Which was a feat in itself seeing that his eyes were so dry all the time. He did stop for maintenance, dropping some drops in at times before continuing with the staring.
“Come on! Don’t you believe in a fellow hero?” Mic pouted.

“Of course we do. Don’t get so upset”, All Might sighed, this was turning out more difficult than he had though, “We’re just stressed. This situation is very difficult to us. We’re new to this all. I hope you understand.”

Mic quit his pouting and instead smiled, “Of course, daddy bear. I’m just wondering why you aren’t out of the door yet.”

“I’m sorry. We’ll get going right away”, All Might nodded, taking the large stack of papers and other stuff he would take with them to the hospital. They needed to fill out some documents still and the older Midoriya would be needed for those.

Aizawa was harder to get out. He kept threatening Mic all the way to the door, telling him how he’d skin him alive if he found as much as a papercut on the boy. He’d interview Izuku when he got back to make sure that Mic didn’t leave anything out of his report. Yes, the man would be doing a report on his time with the boy. Five pages at least, writing on both sides.

Mic knew to take the threats seriously and crossed his heart promising to take care of the kid. The two could take it easy. As easy as they could considering where they were going.

“Good luck”, Mic said solemnly.

“Thanks. We’ll call you when we know more.”

Mic listened to the footsteps get quieter before they went away completely. He placed his phone right next to him and cranked the volume up to the max so that he wouldn’t miss a call or a mail. It would mean his death if he did.

He found himself sitting on the sofa again and decided to check what was on the TV tonight. He kicked his feet up onto the armrest and lied down very comfortably. He liked how the piece of furniture smelled like Aizawa. He took a pillow and held it close to his chest.

There was some really basic romantic comedy movie playing. Mic decided that it would do this time. He cracked his neck a couple times before finally lying still. He made sure that the TV’s volume wasn’t too high. The boy was still asleep and he wouldn’t want to wake him up.

Mic had made himself some coffee as he had investigated the contents of the kitchen cabinets and the huge fridge. As he had guessed, the contents were a mixture of American food and health food. The two really had such different taste. Aizawa must’ve also stepped his game up a bit with the boy in the house now. His diet had always been good or medicore in the least but this was a new record. The whole fridge looked like a modern piece of art with all the colorful veggies and fruits in there. Mic had been thrilled when he found a box of double chocolate cookies. He’d have those with his coffee. It’d be a favor to All Might. The man had a form to take care of.

Mic had lied back down with his drink and snack. The movie was really boring. He honestly only watched it with one eye. It was one of those movies where you’d know how the ending would be
after watching five minutes of the thing. And that five minutes could be right in the middle of the running time. It didn’t really matter where you began.

Mic was beginning to nod off when a small sound got him up again. He bolted upright on the sofa having realized what he had been doing. He made a weird snorting sound as he was spooked awake. He knew he had sounded like a pig. Good thing no one had heard.

The blond tried to sharpen his hearing the best he could to hear what the sound had been. He couldn’t pinpoint where it had come from.

Then there it was again. It was like a mouse. Not that Mic had ever heard one going around in an apartment but that was the best metaphor he could think of at the moment.

“Little Izuku? Is that you?” Mic got up and sneaked into the hallway leading to the bedrooms.

Could it be a burglar? Mic hoped not. He didn’t have a weapon with him. Only the sofa pillow he still held for some reason and that wouldn’t help much.

Now he could hear the rattling of a doorknob. He could tell by the many colorful posters taped onto the door that the room behind belonged to the newest member of the household. The handle was moving ever so slightly. Someone wanted out.

“Izuku? Are you awake?” Mic opened the door only to come face to face with the boy. Well, more like face to air since Izuku’s eyes reached Mic’s hips at most. He really was short for his age.

Mic crouched down to the boy’s eye level, shyly petting his hair. It was so soft, like the wool of a little lamb. Izuku had quite a bedhead even after such a short nap. Mic was wondering how All Might and Aizawa had ever managed to tame it before. He would have to try something. A wet comb maybe? He might have his hair gel with him in his jacket pocket.

“Hello little guy. Slept well?”

Izuku seemed to still be half asleep. His eyelids were heavy and he swayed a bit when he stood there in the doorway. He didn’t hear or register the question at first so Mic had to ask again.

“Hm”, Izuku finally mumbled with a small nod. He rubbed his eyes with a yawn.

“Are you hungry at all? Would you like something to drink?”

“Thirsty.”

“Alright. Let’s see if we can find you something from the kitchen. Come on”, Mic took Izuku’s hand so that the two could walk together.

But Izuku didn’t move. He stayed glued to the place.

“What is it? Did something happen? A bad dream maybe?” Mic asked. He was asking a lot of questions tonight. Usually he was the one bombarded with questions from reporters and such. Izuku really did bring out new sides out of everyone.

The boy mumbled something, looking away. He preferred his toes over Mic’s eyes. He squeezed the hem of the T-shirt he was wearing. He had worn it to bed. The pants had been easy to take off but
the shirt had been a different case. All Might had ended up giving up on it and just putting the boy to bed with the shirt on.

“What is it? Speak up. I can’t hear you”, Mic tried to sound as kind as he could. He also tried to remember to control the volume of his voice with the kid around. It was hard with the Quirk. Being loud was literally in the man’s blood.

“I-I had an a-accident”, Izuku repeated, a bright blush on his cheeks. It was clear that the boy was very embarrassed with the situation. He seemed frustrated even.

“Wet the bed?” Mic noticed the wet spot on the front of the boy’s shirt and pants. He should’ve spotted those before and saved the boy from the embarrassment. Mic himself could remember how hard it had been for him to tell his parents that he had wet the bed during the night. Yes, he had been a bedwetter in the past.

“Will you hit me?” Izuku asked. His voice was very quiet, only a little over a whisper.

“Why on earth would I ever hit you?” Mic asked.

He was unnerved by the question. The boy had asked that like someone would ask what’s for breakfast.

“I wet the bed.”

“Yes?”

“You’re not going to hit me?”

“No.”

“Why?”

“Because there’s no need to do that. Come on buddy. Let’s get those sheets off and cleaned up.”

“But I deserve it”, Izuku really couldn’t understand the man and his logic. He had done something bad and should be punished for it so that he would learn. Finally, the boy gave up on the thinking and followed Mic into the room.

Mic and Izuku went to the room and removed the stained sheets. Izuku struggled with the large pile as they walked to the washroom to get them cleaned. He had insisted on carrying them. It had been his fault that they had to do this all in the first place. Izuku thought that it was only fair.

“I can still remember when I had my last accident”, Mic broke the silence as they searched for a clean set of clothes for the boy, “My mom was furious. She had just washed and ironed the sheets and I went and ruined them again. I guess she was tired. She didn’t usually get that mad and loud with me. Believe me, she was even louder than me.”

That earned a small smile from Izuku. He couldn’t imagine how Mic’s mother could’ve been like. How could he? He didn’t even know how his own mother had been like.
“Here, you can pour in the detergent”, Mic told Izuku and handed him a cup of powder, “But remember, this is not edible. Never put this stuff in your mouth. I know it looks like sugar but it’s not. It tastes real bad.”

Izuku carefully poured the stuff into its slot and even got to push the buttons to start the machine.

He then nodded to Mic’s lecture, showing him that he had understood.

“No, no. Aren’t you supposed to shake your head? You don’t want to eat detergent, don’t you?” Mic asked.

Izuku shook his head.

“Alright. So you’re not going to eat that ever?”

The boy nodded his head.

Mic sighed. Fine enough. As long as the boy understood.

After the sheets were in the machine, the two decided that it would be a good time to get that drink. They walked into the kitchen hand in hand. The atmosphere was a ton calmer already.

Mic ended up making them both a cup of hot chocolate. He poured in a handful of mini marshmallows as well. From All Might’s hidden stash. A little sugar couldn’t hurt. It wasn’t that late either. The two spoiled the kid too. Mic wanted to try too.

“Where is everyone?” Izuku finally opened his mouth and asked the feared question. He took a huge gulp out of his drink after.

Mic froze. He knew that the boy was going to ask that eventually but he still hadn’t come up with a good explanation in his mind. How could he explain something like that? ‘Oh, yeah. Your father tried to commit suicide and they went to check him out at the hospital. Nothing much.’ No, that wouldn’t work. He couldn’t say that.

“T-They went out for a bit. You’re out of milk. They went to buy more”, Mic said nervously. He stared at the wall behind Izuku’s back like it would offer him the answers to this situation. It kept quiet. Mic was on his own.

“Why? We still have milk. A whole carton. I saw it this morning.”

“Really? Then I don’t know. Maybe they wanted to get some fresh air. The weather outside is real nice.”

“Why didn’t they tell me? Why did they leave without me? I wanted to go too.”

“You were asleep when we returned. They didn’t want to wake you up.”

Izuku had finished his drink already and was now staring into the empty cup, a frown on his face. It
would’ve looked cute if not for the situation.

“I would’ve wanted to go with them”, he repeated, “I really wanted to.”

“But you were asleep, no use thinking about it now”, Mic offered, “You can go out together again tomorrow.”

There was a minute or two of complete silence. The boy was clearly thinking hard. Had he thought any harder, steam would’ve surely come out of his ears. His brain was working on overdrive.

“They abandoned me, didn’t they?” Izuku finally concluded.

“What? No! Of course not! What made you think like that?” Mic actually stood up from his seat. That was just how shocked he was of the boy’s sudden statement.

“They all have to leave eventually. I know that. I’ve seen them go”, Izuku mumbled. He was crumbling and smoothing out a napkin he had taken over and over again.

“They will come back! I promise! They will surely come back!”

Mic couldn’t help shouting this time. He just couldn’t control his voice anymore.

It seemed to work as Izuku turned his eyes to him, staring him with his huge green eyes. There was fear deep in those pools. Fear of being abandoned again. Left alone.

“I don’t want them to leave”, Izuku whispered. His voice was strained.

“No, no, no. Don’t cry. There’s no need to cry!” Mic came to the boy’s side and crouched down.

Large tears rolled down Izuku’s cheeks already. There was snot coming from the nose too. They’d definitely needed a pack of napkins.

“Oh, my little man. Come here. Give good old Mic a big hug”, Mic gathered to boy into his arms, the dirty cups on the table forgotten. He’d take care of those two later.

“You’re not old”, Izuku sniffed.

“Guess not. Let’s go lie down for a bit”, Mic hushed and bounced the boy as he walked into the living room and sat down onto the sofa. He then took a blanket and wrapped it around them so that they were all cozy and warm.

Mic had turned the TV on as well, choosing to watch the evening’s news. The steady stream of noise provided a nice and calming white noise for the room. Izuku seemed interested with the hero news section as well, quitting his crying when he heard the familiar jingle and the voice of the announcer.

Mic lazily played with the boy’s hair as they watched the news. It was like a little massage as well and seemed to calm Izuku down somewhat. The boy was getting tired again. With the warm drink and all the crying, it would’ve been a surprise if he hadn’t been. Izuku yawned and snuggled deeper into the blanket as Mic continued. He listened to the unfamiliar heartbeat, letting it slowly lull him to
Mic smiled to himself. Izuku wasn’t running away from him. He had quite liked the crazy fan moment in the restaurant but this side of Izuku was adorable too. There was still wonder in the boy’s eyes whenever he looked at the Pro Hero but he had settled down quite a bit. Mic would still want to see his page on the notebook. Izuku had promised to show it to him. They would update it together and have so much fun.

‘Oh my little buddy, if only you knew’, Mic smiled to himself. The boy was living with two Pro Heroes and was so amazed meeting Present Mic. The two were so much more famous than Mic had ever been and would be. He couldn’t imagine what the family would do when the boy finally found out. How would Izuku react?

‘I bet they’re browsing the internet for help’, Mic smirked, ‘I can totally see that one happening.’

“Would you like another cup of cocoa?” Mic asked Izuku.

No reply.

“Little guy?” Mic leaned over to check the boy’s condition. He had gone quiet and the man was worried something had happened.

Nothing was wrong, luckily. Izuku had fallen back to sleep. A steady stream of drool dripped down onto Mic’s arm. The tears and snot were drying up. Mic carefully wiped those off with a moist tissue.

“Off to bed with you”, Mic whispered.

He carefully lifted the boy up. Izuku stirred up a bit but settled back down very quickly.

Mic had forgotten about the sheets. The bed was completely bare, the pillow and blanket were tossed onto the floor during the previous rush.

‘Damn’, Mic huffed as he looked around the room for the new sheets.

‘This calls for multitasking’, Mic held Izuku with one hand and took the sheets into the other. He’d attempt to change the sheets with one hand. Never done before but possible, maybe.

It took at least three times more time than a normal change of sheets. Sweat and tears were also sacrificed to make this all happen but Mic made it though.

“Present Mic saves the day once more”, the hero whispered, “The crowd cheers.”

He did a mock bow before putting Izuku to bed.

Mic fluffed the pillows and tucked Izuku in. He checked the toys around the bed and picked the Godzilla plush to put next to the sleeping boy. The figures went to the bedside table.

“A bedtime story”, came a sleepy voice from the bed just as Mic was about to flip off the lights.
Mic had honestly thought that Izuku was fast asleep. He personally would’ve been completely knocked out if he had been in Izuku’s situation. The day had been so action-packed.

“A bedtime story? Where are the books? Let’s pick one and I’ll read it to you”, Mic smiled. The boy was just barely awake. He hadn’t even opened his eyes and he yawned after almost every sentence. Mic knew he wouldn’t have to read for that long.

Izuku pointed to a small shelf. It wasn’t filled but there were many books still.

“Mr. Aizawa said that he’d take me to the library to pick up some more”, Izuku mumbled. He would like that. The lady in the library had always been so nice to him in the past. She would surely want to see him again as well.

“Really? Do you have a favorite in here?”

“The Ugly Duckling.”

“I know that one”, Mic realized. He searched for a while before he came across the slim book. He quickly flipped through the pages, looking at the beautiful illustrations. This was how kids’ books should be like.

“Read it?” Izuku meekly asked, “Y-You don’t have to.”

The boy watched Mic eye the book. He thought that the man didn’t like the idea. He must’ve thought that Izuku was asking for too much. Mic had already made him hot cocoa and cuddled him on the sofa. He had done so much already.

“Of course I’ll read it to you. I was just looking at the pictures. They’re really good”, Mic whispered. He returned to the boy’s bedside and sat down on the floor, making sure that Izuku could peek over his shoulder to look if he wanted to.

“It was lovely summer weather in the country, and the golden corn, the green oats, and the haystacks piled up in the meadows looked beautiful. The stork walking about on his long red legs chattered in the Egyptian language, which he had learnt from his mother”, Mic began. His other hand was resting on Izuku’s back the whole time.

He could see the painful irony in the book’s main character and the kid next to him. An ugly duckling who was teased by everyone around him only to grow up into one of the most beautiful birds there was and get to join its friends who loved it. Mic had only heard a short explanation as to what Izuku had gone through but he could see the parallels. He was just hoping that this story would have a happy ending as well.

As Mic had expected, Izuku didn’t last even to the midpoint. Mic could feel the boy’s body relax and his breathing slow down under his hand.

“We’ll continue this later”, Mic took out a bookmark and slid it between the book’s pages. He placed the book gently on the bedside table and stood up. He stretched his tired limbs.

Mic turned the lights off but put on a small nightlight in case the boy woke up in the middle of the night. He watched the stars it reflected onto the ceiling.

“Goodnight. I’ll be on the sofa if you need me. Let’s hope your buddies are back home when you
wake up in the morning. Meanwhile, I’ll protect you.”

Chapter End Notes

Once again, a chapter I'm not happy with.
I really should write a chapter or at least half of it on one sitting. This took too many
nights to write and caused it to be sloppy. I feel like a mood is off and the text is
awkward. I might be a pessimist of course but that is just how I feel.
I want the flow to be more natural than this. This should have a thousand words more to
make it better.

I have a ton of things going on this month, so this might happen again.
I will try and get myself time to write this fic though. I want this to be perfect. Especially
with the previous cliffhanger and such.
I have a job for the month. It's seven hours a day, five days a week. Nothing too hard.
It's tiring though, and especially if the day happens to be hot. I can't stand heat.
I also need to come up with something regarding my driving and school.
I didn't get a place in any of the Universities I applied to.
I'm thinking about a year of studying art. I'd move into a dorm or something.
I'm just afraid because it is art school we are talking about. What if they hate my style
and what I do? I've heard such stories before.

Anyways, enough of my problems.
Did someone share my fic or something?
Damn I've gotten hits and everything during these past few weeks!
Thank you so much! I'll try and reply to the comments as soon as I can!
For once, Aizawa didn’t complain about All Might’s driving. He sat silent and still on the front seat. His arms were crossed on his chest as he thought.

The scenery passed them by in flashes of color and sounds. But neither cared, their full focus was elsewhere. Their eyes were focused forward, towards the hospital.

“I don’t want the boy to have to go through another funeral yet. He was and is way too young to experience that”, All Might sighed, “What if he dies? What will we do then?”

“They didn’t say that he was dying. He is in intensive care right now but that doesn’t necessarily mean that he’ll die. They said that he will most likely make a full recovery”, Aizawa mumbled. He watched his reflection from the sideview mirror.

All Might smiled a bit. It ended up looking more like a grimace, “Aren’t you supposed to be the pessimistic one here?”

“I’m not. I simply think rationally and don’t jump into conclusions so quickly.”

“Thank you. I guess.”

“You’re welcome. Now please, focus on the road. I’d like to visit the man standing on my own two feet. I don’t want to end up on the bed next to him.”

“Aye, aye.”

The familiar doctor was waiting for them at the door when the two came to a halt and parked the car in front of the hospital building’s front door.

It was Izuku’s doctor. He must’ve taken this patient then, for obvious reasons. He was a children’s doctor but this was a patient he just couldn’t hand over to anyone else. He and his nurses would take Hisashi Midoriya and make him well again.

“Good thing that you could come so quickly”, he was breathing heavily. He had clearly been running around.

No wonder. The situation must be chaotic inside. He and his nurses alongside a doctor from the
prison’s hospital had been attending to the older Midoriya until now. The prison wasn’t equipped to take care of a situation this caliber so the patient and doctor had had to come here.

“How is Izuku taking this all?” he asked.

The three were walking down a corridor leading to the room the patient was held. The doctor had quickly briefed the two of how the situation was as of now. The patient was out of the woods yes, but he was still unconscious. There had been many injuries, the doctor told, not giving anything specific details. They had had to perform surgery as soon as the patient arrived. It had went well.

“We didn’t tell him”, All Might admitted, “We will but just not quite yet.”

“I understand. With everything else going on maybe that’s for the best. You can tell him later when you think he is ready. I can talk to Hayden for you if you need any help with that. You have to tell him though. I’m sure he’ll understand. He is a smart kid”, the doctor told them. He would’ve done the same thing as the two in this situation. He understood the two adults’ feelings very well.

“He is still unconscious. We’ve got him on some really strong medicine so it’s no wonder. He is not in a coma though, just asleep”, the doctor explained, opening the door, “Go ahead. He might wake up soon. I said might. Don’t be disappointed if he doesn’t. He took quite a beating back there. I’ll be right outside if you need anything.”

The doctor left the two alone in the room with the patient and his guard. The door behind them closed with a small click. The fluorescent lights above them hummed and one of them flickered a bit.

Aizawa and All Might glanced around the room as they walked further inside. It was a boring white room as always. Nothing new there. A bed, a small table and an assortment of chairs was all the furniture in the room. Then there was the large amount of machinery around the patient, recording almost every detail of the still body. There were two IV bags hung on the stand. One contained a clear liquid, most likely some sort of a saline solution, the other one blood.

There was a steady beeping coming from the heart monitor by the patient’s bedside. It was slow, indicating that the man on the bed probably wasn’t awake to greet them.

Still it beeped, meaning that whatever had happened, Hisashi was alive. Though he was quiet like death. Only the rise and fall of his chest gave it away that he was actually alive, though not that well like the saying usually goes.

The man’s skin nearly matched the sheets. Pale white like fresh snow. Large bruises and cuts mapped the skin. A huge contrast to the skin around them.

Hisashi’s left eye was swollen shut. He obviously had a broken leg as it was propped up and wrapped in a cast. He also might’ve broken at least one of his arms. His right hand was wrapped up in a sling. It could be that his collarbone had broken but the hand visible didn’t look good either. The knuckles were bloody.

The biggest hit must’ve been to the head. It was wrapped up heavily and made the two men cringe. The neck was supported, just in case. It made him look like an American football player. The man’s broad shoulders did nothing to help dissolve that image.
“Evening”, the guard nodded his head having heard the door opening before.

He was the same man who they had met before. The one with the bubble Quirk. His rather muscular body dwarfed the small plastic chair he was seated on. A thick paperback book sat next to him on the bedside table. It had clearly been a quiet evening.

“Do you know what happened? We’ve only heard as much as the doctor could tell us and we can see that much ourselves too. He really is beat up”, All Might said.

Aizawa dragged two chairs next to the bed for them. Both heroes got seated, waiting for an answer from the guard.

“I don’t know if I can tell you, but I feel like I have to since you’re taking care of the boy now. Honestly, I didn’t see the beginning of it but I think he was asking for it. The prisoners were having lunch in the cafeteria. It’s usually quiet, a little badmouthing there and there but nothing else. I’ve ever only seen one punch in my years I’ve worked there”, the guard explained, “But this was something else, it was like a group had just decided to gang up against him. What I can’t believe is that he just let that happen. He didn’t do a thing! I saw him say something to them but nothing else. He was their personal punching bag.”

Aizawa was looking at the patient, Izuku’s father, with a frown, “He fought against you when you went to get him, right?”

“Like a wild animal”, All Might nodded. Aizawa was referring to when All Might and the police had gone to the family’s house to arrest the man. The arrest that had ended with a charred apartment and an evacuation.

“I remember that too. That’s why I thought it was so odd”, the guard agreed, “What do you think it is? Is he feeling guilty for what he has done? Do you think he is suicidal? He could’ve died back there.”

“I can’t see why he would be. He has shown no signs of regret before this. He has been visiting the prison psychologist, right? Has he talked about that?”

“Can such emotions surface in such a short time?” Aizawa wondered aloud.

All three nodded in unison. It could be possible but just didn’t feel right with them. They knew the man as someone who abused their only child, drunk excessively and was a confirmed Villain. He didn’t seem the regretting type. Nothing he had done in the past made them believe that.

The trio settled down for what could become a long night. The guard turned his focus back to the book while Aizawa and All Might chatted in a quiet tone.

“I’ll call that idiot after we’ve spoken with the doctor and know a bit more”, Aizawa said, checking his phone’s battery. It would last. No need for panic.

“Do you think he’s doing okay? We will still have a home to return to, right?” All Might had to ask. He knew the hero but wasn’t as familiar with him as Aizawa was. Could a loud noise destroy a house wall? All Might had seen someone break a glass by singing before. It shouldn’t be that much
of a feat to the Voice Hero, whose eccentric personality in itself was enough to break at least Aizawa’s nerves.

“He might be stupid but he isn’t suicidal”, Aizawa mumbled with a hint of a smirk, “They’ll be just fine.”

“What if something happens to Izuku? He might have a nightmare or-or-“

“Focus on the situation at hand”, Aizawa huffed. He might’ve tried to comfort the man or make him feel better about the situation but he didn’t show it at all. His expression was as blank as ever, hints of irritation visible as always.

“Rational, huh? Guess I’ll try that too”, All Might smiled a bit as he watched the unmoving patient on the bed.

Hisashi had twitched his fingers a bit but other than that there had been no action. The nurses had come and gone, tending to the patient if needed. They mostly just checked the vitals and took notes, fixing a pillow or blanket if they saw it necessary.

“Am I glad to see you two again”, it was Izuku’s nurse, the one with the glasses and pigtails, “Sorry about what happened. I mean, little Izuku just got released from this place and now this man is in. You haven’t told him yet, have you? Of course you haven’t.”

“No. Izuku is hopefully asleep in his own bed back home”, All Might nodded, “We have a friend watching after him.”

“Thank goodness”, the nurse sighed, “He was just here too. It must’ve been an hour at most after you left that he came in looking like this. There was so much blood. We had a hard time scrubbing it off. The clothes are already in the trash.”

“How many broken bones? Anything serious?” Aizawa asked. He already knew that there were at least two but there could be more.

“The leg’s broken. A clean break. Nothing too serious there”, the nurse explained, flipping through the notes she had with her, “The collarbone is worse but not too bad. There’s bruising on the ribs too.”

“The head?”

“That’s the worst part. Those guys really knew where to hit. The nose is pretty much shattered. We managed to fix that but it might end up a bit crooked when it heals. The skull hasn’t cracked thank god. He does have a nasty concussion. That’s why he is unconscious. We had to knock him out for a bit. Let his brain take its time and heal. Don’t worry. He’ll recover completely. He might even be up tomorrow morning if all goes well.”

“Thank you for sharing the information.”

“It’s nothing. I mean, it’s not really my job to tell you all that but since you asked. It could be illegal for all I know. Doc has his hands full with other patients tonight so he probably wouldn’t have been
able to tell you the details. I know you’re anxious. I would be too.”

“He won’t wake up tonight?” All Might had to ask. He had been prepared to be home before midnight and hug Izuku when the boy woke up.

“I doubt that. The drugs will keep him under for some time”, the nurse smiled, apologizing for all the problems she knew that would cause the family, “I can get you pillows and blankets if you’d like. Any coffee?”

“Coffee would be nice”, Aizawa nodded, “Black.”

“And you didn’t drink coffee, right?” the nurse made sure, “You prefer energy drinks too? I could get you something from the vending machine.”

All Might shook his head.

“I know right. The machines never have the good stuff in them. Don’t worry. I have some in the break room fridge”, the nurse winked as she exited to get the coffee and energy drinks.

‘This is beginning to sound like a drug deal or something’, the officer smiled a bit, flipping a page of his book. He could relate. Vending machine coffee was terrible and if he only could, he would definitely take something else.

“I think I better make that call now”, Aizawa mumbled and stood up from the chair he was sitting on. It was a very uncomfortable plastic chair. The raven head knew that if it came down to it, he wouldn’t be able to sleep on it.

“I’ll come with you”, All Might went to stand up too but was stopped by his roommate.


All Might knew there was more to the order than that. The way Aizawa didn’t look him in the eyes revealed that. He just wanted to talk with Mic alone. All Might would allow him that.

“Sure”, All Might nodded, “If Izuku is awake, tell him I said hi.”

“He won’t be. Izuku’s bedtime came and went. He should be all snuggled up by now.”

The blond nodded, watching the door close. He and the guard shard a look before focusing back on their own things. All Might had begun skimming through the news on his phone. He could at least try and keep up with the happenings on the hero scene.

All Might bit his lip as he read an article. It seemed that when he was gone from the frontline, Endeavor had stepped into the spotlight. The man really was eager. He took every chance he got. The two had been rivals as long as All Might could remember. All Might had always been first of the two when it came to the popularity polls and social media. It was to be expected that the other hero would do everything he could now that All Might was out. Even if it was for a short while.
Aizawa listened to the phone beep a couple times before a groggy voice picked up, “Hello?”

“Good evening”, Aizawa greeted Mic back, “Took you long enough. Something happened?”

“Nothing much. I was asleep you see”, Mic yawned loudly. Aizawa could hear the man’s back crack a couple of times.

“How is Deku? Is he asleep?”

“Like a log”, Mic told, “We had a little accident but it was nothing too serious. Normal trouble with kids.”

Aizawa perked. An accident was always an accident, no matter how small. Especially when it was Izuku they were talking about. His past made accidents so much more serious.

“What happened?” Aizawa asked. He had already thought of all the worst possible outcomes during the past couple seconds the line had been quiet. A fall? A scraped knee or other body part? Hopefully not a broken bone.

“Like I said, an accident. The boy wet the bed. Nothing lethal or even harmful. Of course his pride might’ve taken a small hit but he’ll get over it. We talked about it and changed the sheets together. It’s all okay now. The boy feels all better about it too.”

“You think it was a nightmare?” Aizawa didn’t mention it but he was very grateful to his old classmate. He had handled the situation very well from what he could gather. Better than Aizawa himself and All Might might’ve handled it. They would’ve surely panicked at first instead of focusing on comforting the boy like they should’ve.

“Could be. He didn’t seem shaken when I went to see him though. Accidents happen. Sometimes kids just can’t help it. He hasn’t done this before? It’s secondary?”

“Says someone who wet his bed until you entered first grade”, Aizawa snickered jokingly though the bedwetting thing was a fact, “No. He has been dry all this time.”

“Secondary bedwetting usually tells of something else. An underlying condition”, Mic had been reading articles on the subject before bed and gotten sucked in. He was a pro by now. Ask him anything about children and bedwetting and he’ll know the answers. Next up a doctorate.

“Alright, doctor. What is your diagnosis?”

“Stress”, Mic shrugged, “And his environment has changed a lot during these past few months. Could be either one of those. Moving to a new house is recognized as a trigger to bedwetting.”

“True. Can’t really argue with that”, Aizawa sighed. He knew they were mostly at fault here. Not that they could’ve moved to the boy’s home. It had burned beyond use. They’d have to make sure the situation was resolved instead. He’d talk with the nurse about this later. Maybe she had tips for them.

“I know. Anyway, how are things on that end? Any new information?”
“Not really. We now know the extent of the injuries but not much else.”

“Do you know why he did it?”

“No idea. We talked about that but couldn’t really come up with a good enough explanation. We’ll have to wait to hear it from the man himself.”

“Do you think he really wanted to commit suicide? Or was it an accident?”

“Could be either one at this point, really. The guard told us that he didn’t fight back at all.”

“Sounds odd.”

“I know. I’ve seen him fight like a mad bull before.”

Aizawa and Mic talked this and that for about half an hour. Both comforted each other in their own personal styles. Both needed it in this difficult situation.

“He really liked it when I made him octopus weiners for breakfast. You know how to make those, right?” Aizawa asked. They had begun to talk about the boy and what he liked.

“Sure. I know how to cook. No worries”, Mic huffed, clearly proud with himself. He trusted in his skills. He lived alone and was often forced to improvise with his meals. Instand noodles could do only for so long.

“Remember to let him watch the morning news. He’ll be upset if he misses the morning’s hero special.”

“He is obsessed. I honestly doubt he still hasn’t realized who you two are. He showed me the notebook tonight. It was so detailed! He got every small detail of my hero costume too! He is amazing. You need to get him tested somewhere.”

“He has had a meeting with a psychologist already. She will do an IQ test eventually when all the other things are solved.”

Mic hummed, “Good.”

“We won’t be able to come home for tonight”, Aizawa finally told him after a deep sigh, “You’ll have to stay for the night. Is that a bother to you?”

Mic had already gathered that from everything else Aizawa said before but this only confirmed it.

“Not at all! Anything for a friend, Sho-chan”, Mic smiled, “I’ll be here as long as you need me to. I’ll even cancel a meeting or two if I have to.”

“You don’t have to. Either of us can come and look after Deku if you have something else planned already.”

“No, no! You stay there and I’ll look after the boy. You have to sort things out over there. I’ll look
after the house and Izuku.”

“Honestly, I still can’t believe that we’re friends.”

Mic knew that it was Aizawa’s way of saying thank you and he took it, “You’re welcome darling.”

“Call me if anything happens. Anything at all.”

“Sure thing. Where’s the sugar?”

“Find that yourself. That is not an important thing.”

“See ya later.”

“Yeah. Night.”

Aizawa ended the call, smiling to himself, “That idiot.”

Aizawa stepped back into the hospital room. It was just as quiet as when he left it.

The nurse had returned and had the drinks with her. She had gotten All Might the energy drink just as she had promised before. Both were happily drinking theirs while the guard had his cup of coffee.

“How was it?” All Might asked, watching his friend sit down with a long and loud sigh.

“Everything’s good. Mic is handling it like a professional”, Aizawa took a sip out of his mug. He grimaced. It was already getting cold and was bitter. At least the caffeine was still there. It would help him get through the night. Though he would do just fine. He worked during the night. It was All Might who would struggle with this and Aizawa couldn’t wait to see it.

“To the all-nighter”, the nurse lifted up her can.

All three others in the room lifted their drinks as well.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was originally soooo different. I wrote around 1,000 words at first but then I was like, "I'm not writing a soap opera" and just deleted it and rewrote it. This one is better of the two believe me.

This fic, if it followed my original beta better, would be ending very soon. This was originally meant to be a bit over 20 chapters long. Guess it isn't! I still have a ton to write and tell!

As always, I've just gotten a flood of comments, kudos, bookmarks and just love in general.
Thank you so much. Reading through the comments really keeps me going and cheers
me up whenever I have a bad day.
Chapter Summary

Mic and Izuku have the whole day to themselves.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Mic woke up with a loud snort consequently throwing the pillow he had been snuggling all night to the opposite wall. It landed on the floor with a small thud. The man had seen one of those dreams where you felt like you were falling only to suddenly jolt awake, full of confusion. Mic’s heart was beating in his chest and his face was sweaty. He quickly wiped that off and stood up from the sofa in hopes of brushing off the remnants of the dream he had had. He couldn’t remember exactly what it had been but the dream must’ve been a bad one to cause a reaction like this.

“This totally isn’t like me”, Mic whispered, walking into the kitchen. He decided that a large cup of coffee would be of help and necessary.

He eyed the clock on the wall. Seven in the morning. Not too early. He could’ve slept a bit more though. He had stayed up quite late last night reading the articles and then talking to Aizawa. Mic yawned and stretched his hands over his head. Well, that can’t be helped. He was already up and fully awake.

Speaking of Aizawa, Mic quickly dug his phone out of his pajama pants’ pocket to check if he had gotten anything from the raven head. There was a mail with a picture attached. Mic quickly opened it and had to fight back a fit of laughter when he saw its contents.

‘Took him three hours’, was the title. In the picture was All Might, fast asleep on his chair. His position looked very uncomfortable. His head was all the way back with mouth wide open. He must’ve been snoring rather loudly. Aizawa had added such an emoticon to the end of the message.

Aizawa had sent Mic a rare selfie. Aizawa himself was in the left side of the picture, one hand holding the phone while the other was making a peace sign. He didn’t smile but Mic with his long experience saw how pleased he looked.

Aizawa didn’t look too good either though. The black bags under his eyes were much worse than before. His eyes were also bloodshot. It made Mic wonder if he had his eyedrops with him. He would text and ask him later, offering to drop those off if he didn’t have them.

“Cute. Save”, Mic smiled to himself and carefully filed the picture into the folder ‘Sho-chan’.

Mic decided to try and make pancakes for breakfast. He quickly washed his face and fixed his hair a bit before getting to it. He poured the pancake mix into a large bowl and added the other ingredients. He had already somehow managed to get flour onto his face. It had been a couple minutes. His
clothes were luckily protected by a lovely pink apron.

Mixing the batter, Mic listened for signs that the boy was waking up. Surely there was a loud thump followed by some other similar sounds before a door could be heard opening. Small footsteps made their way across the rooms. Another door opened and closed. Mic then heard the water running. Izuku must’ve gone to the bathroom to wash up. Such an independent kid.

Mic waited until the sound of the water stopped before he spoke, “Come have breakfast after you’re done! I made pancakes!”

There was a quiet ‘Yes’, muffled by the thick walls. The footsteps were there again.

Mic made the table and sat down to wait for Izuku to join him. He was hoping that Izuku liked pancakes. He had found some syrup hidden in the cupboards and had that on the table as well. They didn’t have jam but Mic had cut up some banana to put on the cakes instead.

“Good morning Mister”, Izuku entered the room. He walked to the table and climbed onto his chair, eyeing the pancakes piled on his plate. He was still wearing his pajamas but he had clearly brushed his teeth and hair. Mic reached out and wiped off some toothpaste from the boy’s chubby cheek.

“It’s Mic to you, kiddo”, Mic smiled as he tried to throw the used tissue into the trash bin, missing terribly, “Come here for a bit. Let’s fix your shirt for a bit.”

The shirt was backwards in two ways. You could not only see the seams but also the tag which was under Izuku’s chin instead of where it would usually be on the back. Mic gently pulled the shirt off and helped the boy put it back on correctly.

“You must’ve put it on while you were still half asleep. Were your eyes closed too? There we go. All better”; Mic clapped his hands together, “Now, let’s eat some pancakes. They’ll get cold if we don’t eat them now.”

“Yeah”, Izuku lifted his hands up. His eyes sparkled.

“Have you had pancakes before?” Mic asked. He watched Izuku try to stuff a whole cake into his mouth. The syrup dripped down Izuku’s chin and onto the table.

“No”, the boy mumbled, hardly making any sense as his mouth was full.

“Really?” Mic felt bad. He had thought that everyone had had a pancake at least once in their life. They were so easy to make yet so tasty.

“Mm. I like these”, Izuku nodded. He had managed to swallow the pancake. Mic had to wonder how much he had actually chewed before doing so. At least he didn’t choke. Mic had been remembering his Heimlich maneuver just in case.

“Great. There’s a ton more left, so eat up”, Mic grinned. Some of the pancakes had burned a bit on the edges but that didn’t seem to bother the boy at all as he wolfed down another one.

Mic looked through the post-it notes on the table. He had collected those from around the kitchen and gathered them all together so that he could look through them. One of them read ‘Medicine on the upmost shelf. Remember morning and evening meds.’
“Would you like to take your meds with some juice?”, Mic asked as he fetched the said items, eyeing the many bottles in confusion. He couldn’t see why such a young child would need to take so many pills. He could hardly take any pills when he had been Izuku’s age. All his vitamins had had to be those flavored, chewable ones.

Mic took out a carton of orange juice from the fridge. He had forgot to take that out before. He poured them both a generous glass.

“Here you go. One, two, three, four pills in total”, Mic counted the small pills as he handed them to Izuku, who took them without a single question or complaint.

Mic read the prescriptions on the bottles. There were painkillers, a multivitamin, an antibiotic and a very small dose of a mild sedative. The tag on the sedative read that it was for so called bad days. Mic decided to give Izuku one. This day could end up becoming a very bad one very quickly. Mic hoped that it wouldn’t.

“What would you like to do today?” Mic asked. He had finished his pancakes and was watching Izuku finish his last one. The boy’s pace had slowed down considerably after the second one. Now he ate like a normal human being and not like an animal. He had both a fork and a knife but the use of the latter was still a bit rough. He was getting there though. it would just take some more training.

“Go see Yagi and Aizawa”, Izuku said right away. He knew only that the two had went somewhere and that it had been important. Mic had lied that it was a business thing and wouldn’t take too long. Izuku didn’t know what work the two adults did so he believed the story.

“I’m afraid we cannot do that”, Mic sighed sadly, “We can do something else instead.”

Izuku was quiet for some time. He was thinking hard. He didn’t have much ideas of what they could do. He hadn’t done that many fun things in the past. He knew the park and the beach as well as the mall they had been to the other day but not much else. Maybe they could go and play on the beach. Yagi and Aizawa had seemed to really like that when they had been there last time.

Mic was thinking too, “How about a barbershop?”

“A barbershop?” Izuku tilted his head. Mic found it absolutely adorable. Too bad the moment went by too quickly for him to pull out his phone and take a picture. He would’ve made Aizawa green with envy had he sent him a cute photo like that. Well, he’d have the whole day to get one, or two.

“A place where they cut your hair. Your little moss bush could use some trimming”, Mic explained, pointing to the green curly tuft Izuku had on his head. It really looked like moss to him now that Aizawa and All Might had called it that like once. Mic couldn’t get the image out of his head.

Mic had a favorite place to which he was a regular visitor to. His hairdo didn’t come easily.

He had heard that the nurses had done some basic trimming to the boy’s hair. It had been badly matted when the boy had arrived. It had been dirty too. The dirt had dug deep into the dreadlocks and made the boy stink constantly. The cut had clearly only been a contemporary one. The ends were rough and the style didn’t fit the boy at all either. The hair was still way too long for him. It would just get in the way so it was better to just cut it now that they had the chance.
Mic smiled, pleased with himself and his amazing ideas. He would surprise his two friends and give little Izuku a makeover. Mic would make him look fresh. He’d be the coolest kid in town after this.

“Let’s clean up and change clothes. Do you want to watch the news before we leave?” Mic asked, putting their dishes in the machine and putting the rest of the food back into the fridge.

“News!” Izuku cheered and ran into the living room. Not a second too late. The opening jingle sounded as Izuku opened the TV.

“Sure thing. I’ll clean up. You watch the news and tell me if anything interesting comes up”, Mic laughed at the boy’s enthusiasm. He wiped the table clean and went to Izuku’s room to put together an outfit for the little one. He’d choose a stylish one. Not a cute one like the two always did. Mic didn’t want to embarrass the boy.

“There we go! Finally!” Mic huffed as he swept sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. He took a moment to admire his handiwork. The outfit was lied on the bed ready to be put on. Izuku had made the bed himself before coming to breakfast. It looked really nice considering how young Izuku was.

On the bed were a red T-shirt, a pair of socks and denim overalls. Well, maybe it had ended up looking a bit cute as well but it was definitely a cool outfit. Mic would give Izuku a pair of his sunglasses to wear to complete the look. He had hoped to find a cap as well but had come out empty handed.

“Good job me”, Mic nodded, patting himself on the back, literally.

As Mic returned to the living room, the news show had already ended and Izuku had turned the channel to watch some of the morning’s cartoons. Choosing the outfit had taken much longer than the man had thought. The news show ran for half an hour.

“Sorry I took so long”, Mic apologized, “Do you wanna get going already? I bet you’re just itching for a new adventure.”

Izuku nodded furiously, “Can we go?”

“If you’re ready. I’ve got an outfit for on the bed. Go change to that and we can get going”, Mic gestured to the room, “Meet me at the front door and I’ll help you get your shoes on.”

Izuku ran to his room to get his stuff.

Mic was happy to see that the boy was smiling. He had clearly forgotten what happened yesterday after the two had left. That was good. Mic wanted the boy to just enjoy this day with him and forget his worries for a while. A child shouldn’t worry so much. They should just go and have fun.

Izuku and Mic had to take the bus to the barbershop. The place was on the opposite side of the city from where All Might and Aizawa lived. Walking there wasn’t an option.
Mic also didn’t have a car. He had decided that it was just too expensive and downright stupid when the public transport was as good as it was. He did own a bicycle, with flames painted onto the sides. Even if he had the bike with him, he would never give the boy a lift. It was just too risky.

Mic soon learned that Izuku had no idea how the bus service worked. He had been on a bus before, he told the man that much, but he didn’t know how a bus really worked.

“But if you push the stop button now, then the bus will stop in the middle of the road. Isn’t that illegal?” Izuku wondered aloud as he held his bus ticket close to his chest. Mic had bought him one with which he could travel as much as he wanted for one day. Mic thought that it would be the best choice. He himself had a card.

Mic smiled. He had told Izuku that he would get to press the button when their stop came and that had gotten Izuku thinking. The boy was staring at anyone who would press the stop button to learn its mechanics. Mic kept quiet, watching Izuku’s adorable expressions and behavior. He would let him figure this one out by himself.

Izuku quickly caught on and his face brightened, “I got it now!”

“Good work buddy”, Mic pet the boy’s head, “Our stop is next. Go ahead and press the button.”

Izuku pressed the red button and flinched when it let out a small chime. A light went on indicating a stop at the next bus stop.

“No. Sit still until we’ve stopped completely. I don’t want you going rolling down the hallway”, Mic told Izuku and grabbed the hem of his shirt as the boy tried to stand up from his seat.

Izuku sat back down and waited until their stop came. He stood up alongside Mic and they exited the vehicle together.

Izuku stared around in awe. He had never been to this part of the city. Everything was new and exciting to him. Yet, he stuck near Mic and didn’t run around exploring the surroundings. Deep down he was still anxious and even afraid.

“Cool huh?” Mic spoke reassuringly, “It’s not that far from here.”

Izuku shyly took the hero’s hand as they began walking.

Mic turned to look at him but smiled and let Izuku hold the hand. He quite liked it too. He soon began humming and did so loudly all the way to their destination.

“Hello, hello! Anybody home? You here Shun?” Mic announced his arrival very loudly, sliding the wooden door out of his way. It clanked loudly as it hit the wall. A small chime on the door jingled.

The barbershop was in one of those idyllic older Japanese styled wooden buildings with sliding doors and windows. There was even a retro barbershop pole outside on the veranda. Next to it was a begging cat statue, drawing customers to step inside with its smiling face and eyes.
The owner had bought the building cheap off of the previous owner who saw it as too much work and wanted to move away. It hadn’t been in great condition but the new owner had made it work and slowly fixed it as he got money from the business. The building still had its old look but had been equipped with the latest gadgets throughout the years. It now had a new bathroom and kitchen. All the pipes and wires had been renewed.

“Present Mic! Isn’t this a surprise!” a man greeted them in the main room, “It’s been too long! Where have you been?”

“Oh come on! It’s only been a month!” Mic laughed. The two shared a hug.

The man looked like a barber if one could say so. His hair spoke of skill. It was dyed grey with a few perm curls to finish the style. The left side of his head was shaved short. The rest was around shoulder length and combed to the right. On the left ear was a stretch piercing. He also had black, thick framed glasses on his nose. The man was pretty much blind without them.

“Only a month?! Anyways. Are you here for a cut? Is it finally the time to try a new style? If so I have some suggestions in store for you.”

“Not me this time. Sorry. My little friend here would like one though”, Mic gestured Izuku to step out from behind his legs where the boy had been hiding this whole time.

Izuku did as told and gave the owner a shy wave.

“Well isn’t he adorable. I can totally see why you brought him in”, the man smiled and crouched down on the child’s eye level, “I could cut that hair of yours a bit. Would you like that?”

Izuku nodded. He kept his eyes on the man’s hands instead of his face.

He wasn’t shy anymore. The hands were just much more interesting to him.

“What? Oh these? Aren’t they cool?” the man noticed the boy’s stare and didn’t mind a bit. He was used to getting an odd look or two. His fingers were shaped like scissors, after all. A nice thing when you worked as a barber, not that much in anything else. It was a good thing that they were manageable when you closed them. They didn’t bend but could be used as fingers.

“Really cool! Are you a hero mister?” Izuku was beaming again. He must’ve already been thinking of a hero name and this man fighting Villains with his Quirk.

“No. I am no hero. I leave such scary things to professionals”, the man winked, “Instead, I take care of their hair for them.”

“He’s real cool. Gives discounts to us heroes too!” Mic piped in, “He is a hero of heroes.”

“Shut it. I don’t need such a title”, a gentle smack on Mic’s back, “Come on little one. Let’s get you seated so we can begin.”

The barber came prepared. Although Mic didn’t know him as a man who often cut kids’ hair, he acted like he had done nothing else his whole life. He began by lowering the chair so that Izuku
could hop on. Then he raised it up slowly, making sure that the boy was comfortable with it every second of the way.

“Here, this will be our stop”, the barber sang, “Now let us get your cape on.”

He took out the apron and tied it loosely around Izuku’s neck.

“This isn’t a cape”, Izuku laughed, sitting still as Shou wet his hair.

“Really? I could’ve sworn it was”, the man huffed playfully, “After so many heroes wearing it I really thought that it would have become one already.”

“Heroes?!”

“Stay still or I’ll cut your ear off. Yes, heroes. Mic isn’t my only regular.”

“Who else? Who else?” Izuku was itching to jump up and down in excitement. He squeezed the armrests so hard that his knuckles turned white.

“Hmm. Let’s see. Best Jeanist came here just the other week. He was so demanding though! He and his looks!” the barber wiped his curly grey hair from his face, pinning it down with two barrettes.

“Best Jeanist?!”

“Yeah. I have a signature wall. The proof is there. We can go see after you’re done.”

“Yes please”, Izuku vibrated with excitement. A hero signature wall! He couldn’t wait to see it. He wondered if All Might had been here.

Izuku’s haircut went well. The final look was something much better than what the two had come in with originally. The natural and adorable curls were highlighted by the medium short cut. Had Shou cut it shorter, the curls would’ve been gone. The ends were much smoother now and there were absolutely no matts or knots anymore.

“Looking good! Yeah!” Mic gave the thumbs up, approving his friend’s work. A job very well done.

The barber bowed, “Thank you. I’m happy you like it. A happy customer is all that matters to me.”

“Do you like it kiddo?” Mic asked Izuku, who was running his hands through the hair and looking at his reflection in the mirror.

“Yeah! It’s super soft”, Izuku grinned wide, jumping down from his seat, “Thank you mister barber!”

“You are very welcome little man. Would you like to see the wall now?”

“Yeah!”

Mic smiled. He would sit down and wait until the boy was done. He took a magazine and flipped it
open, keeping his ears focused on Izuku’s voice. He’d be out of the chair in a flash if he noticed a change in the tone of that.

“Who ordered a double chocolate?” Mic mockingly asked as he handed an ice cream cone to Izuku’s waiting hands.

Izuku took a lick, smiling as the taste hit his tongue. It was so good. He made sure to tell Mic that and offer a little taste.

They had decided to go for a walk and ice cream after the haircut. Mic had promised to buy Izuku any ice cream he wanted. The boy clearly didn’t take advantage of the offer. He wanted just a single scoop of chocolate in a cone. Nothing else despite Mic’s offers and suggestions.

“Mr. Shou had All Might’s signature! I got to hold it!” Izuku blabbered on and on, “Eraserhead was there too! There were so many of them. Can we go there again?”

“For the signatures or a haircut?” Mic mumbled, feeling left out, “I am there too, you know. Wasn’t my signature cool?”

“Yeah! It looks like you”, Izuku cheered.

Mic didn’t know if he should be proud. He personally thought that the signature was very messy. Did he look messy?

The two had walked quite a distance in the time it took to finish the frozen treats. Izuku found that he knew this neighborhood. He and Mic had unknowingly walked right to the park near Izuku’s old neighborhood. The park where he had met Mr. Yagi for the first time.

“What? You know this place?” Mic asked as he watched Izuku run to the park’s swing set.

“Yeah. I lived there”, the boy pointed somewhere into the distance. There was a flash of sadness in his eyes before he blinked and focused back on swinging.

“Really? We didn’t live that far away from each other. Maybe we could’ve met someday.”

“No we wouldn’t. I was always inside”, Izuku said, “And when I got out I was always here. Sometimes I went to the beach too.”

“Oh well. I’d like to think so though.”

“You can.”

“Thank you. At least I’m here now. Aizawa and Yagi are here too”, Mic almost used the hero names again but managed to shut himself up before he did so.

“Hm”, Izuku nodded.
“Do you like those two? Are they nice to you?” Mic had to ask. He felt like this was the right time to do so. He had seen how the three acted when they were together. To Mic, there was no doubt about what the answer would be. He still wanted to hear it from the boy. Maybe just to reassure himself.

“They’re really nice. They gave me a room. Then they bought me clothes and toys even though I hadn’t asked for those”, Izuku kicked the sand under his shoes.

“But you needed those. Everyone needs those”, Mic added, “Do you think Aizawa can cook?”

“Yeah. He’s really good.”

“What’s your favorite food?”

“Hmmm”, Izuku thought long and hard. He was having a hard time deciding. He had so many foods he had come to like.

“Everything?”

“Everything you and Aizawa make”, Izuku smiled.

“Aren’t you a charmer”, Mic smiled back, “Even pickles?”

“Almost everything.”

Izuku and Mic were playing in the jungle gym when something caught the boy’s eye. He shot his head up and his face lit up like a thousand candles.

“It’s Kurogiri and Nomu!” Izuku exclaimed, quickly climbed down and ran to the edge of the playground.

Mic had little time to react before the boy was already gone. He raised his head to see who the two people mentioned were. He visibly flinched when he saw how intimidated they looked. He’d have to go in between this. There was no way these two were not trouble. The names also sounded very familiar though Mic couldn’t put his finger on it.

By the time Mic got to the scene, Izuku was on the ground being attacked by the huge dark monster. For some reason it was on a leash and a harness. Mic got ready to jump in but halted when he heard the joy in the boy’s voice.

“Nomu!” Izuku laughed, protecting his face with his hands, “Not the face!”

Nomu was rubbing his face on the boy’s face, panting loudly. Had he had a tail, it would’ve surely been wagging furiously. The creature was being very careful though. He could’ve easily crushed Izuku dead but he didn’t.

“What the hell is that?!” Mic pointed to the creature, screaming. He wasn’t even trying to control his voice anymore. This situation was just way too bizarre for him to handle.

“He is a dog”, Kurogiri simply stated, pulling on the leash a bit.
“That isn’t a dog! What breed is it supposed to be?!”

“A pitbull mix?”

“With what? A gorilla?!”

“Nomu, down”, Kurogiri focused back on the ‘dog’ and pulled on the leash hard, “Bad boy.”

Nomu seemed to listen to Kurogiri better as he did just as told without much of a fight. He got off of Izuku and lied on the ground. He even exposed his belly, showing surrender. The panting continued.

“Good”, Kurogiri clicked a clicker and threw a cat treat which Nomu caught from mid-air. Kurogiri had begun trying how food rewards worked. The clicker was there to help with the communication.

“I own a dog and I can tell you that thing isn’t one!” Mic continued with his lecture. He didn’t like this shady character near Izuku. He also didn’t like how casual the boy was with the two.

“Nomu isn’t ‘that’”, Izuku piped in. He was currently scratching Nomu’s belly which the latter seemed to fully enjoy, lying still and letting the boy climb over him to reach a spot.


In a situation like this, he found himself missing his own dog back home. He had actually just rescued one about a month ago. The media still didn’t know about this because Mic had wanted to give the dog enough time to get used to its new surroundings. The dog suffered with anxiety after spending such a long time in a shelter cage. Mic had built them a pillow fort on their first night together.

The dog was from a hoarding and bad breeder situation. She was supposed to be a cross between a chihuahua and a dachshund. The result, her snout was size chihuahua and her tongue dachshund resulting in a tongue that always hung out. Her genes were also bad whether it was from breeding siblings or somethings else. Her fur was completely white and her eyes baby blue. She was also completely deaf and half blind. Mic was finding out more about her each day. She was now on a raw diet after a week of stomach aches.

Mic had named the dog Pixie. She was frail yet beautiful like one. They had already formed a strong bond. Pixie didn’t mind Mic’s loud noise and Mic accepted Pixie with all her problems.

Mic couldn’t wait to introduce her to Izuku and the rest.

“Sorry to disturb your train of thought. Where are Izuku’s usual guardians?” Kurogiri asked.

He didn’t appreciate the man staring at Nomu like he was some sort of a monster. Sure, Nomu was one but he was also a part of the Villain family. No one badmouthed the family without consequences.

Mic flinched. If he wasn’t alarmed before, he surely was now. How did this man know All Might and Aizawa? How did he know that the boy was staying with them? There was no way.
“I’m his guardian”, Mic tested what the man knew. Cold sweat was forming on his forehead. He had realized who the man was. He was Kurogiri, a member of the League of Villains. If Mic could remember correctly, his Quirk wasn’t that powerful but it definitely wasn’t useless either.

“No you’re not, Mr. Present Mic”, Kurogiri calmly corrected. Guess the realization had hit him as well.

“H-How do you know all this?!”

“You could say I’ve been keeping an eye on my precious godson. I know that you are not one of his usual guardians.”

“Godson?!”

“Yes, Izuku is my godson. I know his father personally. He is a good friend of mine as well as a neighbor. There was a small fire there and I haven’t seen the two since. I haven’t been able to make contact either. I’ve been worried.”

“Kurogiri look!” Izuku laughed, getting both of the men’s attention. Maybe it was good that he did or this could’ve turned very nasty very quick. Sparks had begun to fly already.

Izuku was sitting on Nomu’s shoulders, waving his hand wildly. He had a proud smile on his face as he held tightly onto Nomu’s head.

The two adult’s reactions were surprisingly similar.

“Izuku get off from there! It’s dangerous”, both said at the same time. Mic did add something about a monster at the end though and Kurogiri gave him a glare for it. The monster had a name and it was Nomu.

“No it’s not!” Izuku argued with a pout, “Nomu is a good boy. Right Nomu?”

Nomu nodded, earning a giggle from the boy who held tight.

“Izuku, aren’t you hungry at all?” Kurogiri tried to change the subject, hoping that it would get the boy to climb down, “I’ve been practicing making something else than just sandwiches.”

“Other than sandwiches? Why?” Izuku asked, still not getting down.

“Because I thought that the others would like that. The guys are always so hungry when they come in.”

“But it’s a bar”, Izuku pointed out.

Mic sharpened his ears. A bar?

“I feel like we’ve become a bed and breakfast at this point”, Kurogiri shrugged with a sigh, “I felt like trying something new as well.”

“I want to try it!” Izuku cheered, “Can Mr. Mic come too? Can he? Please?”
Kurogiri and Mic had a quiet staring contest. A battle of wills one might say. Neither wanted to go anywhere with the other yet neither wanted to upset the boy either. One of them would have to give up.

“Fine. He can come too”, Kurogiri finally said, a weird tone in his voice. It was hard to tell what he was thinking since his face was a bunch of smoke and two eyes. Mic guessed that it wasn’t anything pleasant.

“Warp gate! Warp gate!” Izuku cheered, “Food!”

“Huh? Warp gate?” Mic asked. He was too late as darkness surrounded him and everyone else. It just swallowed everything up. Mic had to close his eyes in fear. It was a pure reflex.

“Welcome back”, a lazy voice greeted them from somewhere.

Mic still had his eyes closed but he slowly opened them, blinking at the dim light that hit them. The four of them were inside. It looked like a bar of some sorts. Mic could see the counter and the bottles behind it.

“Uncle Stain and Tomura!” was the first thing Mic heard. He slowly raised his head and saw the two characters in question.

‘Shit’, was all he could think as his hand flew to the pocket his phone was in. This wasn’t good. This wasn’t good at all! He’d have to contact the two immediately.

These guys were all Villains!

Chapter End Notes

I just keep on adding all these original characters into the story and making it so confusing! I'm so sorry!
I don't know why but I can't help it. I hope you can keep up with all of them.

And Mic is totally a dog person!
It's a Taste Test

Chapter Summary

Mic finds Izuku and himself in more trouble than necessary. This can't be good for his poor heart.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Aizawa sat quietly in the hospital room listening to the steady beeping and humming of the machines. All Might was snoring loudly too but Aizawa was trying not to pay attention to that. He was getting bored. He had already read through every terrible gossip magazine he had found in the waiting hall and drank a jug of vending machine coffee. To top it all off, a nurse had brought him a hospital meal. A terribly bland one. But Aizawa had thanked her and ate the whole thing as he had been hungry.

Both All Might and the guard had fallen asleep already and had been asleep all this time. In the end, Aizawa had been the one to look after the patient throughout the night. It was well into the day and the two still hadn’t moved a muscle. Though neither had the patient. Hisashi had remained unconscious just like the nurse had said. He had moved his eyes beneath the closed eyelids and moved a hand slightly, but not woken up. There was still hope. Hisashi’s condition had remained stable through the night.

Aizawa felt his phone vibrate in his pocket. He almost jumped to the ceiling, having been taken by surprise by the sudden noise. He quickly took the phone out and checked the caller ID. It was Mic. Why would he call at this hour? Aizawa had told him to only call when something bad had happened.

Aizawa’s eyes widened and he quickly pressed the green icon on the screen, “Yes? Mic what is it? Is it bad? What happened?”

Mic’s voice was a rushed whisper. Aizawa had a hard time understanding what the man said at first. There was also a lot of background noise, making understanding the man that much more difficult.

“What? Talk louder. I can’t hear you”, Aizawa told him. He couldn’t believe he was saying this. Usually he told Mic the complete opposite, to keep it quiet.

“We’ve been kidnapped! Me and Izuku!”

Aizawa sighed, “Mic, seriously? Kidnapped? Can’t you come up with anything else? I’m not in a mood for your games right now. I had an all-nighter, drank terrible coffee and had to listen to that jerk snore so loud it sounded like an earthquake. I’m seriously not in the mood for you now.”

“No, no! Don’t end the call! I’m dead serious!” Mic whispered, “I promise! I’m not joking this time! I know I’ve pranked you a couple times in the past but I’m dead serious right now! We’ve been kidnapped!”
‘It’s a bit more than a couple times, buddy’, Aizawa thought to himself, ‘I still haven’t forgotten or forgiven that salt and sugar swap.’

Aizawa could hear the desperation in Mic’s voice. This man wasn’t lying. Something had really happened.

“Where are you now?” Aizawa asked, “Is Izuku with you? Are you two alright?”

“Izuku is with me, yeah. I-I don’t really know where we are but this is real bad”, Mic told him, “There was this shady character and his dog in the park.”

“A shady character and a dog?” Mic was doubting this again. This was beginning to sound like some bad television drama. He knew Mic watched those a lot.

“Yeah, like real shady! Literally! And then we went like BAM! The next thing I knew we were in a bar and there were all these Villains!”


“We’re both fine. Izuku is actually smiling and laughing”, Mic held his phone up so that Aizawa could hear the boy’s squeals of joy.

“What is your address? I’ll come there right now!” Aizawa couldn’t wrap his mind around this. The two had met some guy at a park, something had happened and now they were surrounded by Villains was what he had managed to gather from this. Why would Izuku be laughing like that? He just couldn’t understand.

His blood ran cold as he heard a new, unknown voice on the phone, “Hello. This is Kurogiri. Your friend can’t come to the phone right now. Please hold the line.”

“Mic? Mic?! What did you do to him? Who are you?”

“Kurogiri. Don’t make me repeat myself. I’m Izuku’s godfather. Izuku is alright though I can’t say the same about your friend here.”

“Bastard! What did you do to him?!”

“We’ve done nothing to him! You really are quick to jump into conclusions. Just because we are Villains doesn’t mean that we beat up anyone we meet.”

“But Mic is-“

“A hero? Yes, we are aware of that”, Kurogiri’s voice was as calm as ever.

“I want to talk to him!”

“I’m afraid you can’t do that right now.”

“Why not? What have you done to him?” anger found its way into Aizawa’s voice. No one hurt his friend without his permission. He was the only one who could hurt Mic without consequences.

“He is unconscious. All I did was offer him a sandwich. I guess he has soiled himself as well.”
“What did you do?”

“As I said. I did absolutely nothing. Neither did the others.”

“The others? How many of you are there even?”

“Four plus Izuku.”

“And you are really Izuku’s godfather?”

“Yes. You can ask the father if you don’t believe me.”

“I wish I could”, Aizawa mumbled.

“What?”

“Nothing. Forget it. I need to come there. What is your address?”

Surprisingly, Kurogiri gave him the address. He even welcomed him to come and join them, telling he’d have a warm meal ready for him.

“Hey. Wake up”, Aizawa shook the guard’s shoulder. He had already packed the small bag he had with him. Now he’d have to tell someone that he was going. Not to scare or surprise anyone when they realized that he was gone.

“Hmm? What? Has something happened?” the guard yawned. He way too slow to wake up. The man was supposed to be a professional guard. What if someone had attacked him while he was like this? Would he be able to protect himself?

“I need to go”, Aizawa whispered. He didn’t want to wake All Might. Though whispering was hardly necessary. The man was such a heavy sleeper. They could’ve shouted for all Aizawa knew.

The guard opened his eyes, “Eraserhead? Where are you going? What about Hisashi?”

“I’m sorry. Something came up. I have to go”, Aizawa patted the man’s shoulder, “You keep an eye on him for me. Call me right away if something happens.”

“All Might. Should we wake him up?”

“No. Let him sleep. He is like an angry bear when you wake him up”, Aizawa told him, “I’ll take care of this.”

“Are you sure? What happened?”

“Mic called me. He needs me there for something. You can tell All Might that everything is fine and that he should just stay put. He is more useful here.”

“A-Alright. I’ll make sure to tell him that.”
“Thank you. I’ll be going then”, Aizawa nodded his thanks as he opened the door. He had a weird look in his eyes and that got the guard’s attention.

“E-Eraserhead!”

“What?”

“Just be careful, okay? I wouldn’t want you to get hurt or anything. I mean, it is my responsibility to-“

“It’s alright. You really are an excellent guard. Sorry for doubting you earlier”, and Aizawa was off.

“Huh? Doubt?”

Aizawa didn’t doubt stealing All Might’s car keys for even a second. It was like stealing candy from a kid. Easy. Aizawa just took them from his chest pocket and left. All Might didn’t even react and just kept on sleeping.

“I promise she won’t get even a single scratch”, the raven head had whispered as he pocketed the keys.

“Alright. Then we need to set the mood”, Aizawa mumbled as he sat on the driver’s seat. Having put the seatbelt on, he flipped the radio on and chose a nice rock channel for his background music. He then put on his sunglasses and tied his hair back. It would just get in the way if it was open.

Aizawa started the car and stepped on the gas. The wheels screeched as the car left the parking space. He wouldn’t hold pack today. Not when the situation was like this. To hell with his usual driving. Speed limits would be followed though. Even when not wearing his uniform, Aizawa was a hero. A hero had to be a positive role-model to everyone, even in traffic.

Aizawa stopped for a red light. Tapping the wheel he looked to his left. An woman behind her wheel looked at him with a weird look. Well, he was wearing a leather jacket and sunglasses while driving such a huge car like All Might’s was. It was to be expected. Aizawa had even prepared himself to take such feedback in advance.

It didn’t take Aizawa that long to make it to the address Kurogiri had given him over the phone. The raven head had recognized the neighborhood right away. This was the neighborhood they had once driven to with the police right behind them. All their minds had been set on only one thing. Setting Izuku free and delivering his father the justice he deserved. Aizawa still got goosebumps when he thought about that day and everything that had happened during and after it. He would for the rest of his life.

A man was waiting for him in front of the door. He waved when Aizawa looked at him, gesturing him to come closer. Aizawa reluctantly did as he was told and stepped closer to the bar. He was already regretting his choice to not take his usual hero weapons with him. He’d always have his Quirk but those were really helpful too.

The place itself looked really nice, Aizawa noted. From the chalkboard sign on the front to the lights
and other décor gave the bar’s front a really cozy feel. Aizawa couldn’t believe that this was a Villains’ den.

“If it isn’t Eraserhead”, Kurogiri nodded his head and greeted the man, “Welcome in. Your friend has been waiting for you.”

“Is Mic awake?” Aizawa asked. He had stopped in the doorway. Something told him not to go in. He bit his lip and took the final step. No, he couldn’t run away now. His friend needed him.

“Yes. He woke up a couple minutes ago. I gave him some brandy to help him calm down his nerves but he didn’t take it, refused even.”

“No wonder. He doesn’t like that stuff”, Aizawa told him.

“Really? A shame. It would’ve helped.”

The two entered the main room.

A mixed smell of cooking food, alcohol and tobacco hit Aizawa’s nose. It wasn’t necessarily an unpleasant smell and even fit the place in some sense. A jazz record was quietly playing in the background, accompanied by happy laughter and squeals of joy.

“Izuku! Look who came to visit”, Kurogiri shouted, trying to get the boy’s attention.

“Aizawa!” Izuku ran to the man from somewhere, hugging his legs, “Why are you here? Where’s Yagi? How was work?”

Aizawa was bombarded with questions and his mind couldn’t keep up. This situation was just too weird even for his mind to comprehend. He quickly nodded a couple times.

A huge black creature ran to Izuku, coming to a halt right next to the three of them. It made a low crumbling sound as it settled its body down on the floor. It kept its mad eyes on locked on Aizawa, panting loudly.

“This is Nomu. He is a good boy”, Izuku explained, petting Nomu’s beak.

“A pitbull mix?” Aizawa shot Kurogiri a look.

“Exactly”, the man nodded.

“I came to see Mic”, was what Aizawa finally said, “I came alone.”

“Mic is over there! He didn’t want to play with us”, Izuku told him, pointing to a couch. Nomu nodded along as Izuku explained what they had done together during this time. He, Nomu and Tomura.

Aizawa followed the finger. He spotted Mic lying on the sofa, covered with blanket. There was a person there with him, staring at him from the opposite sofa. There was clear malice in that person’s eyes.

“Hey! Get your hands off of him”, Aizawa rushed to the scene, “Mic? Are you alright?”
“I didn’t even touch him”, the young man mumbled, backing away.

“The prince to the rescue”, Mic sighed, “I’m fine. Just a bit shaken. This guy kept staring at me though.”

“Tomura didn’t mean anything bad”, Izuku told them, “He was just curious. Right?”

Tomura nodded with a snort. He now focused on biting his fingernails.

“Sorry about that. Tomura can be a brat at times. Don’t mind him and he’ll lose interest”, Kurogiri nodded.

Aizawa was lucky that Stain had left about ten minutes ago, mumbling something about work. Izuku had been disappointed but happy that he had got to talk about heroes with the man once again. It had been long since the last time. Uncle Stain was always so interested in his Hero Analysis notebooks, reading every detail Izuku had written there and even going as far as to ask questions.

“So, anyone up for a late lunch?” Kurogiri suddenly asked, “It will be out of the oven and ready to eat in a couple more minutes.”

“Me! Me!” Izuku cheered, “Mac and cheese!”

“Izuku. Remember your manners.”

“Sorry.”

The food was surprisingly good, the two males had to admit. Though the butterflies in their stomachs prevented them from enjoying it to the fullest. It felt like having a rock just lying there, a heavy feeling in the bottom of your stomach.

Both heroes were in desperate need of a good meal. Aizawa hadn’t eaten since that bland hospital meal he hardly finished and Mic had last eaten with Izuku in the morning. Both their stomachs had growled at the sight and smell of a warm meal.

“This tastes like shit”, Tomura mumbled in between the loud chewing and mouthfuls of food.

“Then why are you eating it like a starved animal? You don’t need to if you don’t like it”, Kurogiri shot back. He was sitting at the end of the table. Kurogiri himself didn’t eat. It was very hard to eat when your body was made of smoke. He was wishing that the others could tell him how the food tasted so he could possibly make it better next time.

“How is it? It’s not too salty?” Kurogiri asked the two heroes, leaning in. He tried his best to sound as casual and friendly as possible. The blond was still shaking like a leaf and the other stared at him like he wanted to kill him where he was seated.

“G-G-Good! Not too salty at all!” Mic replied. He tried to laugh a bit at the end but it sounded more like a squeak of a mouse.

“It’s really good. Could I get the recipe?” Aizawa took the polite route.
“Of course! I’d be happy to share”, Kurogiri seemed happy, “We could exchange recipes.”

“Sound good”, the raven head nodded, “I have some good ones as well.”

The lunch was rather lively.

Kurogiri kept trying to keep the conversation alive and Aizawa complied. Izuku piped in from time to time and Mic tried his best to comment as well. He was still shaken so it was difficult for him. It didn’t help that Tomura seemed pissed off for some reason. The young man kept kicking the seat opposite to him which so happened to be Mic’s, growling and swearing when Kurogiri wasn’t listening.

“So you’re Izuku’s godfather?”, Aizawa asked.

The group were still sitting by the table. Kurogiri had served them dessert which consisted of ice cream and chocolate cake. The ice cream was store bought but the man had done the cake himself. This one wasn’t as good as the Mac and Cheese. The chocolate he had used was way too dark and he hadn’t balanced it with anything else. The result, the cake was almost bitter, not sweet.

“Y-You don’t have to eat it Izuku”, Kurogiri told Izuku, “I know it must taste terrible. Here, have some more ice cream.”

Izuku’s face was scrunched up. He hadn’t expected the cake to taste like that. The last cake he had eaten had been super sweet and amazing. This one tasted really bad. Izuku didn’t like it at all. Yet he didn’t want to be rude to Kurogiri when he knew the man had tried his best. He swallowed another spoonful of the stuff.

“Ah, yes. I am his godfather”, Kurogiri nodded, “Izuku, spit it out. You don’t need to eat it.”

“Hmmmm!” Izuku mumbled as Kurogiri made him drink a glass of milk and took the rest of the cake away. He took the other plates as well, dumping their contents to the bin.

“So, more ice cream anyone?”, Kurogiri ended up brewing coffee for them as a sign of an apology. He fetched some cookies for Izuku as well. The cake and ice cream were soon forgotten.

“You must be surprised”, Kurogiri seemed to smile, “A group of Villains befriending Izuku like this. He really has us all wrapped around his pinky, even Tomura. He actually attacked a guy who he thought stared at the boy in a wrong way.”

Tomura chewed his fingers but nodded, agreeing with Kurogiri, “I would’ve ripped his eyes out.”

“Considering his father’s job, not really”, Aizawa shook his head, “I’m just relieved to know that he had such a place to come to. You were aware of his home life, right?”
“Very aware, but it’s not like I could do anything. I couldn’t possibly call the police or anyone else. Instead, I made sure that he got everything he needed when he visited us. Thinking back, I know I should’ve taken him out of there.”

“Hisashi is in prison now. My friend has been named Izuku’s legal guardian at this time”, Aizawa watched Izuku sleep on Kurogiri’s lap, “He is staying with us now. We have a lot to work with but we think he’s happy.”

“I guessed that much. To be honest, I’ve been keeping an eye on you three. I got alarmed when I saw him with another hero. I even thought you had abandoned him. Sorry for doubting you like that. You must simply be busy with your work.”

Mic had begun to relax as well, though he had his body glued to his friend’s side. He still couldn’t believe how nice the Villains were being to them. He had been ready to have a full on fight in the bar when Aizawa arrived. Instead, the man had welcomed them in and offered them lunch. Mic was still waiting for an ulterior motive. Maybe he was still trying to kidnap the boy or even kill the two of them.

“It’s not really that”, Aizawa sighed. He’d have to tell this man what had happened to one of his good friends.

“Hisashi. Hisashi is in hospital right now. He has been unconscious for nearly a day. We spent the night in there looking after him, All Might and myself.”

Kurogiri sighed, his voice disappointed, “How is he?”

“Broken bones and a concussion”, Aizawa explained, “We’ll be updated as the nurses and doctors check him further. He is stable though and not in danger of slipping away from us anymore.”

“’He only got what he deserved’ you must be thinking”, Kurogiri lowered his head, “I never knew him before his wife died but I’m sure it affected him greatly. Made him the man he is now you might even say. He really loved his wife. He tried to love Izuku as well. He really did. I guess he didn’t have the strength to do so anymore.”

“How was he? When you first met?” Mic asked.

“He came to us looking for work. He had done some little crimes already and seemed like a good man for the job so I sent him to see the boss”, the man begun, “Izuku was with him that day. He told me that he couldn’t leave him home alone so he had to tag along. Izuku was so small. Like a doll. I got to hold him while Hisashi was away.”

Both Aizawa and Mic knew the man had been smitten right away. He didn’t admit it but the two knew.

“He wasn’t afraid of me. He whined a bit when Hisashi left but quickly settled onto my lap. We were together for about an hour. After Hisashi had worked for us for a month, he named me the boy’s godfather. Told me I was the only man for the job.”

“Why didn’t you adopt the boy?” Aizawa asked. He felt an odd connection with the Villain. The three of them weren’t enemies in this situation. They were equals, friends even.

“Hisashi is stubborn like a mule”, Kurogiri laughed a bit, “No matter how bad the situation was, he
would raise the boy on his own. He told me it was the least he could do to his wife. He must’ve
gotten terribly lost somewhere. I won’t say that I don’t blame myself for it because that would be a lie. Working with us definitely did nothing to help.”

It was hard to hear that all from a Villain. Mic and Aizawa knew they shouldn’t believe the man and just leave this place as soon as possible but somehow they couldn’t. This man knew Izuku and his father. Maybe he could tell them something.

“How has Izuku been?” Hisashi carefully pet the boy’s hair, watching him sleep so peacefully, “Has he been happy?”

“I don’t think I’m the one to tell you that”, Aizawa said, “But he has been smiling a lot more these past weeks. Lately, he has dropped the Mr. before our names.”

“I see”, Kurogiri was quiet for a moment, “I’m glad.”

“It hasn’t come without work. We’re seeing a psychologist and a doctor regularly.”

“Of course. It’s only normal in a situation like this, right? How is his schooling?”

“We’ve been teaching him for now. He is very smart for his age and situation though. We do want to get him into a daycare as soon as possible. He needs to develop the necessary social skills.”

“He is a bit clumsy with those. He can’t really read the mood that well”, Kurogiri nodded, “I feel like he’d enjoy meeting other kids his age. I want him to make a lot of friends.”

“Don’t we all?”

Aizawa and Mic ended up staying for three hours. Izuku had a nice after lunch nap and the three adults got to talk. Tomura had fallen asleep as well, not bothering them with his constant presence.

“Will you come again?” Kurogiri asked, “I could make sure we’re empty.”

“Thank you but maybe it’s better if you came to our place”, Aizawa thanked the man for the offer. He was struggling to hold Izuku on his arms. The boy was growing up. He had gained quite a lot of weight already.

“Really? Is that okay with you?”

“It’s less of a trouble to everyone. I can talk to All Might about it. He’ll agree”, Aizawa reassured him.

“Thank you. I just want to know he’s doing alright.”

“Come with us to the hospital. You deserve to be there too. You’re family. More than we are.”

“I’ll do that”, Kurogiri nodded as he flipped the ‘OPEN’ sign to ‘CLOSED’. He then shouted something to Tomura who would stay in and closed and locked the door.
“W-We have a car so no more teleporting or whatever”, Mic said nervously, playing with his fingers.

“Oh, that. Sorry. I just thought you wouldn’t come with me had I asked you to”, Kurogiri smiled.

“Well I certainly wouldn’t”, Mic had to agree.

Aizawa drove the car to the hospital. Kurogiri and Mic sat in the back.

“Have you called All Might already? Explained the situation and all that”, Mic asked.

“Nope”, Aizawa kept his eyes on the road, “Let’s surprise him.”

Chapter End Notes

9,000 hits already?! 
I can't believe this! It was just at like 5,000 or something. 
Could we get it to 10,000 this week?! Let's see!

I'm seriously contemplating if both Kurogiri and Tomura are just really fucking out of character in this one or if they would actually act like responsible adults for Izuku. Izuku is a very strong force after all. 
I shall go with the latter. Especially with Kurogiri. He seems like a rational individual.

I also just had to connect these two storylines already. I hate books that have two different stories to follow at the same time. Especially when you couldn't care less about the other. I don't want to feel that way about my own story. 
This is much easier for me to write too.

PS.
I've been sick with a stomach bug these past two days (It's my last week of work and this happens!) and yesterday night when I couldn't sleep I read Khaled Hosseini's book The Kite Runner. I've read one of his other works before. I read the whole thing in like one sitting. Alright, it was two.
Now I have a sudden need to write a serious fic like his stories. With social issues and such.
What fandom to use...... I was thinking Magi. It has a similar universe already.
Well, it's just a thought. I'll just leave it here.
Wake Me Up Before You Go

Chapter Summary

Izuku and company reunite in the hospital room.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The whole group entered the older Midoriya’s hospital room. They had earned quite a lot of looks on their way there, in the hallway and even outside where they had parked the car. Not that anyone of them cared though. They were an odd group and they knew it. Just let the people stare. They’ll get tired and stop soon.

Kurogiri was carrying Izuku, who was slowly waking up. The boy kept making these adorable sounds as he snuggled deeper to Kurogiri’s chest. It sounded like a tiny puppy or kitten.

None of the adults in the room were female but that noise definitely awakened some sort of a nursing instinct in them. Everyone just melted at the sight and the noise.

Aizawa would’ve loved to be in Kurogiri’s situation right now. The man seemed to notice the staring and tightened his grip on the boy. He shot a joking glare at Aizawa. The raven head would get the boy back. All Kurogiri wanted was to hold his little godchild when he finally had the chance. He hadn’t been able to do so in a very long time.

“Evening”, Aizawa waved and sat down. His seat was still there.

The guard was silent but he kept looking at the Villain first, then Aizawa for answers. He was sure there was some really good explanation to this all. This man in front of him was a dangerous Villain and he was carrying the child. The guard knew that the heroes wouldn’t let someone dangerous do such a thing.

“Good evening”, Kurogiri greeted too, “I heard you are Hisashi’s guard. Pleased to meet you. Sorry for the possible trouble he has caused you.”

“N-No! It’s my job!” the guard stuttered, “He hasn’t been difficult at all. The opposite I might even say.”

“That’s good to hear. Manners haven’t exactly been his forte before.”

“He has been very polite. I’m not sure how he acts around others but he is one of my easiest customers in years”, the guard laughed nervously and nodded. He could understand what the man was about. It was hard to think that someone with an arrest could be nice to others. But people could change and the guard wanted to believe that. Otherwise, it would’ve been very hard to do the job he did.
“Anything new from the doctor?” Mic asked. He sat on the floor next to his former roommate. He couldn’t think of anything else. He carefully placed a hand onto Aizawa’s leg and when the man didn’t swat it away, he smiled and left it there. He would try and put his head there too after trying this one for some minutes. Either Aizawa was tired or he was in a good mood for once. Either way, Mic would happily take it.

“Nothing much. He visited soon after you left”, the guard explained, “There’s some improvement in Mr. Midoriya’s condition. The doctor said he was waking up in the morning. Told me the brain waves were near normal already and that it wouldn’t be impossible if he woke up today.”

“That’s good to hear”, Mic sighed, “Though I’m not sure if I want him to wake up just yet. I still feel like punching him in the face. But since I’m such a chivalrous man, I’m waiting until he wakes up. I wouldn’t punch an unconscious man, no matter how nasty he is.”

“We need to hear his reasons”, Kurogiri stated, “At least I want to.”

“He has to sign some papers for us as well. We need his word before we begin looking for a daycare for Izuku. His opinion holds a little weight but we need it”, Aizawa agreed. He wanted to hear the man’s explanation as well.

At that moment, All Might returned into the room. He had been talking to the nurses in the hallway and hadn’t seen the group enter before. He froze as soon as he saw them. Two steaming cups of coffee in his hands. One for him and one for the guard. Guess it had been a bad morning when All Might chose to drink coffee.

“Hi”, Kurogiri greeted the man like they had known each other for years.

“What is he doing here?! Why does he have Izuku?!” All Might roared. He had his fists up, ready to defend himself and everyone else.

The guard had saved the precious coffee. Seconds before it would’ve been too late and the liquid would’ve been on the floor. Quick reflexes were the key in this business.

“Calm down”, Aizawa sighed, “Think a bit for once.”

Mic nodded, waving his hand, “Yo, All Might. Surprise! You should’ve seen your face! Damn, I should’ve taken a picture!”

All Might stood still. His body was full of adrenalin. The mere sight of a Villain made his muscles tense up. He counted his breaths as they came out in short puffs of air. He managed to calm himself down considerably, giving him a chance to think.

“You’re his friend aren’t you?” All Might finally asked, nodding his head towards the patient’s bed, “How do you know each other?”

“I’m Izuku’s godfather as well. I’ve known the two for quite a while. I have baby pictures”, Kurogiri explained, “I’ve been worried. Everyone else has too.”

Aizawa wanted those pictures. He and the man would have a heart to heart after this.
All Might seemed to calm down some more. He sat down on his chair. He rested his head on his hands and let out a combination of a sigh and a laugh. This situation was just too bizarre.

"Three heroes and two Villains in a hospital room", he huffed, "This sounds like the beginning of a really bad joke."

Kurogiri’s eyes narrowed, like the man was smiling. He clearly agreed.

“Oh, good morning Izuku. Did you have a nice nap?” Kurogiri focused his attention to the bundle in his hands. Izuku had begun moving and stretching his small body. The cute noises continued.

“Hmmm? What?” the boy mumbled with a loud yawn. He looked around, confused.

“I said ‘Good morning’”, if he wasn’t before, Kurogiri was definitely smiling now.

“Is it morning?”

“It’s just a saying. Don’t dwell on it too much.”

“Where are we?”

“In the hospital. Aizawa drove us here after you fell asleep. Nomu and Tomura are back home. Tomura didn’t want to come and Nomu is guarding the house”, in truth, Kurogiri hadn’t wanted to take either one with him. It would’ve only caused more trouble than it was worth.

“Why are we in the hospital?” Izuku’s head sprung up. He looked around frantically. Having spotted All Might, Aizawa and Mic, he seemed relieved.

He then turned to the guard and finally to the hospital bed, “Why is father in there? Why is he hurt?”

No one wanted to explain the situation to the boy. All averted their gazes. Mic even began to whistle. A bad habit of his. Aizawa hit him on the head for that.

“Your father got beaten up. You understand what that means, right?” it was the guard who finally spoke, “His head is hurt.”

The man had experience with children. He was a father after all. He knew how to explain these sensitive things to the little ones. The tone of his voice was calm and he spoke to the child like to an individual. He looked Izuku in the eyes, choosing to stay seated. He looked much smaller that way.

“I want to see him”, Izuku mumbled. His eyes were locked on the bed and its lone occupant.

Kurogiri looked for permission from the Heroes and the guard. When they nodded he lowered the boy down onto the floor.

Izuku ran straight to the bedside and climbed onto the stool the guard had vacated for him. He wouldn’t reach properly otherwise. The guard railings on the sides didn’t help either.
The boy didn’t speak. He only stared. He stared at the equipment, the rise and fall of the chest and the face. He stared at his father’s face the longest, carefully checking every detail of it.

“He looks different”, Izuku mumbled quietly. He slowly reached out his hand to touch Hisashi’s face. He traced the bandages and felt the stubble of growing beard and a mustache.

“How so?” Kurogiri asked, “How is he different?”

Aizawa and Mic were suddenly very grateful to the Villain. They couldn’t have done anything in this situation. They were liked glued to their spots, just staring. As hard as it was to admit, Kurogiri knew the boy much better than any of them. He knew how to act in this situation. He knew what was best for the boy right now.

“He isn’t tired”, Izuku stared, “He isn’t angry.”

It was true. Hisashi looked almost peaceful just sleeping there on the bed.

Kurogiri could see none of his usual wrinkles and such. Like Izuku had said, Hisashi had always seemed tired and angry when he had seen the man. He looked so much younger now. He looked more handsome this way.

“Do you want to sit and wait until he wakes up? The doctor said that he might wake up soon” Kurogiri lowered himself to crouch next to the boy and the bed. He carefully reached to pet the boy’s head.

Izuku allowed the comfort and nodded. He didn’t acknowledge him, just nodded. His eyes were still focused on his father’s face and didn’t move from there.

The nurse came in at some point in the evening. She was positively surprised to see Izuku in there and went right in for a hug.

“Izuku darling!” she smiled, “It’s so nice to see you again!”

Izuku hugged the nurse back. He was still seated next to the bed. He had been sitting completely still for over two hours already, to the amazement of the adults with him in the room.

“I should go fetch us some snacks!” the nurse clapped her hands together. She had introduced herself to Kurogiri, who had politely done the same. He explained that he had come in with Izuku and was a relative. She had been happy to hear that. The other family member she knew didn’t seem that nice. At least this one did.

“Should I get you something?” the nurse asked the adults. She was going to get Izuku some jelly to snack on. She wanted to spoil the little one whenever she could. Maybe they still had some cookies in the break room.

“No thank you. We’ll manage”, Aizawa thanked her, “Some coffee would be nice though.”

The guard agreed with a nod.
Kurogiri and All Might would take something else.

“Alright. I’ll be back in a flash! I could try and catch the doctor on my way. He could explain everything to you all now that you are here.”

“That would be nice”, Kurogiri agreed.

“I’ll do my best!”

Izuku got his artificially colored jelly. It was pink in color and was sweet like pure sugar. It jiggled and kept its form even when scooped up. The boy seemed to like it though as he smiled at the taste of the first spoonful.

Aizawa got goosebumps just looking at it. Once wouldn’t hurt. He’d forgive it this time. He himself would never eat such a thing though. Maybe when he had been Izuku’s age but not anymore. There had been too much talk about additives lately.

“I got the doctor!” the nurse cheered, fist bumping All Might for a mission well done.

“Evening”, the doctor stepped in, “Oh. This place is full tonight. Are you all family, or?”

“I am”, Kurogiri nodded.

“Friends and family”, Aizawa added, “Everyone here is.”

“Isn’t he a lucky guy”, the doctor smiled, “So? You want to hear the updates?”

“Please.”

“Nothing much to add, really. He is stable still. He seemed to react to the nurses voice this morning. She reported movement. The patient moved his fingers.”

“Do you think he’ll wake up tonight?” Kurogiri asked.

The doctor seemed very aware of the youngest occupant of the room. He was thinking what he could and couldn’t say with him in the room.

“He might. It’s not certain though. I wouldn’t get my hopes up”, he finally sighed. He knew that this was a frustrating situation to them all. Everyone wanted the man to wake up and talk to them. Everyone wanted answers. An unconscious man was very quiet.

“Can you tell me the extent of the injuries?” Kurogiri asked. He wanted to hear the diagnosis from a professional and get some answers.

“Of course. We can talk in the hallway if you’d like”, the doctor offered.

“Of course”, the man agreed. He wanted to save Izuku from the possible gory details.

The two left the room, before exiting Kurogiri turned to Izuku telling him that he’d be back soon.
The boy didn’t seem to mind.

Izuku stayed by his father’s side even when the sun set dipped under the horizon. His eyes were drooping but he was fighting the sleep. He’d pull his head right up when it would fall, shaking a bit to get him more awake.

The adults were somehow surviving with the large amounts of coffee they were consuming but young Izuku didn’t have such a choice. Aizawa would never give the boy caffeine. God knows how he’d react. The meds surely would if the body itself wouldn’t.

“Blinking”, Izuku suddenly mumbled.

“What is it? Are you hungry?” Kurogiri asked. None of them had paid him that much attention that they would’ve heard him correctly.

“It’s the patient. I think he is waking up!” the nurse was already by the bedside, checking every machine and tube there was. The heartbeat was quicker than ever before and the breathing had picked up as well. These were clear indication that the patient was indeed waking up, not just dreaming.

“He is?” the rest gathered around the bed as well. It was rather cramped now that everyone was there.

“Mmm”, Hisashi mumbled as he furrowed his brows. He was confused. Nothing in his body felt right. There was this weird weight on his face, his throat itched and his skin stung in several places. Hisashi couldn’t figure out why that would be.

“It is alright. Breathe. In and out. In and out”, the nurse stepped in to assist the patient, “Do you know where you are? Does anything hurt?”

Hisashi tried to speak but nothing but a wheeze came out of his mouth. His throat and mouth were too dry from both the oxygen and the pipe he had had before.

“Don’t strain yourself. You’re in the hospital now. You were brought in with severe injuries. Do you remember what happened?”

Of course Hisashi remembered. He had been in a fight.

“Does anything hurt? Does some place hurt more than any other?”

“H-Head”, Hisashi managed to get out. His head hurt like hell. Like someone had driven a monster truck over his head, put it in reverse and done it all over again. He could hardly think straight.

“You have a concussion. It is normal for your head to ache for some time. I will give you some more painkillers now. You’ll feel better soon”, the nurse took out a syringe, tapping the air out. She inserted the liquid straight into the IV line. It would take effect soon and make the man feel that much better.
Hisashi slowly opened his eyes. He blinked at the bright lights of the room.

The guard ran to dim the room, hoping that it would help the man. He quickly returned to the bedside.

“Mr. Midoriya? Can you hear me?” the nurse tried to accomplish contact with the patient. An intelligent reply would be a huge step forward in the recovery work.

“Father? Does it hurt?” Izuku asked. He kept watching his father writhe around in pain. The man clenched his hands into fists before unclenching them again. He repeated that several times.

“I-Izuku?” the familiar voice seemed to break through the pain-filled haze. Hisashi’s eyes focused onto the source of the small noise. He turned his head slightly and focused on the bedside where the child was seated.

“Father”, Izuku smiled a bit, leaning forward when their eyes met, “Does it hurt? Are you in pain?”

“Hurts like hell”, Hisashi groaned.

Aizawa and All Might felt like the man deserved that after all he had done. He was being uncharacteristically nice to Izuku though. Maybe the drugs in his systems were just that strong and were messing with his head.

“It’s the concussion”, the nurse repeated. She was taking the patient’s vitals as she waited for the painkillers to begin their effect. She’d have to have a report ready for the doctor when he arrived. She had called him in already but the man was in the operating room and would be late. She would have to take care of the patient until then. Her friend was on her way though, to lend her a helping hand if she needed one. It was easier to leave the reception desk than a surgery after all.

Hisashi calmed down considerably when the drugs finally took hold. He leaned his head back down onto the pillow. His breathing calmed down considerably and his body relaxed.

“Izuku? Are you still there?” Hisashi mumbled. He was getting drowsy now. A side-effect of the medicine.

The group knew they didn’t have much time left with the man before he would be unconscious again. It wasn’t that bad this time though. He would only be sleeping this time and would wake up with time.

“I’m here”, Izuku replied, squeezing his father’s hand. He had been holding it even since the man woke up. It came automatically. Izuku hadn’t even thought about it. He had just grabbed the hand and held it.

“How are you doing?” Hisashi sighed after the sentence. He was so tired, both physically and mentally.

All Might and Aizawa didn’t interfere. They sure wanted to but they also knew this talk had been long time in the making.
Kurogiri in the other hand joined the conversation, “Izuku is doing very well. He came in to eat with us today.”

Kurogiri knew the man would believe him. Hisashi didn’t exactly have a reason not to.

“You made food?” the corner of Hisashi’s lip twitched. He was trying to smirk at his friend. He didn’t quite make it though.

“Yes”, Kurogiri huffed, “My pride is hurt, my friend.”

Hisashi smiled a bit. It looked more like a grimace, “Well sorry about that. But thank you, for taking care of him.”

“I am not the only one. It’s these two you should thank”, Kurogiri pointed out the two heroes on the other side of the bed, “Izuku has been staying with them all this time.”

Hisashi slowly and arduously turned his head to see the two.

“Good evening, Mr. Midoriya. We’ve been wanting to talk to you for a long time”, Aizawa greeted him with a nod.

All Might did the same, “It’s nice to see you, although we could do without the whole situation here.”

“Agreed”, Hisashi mumbled, his eyes closed, “I know you two.”

“I know. We’ve met before”, Aizawa agreed. It was nice to know that their last meeting had left an everlasting memory.

“So you took him in. You were the ones who Izuku was always out with then.”

“That was my friend here”, Aizawa pointed out, “But I’ve played with him as well.”

“I see”, Hisashi’s voice was fading. It would be a matter of minutes now before the man was asleep once more.

“Will you go to sleep now?” Izuku asked, leaning in. He carefully touched his father’s face.

“You don’t want me to?”

“I-I don’t know”, the boy had to admit. His brain was working overdrive. A side of him wanted to talk to the man more while a side of him wanted to run. He had to tell his body to stay still or he’d be off the chair and out of the door in seconds.

“You don’t need to. It’s alright”, Hisashi sighed. The hand which had squeezed back was now slack. Hisashi wasn’t with them anymore.

Izuku stayed in his seat even after his father had fallen back to sleep. He stared at the man’s face with
a blank look.

It was the same unnerving look Aizawa and All Might had seen so many times. Izuku often had moments where he would space out for several minutes. When doing so it was like the boy was blind, mute and deaf all at the same time. Izuku had once told them that he was thinking when he did that but it seemed quite extreme for that.

The adults had a hard time figuring out what was going on in that tiny head. It would be normal to feel upset or even angry but the boy had seemed relieved to see that his father was alright. After all that the man had done to him, he was sitting next to him and going as far as holding his hand. It made the adults feel sick to their stomachs.

The doctor had contacted the psychologist as soon as he heard that Izuku was in the room. He believed that the child would need a safe way to vent out the emotions that had surfaced during the meeting between the family. If he didn’t sort through them, they might end up coming back to bite him.

“Izuku? Hayden would like to talk to you for a bit. Is that okay with you?” the doctor asked the boy, “She would like you to come to her room. Apparently, she has something she wants to show to you as well.”

Izuku could remember the woman. He liked her. She had been really nice when they had met before. Izuku usually avoided women but she was okay. The two nurses were the same.

“I’ll go”, he nodded, hopping down from the chair.

“I can take you there. Here, take my hand so you don’t get lost”, the nurse smiled, watching Izuku take her hand. She made sure to take the boy’s backpack with them before exiting the door. Closing the door, she gave the group inside a last peace sign.

“I heard she got some new coloring books”, the adults could hear the nurse in the hallway, “Didn’t she promise to get you one?”

They couldn’t hear Izuku’s reply anymore as they were too far. They bet the boy’s eyes were sparkling again. The nurse would be in for a long walk.

The adults spoke as they waited for something to happen. Whether it was for Izuku to return or for Hisashi to wake up again, they waited. The nurses had brought in enough chairs for everyone to get seated comfortably.

Aizawa and Kurogiri had talked about food for some time before the topic moved to Izuku. It was no surprise seeing how big of an impact the boy had on them all. Maybe not the guard, but definitely everyone else in the room.

“Here is Izuku meeting Nomu for the first time”, Kurogiri had begun showing them the contents of his phone’s huge memory card. It was full of pictures of Izuku, in different situation and at different ages.

“Look at that face!” Mic cooed.
Izuku had looked absolutely adorable as a baby. His cheeks were so chubby. The freckles made them look like doughy buns. They were just begging to be squeezed. Kurogiri told them that Tomura had actually often done that. He had had to buy the grey-haired youth a stress ball before he ripped the cheeks off.

“He looks so happy”, the guard pointed out. He could see that Izuku was really Hisashi’s son. There were certain visual characteristics they both shared. The freckles were just one of them.

“He was. He was always happy with us. Never stopped smiling”, Kurogiri said with a hint of sadness in his voice, “It took some time even for me to realize what was going on back home. And that was when it was too late, Izuku came in one day just covered in bruises. He wasn’t smiling that day. I still remember that so vividly. The expression, the injuries, everything.”

“I’m sorry”, Aizawa didn’t know what else to say. None of them were used to seeing a Villain in so much distress. No one knew what was the right thing to say. They were slowly realizing how useless they actually were. This was the second time today. They would really need to get their act together.

“No. It’s alright. I’m just- Just a bit- I don’t know. Upset? Disappointed?”, Kurogiri sighed, “I just wish I had noticed it sooner. I could’ve helped him.”

The heroes knew the man was referring to Hisashi. Had Kurogiri noticed the abuse and hard times, he could’ve helped the man before the things got to the point of no return. Helping Hisashi would’ve helped everyone.

“You did well”, All Might nodded, “At least you did something. I’m sure it made a big difference.”

Kurogiri nodded, “Thank you.”

“It’s nothing, really.”

The doctor had dropped in for a check-up. He told that Izuku would be with the psychologist for some time still. They had had something going on when he had poked his head in. He didn’t have the heart to stop the boy’s fun so he let them be and decided to come to the patient instead.

“Izuku and Hayden were coloring something together. He told me he’ll give that to his father, hoping it’ll make him get better faster”, the doctor told them as he wrote something down onto the clipboard he had been holding, “He made me promise he’d get to stick it over the bed. Guess medical tape will have to do.”

Aizawa, All Might and Kurogiri nodded at that. They knew the feeling all too well. You just couldn’t say no to those eyes. At the same time, they were a little jealous of the man sleeping in the hospital bed. They wanted a picture from Izuku too!

“Ah! Mr. Midoriya! Are you back with us?”

Everyone gathered around the bed once more. it must’ve been an overwhelming sensation to the patient in the bed, being surrounded like that.
Hisashi had his eyes open and he was slowly looking around, not lifting his head. That was just too much for him. His head hurt too much.

“Hello”, Kurogiri nodded as he noticed the man’s eyes were on him, “Slept well?”

“I saw a dream”, Hisashi mumbled.

“Really now? How was it? A nightmare perhaps?” Kurogiri sat down and scooted closer. He wanted the man to see him properly. It was easier to talk like this as well, as Hisashi’s voice was quiet.

“I wish”, Hisashi tried to huff but it ended in a coughing fit.

Kurogiri offered him a glass of water and he took a couple sips before trying again, “I saw Inko.”

Chapter End Notes

Almost 10,000!
Wonder when the 100,000 words goal will be reached

I've been very busy lately. My summer job ended last week and I've been working on other things back home ever since. I won't tell what it is at the moment. I'll need to sort a couple more things out and then I can surprise you all. Wait for that!
"Hisashi! Hisashi! I told you to wake up!" a familiar noise was calling him.

Hisashi could only see darkness before. A deep dark. A void. Now he was blinded by a white light.

He felt warm. It was like he was floating on a cloud. Nothing seemed to matter.

Hisashi couldn’t remember if he had been dreaming before. He could remember the noises though. There had been people talking around him. He couldn’t understand what they had said but he knew it had been something important. They had been talking about him and he had wanted to tell them to stop. There had been all this weird beeping too. It had annoyed him quite a bit.

So, he must be dreaming now. That was the only explanation he could come up with.

“I don’t remember marrying a sloth!” the voice was there again. It sounded rather annoyed. Why though? Because of him?

Hisashi slowly opened his eyes. The whiteness transformed into a ceiling. Hisashi recognized it. It was their ceiling. Inko’s and his. All the cracks and stains were there. Just like they had always been.

“There you are! I’ve been calling you for two minutes already”, it was Inko.

Inko was there. She looked like an angel in her loose white dress. The hem flowed like waves as the moved. Her green hair was tied up in the usual way, on a loose ponytail on the side. Her eyes were just as beautiful and full of emotion as Hisashi remembered. Now they were staring right at him, a hint of annoyance in them.

“What?” Hisashi was confused. Wasn’t Inko supposed to be dead? Why was she here?

“You look pale. Did you have a nightmare?” Inko reached out her hand and caressed her husband’s cheek, “Was it bad?”

The prickly beard tickled her hand. Hisashi hadn’t shaved in a while. It didn’t seem to bother her though as she smiled and continued the comforting movement.

“Yes. Really bad”, Hisashi sighed and kissed the hand, “But it’s alright now. I’m awake now.”

“That’s good to hear”, Inko smiled, “I made us some coffee. Feel like having a cup? I have cookies too.”
“I feel like I could drink the whole pot”, Hisashi rose and walked with her into the kitchen.

He had been sleeping on the living room sofa.

Hisashi slowly looked around. Nothing had changed. It was like he had never left.

The cream-colored sofa was as just as threadbare as he remembered it. The coffee stain on the sofa table was still there, no matter how much they had scrubbed it before. The weird, fluffy carpet in front of the TV didn’t fit anything else in the whole room. Inko had picked it up at some local flea market one day and just put it there. And there it had been ever since. Hisashi didn’t have the heart to remove it or even tell Inko what he thought of it.

“Was it really that bad? You’re spacing out. It’s not like you. Not at all”, Inko said as she gave Hisashi a cup. With cream and sugar, just the way the man liked it.

“Y-Yeah”, Hisashi took a long sip.

“Want to share?”

Hisashi was quiet for a long time, thinking if he should just keep his mouth shut. Finally, he decided to tell her. She would’ve found out either way. She always got what she wanted.

“You-You were dead. I lived alone with Izuku.”

Inko’s hand flew to her stomach. It was round. Hisashi had teased her last week when she had ‘dropped’. The belly was so big it was hanging out of most of Inko’s usual clothes. She had had to dig out all her loose shirts and dresses.

“I really don’t like how you always write me off like that”, Inko laughed a bit before her expression turned somber, “Say, how was Izuku? Did he look like us?”

“Like a mirror image”, Hisashi closed his eyes, trying to remember how his own son looked like. It was funny. His memory was a blur. He couldn’t remember. He couldn’t remember how his own son looked like.

“I bet he has your nose.”

“He had your eyes”, Hisashi told her, “His hair was green and curly.”

Inko sighed lovingly, closing her eyes as well like trying to see the image in her head, “I can’t wait. I want to meet him soon. I want to tell him just how much I love him.”

Hisashi watched his wife lovingly caress the baby bump. He felt his stomach churn.

“I know. I’m sure he already knows how you feel. I-I wish I could show him how I feel as well.”

“Izuku loves you. You’re his daddy”, Inko smiled, telling the bump the same thing, “So, what in that was the nightmare part? That sounded like a very nice dream to me!”
“I- We- I wasn’t the best father”, Hisashi held the cup so hard that his knuckles turned white.

“Yes?”

“Well I wasn’t there with me and I couldn’t do it alone.”

“Hisashi, dear, what did you do?”

Hisashi covered his face with his hands and leaned onto the table, “I begun drinking. I got more and more involved with the guys as well.”

Inko knew what her husband meant with ‘the guys’. Hisashi was a Villain. She knew that much. There was nothing else she could do but love him for what he was. He would never do something reckless when she was there and Inko knew it. Hisashi loved his wife.

“I-I hit him. I shouted. I hated him so much!” Hisashi cried out, “I couldn’t even watch his face. He took you away from me! I couldn’t take it anymore. Not alone.”

“Hisashi.”

“I’m so sorry! It was never meant to be like this! It wasn’t supposed to-”

“Hisashi dear.”

“All I wanted was for us to be a family! The three of us together! Like you had always wanted!”

“Hisashi!” Inko slapped the man to the cheek, “Look at me!”

“Inko”, Hisashi had tears running down his face. Inko was holding his face between her hands, looking him straight in the eyes.

Inko took a tissue and carefully wiped his face, “Hisashi. I want you to listen to me. Listen to me very carefully. Every word. And never forget what I tell you. Promise me. Never.”

Hisashi nodded slowly.

“I love you. I know you have your flaws but so do I. No one is perfect.”

“No. You’re perfect”, Hisashi shook his head, “You’re the best thing that has ever happened to me in my life.”

“I’m not. I’m a nervous wreck. I look like a beached whale and act like one too. Sometimes”, now Inko was beginning to cry too.

It made Hisashi’s heart ache, “You’re beautiful.”

“I’m afraid! I don’t know if I can be a good mother! I want to be. I just don’t know if I can.”

“You are. You will be.”

Inko smiled sadly, “There you go again. You’re always like that. Why can’t you believe in yourself then? What is the big difference?”
“I’m a bad person.”

“You’re not! You’re the sweetest, kindest person I’ve ever known. You had a dream too! You had a future you wanted yet you chose me.”

Inko could remember how they had sneaked up on the school building’s roof to eat their lunches. When their food was gone, they had begun talking about their future dreams. They had had to write them up the previous day for their teacher to see. The thought had stayed in their minds.

“I want a family. I think I’d be happy with just that”, Inko had told her then boyfriend who looked at her dumbfounded. She had played with her hair, blushing as she noticed Hisashi staring at her.

“Really? Just that?” he had asked, “A husband and two kids? One girl and one boy. Heck, let’s throw in that Golden Retriever and a mansion as well. Sorry, but I think I can only give you about half of that. The dog or the house aren’t those two.”

“Hey! Don’t be mean! What? Do you have some bigger dream then?” Inko had pouted.

“I want to open a restaurant! I could use my Quirk to make something delicious”, Hisashi had grinned wide, earning a good laugh from Inko. She loved how Hisashi looked when he talked about something he loved. His eyes sparkled and he moved his arms like he was trying to speak with those as well. He was so passionate.

“Let’s work hard then! Towards our dreams!” Inko had grinned.

Hisashi had had nodded, grinning as well.

It was a promise then.

“You wanted to open a restaurant”, Inko cried, “Why did you give up? You’re such a good cook. I wanted to see that dream come true.”

“Inko. I am a terrible person”, Hisashi sighed. He hated seeing Inko cry. It was so much worse when he knew that it was his fault.

“Don’t say that. No one in this world is a hundred percent good. We’re only humans. We make mistakes. But that’s alright, because we can fix those mistakes too.”

“I feel like I’ve made a massive one. One that I can’t fix.”

“I know”, Inko hugged her husband hard, “I forgive you. I forgive it all.”

Hisashi opened his eyes to see that they had changed locations. He could feel his head resting on
Inko’s lap while she combed her hand through his hair.

They were sitting under a tree. The sun shone and there wasn’t even a single could in the sky. It was nice and warm. A gentle breeze kept the two comfortable. A perfect summer day.

There were screams of joy and laughs echoing through the air.

Hisashi turned his head to look around. They were in their usual park. The two of them had walked through it many times during their dates. Hisashi could remember how they had talked about taking Izuku there when he was old enough. Hisashi could push him on the swings and do all these fatherly things while Inko talked with the other mothers in the park.

“He looks so happy”, Inko sighed lovingly. Her hair flowed in the breeze. She tucked a stray strand behind her ear.

Hisashi checked to see what she was talking about. He followed her gaze to the jungle gym.

There was Izuku, just playing there. He wasn’t alone. There were two adults with him.

“You were right. He looks just like us”, Inko smiled, “Who are those two with him? They look like they’re having fun.”

“They’re his new guardians. I gave Izuku to them.”

“Why?”

“Because I am not fit to take care of him. I hurt him. I ruined it all.”

“Hisashi. Look carefully. Does Izuku look unhappy? Does he look like he is in pain?” Inko took Hisashi’s hand. She gave it a firm squeeze.

“I hurt him. He can never live a normal life now”, Hisashi mumbled.

“What? Do you want me to hit you and tell you how disappointed I am with you? Would you like that?” Inko sighed. She gently hit her husband’s cheek.

“You idiot. Why didn’t you ask for help?” was what Inko asked instead. Her voice was quivering.

“Of course I’m mad. Why did you let it get this far? You had friends around you who could’ve helped. I’m sure of it. You and your stupid pride. That’s what friends are for, you idiot!”

“I’m sorry”, Hisashi mumbled. He couldn’t really say anything else.

“About what? Tell me.”

“I’m sorry I ignored our son. I’m sorry I hurt him. I’m sorry I burned his face. I’m sorry I wasn’t a father to him when he needed me. I’m sorry I didn’t ask for help.”

Inko smiled, kissing Hisashi’s forehead, “Apology accepted.”

“But why? You’re not supposed to forgive someone for something like this. I was terrible to him!”
“It wouldn’t make a difference if I didn’t. What’s done is done. All you can do now is try and make everything better again.”

“I’m not sure I understand”, Hisashi told her.

“You don’t need to.”

“You’re too kind.”

“I’m not. I’m only human.”

Hisashi and Inko watched their son play. Both were quiet, just enjoying each other’s company. It had been so long since they had been like this.

“Isn’t that All Might? The muscular one”, Inko asked. She pointed her finger towards the group.

Hisashi nodded, “Yeah. He was the one who came to get me. You could say he saved Izuku.”

“Is he as strong as the papers say?”

“Believe me. He is stronger than that. Almost broke my hand”, Hisashi told her. It was weird to talk about his arrest in such manner. Inko was supposed to be screaming at him, mad at him for abusing their son.

“Almost? I should’ve beaten you up for what you did.”

Hisashi let out a short laugh, “I somehow knew you’d say that. You’re mad, after all.”

“Of course I am. Is there any reason I shouldn’t be?”

“You don’t sound angry.”

“That’s my one weakness. I just can’t stay mad with you”, Inko smiled lovingly and kissed her husband, “I’ve tried but I just can’t. I forgave you already. That’s all there is to it.”

“Thank you. You don’t know how much those words mean to me.”

“How so?”

“I thought you hated me. For what I was. For what I did. I had this weight on my shoulders for so long”, Hisashi’s eyes were tearing up again. Only Inko could do this to him. Only his Inko could drag out such weakness from him.

“I could never hate you. I know I probably should but I love you too much.”

“I love you too. I love you so much you couldn’t even understand.”

“I think I understand. I think I do.”
“He has grown a lot”, Inko caressed Hisashi’s face, especially the scars and other marks he had. It was like a map. A map of a Villain’s life.

“Yes he has. How big was he when he was born? Didn’t the nurse say that he was small?” Hisashi had closed his eyes, enjoying the massage he was getting.

“Yes. I think she said something like that. Guess he made up for that quite soon.”

“Well, he always liked the taste of the formula.”

“Was he a fussy eater?”

“No. Not at all. He ate almost anything I put in front of him and ate them quietly without a complaint. Guess he had to. There was no telling when he’d get fed next.”

“Hisashi, there you go again. I don’t want to talk about that anymore. I want you to be happy.”

“I don’t think I can after what I’ve done. I’m slowly realizing that I ruined his life.”

“Does that boy there look like someone who is suffering? Look at him Hisashi. Look at your own son.”

Hisashi turned his head and looked. Izuku was playing with the swings this time, the two heroes pushing him and he squealed for them to push more. He wanted to go higher and higher. Until he could touch the skies he said.

“No he doesn’t”, Hisashi finally had to admit, “He doesn’t know what he has missed.”

“He is making up for that now. He still has his whole life ahead of him.”

“He doesn’t even know how to write. I know he can read a bit but not much else”, Hisashi’s thoughts were spiraling down a dark path again, “He has never been able to make any friends. His social skills must be terrible. With the injuries I gave him, he will surely have a hard time making them in the future as well.”

“You are terrible. You know that right? Didn’t I just say that I wanted to talk about nice things for once? Haven’t we been depressed for long enough or do you want more?” Inko pouted. Hisashi had always thought that she looked adorable when she did that. It was hard to take her seriously when she looked so cute.

“I know. I’m sorry. But I am happy, really.”

“Then show it to me. Smile. Tell me what fun things you and Izuku have done together.”

“It isn’t a long list, I’m afraid.”

“Go on. I want to hear it all.”

“We went to the burger place one day. You remember that one we always went to? We drove all the
way there. It was for Izuku’s birthday. Was it his third or fourth. I can’t remember. I had received a
nice paycheck from the latest job as well, so I decided we could have a treat for once.”

Inko nodded, telling him to continue, “I really liked the fries there. They were nice and crispy every
time.”

“They still had the same menu. Can you believe that? After all these years. Anyways, you should’ve
seen Izuku’s face when he noticed the toys that came with the children’s menu.”

“Let me guess. Heroes?”

“Yep. His eyes went big like dinner plates when I told him I would get him one. He glued his whole
face to the glass of the display. I had to get him two in the end.”

“Did he like the food?”

“He loved the fries. I told him that you’d always tell me the exact same thing.”

“Did you often tell him about me?”

“No. It was too hard for me. He looked like you and now he was beginning to act like you. It was
just too much for me.”

“What did you tell him then?”

“I would show him your picture. When I had a good day that is. The one I always carried in my
wallet. It’s still there, don’t worry. I haven’t removed it, though the corners are frayed beyond
repair.”

“That old one?” Inko laughed, “You’re the one who took that, right?”

“It was on our fifth or sixth date, wasn’t it?”

“I believe it was the seventh.”

“You look pretty in that picture.”

“You think I look pretty all the time.”

“True.”

Inko blushed and pinched Hisashi’s nose, “Continue.”

“To be honest, I don’t think there is much more to tell.”

“Anything is fine. Come on!”, Inko pouted, crossing her arms. She was being serious. Hisashi knew
to come up with something soon or she wouldn’t talk to him anymore.

“Izuku has a godfather now”, Hisashi finally said. He felt terrible for not having more stories or
anything. He felt really bad. He was Izuku’s father for god’s sake and all he could remember was
one birthday meal at a burger place. It hadn’t been fancy or even expensive.
“There you go! Who is he? Do I know him?”

“You don’t. He is an old friend of mine. A coworker.”

Inko’s mouth formed an ‘o’. She nodded. A fellow Villain then. Not that she was judging. She knew that many of the Villain could be nice if they wanted to. Their situations had driven them to take such a route in life.

“Is he good with Izuku?” she asked. That was all she needed to know. If Izuku was fine with the man, then she was as well.

“He is a natural. It’s almost scary how good he is with kids. Izuku loves his cooking.”

“What about yours? Does Izuku like the food you make?”

“I-I don’t know. I guess I made him some baby food in the past but that’s it.”

“You haven’t been cooking? Even though you love it so much!”

“I’m sorry”, Hisashi smiled sadly. He had let her down once again. He was always finding something he should’ve done different. There were many things he hadn’t done at all too, and those were the absolute worst. For example, Hisashi couldn’t remember when he had hugged his little boy last.

“I’m the one who should be sorry, dear”, Inko sighed sadly. She had gotten tired of listening to her husband’s apologies. In the end, she was the source of all the problems. Had she not died and left Hisashi alone, most if not all of this hadn’t happened.

“Why? There’s nothing for you to apologize for!” Hisashi looked his wife in the eyes.

“You know what I’m talking about”, Inko simply replied, waiting for Hisashi to nod. He did so and she continued, “I always knew you wouldn’t be able to take it if I ever went away.”

“You’re here now. That’s all that matters now.”

“That’s the spirit”, Inko smiled, “Keep that up.”

“You know. I think I’m dreaming after all”, Hisashi whispered, mostly to himself.

Inko’s hand stopped and she turned to look at her husband.

He hadn’t wanted to admit this before. He had known it deep down ever since opening his eyes in their living room sofa. This wasn’t real. He was surely dreaming.

“Am I allowed to be this happy?”, Hisashi managed to get out through the flowing tears, “I got to meet you again. Even if it’s just a dream, I can’t help feeling happy.”
“I am too. I finally got to talk to you again. I’ve been waiting for this so long”, Inko was beaming. She looked so much like Izuku when she did that. It didn’t help with Hisashi’s crying one bit.

“Are you telling me you’ve been waiting for me?”

“Of course! Don’t you believe in spirits and afterlife?”

Hisashi huffed. He really didn’t. The thought of there being something after death was alien to him. Death was final and that was it.

“Where is the man I married all those years ago?” was Inko’s reaction, “What did you do to him?”

Hisashi knew she was joking but the words still got to him. It was true. Something really had happened to the man she had married. It was like he was a different person by now.

Hisashi’s vision was fading. The edges of his vision were getting blurry. He could hardly make out Inko’s face anymore. A bang of panic ripped through him. He didn’t want to go yet. Give him a minute more. Even a second would be enough for him. He just wanted to be with Inko some more.

“Will I see you again?” Hisashi asked. He knew he was waking up. He could feel his body again. As well as the weight and pain that came with it.

“I waited for you this long. I think I can wait some more”, Inko kissed the man, “But promise me one thing. Actually, two things. You have to promise.”

Hisashi nodded. Anything for her.

“Promise me that you won’t seek me. Live your life to the fullest and come to me when the time comes. Not any earlier. I don’t want you to leave Izuku alone. Not the way I left you. He wouldn’t be able to take the pain. He is still just a child. He needs you by his side.”

“I won’t”, Hisashi nodded, “I promise.”

It was a tough promise to make but Hisashi felt like he could finally make it. Hisashi had thought of suicide before, going as far as to think of ways to take his life. The prison and the psychologist had helped a bit. He had been diagnosed with depression and even given some medicine for it. They helped a bit but talking had helped the most.

“And one more thing. Be a father. I know the relationship between you and your parents wasn’t the best. I don’t want you to make the same mistakes your father did. I know it won’t be easy but I know you will make it. You’re a good person. Become the hero Izuku needs”, Inko told him, kissing him on the lips.

Those were the final words Hisashi could make out. The scenery of the park faded away, replaced by a pure white. There were noises. He could recognize the annoying beeping of the machines again. He knew he was back in the hospital room. The smells hit him next. The sterile smell of a hospital room burned his nostrils.
Hisashi opened his eyes to an unfamiliar ceiling.

Inko was gone once more and Hisashi did the only thing he could. He cried.

Chapter End Notes

I feel so bad for posting this so late!
I had a plan to post around twice a week. I didn't quite make it, huh?
Guess I'll have to say once a week then.

I also feel like this chapter just keeps repeating itself.
Well, Hisashi is a blockhead so he has to be told the same things several times. But still, maybe I should've looked through this once more and fixed a couple things.
I just had to post this now after such a cliffhanger with the last chapter.

Then some news!
The thing I was talking about last week has been confirmed. I can finally tell you what it is.
I will be moving! I'll study for a year and live in a dorm room during that time.
I've been packing my stuff this past week. It's been hard. You really need to think hard about what you need and what you only think you do.
Especially my books! I love each and every one of them!
Any tips on dorm living are appreciated!
Thank you and be patient with me.
I try and upload once a week still! I would never forget you guys!
Small Milestones

Izuku visits the psychologist. She needs to make some things clear to the boy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Izuku and Hayden sat opposite to each other by the office table. Hayden had gotten the boy a chair and a couple pillows to help him reach the table, giving him a chance to see what she was doing.

The room was quiet apart from the whirr of the old computer and the clicking of the keys. A bird sang outside and a car honked its horn. People were talking in the hallway, probably nurses or a family. A child screamed, happy, probably from the playmat in the hallway. The psychology ward wasn’t usually too busy but the hallways were hardly empty either.

There was a lingering smell of Chinese takeout alongside the room’s usual smell of modeling clay, paint and the hospital’s disinfectant.

Izuku watched as the psychologist wrote something on the computer. Kicking his legs, his eyes roamed the small room. It was closer to a closet, Hayden had joked last time. Izuku disagreed. The room was big on his standards.

The room hadn’t changed from last time. The many piles of papers on the desk had grown in height though, despite the lone occupant’s best efforts to go through them. It seemed that Hayden had been busy these past days. She had black bags under her eyes which the makeup didn’t quite cover. She had tried her best anyways.

The shelves of books were messy. Some books were put in upside down and some were just lying on the top of the shelf. One or two were on the floor. The woman clearly hadn’t had the time to clean up lately. It was also intentional to a certain level. A pristine room would often bother the patients to the point they just sat still and mute. Sometimes for the whole meeting. If they saw a little mess, they would be much more likely to begin playing and then talking.

To be honest, Hayden had just planned to do paperwork today and not see any patients. She often did that once every two or three weeks. Cleaning of the room would happen later that day. But today, after hearing about the situation going on at the intensive care unit she had offered her help right away. She hadn’t even thought about it, just told the doctor that she could see Izuku.

Izuku watched the table already set for them on the floor. There were brand new colors on the table, still in their large package. There were also new pictures to color. Izuku could see a hero-themed one there among the many animals, dolls and cars. His hands were itching to get to work already.

“Thank you for waiting Izuku. Sorry about that. I’m just drowning in these papers”, Hayden smiled.
She had also had to update Izuku’s situation to his file with the new information at hand.

Izuku nodded, smiling back. He followed the psychologist to the table and took the box of pencils when offered. He sat down on the pillows on the floor.

“I thought you’d like this. Here”, Hayden told him as she sat down as well, “Open it. I want to hear what you think.”

Izuku did as told and carefully peeled the tape off. He poured the pencils out onto the table and spread them out. Looking at the large selection of colors, he smiled wide.

“You like them? The ones I previously had were getting so short. We really needed new ones”, the explained, “I bought them just yesterday. No one else has used them yet.”

Izuku nodded. These ones were much easier to hold. They were really pretty too. All shiny and new.

“I printed out some new pictures too”, Hayden watched Izuku, who had already picked one out of the pile. It was the hero one. She had picked that one with Izuku in mind.

“Go ahead. You can color it”, she coaxed the boy.

Izuku rolled the pencils around on the table. They made a nice sound as they hit each other. Finally, Izuku picked a color and made the first line. Of course, the color was red. His absolute favorite.

While Izuku colored, Hayden wrote down notes. She would let the boy speak first. It would let Izuku know that they were working on his conditions. Hayden wasn’t here to interrogate him. They were here to talk and solve his problems. One by one. No matter how long it would take.

“Do you know what happened to father?” Izuku finally asked. He had colored about half of the picture, deciding to have a small break in the middle.

“Do you want to know what happened to him?” Hayden asked. She didn’t have the details yet. She knew that there had been a fight but that was pretty much it. She didn’t even know what injuries the man had or how serious it was. The man had needed intensive care and surgery. She knew nothing more.

Izuku nodded, “He looked bad.”

“How bad?”

“I didn’t see any blood”, the boy mumbled, “But he was all wrapped up. His face looked bad.”

“What do you think happened?”

“I don’t know. He-He could’ve fought with someone”, Izuku averted his eyes, focusing his attention back to coloring the picture. The topic was clearly delicate. Hayden would need to be careful.

“Did he fight often?”
A nod, “But he always won.”

“Always?”

A firm nod.

Hayden let Izuku color for some while. She would continue coaxing out answers later. He needed some time to cool down before they could continue. They would move slow today. The day had already been hard enough for both of them. There was no reason to make it more so. They could both do with some peace and quiet.

“Who will you give this one to?” Hayden asked, noticing that Izuku was almost done with the coloring. He had been very careful. There was almost no color outside the lines and the colors he had used had been chosen carefully. Izuku apparently had an eye for things like this. He was like a little artist.

Izuku thought for a bit, “Can I hang it over the bed?”

“You want to give it to your father then?”

“Hm”, Izuku nodded, “Can I?”

“You’ll have to ask the nurses but I’m sure you can. I have some tape you can use”, Hayden told him, “Do you think your father will like it?”

“I don’t know”, Izuku really didn’t know what his father would think. He had seemed nice when the two had talked for a bit. Maybe the medicine had done that and the man was still as angry as ever with Izuku. Izuku also didn’t know if he’d like the picture itself. It was a hero, after all.

“Well, I would surely like it if someone gave me a present like that”, the psychologist told him with a gentle smile, trying to reassure him, “Did you two talk?”

“He asked me how I was doing. He didn’t sound upset with me”, Izuku mumbled. He was going through the pictures again, looking for a second one to color. Finally, he decided that he’d be doing an original piece this time. He took a blank paper from a pile and a black pencil.

“Why would he be upset? Does he have some reason to be upset with you?” the notes were taken out yet again. Hayden felt like they were getting somewhere again.

“I don’t know”, Izuku closed his eyes. His small frame shook a bit.

Hayden could tell that the boy was getting nervous. The topic was clearly very hard for him to talk about. Whether it was because of the trauma from when he had lived with his father or because the boy simply couldn’t think of a logical answer, was unclear. A young boy like Izuku really shouldn’t have to think about things like this. He should’ve been thinking about playing with his friends or the last evening’s cartoons. Too bad life didn’t always work that way. It was rather unfair.

“Did you do something bad?” Hayden coaxed. Izuku would have to go through this. He would have to come in terms with his feelings and thoughts or he could never move forward. Saying things aloud
also often helped. You’d feel so much better afterwards.

“I-I don’t think so”, Izuku closed his eyes and tried to remember, “I’ve tried to be really good to Mr. Aizawa and Mr. Yagi. They haven’t shouted or hit me.”

“Let me tell you a little secret. Come a little closer”, Hayden waited until Izuku had leaned in before she continued, “Those two wouldn’t hit you. Never. Even if you’d be a little naughty.”

“Really? Not even a little slap?”

“I promise. Not even a little slap to the cheek”, Hayden brought her hand onto Izuku’s cheek and smiled kindly, “The two have been nice to you, right?”

“Really good. I have a room. It’s super big”, Izuku explained, using his hands to try and show the size, “I have a fluffy bed and a lot of clothes. Some of them are weird but I like them all a lot. They’re soft and warm.”

“That’s great to hear”, Hayden nodded, “I don’t think you’ve done anything wrong.”

But Izuku continued with his thinking, “Maybe I’ve bothered them. They can’t go to work when I’m there. Don’t you need to work to get money?”

“Yes. You work to earn money”, she nodded, “But it’s not that simple. It’s not as simple as that.”

Hayden earned a confused head tilt from the boy.

“Have you heard of the saying ‘Money doesn’t bring happiness’? What do you think that saying means?”

“That-That you can’t buy happiness?”

“I wonder. Is it really as simple as that?”

“You can buy good food with money. Then you eat it and become happy”, Izuku nodded.

Hayden smiled. Izuku really was a smart boy. His example was simple yet sad. He would surely be happy if he got a nice meal every once in a while. Unlike some other greedy people who couldn’t appreciate such simple things in life.

“But is that really happiness? I don’t think that would last for a long time. Wouldn’t you be unhappy again when the food was gone?”

Izuku nodded. You’d get hungry again and need more food.

It was amazing to see how well the boy understood these things. He was like a little philosopher, thinking through every question he was given before carefully answering.

Hayden would make sure that he was put in a class that would match his skills as well as his mental problems. Izuku was still an abuse victim. It was easy to forget that at times.
“Do I have to go back with father when he gets better?” Izuku asked.

“You don’t want to?” Hayden replied with a question.

Izuku twisted his fingers nervously. He slowly shrugged his shoulders as in ‘I don’t know’.

“Your father will go back to jail when he is better. You won’t go with him. A prison is no place for a sweet child like you.”

“Really? I’ll get to stay with Yagi and Aizawa? They won’t take me away?”

“Of course! Haven’t they talked about it? The two are looking for a daycare for you.”

“I get to go to a school?”

“Yes. In a couple years. But you need to go to daycare first.”

“I want to learn how to write!” Izuku jumped up and down, “And-and read better!”

The idea of going to school seemed to excite the boy. It was good. Some children were the complete opposite of that. Seeing Izuku’s past situation made education that much more important. It would all be an important part of the healing progress as well.

“You know how to read?” Hayden asked.

“Mm-m! Just a bit but I don’t know the difficult characters yet.”

“Don’t worry. Not many adults know all of them either”, she laughed a bit. Hayden had never been good with kanji and even now would often make mistakes writing and reading them. It was obvious Izuku wouldn’t know them. He hadn’t had the chance to learn.

“Really?”

“Really. I wouldn’t lie to you. So, how do you feel about going to daycare? You haven’t been in one before, right?”

“No. Father didn’t want me to go. He said that he’d teach me if I needed to know something”, the boy nodded, “He said that life would teach me the things he didn’t.”

The father clearly hadn’t thought it necessary to teach his son that much. It was unclear what he thought were the necessary skills needed in life. The ability to lie? The skills of robbery and scamming? Hayden really had no idea. Izuku did have manners and his spoken language was good although not great. Had his father taught him those or had it been the others who had taken care of the boy? She suspected the latter.

“But how do you feel about it? Don’t you want to learn new things and meet new friends?” Hayden asked. She didn’t want to hear what the man thought. She wanted to hear Izuku’s opinion on the topic.

“I-I want to go. But isn’t school expensive?”

“Izuku. It isn’t a matter of expensive or cheap. If you want to go, you go. It’s as simple as that. We
cannot deny you education”, Hayden explained, “It’s your human right.”

“Human right?”

“Yes. There are some things everyone should have. Education is one of them.”

“I can go to daycare?”

“Yes. You can go.”

Izuku’s face lit up, “Do you think they have books? Those that you write in.”

“School books? I’m sure they have a few.”

“I want one”, Izuku said. He seemed serious.

“Aren’t you eager. What do you want to learn the most?”

“Math!”, Izuku beamed, “And to write.”

“That’s good to hear. Many people don’t like math.”

“Why? It’s useful.”

“Because they think it’s boring and difficult.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know.”

“Do you think so? Is math boring?”

“Hmm. I remember I didn’t like it that much when I was younger. Now that I think about it, I think all our teachers up until then had been terrible. They just didn’t know how to make the learning fun. Then I learned that I needed math if I wanted to do this job. I hit the books and it changed my mind completely. My new teacher also helped a lot.”

Izuku listened closely. He sucked in every word leaving the psychologist’s mouth. When Izuku asked her to, Hayden told him tales of when she had been in school many years ago. All the way from daycare to university.

“Do you have any books like that in here?” Izuku asked, taking a bite out of the sandwich Hayden had offered him. They were sharing the psychologist’s packed lunch. It consisted of two sandwiches. Very simple but apparently delicious all the same, seeing how happily Izuku ate his.

There were many books on the room’s several bookshelves. Hayden had collected them all throughout her many years doing the job. She had bought some herself from flea markets as well as received as gifts from friends and family. The rest came as a part of the job. There was everything from classic children’s story books to books full of easy exercises. They notebooks were a hit with
the children. Knowing they could do something and do it correctly, usually got them to relax and
talk.

“Math books? Let me see. I’m sure I had some right here”, Hayden crawled on her knees to the
nearest shelf. She pulled out a couple books, flipping through them before putting them back. She
finally pulled out a slim notebook with a colorful cover.

“Here it is”, she cheered as she returned to the table and placed the book in front of Izuku, “Go
ahead and see if you can do some of them.”

The boy nodded eagerly and opened the first page. He stared at the colorful pictures on the cover
first before he flipped the page open.

The book was meant for small children younger than Izuku but it would be perfect for them today.
The exercises were very simple, like counting apples or birds.

“I can do these!” Izuku told the psychologist.

“You can? Let me see how you do them then”, Hayden gave Izuku a pencil, “Here. This is for you.
You can have it.”

Izuku looked at the pencil. It was a simple lead pencil. Something you’d find in every office. But
Izuku caressed the pencil, feeling its every groove as well as the smooth finish of the paint. It was his
very own pencil.

“I can have it? It’s mine?” he asked.

“Of course. Everyone who does math like this needs a pencil”, Hayden told him. She smiled at the
boy’s innocence. It was amazing how happy receiving a pencil could make someone. This was a
milestone. Izuku would now begin learning. He would pack his backpack and go to daycare. He
would make a ton of friends and learn all the basic social skills he would need later in life.

Izuku nodded. He had decided to begin from the first page.

The characters on the instruction were deliberately easy to read and Izuku could read them all. He
seemed pleased to notice that.

“How many birds are on the fence?” Izuku read the text over the picture of a flock of birds.

“You write your answer there”, Hayden pointed to an empty line. She wouldn’t help the boy if he
didn’t ask for it. She wanted to see how Izuku would do on his own and how he’d handle any
possible mistakes.

“They’re blue”, Izuku pointed out, “Look. One flew away.”

“I see. How many are left?”

“Hmm”, Izuku counted the birds, pointing at each one as he counted, “One, two and three. Three
birds.”

“Yes. Three birds. Can you write the answer down?”
Izuku nodded. He was smiling. Happy that he had gotten it correct. It had been his first one and he had gotten it right.

He then slowly began drawing the number. The curve of the number was perfect. The only problem was that it was backwards. Like how children often wrote letters wrong.

“Here. Let me show you. You write it like this”, Hayden drew the number on the edge of her notes and showed it to him, “See? It was almost correct. You did really well.”

Izuku looked at the number carefully before he copied it next to the incorrect one, “There! Now it’s correct!”

Hayden clapped her hands, “Good job! Should we put a sticker there?”

“Why?”

“Because you got it correct, of course”, Hayden took out her large sticker case. All kids loved stickers, despite their situation or age. They were colorful, fun and an easy way to reward them. Hayden placed the case open on the table in front of Izuku.

“Here. Choose any one you like.”

“Any one?”

“Any one.”

Izuku chose a bird sticker. Hayden removed it for him and let Izuku stick it onto the page.

“Now there are four birds!” Izuku smiled.

“You’re right”, Hayden smiled. She helped the boy write that number as well.

The two worked through the notebook for the rest of their time together. They completed the first three pages. Izuku even managed to do division with a little coaxing. It was hard when the boy was so eager to share from what was his.

Hayden had had to explain some of the written exercises when Izuku didn’t fully understand the meaning behind them. But other than that, Izuku understood most of them and did them correctly as well. He was smart, although a little behind for his age. Hayden wrote a note reminding her to schedule an IQ test for the boy. That would help them all in the future.

“I want to show these to everyone!” Izuku exclaimed. He was jumping on his seat, the previous anxiety and sadness long forgotten.

“I bet they’ll be very proud of you”, Hayden nodded, “It’s okay. You can take the book with you. I’ll give it to you.”

“Really? I can have it?”
“Of course! It’s all yours. I want you to treat it well.”

“Thank you! I will!” Izuku hugged her tight. It was yet another milestone. Izuku had touched her voluntarily. Lovingly even. He hadn’t done that before. Of course, there had been the occasional brush of hands and such but no hugs like that. Hayden had hugged him once or twice herself before.

“Do you want to go show them right away?”

“Yeah!”

“Then let’s go”, Hayden let Izuku take her hand. The boy would get lost otherwise. He didn’t know this part of the hospital so well.

“Can I come see you again?” Izuku asked as they walked towards the older Midoriya’s room.

“Of course. I’d love to see you again soon.”

“Then I can show you how much work I’ve done”, Izuku waved the notebook he held in his other hand.

“I’ll look forward to it.”

Both smiled.

Chapter End Notes

I’ve been so busy!
But I updated on time! Yay me!

I’ll be moving in a week. I already have all my boxes backed and ready. Then there are some bags I still need to finish.
I did the compulsory IKEA visit as well. I only bought like three items though. Okay, one of them consist of many pieces. But still, just three. A new record.
Now I need to somehow fit them into a car... Well, I’ll worry about that later.

I’ll keep you all updated!
As always, be patient with me during these weeks!
I’ll now try and reply to the comments. Look forward to it!
A Little Genius

Chapter Summary

Hisashi is awake again and ready to talk

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hisashi was breathing heavily as he sat up on the bed, still shaken by the dream he had had. His complexion was rather pale. His skin looked clammy too. But it wasn’t a surprise, seeing the situation at hand. It would’ve been even without such a dream. He was lying in a hospital bed, admitted with many severe injuries and blood loss. Of course he’d be pale.

“You saw Inko?” the guard asked. He knew the woman by more than just a name. Hisashi had told him about her on several occasions. He had soon learned that the woman had meant a lot to him and that the loss had been devastating. Hisashi had never really recovered. After that the guard had made sure to listen close whenever the man would talk, since it seemed to help them both.

Hisashi slowly nodded. He wiped his sweaty forehead into the sleeve of his hospital gown. The IV line tugged on his hand as he did so. It hurt a bit and reminded the man of where he was. The pain of the other injuries came next. It was like a weight had been placed on his chest and limbs alongside the pain. His head felt the worst though. It was like a whole pile of bricks had been poured on it while thunder roared right in his ears.

“You saw Inko?” All Might whispered to Aizawa who nodded. The two knew what the police had told them as well as what they had managed to find out themselves. It wasn’t much but enough to know the identity of the woman mentioned.

The nurse checked the vitals and gave the patient a shot of mild painkillers as the man seemed to be in quite a lot of pain. They would slowly try and decrease the amount of meds they were giving him. Addiction was always a risk with medicine like the ones Hisashi was getting, so they wanted to wage the man off of them as soon as possible.

The doctor watched the nurse do her job before he himself stepped in.

“Mr. please try calm yourself down. You’re hurt. We don’t want you to start hyperventilating on us”, the doctor explained, his voice calm, “Come on. Breathe in and out. In and out. There we go. That’s the way. You’re doing good Mr. Midoriya.”

Hisashi slowly calmed down. It seemingly took him quite a lot of effort. Some of the color returned to his face as the breathing returned to normal and the medicine took effect. Hisashi signed long and loud, his eyes closed. The fluorescent light of the room irritated his eyes.

“Better?” the doctor asked. He checked some of the vitals himself. Not that he didn’t believe in his nurses, he just wanted to see them himself. He was curious and always liked to not only see the results but also how those had been reached in the first place. The same curiosity had helped him a lot when he had been studying to become a doctor in the first place.
“Much better. Thank you doctor.”

“No worries. Just doing our work here”, the nurse nodded, agreeing with what the doctor told the patient.

The group gave the man some more time before they even tried to talk to him or ask him anything. It was no use overwhelming him, even if they wanted to just flood him with questions once again. He could’ve begun hyperventilating again if they moved too quickly with this.

Much to everyone’s surprise, it was Hisashi who begun with the questions. He coughed a couple times to clear his airways before he begun speaking.

“How has Izuku been?” Hisashi asked. He let the nurse give him some water to help with his dry throat. He even nodded his thanks afterwards, to which the nurse smiled.

“Don’t you remember? I already told you. Izuku has been fine. As fine as he can be in this situation”, Kurogiri asked in return. He was worried that his friend’s brain had been damaged in the beating and that it had somehow affected his memory. The nurse had previously said that he had suffered a concussion. Kurogiri also knew that brain injuries were hard to fully recover from. They almost always left something behind. He would never want anything like that to a friend.

“I know you did. I want to hear their opinion. They’re the ones who’ve been taking care of him. You said that yourself”, Hisashi pointed towards All Might and Aizawa, then coughed again. His throat was still sensitive from the oxygen mask he had had on previously.

Aizawa and All Might shared a look before the latter nodded, indicating that Aizawa should be the one to speak. He was better at things like this.

All Might could handle a serious conversation just fine too. He just preferred not to if possible. His eccentric personality made it hard for him to keep a serious conversation.

Aizawa sighed, giving his roommate an accusative look. He’d do this just this once but the blond would have to pay him back for it. It was all good though. Aizawa had always wanted to dine at this fancy local restaurant anyways. Guess All Might would be treating them for a nice dinner then.

“He was very shy at first, still is. He talks a lot and such but he doesn’t really trust us. He has never really asked for anything for himself. He is a sweet little child but he really should be a little more selfish. We need to read his expressions every time we go somewhere to see if he wants anything”, Aizawa told the father. He and All Might had seen it many times. Izuku would always put everyone else before himself and would never ask for anything for himself. He’d be happy with whatever he was given.

“Just like his mother”, Hisashi nodded, “Has-Has there been any problems?”

“Besides the previous? Hmmm”, Aizawa thought for a while and All Might joined him.

Izuku wasn’t a difficult child. Not at all. Of course, there had been the accident with Mic and the occasional small panic attack or general confusion. It was all just to be expected though, seeing what
the situation at hand was and had been. Izuku was simply confused in the new environment. The new norms as well as characters were something to get used to.

“He wet the bed”, Mic shared. It was good that Izuku wasn’t with them. He would’ve been embarrassed that the adults were talking about him like this. At least they thought he would be.

Aizawa gave the loud blond a quick glare, indicating that he should say no more.

“But it was alright! We worked it out together!” Mic added.

Hisashi only nodded. It was like he had expected to hear that all. Maybe he had. He had had some time to think while he had been in prison. He could’ve even done some research.

“He eats anything we make him. He never makes a big fuss about it. Only when there is something rare he doesn’t like”, Aizawa continued, “It’s really nice when someone appreciates your cooking like that.”

“Like pickles”, All Might added.

“Yes, he doesn’t like pickles.”

The sun began to slowly set as the group continued with their conversation. Hisashi listened as they all talked about their experiences with his son. He nodded his head and commented from time to time, choosing to mostly stay silent and just listen. He was tired and hardly had a voice to talk with either.

“He made a friend. Kinda”, it was All Might’s turn to tell a story, “Izuku met this little girl in the burger place we went to. They seemed to have quite a lot of fun together. I hope she’d be in the same daycare too. It’d be fun if he had someone he knew there.”

“Have you looked into any places yet?” the nurse asked. It was just her in the room. The doctor had had to leave before to check on his other patients. He promised to be back later in the evening for a check-up.

“Some. The progress is slow though”, Aizawa told her. It was hard for two adults who had hardly ever even taken care of a child to suddenly look for a daycare for a special needs child. It wasn’t like they weren’t ready for the challenge though. A hero never gave up.

“My friend’s nephew has some learning problems. I could give you his daycare’s number”, the nurse suggested, fishing her phone out of her pocket, “Here. I’m sure Hayden can give you a list of good options as well. Hasn’t she given you one yet?”

“Thank you. Everyone has been such a huge help. We’ll call all the places and make sure we make the right decision. And yes, she mailed us list. We’ve had a look at it.”

“We really need to get Izuku’s opinion on this”, All Might added, “We don’t want to make the decision for him. We’re not the ones going to that daycare, after all.”

“Shouldn’t you have a field trip day and visit some of the top options?” Kurogiri proposed, “Izuku
has liked going out, right? You could have some fun. Maybe a picnic while the weather is still warm and nice?”

“A good idea”, Aizawa agreed.

“Agreed”, the nurse cheered, “I bet Izuku would love making the lunch with you guys too. It’s a great idea!”

All Might nodded.

“I-I should talk to the prison staff. I really can’t make you pay for this all. I have some money left on my account, I’m sure”, Hisashi mumbled. He had listened the daycare talk intently. He liked the idea that Izuku would be going. He could finally make some friends and socialize. Something he had never given him the chance to do before.

“Hisashi. Isn’t it a bit late for that?” Kurogiri’s eyes looked like they were smiling. They were just small lines on the otherwise dark face. It looked weird to someone who wasn’t used to the smoky appearance of the man.

“You’re right”, Aizawa shrugged his shoulders, “If we wanted or needed any money from you, don’t you think we would’ve asked for it already? We’re doing this because we want to.”

“Yeah. We like the kid”, All Might agreed.

“I like him too! Yeah!” Mic agreed as well, “I’ll treat him if I want to! Yeah!”

“Thank you for your input Mic”, Aizawa shoved the blond’s face. Aizawa was annoyed. The man was being too loud, like always.

“I still feel like I need to give you the child support at least”, Hisashi tried again, “Please. Let me do this much at least. I want to do something for him.”

The heroes were surprised with the change of character Hisashi displayed. Whether it was the time spent in the prison, the beating or the dream he had had, Hisashi really had had quite a change of heart from the last time they met. Last time he wouldn’t even have discussed about the topic much less offered money.

“I feel like I’ve lived in a haze and I’ve managed to open my eyes just recently.”

Kurogiri listened to his friend speak. He had always known that Hisashi wasn’t the Villain he always made himself to be. He had gone through a lot of trauma before in his life and now even more through these past couple months. His mind had surely done cartwheels as he tried to put his beliefs and thoughts in order once more. Kurogiri was happy that he had come so far.

“It is nice to hear all that but we really don’t want your money”, Aizawa sighed and ran his hand through his hair, “Money isn’t the issue here.”

“We want you to be a part of his life again”, All Might nodded, “You are Izuku’s parent. You are his father.”
Hisashi’s eyes watered, “D-Do you think he’d want to see me? He hates me for sure. He’ll run away from me.”

“It didn’t look like that before. You talked, right? Izuku was worried about you.”

“You could come see me.”

“We have visiting hours every day”, the guard added, “Families and friends are very welcome but please let us know that you’re coming in advance.”

Hisashi watched as his guard wrote down the visiting hours for the two. He knew he could never be a real father to Izuku again. The law wouldn’t allow that. His mind couldn’t take that either. He simply couldn’t be in charge of another human being. Hisashi would need to come in terms with his own demons and learn to take care of himself again.

“Aizawa! Yagi! Look!” Izuku barged in through the door. He held a book high above his head. His eyes sparkled with excitement.

The psychologist, Hayden had had time for a single knock before the boy had decided to just step in. She followed behind, nodding her apologies with a playful smile.

“Thank you for bringing him back”, the nurse thanked her. She had originally been supposed to fetch Izuku after the two were done with their meeting.

“No problem”, Hayden nodded, “Excuse me. I need to get back to work. I really would love to stay but I can’t.”

“It’s alright. I’ll bring you coffee later. The good kind.”

“Thank you”, Hayden left, closing the door behind her. Izuku gave her a quick hug before she left. Hayden gladly hugged him back.

Aizawa and All Might looked at the exchange, pleased with how open Izuku was with her. Hayden really had worked her magic on the boy.

“What do you have there?” All Might asked as he crouched down to see what Izuku was so excited about. It was rather hard when the boy didn’t stay still for even a second. He was a blur.

“A book!” Izuku exclaimed, waving the notebook around.

“I can see that. Why do you have that?”

“Cause Miss Hayden gave it to me! Isn’t she nice? She is super nice!”

“Yes. She is really nice. Can I have a look?”

Izuku reluctantly gave up his precious book. He leaned close to watch All Might flip through the notebook, looking at its contents.
“Look! I did those”, Izuku pointed to the exercises he had completed before. There were stickers and green pencil all over them. Hayden had taught Izuku how to grade too. He had practiced a bit.

“That’s really good!” All Might smiled. He was so proud. He himself had never really enjoyed anything academic. He preferred doing something physical.

“What? What do you two have there?” Aizawa and Mic leaned in as well, looking to see what the commotion was all about.

“Ooh! Awesome!” Mic gave Izuku a huge thumbs up as soon as he saw what Izuku had done. He also ruffled the boy’s curly hair, messing it up even more.

“That is really great Izuku”, Aizawa was much calmer than the two other heroes. He crouched down as well, taking the book from All Might. Looking through the exercises Izuku had already done, Aizawa nodded his head every once in a while, proud of their little protégé.

“Do you like math? Do you like counting things?” Aizawa asked, “Would you like to learn something else as well?”

“I want to!” Izuku told him, “I want to learn a lot!”

Spreading his hands wide, Izuku showed how much exactly. It earned a smile from the raven head.

“That is good. I’m sure you’ll learn very fast.”

“Will I get to go to a daycare? Hayden said that I would get to learn more there.”

“Yes. We were actually talking about that just now. Would you like to go to a daycare?”

“Yes!” Izuku jumped up and down, clearly excited, “I want to go to daycare!”

“I bet you’ll get a ton of new friends”, Mic nodded.

“Actually. Izuku. We have been looking into daycares. Do you think you’d like to go to a small road trip to go and visit some places? We have three places we’d like to visit at least.”

“I want to go!” Izuku nodded furiously, “When will we go? When?”

“Aren’t you excited!” All Might laughed, “How does tomorrow sound then?”

Aizawa coughed a bit. Tomorrow might be a bit tight.

“Yeah!” Izuku agreed.

“Tomorrow it is!” All Might nodded, patting Aizawa’s back. They’d make it work.

Aizawa sighed, “I’ll make some phone calls.”

“You’re the man”, the blond winked.
“Kurogiri! Look!” Izuku now focused his attention back on his notebook and set to show it to everyone else in the room.

“This is amazing Izuku”, Kurogiri complimented the boy as soon as he laid his eyes on the contents of the pages. He lifted Izuku onto his lap and put the book in front of them.

“Really?”

“Really really”, Kurogiri smiled, “I’m so proud of you.”

“What? Show me”, Hisashi’s quiet voice came from the bed.

Kurogiri watched Izuku, who gave him a firm nod. Having gotten the permission, the man gave the item to the older Midoriya.

“Izuku, what is this?” Hisashi asked, looking through each and every exercise. Every number and every letter.

“M-Miss Hayden gave it to me. She said that I could have it”, Izuku stuttered nervously. Hisashi’s voice had sounded cold to his ears.

“Why?”

“So that I could practice.”

“That’s good. Math is very important.”

Izuku tilted his head in confusion. He didn’t quite catch that part.

“I-I said that you did good. I’m proud of you”, it was Hisashi’s turn to stutter. He blushed and turned his head away.

The others in the room watched the interaction. This had been the first time any of them had heard the man compliment his son. It had come out very quiet but it had definitely been there.

“You’ll be going to daycare then?” Hisashi smiled a small smile. It looked slightly forced and more like a grimace or a smirk than a honest smile.

“Yes!” Izuku was sitting on Kurogiri’s lap by the bedside. He kept looking at the many machines and tubes coming from his father. He looked like a robot lying there on the bed.

Hisashi slowly lifted his hand, indicating that he wanted Izuku to hold it. The boy did as he was told.

“Promise me one thing, Izuku. Can you do that for me?” the man asked.

Izuku nodded, his curls bouncing as he did so.

“Make a lot of friends. I don’t care how well you do with your homework. Of course I want you to do well but that isn’t all that there is to it. School isn’t all about math or even literature. I know your mother would’ve wanted me to tell you this”, Hisashi’s voice was raspy as he recounted to Izuku
what he and Inko had always talked about. They were a good example. They had met and began
dating when they had still been in school. The social interactions were just as important as the
academics.

“How was she? Was mom good at math?” Izuku asked. He had always loved whenever Hisashi was
in good enough mood to talk about his mother.

Hisashi let out a short laugh. It ended up sounding more like a sigh than an actual laugh though. He
really wasn’t good at this.

“She was average. All the teachers liked her although she never got a perfect score on any of their
tests.”

“Why did they like her then?”

“Because she was so much fun to be around”, Hisashi said, “She was a great talker, always greeting
and talking to everyone.”

“Did she have a lot of friends?”

“Yes. It was hard for me to keep up with all of them.”

“What did she like?”

“Favorite subject in school?”

“Yeah.”

“Hmm. I can’t really say. She never told me.”

Izuku and his father talked for about half an hour before the man fell asleep. The medicine made him
drowsy. It was amazing enough that he had managed to stay awake for as long as he had.

“Are you hungry?” the nurse pet Izuku’s head, “Should I go get you a small snack?”

“Thank you for the offer but I think we should go home. It’s been a long day”, Aizawa watched
Izuku’s head begin to nod as well, “We’ll be back tomorrow. Don’t worry”

“I understand. All four of you look like you could use a good sleep in your own beds”, the nurse
smiled, “There’s only as much as coffee can do.”

“Agreed.”

Kurogiri had already handed Izuku to All Might, nodding them his goodbyes.

“I’ll call you if anything comes up”, he said.

“Thank you”, Aizawa opened the door for All Might. He himself took the stuff they had had with
them from the previous all-nighter.
“Wait! Wait for me!” Mic scrambled after the family, “I’ll come with you!”

All Might drove them home.

Mic sat next to him while Aizawa sat on the backseat with Izuku. The boy had fallen asleep quickly after being buckled into his booster seat. It was justified. The day had been a long one.

“Hey hey hey. Do you really think the old man was in his right mind back there? Didn’t you say he was a heartless criminal? I surely couldn’t have heard it that wrong”, Mic piped up. His voice was only a bit above a whisper which itself was a feat coming from him and his Quirk. This was a topic he didn’t want Izuku to hear. Not now.

“I have to agree with you for once. He is on a lot of medicine at the moment. His brain is still shaken as well. It would be no surprise if his mind was-“

“Fucked up?”

“If you want to put it that way”, the raven head sighed, “In any case, we need to see how the things are when he is off of all the medicine and feeling better. Then we will hopefully hear his real opinion.”

“Is it terrible for me to think those were his real feelings?” All Might piped in, joining the conversation as he stopped at a stop sign.

“Coming from you, no, Mr. Positive”, Mic smiled, “I feel you though. We’d all like him to really think that way. He was talking with his son back there! It was amazing!"

“You could’ve almost forgotten what happened.”

“Almost”, Aizawa mumbled,

The two other adults nodded. You can’t forget.

After a couple minutes of comfortable silence, only occasionally cut by a yawn from one of the car’s occupants, Mic opened his mouth once more.

“Have you really been looking into those daycares? Moreover, you have a list?”

“I think we got a second list from the nurse today We’ll add it to the many we already have”, Aizawa shrugged, “Everyone has helped a lot.”

The streetlights flashing by reflected on their faces. The evening was quickly turning dark. The early autumn nights were getting longer and longer by the day.

Izuku would be needing thicker clothes soon. That would mean another shopping day. Hoping that a certain woman was working that day, the two heroes dreaded the day.

“We haven’t only looked into them. We have made some phone calls already”, All Might added with
a smile.

The two heroes had been really productive during the past couple days. The time when Hisashi had been unconscious had been fruitful. It wasn’t like they had much else to do. They had already arranged two meetings. All they would have to do is call and agree on a date and time.

The first place the two had called to was on the edges of the town. It specialized in special needs children. They had told them that they had kids everywhere from bad home environments to children with physical or mental disabilities. They even had medical staff present to take care of any possible emergencies during the day. The woman they had talked to had seemed very professional. She had clearly been doing this for a very long time.

The second place was near their apartment complex. Its website had given a really good first impression. Even though it was a regular daycare, the man who had answered their call had assured them that they were very well suited to take care of kids with special needs as well. All their workers had the basic education. One had a degree in pedagogy and had actually been in special education before taking this job. The daycare’s main philosophy was to treat their little friends as individuals. An interview for a new arrival was one of the ways they followed that.

Although the first place might’ve sounded like the obvious choice, the two heroes had really liked the second one better. It was much closer, meaning that Izuku could be walked there. It was also a normal daycare, just what little Izuku needed. Of course, he had his problems, but that was also exactly why he needed a normal environment right now. Izuku didn’t need to label himself at this point. He was just a normal child. He could build up his confidence and make friends, not having to worry about anything else. Everyone was special in their own way, some just a bit more than others.

“Will you be going tomorrow?” Mic asked. They were nearing their destination already. Mic could tell. The scenery from the windows was starting to look familiar to the Voice Hero. He hardly visited this part of the town. Even his work didn’t bring him here that often. His friends’ apartment was his best landmark around the neighborhood.

“If Izuku is feeling up to it”, Aizawa nodded. Izuku had snuggled to the man’s side at some point. Aizawa was like a statue, afraid that he’d wake the boy up if he moved even an inch. He was also fighting a sneeze.

Mic leaned to see what the two were up to in the backseat. Aizawa had sounded quite stiff. It was unlike him. Aizawa’s voice was usually dull, not stiff.

As he did, Mic tried his best to hold back his laughter, “Sho-chan? You alright in there?”

“Quite okay. Thank you for your concern”, the raven head mumbled back. If Izuku wasn’t sleeping, Aizawa would’ve surely pinched the man’s nose or something. It was amazing how much the blond always managed to annoy Aizawa. No matter the situation.

“That’s like your favorite shirt man. It’s ruined now”, Mic snorted, doing his best to control the volume of his voice as well as the uncontrollable laughter.

“Nothing a wash can’t fix.”
Izuku was drooling, the liquid dripping right onto Aizawa’s shirt. There was a dark spot already forming there.

“Does he always drool like this?” Mic smirked as he watched his friend look so powerless.

“Sometimes”, All Might shrugged, “Don’t we all?”

Mic looked over his shoulder at the two again, dodging a crumbled ball of paper Aizawa threw at him.

“You’re really going to be in trouble in the future, you know”, the blond told them, changing the subject, “You’ll become one of those parents who will do anything their kids say.”

Mic then switched to a high-pitched voice, “Mommy, mommy. Can you buy me a puppy? I want a puppy. Why can’t I have a puppy? Hey, mommy. Why?”

The performance earned an eye-roll from the back seat and a nervous laugh from All Might behind the wheel.

“It’s true! They’ll grow up and start wanting this and that”, Mic spread his arms trying to get his point through.

“You really like your stereotypes, don’t you?” Aizawa sighed, “It’s all in the discipline. We all know Izuku isn’t like that.”

All Might turned the car into their parking spot and shut the engine.

“If you keep this up he will be. He’ll be spoiled rotten”, Mic opened the door and exited the car. He walked over and opened the door for Aizawa as well.

Aizawa gave the man a glare. He knew the man was just teasing them, striking where he knew it might hurt. Mic was like that. He didn’t mean it though. Both Aizawa and All Might were very aware of that. As long as Mic got a laugh out of it, he’d do it.

“Say anything wrong and you’ll be the one rotting”, Aizawa finally mumbled, turning his attention to Izuku. He shook the boy, trying to wake him up as gently as possible.

“Okay, okay. Calm down momma bear”, Mic smiled.

Aizawa finally decided to take Izuku to bed as he was. He wasn’t waking up, only mumbling as Aizawa tried his many techniques. It was late evening already and Izuku’s bedtime was in about an hour as well. They could try and get the boy into his pajamas and put him to bed for the day.

“Give me a cup of coffee and I’ll help you with the calls”, Mic offered, watching Aizawa try and open the door with one hand. He fumbled with the keys before he finally got the door open, pushing it with his hips.

All Might and Mic had their hands full. They had stopped for a quick trip to the store, buying food for the next couple days. Aizawa had waited in the car with Izuku, trusting that the two would manage with the list he had given them. They did fine, only adding a couple extra items into the cart when the other wasn’t looking.
“If you help put the groceries away, I’ll give you cookies with that”, All Might told him.

“It’s a deal.”

Chapter End Notes

I've missed you so much! You can't even imagine how much I've missed you all!
I've felt the guilt for not updating in so long. I've felt it!

As I mentioned earlier, I moved. I mentioned that right?
Anyways, I moved and have been slowly trying to get used to the new surroundings and situation.
The money and food have been the biggest problems during these first two weeks. The cleaning has given me headaches too. Our floor's vacuum cleaner is a nightmare.
I live in a small dorm room on the second floor of an old building. The floors are kinda cold, I can't get cold water from my personal tap and the bed springs are way too loose. The furniture also shows its age. But I'm not complaining, I quite like it here. It's cozy and there's a lot of space for someone like me who has lived in a room around the same size for all my life.

I hope that I get used to this new lifestyle and settle into a routine where I can fit my writing into.
I try to update at the absolute least once every two weeks.

Thank you so much for the support and patience you've shown me. You're always so nice.
I'll try and get some more fluff and cuteness into this fic in the coming chapters! The daycare will be a thing
It's finally time for Izuku to be a big boy and go to a daycare
between them.

Izuku left All Might no other choice. He had to get up or risk an attack from a ferocious kid. Izuku already knew where to tickle too. He was an admirable foe. A true Villain.

“What do you want to eat?” All Might asked as the two lied down on the bed, Izuku lying on top of the hero’s muscular chest. Izuku smiled as he moved up and down with every breath the man took. It was nice and warm too. Izuku could hear both their heartbeats.

Izuku tilted his head. He was thinking. That was his thinking pose. He would often mumble as well.

“How does bacon and eggs sound like? I could use the shapes.”

“Shapes?” Izuku tilted his head to the other side. He looked like a video All Might had seen a couple weeks ago. It had been of a puppy with huge ears, turning its head in confusion when a phone rung.

“Like cookie cutters. I can make a star-shaped egg.”

“Really? A star egg?” there were the sparkles again.

“Exactly”, All Might nodded.

“I want one!”

“Good! I could use one too”, as if on cue the hero’s stomach crumbled loudly. It spooked Izuku quite a bit and he rolled off of the man’s chest, staring up at him with his big eyes.

“Sorry. Did that scare you?”

Izuku shook his head. He was putting on a brave face. His heart was beating fast in his chest.

“Allright. Do you want to help me crack the eggs? I can teach you how to do it with one hand!” All Might smiled, scooping the boy up into his arms and blowing a couple strawberries onto his stomach. It was getting chubbier already. Izuku really had an appetite.

“Yeah!” Izuku laughed, trying to get All Might to stop. He was ticklish.

All Might was hoping that he knew how to crack an egg like that. He had seen a lady do that in TV once and thought that it looked really cool. He had always wanted to at least try. He would make sure to clean up afterwards.

“Get your ass off my sofa”, a low grumble came from the living room as Izuku and All Might were taking out their ingredients and a pan.

Izuku was wearing one of the aprons. It was way too big and long for him. The hem was constantly in the way, almost tripping him all the time, but Izuku was careful and trying his best not to fall.
“Sounds like Aizawa is up”, All Might smiled to himself, whistling alongside the radio. The two had just danced together to a really nice beat that had come on previously.

Izuku nodded. He tried to whistle too but failed. He only managed to get spit on the table top.

“You’ll learn it eventually”, All Might pet the boy’s head, took out a rag and wiped the table, “Go see Aizawa. Tell him that we’re making eggs and bacon. Ask him and Mic how many they want.”

“Okay!” Izuku hopped off of his stool and ran into the living room.

All Might turned to look at the table he had asked the boy to set for them. His eyes met the beady dark eyes of the Godzilla plush. A small plate sat in front of it on the table.

Izuku had given the lizard a collar he had made from a piece of bright red yarn and an old ring pull from a soda can. He had found both in the apartment while exploring. All Might loved the imaginativeness of it.

“Good morning to you too”, All Might nodded his head towards the toy, “It’s going to be a beautiful day today. The forecast promised sunshine and no rain.”

But Godzilla didn’t reply, choosing to just stare forward. Maybe the reptile was shy now that its master wasn’t in the same room. Or maybe the iconic movie Villain was scared stiff of the hero he was left with.

All Might smiled at himself. Godzilla would get a piece of bacon. All Might threw another piece onto the drizzling pan. It was getting crowded.

“Aizawa! Yagi wants to know how many eggs and bacon you want”, Izuku ran over Mic as he made his way to Aizawa’s side.

The raven head was stretching his sore muscles, cracking his joints as he did so. They really had worked hard last night. They really ought to get more comfortable chairs if they were to do the same in the future.

“Bacon and eggs?” Aizawa yawned and reached out to pet the boy’s head, “Morning. Tell him I said two of both.”

“Okay. What about Mic?”

“One.”

“Oi!” the man in question shouted from the floor. He too had woken up to the boy barging into the room.

“Yes. One”, Aizawa threw a pillow at Mic. He frowned as he noticed that the wall he had so carefully built had mysteriously been half demolished during the night. Most of the pillows were now thrown behind Mic, who grinned innocently when Aizawa scowled at him.

Mic only huffed, throwing the pillow back. He took another and threw that as well.
Izuku watched the two throw pillows at each other before he, too, picked one and threw it at the blond. He had never had a pillow fight before and hardly knew what it was. Vaguely remembering seeing something like it in TV once, he knew that it was only a play fight and meant to be fun. The pillows didn’t hurt when you threw them at someone either. It was safe.

“Hey! This isn’t fair! It’s two against one!” Mic cried, trying to defend himself from the attack. He held his hands in front of his face.

“Too bad. Izuku has picked his side”, Aizawa grinned.

Izuku giggled, dodging a slowly flying pillow from Mic.

The blond wasn’t really trying when he attacked the boy. For Aizawa though, there was no mercy. Not that the other hero was giving Mic any either.

“How you three. I left you for what? Five minutes?” All Might entered the living room. He had already put all the food onto the table. But when there was no one to come and eat it, he had decided to go and see what was going on. There he had found the room looking like a mess and its three occupants red-cheeked and laughing. Even Aizawa had a small smile on his usually so grumpy face.

“Pillow fight!” Izuku screamed and threw a sofa cushion at the muscular man.

“Hey, hey!” All Might crossed his hands, tapping his foot, “Do you want breakfast or not?”

That got Izuku to stop dead in his tracks. He actually had a pillow in his hands which he had planned to throw next. That was placed back on the floor quietly. Izuku took a couple steps towards the man.

“I want. I want breakfast”, Izuku raised his hands. Both of them to make sure.

All Might watched the two others nod, agreeing with the youngest. They too dropped their pillows. They had planned to attack All Might together.

“Then clean up this mess and wash your hands. If you don’t, there’s no point coming to the kitchen.”

All three did a little salute. Their stomachs growled, telling them to hurry the things up.

“Izuku, are you even tasting the food?” Aizawa tasted the coffee All Might had made them. It was alright for once. Not too strong and bitter like it usually was.

Izuku was shoveling the food down like he hadn’t seen fried eggs and bacon in years. It had already made quite a mess on the table and the front of his pajama shirt. It would be late for the bib now.

“Come on, turn your head here for a second”, the raven head wiped the mouth at least. They could throw the pajamas in the washing machine. They were due for a wash anyways.
“Why the hurry, little man?” Mic asked. In the end, he had gotten two eggs and pieces of bacon. He was happily enjoying those, a piece of toast and a large cup of coffee.

“We’re going to the daycare today! I want to get there fast!” Izuku exclaimed. He looked at Mic like he was the weird one here. Of course he’d hurry. He wanted to get going already.

“Whoa! Aren’t you eager”, Mic smiled, “You know, I think you should slow down a bit. These two old men won’t be able to catch up.”

He pointed to All Might and Aizawa as he said that.

Izuku turned his head to stare. He then nodded and resumed his eating at a tad bit slower pace.

Aizawa gave Izuku his medicine and checked the burn.

“This is healing nicely. I think we can take the large bandage off soon and move to a smaller one”, Aizawa told the boy, spreading salve onto the quickly scarring scab.

“Really?” Izuku seemed happy about this, “Do you think they will think it’s weird?”

“The other kids? They might look at it for a bit but I’m sure they won’t even notice it after a few days. I’m sure of it.”

Izuku smiled, kicking his feet. He was still nervous.

“Do you want to go out to eat or should we make packed lunches together?” All Might asked, “We could go have burgers at that place again. You liked it there, right?”

“Can we make something?”

“What would you like to make? Let’s have a look at what we have in the fridge”, Aizawa stood up and walked to the fridge, opening the door. He waved Izuku to come with him to see what they had.

Izuku jumped down from his seat and ran to the man’s side.

He looked at the food items for a while, “Why are the tomatoes so small?”

“Ah”, Aizawa smiled, “They’re cherry tomatoes. They grow that way.”

“Can we have those?”

“Sure. What else should we take?” Aizawa took out the pack of tomatoes and placed it on the kitchen counter.

“Cheese, bacon!”

Okay, now Izuku was just shouting out the names of food items he saw and knew. This would get them nowhere. They would need to change their approach a bit.
“How about we make sandwiches?”

That suggestion earned an eager nod.

All Might and Mic helped the two make the sandwiches after they were done with their breakfast.

“Mic, don’t you dare. You wash the dishes”, Aizawa glared at his old classmate as soon as he got threateningly close to the cutting board and other equipment.

“Aw man! Don’t be like that”, Mic threw his hands in the air, “I’m just trying to help out the little man!”

“The dishes.”

“Whatever”, Mic took the rubber gloves and apron Aizawa handed him and got to work. He made sure to pout every time his and Aizawa’s eyes met.

“Thank you. You’re a great help”, All Might whispered to the blond as he walked past.

Mic only nodded, watching the sink fill up with steaming hot water. He dumped the dishes in and poured in a generous amount of soap.

They made cheese and ham sandwiches. The tomatoes were washed and put into a sturdier container.

Aizawa also cut up some carrots, cucumber and apples they could snack on like the tomatoes. Finally, he packed it all in a backpack.

All Might had boiled them some tea. Izuku would get a juice carton.

“Which one should we go to first? You can decide”, Aizawa showed Izuku the short list of daycare options they had come up with last night. There were three places they would try and visit today.

Izuku took the list. He read it, trying his best to understand it all.

“This one”, the boy finally pointed to the daycare that was located closest to them. It was uncertain if he knew where the address was or if he had just gone with his gut feel.

“Alright.”

“No need taking the car to that one. The weather is so nice too”, All Might nodded, “We can walk.”

Izuku agreed.
“You put your shoes on all by yourself? Aren’t you a big boy!” All Might smiled at Izuku, who was showing him how he had put on his Velcro shoes without any help. The two had bought him those for this purpose. Laces were just too difficult.

“How do you think you can put your jacket on too?”

Izuku nodded, taking the lightweight jacket from the man. He first put it on the wrong way. The zipper ended on the backside and the hood on the front. After a bit of confusion and laughter, Izuku got it right. Aizawa helped him with the zipper. Izuku agreed that.

“There you go. Looking sharp”, All Might watched Aizawa try and comb the boy’s hair a bit. It was a bit easier now since the hair had been cut. Aizawa would have to thank Mic for that later.

“Really sharp!” Mic agreed. Talking about the devil. The man had promised to walk with them to the first spot, then leave for work. He’d be back later that day to hear how the day had gone. He didn’t have a good excuse like the two others to skip his hero duties. He also had a radio show to host. His fans would be disappointed if they didn’t hear his beautiful voice this evening.

Aizawa pocketed his key, testing the door handle a couple times to make sure that the door had been both closed and locked.

“Alright. Let’s get going then”, he nodded, pleased that the door was fine. He let Izuku take his hand as they walked down the stairs of the apartment complex and out the door into the parking lot.

The group nodded their hellos to their neighbors who were hanging their laundry to dry in the yard. Izuku waved his free hand, smiling. The two older women had given him some candy before so he knew and liked them. They had called him adorable and pinched his cheek, telling him how they wished their grandchildren were still as cute and small as he was.

Aizawa and All Might smiled too. The two women had been nice to them ever since they had moved in. They sometimes rang their doorbell to give them some dinner. They kept telling the two men how they just always made too much. The food was delicious and free, so there were no complaints.

“Where are you darlings going?” the older of the two women asked.

“Daycare!” Izuku exclaimed, “Cause I’m a big boy now!”

“Oh! That is nice to hear. I still remember my son’s first day”, the other smiled.

“Good luck! Have fun. Come down for a cup and you can tell us everything that happened.”

“Thank you ladies. We must hurry now”. All Might flashed them one of his legendary smiles, nodding his thanks, “We’ll make sure to come for coffee later.”

The women blushed, waving as the group left. It was nice to have such handsome neighbors.

“A cat!” Izuku was walking on top of a low stone wall, holding Aizawa’s hand for balance. Mic
would’ve wanted to do the same, but the two stopped him. He would only embarrass them all. It was
cute when a kid did it, not a grown man.

“It really is”, All Might nodded, watching the cat lazily stroll out from the bushes and onto the
walkway in front of them.

The feline was huge. It was fat, grey and looked like a stray. There were scars on the face. A part of
one of the ears as well as the tail were cut off. Probably a result of a fight. The cat’s eyes were
yellow and piercing. It was like the animal stared right into your soul.

“It’s Boss!” Izuku jumped off and walked to the cat.

All Might and Mic tried to say something about diseases and mean strays but both warnings were too
late.

As if it understood, the feline meowed. Its tail high in the air, the cat strolled to the boy and rubbed its
body onto his legs.

“You know him?” Mic asked, still with the group. He didn’t like the look of the creature. It looked
mean and nothing like an animal a child would want to approach much less pet.

“Her. Boss is a girl” Izuku corrected. He giggled as the cat licked his hand.

“Oh”, Mic’s mouth formed an ‘o’. Boss really didn’t look like a lady.

As if hurt, the cat glared at the blond. Her nose wrinkled as smelled the air.

“I like her”, Aizawa nodded, crouching down to pet the animal.

Looks were deceiving. Boss loved being pet. She even rolled onto her back to get some tummy
scratches. Her purring was loud like a car’s engine.

“She is the boss around here”, Izuku explained. He had sometimes come to this part of town in the
past. Boss’s territory was large. She sometimes even visited the park Izuku had always played in.
The two had become quick friends.

“She looks like a tough chick”, Mic had to agree.

“Aizawa. Don’t even think about it. Our apartment doesn’t allow pets”, All Might said sternly.

“I know”, the raven head mumbled. He liked cats. It was no secret, although he did try his best to
keep it as one. It would hurt his image if everyone knew he liked cute and fluffy kittens more than
anything else.

“Boss doesn’t like inside. She likes to be outside”, Izuku said.

The area’s shelter always tried to catch the feline but would also always fail. Boss was too street wise
for them. They had caught her once only to have her somehow escape her cage. Boss wouldn’t be
contained. She was a true outdoors cat.

“We have good tuna”, Aizawa whispered to the cat, scratching her head.
“I already said no”, All Might sighed.

The group finally left the cat, who vanished back into the bushes as soon as the cuddles were over. Apparently she was also a huge opportunist. She would for sure move to the next place she knew she would get either love or food.

Aizawa made a mental note to come back for her. Even when she wasn’t clearly starving or anything, probably a result of several cat-lovers she frequented, he couldn’t help but want to take care the cat. He’d buy her a can of tuna at least. It would be unfortunate if she ended up in his jacket and sneaked into their house. Unfortunate indeed.

As soon as the daycare building came to view, Izuku’s speed increased. He ran the last block, coming to a halt in front of the colorful wooden fence that surrounded the playground.

The children were playing outside. It was noisy. They ran around, screaming and laughing as they played together.

Izuku’s eyes were sparkling. He stared at all the equipment in the yard. There was a sandbox, a swing set and a jungle gym to name a few. There were also many colorful toys spread around.

“Hello”, a worker leaned over the fence, smiling as he noticed the excitement in the boy’s eyes, “Midoriya I believe?”

All Might and Aizawa joined the two.

“Good evening. Here to have a look around? Come on in. We can go inside to have a little chat together. Then I can give you a little tour”, the man greeted them as well.

“Izuku? Do you want to come with us or do you want to have a look around?” Aizawa asked as the three stepped in through the gates.

Izuku glued his body close to the two adults and shook his head. No, he wanted to stay with them. He was acting shy, hiding his face in Aizawa’s pant leg. He snuck a peek though. Curious of the other children.

The other children stared at them as they walked inside. Some pointed and whispered while others smiled and waved. They were all looking forward to possibly getting a new playmate, no matter the initial reaction.

One child stared longer than the others, going as far as to follow the group to the door. The boy’s mismatched eyes stared at the new boy, full of curiosity.

Izuku gave him a shy wave. He thought that the other had very pretty eyes.

“Ah? Todoroki? What are you doing there?” the worker smiled as he spotted the boy. Then, he had an idea, “Why don’t you come here. Introduce yourself.”

Todoroki Shoto blushed, unsure what to do. He put his weight from one foot to another, clinging to the doorframe. His white and red hair swayed in the slight breeze coming in from the open door.
“Isn’t this nice”, All Might smiled, “Izuku, you two can play together while we adults talk. Doesn’t that sound nice?”

Izuku looked up at the hero before slowly nodding his head. He really wanted to be friends with the boy.

“Izuku, would you like to show him your toys? Didn’t we pack those with us today just for that?” Aizawa was referring to the backpack Izuku had insisted on taking with him. He had packed the hero figurines as well as his hero notebooks in, hoping that he could share them with someone.

“That’s a great idea! Todoroki here really likes heroes”, the young man explained, “Isn’t that right?”

“Really?” that got Izuku to step closer. He took another step, then another. Soon he was in front of the boy who was almost a head taller than him. It didn’t seem to bother Izuku one bit.

“You like heroes too?” Izuku was shaking where he stood.

Todoroki nodded, watching the boy’s reaction. This one was really weird.

“There they go”, All Might said, watching Izuku follow the taller boy into the playroom. He was already talking non-stop.

“Aren’t they cute? Don’t worry. The others will be outside this whole time”, the worker explained, “The two have the whole room for themselves. No one will disturb them.”

“Thank you”, Aizawa nodded. It was the best for Izuku. He wouldn’t be overwhelmed.

“You’re very welcome. Now now. Come on inside and I’ll tell you everything you need to know. I know you have a ton of questions for me too. Let’s get those sorted out.”

Aizawa and All Might stepped into the small office and sat down as they were instructed to do so. The room was as colorful as the rest of the building. The walls were covered with photos and pictures mixed with a calendar and some other important-looking documents. Some broken toys lied on the worker’s desk next to a hot glue gun and other tools. He quickly cleared the table, placing a wad of papers on it.

“Here we have some forms for you to fill.”

Both heroes let out a long sigh. And here they thought that they had seen the last of those.

Chapter End Notes

I went to a convention over the weekend.
It was a ton of fun but now I’m sick.
Honestly, I hate being sick. Though, who wouldn’t.
I hardly slept last night and my nose is like a waterfall.
Two Precious Pumpkins

Chapter Summary

Izuku just might have made a new friend

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Todoroki had closed the curtains. With the swish from the fabric and the jingle from the metal parts, the two were closed off from the rest of the world. They were the only ones in the dimly lit room. It was just them, and Todoroki preferred it that way. He didn’t want the whole daycare staring at them like some aquarium exhibit. He didn’t want them staring at Izuku. He didn’t want them staring at him.

Izuku had begun unpacking his backpack onto the playmat. He had sat on the pillow the redhead had pointed out for him. He didn’t seem to mind the situation at all. He had just been left alone with a total stranger and he was just humming and smiling there on the floor.

He was odd. Izuku was odd, and Todoroki was curious.

He also decided that he couldn’t leave the boy alone. Not even for a minute. Who knows who would kidnap the innocent child. And the worst part is, Izuku would hold their hand and smile as they did that.

Todoroki quietly returned to the smaller boy’s side, sitting down. He took a good look at Izuku. He seemed to be okay. Happy even. Todoroki had seen how the other kids had looked at him when the three had walked through the yard. He was hoping it hadn’t affected the boy. Todoroki himself had already learned to block them out.

“What is this?” Todoroki pointed at the notebook on the floor. The letters on the cover were messy and hardly legible. ‘Hero’ was the only thing he could make out. The pages were frayed and yellow with both dirt and age. The covers could hardly contain the contents, some pictures bursting out from between the pages.

“A hero diary! Want to look?” Izuku asked and rather than waiting for an answer, opened the book on a random page and pushed it to the boy.

It was Present Mic’s spread. The letters were wobbly but the pictures were good and full of details. The costume and the equipment were just like they were in real life. The written facts and such were all true and up to date. The different colors of the letters told of constant updates.

“Mic said that I did well when he saw this”, Izuku told him, “He said that I didn’t catch his handsome face though.”
Todoroki smiled, “I think it’s good. The face is good.”

He thought that it was weird that Izuku would say it like that. He had shown the pages to Mic? He had actually seen the hero in real life? Todoroki didn’t believe it but played along.

“Really?!” Izuku jumped up and down on his pillow. At least he was still sitting on it. Todoroki considered it an achievement.

“Really. I could never draw this good.”

“Yes you can!”

“I can’t. You’re really good. These are better than the ones on TV”, Todoroki pointed to the picture, “You even got his speaker system right.”

If it was possible, Izuku’s smile was wider than before. He nodded furiously, “He can aim the voice with those! It’s so cool! Hey hey! Did you know that Mic doesn’t like bugs? I tried to show him a beetle I had caught but he just screamed and fainted! Aizawa laughed and said that we should wait until he wakes up and show it to him again. He said that Mic didn’t get a good look the first time.”

Todoroki had clearly pressed some sort of a switch. The boy just went on and on.

“Who is this Aizawa? Is he your father?” the redhead asked, hoping to change the subject. The three hadn’t looked anything alike.

“Nope!” Izuku had taken out his crayons and apparently decided that Mic’s hair needed to be even more yellow. His tongue poked out from the corner of his mouth as he worked on the new masterpiece.

Todoroki was beginning to think that the boy never stayed still.

“A guardian?”

“Mr. Aizawa and Mr. Yagi are my new guardians”, Izuku explained, “I’ll live with them until father gets out.”

“Out?”

“Of prison.”

Todoroki thought of asking why the man was in prison but finally decided not to. It might be a bad topic for the boy. The last thing Todoroki wanted was to upset the boy. He had been asked to look after Izuku, not to bully him. And if his parents had taught him something, it was manners.

“Who is your favorite hero?” Izuku suddenly asked, “Mine is All Might!”

He had abandoned his coloring project already and instead now stared at Todoroki with those huge green eyes of his. Todoroki felt like the boy could see right through him. Though he also thought that those eyes should be able to shoot lasers. They were just so big and sparkly.
“I-I don’t know. Eraserhead is pretty cool”, Todoroki mumbled.

“I know! I like him a lot too. I don’t know. Eraserhead is my second favorite. Really close to All Might! Right next to him!” Izuku waved his hands trying to mime just how close the two were.

Really, really close was what Todoroki could make out. He just nodded. He didn’t know what else to do or say. The boy was really overwhelming.

“Look!” Izuku pulled out the figures he always had with him. He had made sure to pack them with him this morning as well. He put them to Todoroki’s lap, expecting a reaction. He held his oldest figure close to his chest.

“We went to eat burgers.”

“Hmm”, Todoroki nodded, “You got these then?”

The topics of their conversation were jumping like little frogs or rabbits. Guess heroes was a common road they tried to follow at least.

“Yes. I couldn’t decide so I got both.”

Izuku’s guardians were really nice. Todoroki could tell that much.

“They’re awesome”, the redhead nodded. He carefully handed them back to Izuku. The figures were the regular cheap, colorful plastic you got from most fast food children’s sets. Todoroki had the whole set back home.

The only difference was how much Izuku loved his toys. To Todoroki they were just toys, but to Izuku they were like a treasure. The old, broken figure sitting on Izuku’s lap showed that the best. The way Izuku handled it with such care and even the way he looked at it.

Todoroki didn’t know what to say. He wasn’t that good with social interactions. He didn’t have that many friends either. It was mostly because of his face. The scar scared many of the kids. Some even called him a monster because of it.

But Izuku hadn’t, he hadn’t even spared it a second look. He had taken Todoroki’s hand and smiled that huge smile. He had pointed to the bandage on his cheek, telling that they were the same.

“Izuku? Can I call you Izuku?” Todoroki asked.

“Hm! You can call me Izuku. We are friends!” Izuku nodded, “But you can call me Deku too.”

“Deku?”

“A nickname”, a tilt of the head, “What is your name?”

“Todoroki Shoto. You can call me Shoto.”
“Okay! Shoto is a really nice name!” Izuku smiled, hugging the pillow he was supposed to be sitting on. He had put the figures back into his backpack and was fully focused on the redhead sitting in front of him.

“Izuku is too”, Shoto smiled. Izuku had called him a friend. He wasn’t afraid of him either. This could really become something. And for once, Shoto wanted it to become something.

“Izuku? Do you know what Halloween is?” Shoto asked.

“Halloween? Can you eat it?” Izuku was confused.

A smile, “Not really. Well, in a way I guess you can. Yeah, you can eat Halloween.”

“What is it? What is it?” that got the boy’s attention. If you can eat it, it’s good.

“Have you watched TV lately?”

“I always watch the news and the hero shows!” Izuku saluted.

Shoto could guess that much. All that information didn’t come from thin air.

“Have you seen any change? Have the sets been decorated different?”

“Hmmm. Ah! Mic had this weird orange thing on his head yesterday!” Izuku tried to mime the shape and size of the thing, “It got stuck on his head!”

Todoroki pointed to the wall of the room. They had cut paper pumpkins last week and those were now stuck to the wall with some tape. He pointed to his one, telling that he had made that one.

Izuku had to take a closer look. That was just how interested he was in the art project.

“You did this?! It’s so pretty! I want to do one too!”

“I-I could help you make one”, Shoto mumbled.

“Really?! You’ll help me?!”

“Yeah. So, have you seen those around?” Shoto guided Izuku to sit by the class’ art and crafts table as he fetched the cardboard and other things they would need. The children couldn’t use the scissors without the adults present, so they would have to use the children’s scissors. They hardly cut as well but they didn’t have a choice.

“Yeah! I’ve seen those. What are they called?” Izuku wanted to know.

“These are Jack-o-lanterns. They’re made from pumpkins.”

“And you can eat pumpkins?”

“Yeah.”
“We have three”, Izuku put his fingers up, four. Shoto gently corrected him, putting one finger down before nodding, three.

Someone living in the same apartment complex as the three had put out three pumpkins and some other decorations to welcome the fall season. Izuku had really liked the colors but hadn’t asked Yagi and Aizawa what they were back then.

Shoto was glad he had found an old print from the last week’s art class. He didn’t really know how to draw a Jack-o-lantern.

“Here. Now we just cut it out”, Shoto helped Izuku cut out the shape. They had a lot of trouble with the eyes. In the end, they decided to just color them black.

Izuku let Shoto cut the shape out. He had never used scissors before.

“Do you want to decorate it? What do you want to use?” Shoto checked to see what they had.

“This!” Izuku pulled out a tube of orange glitter. The boy really had an eye for colors.

“You know, you can get candy on Halloween”, Shoto explained.

There was glitter everywhere. The table was pretty much covered with it. Some had even found its way onto the faces of the two. But they didn’t mind, they were having fun.

“Candy? How?” Izuku hadn’t really had the time to become that familiar with candy. He had tasted chocolate and would always get something small from the nurses and doctors when he visited the hospital. That was all. Aizawa always preferred fruits and berries to sugar.

“I could show you”, Shoto said, “We could go together.”

“Really? You would?”

“Of course. We are friends, right?”

Izuku nodded with a smile, “So, what do we do?”

“We need to dress up and go from house to house.”

“Why?”

“That’s how we get the candy. We go trick or treating.”

“He looks like a sweet boy, he really does”, the young employee said. He kept rolling a fountain pen in his left hand while he handled the many papers with the other. It seemed like a nervous tic of some sorts. Sitting down and doing almost nothing must be difficult for a person working in an environment like this one. Aizawa and All Might knew now just how much you could worry about a
The employees looked young. The two couldn’t tell his exact age but he looked at least five years younger than them.

His medium length, brown hair had natural curls in it. They bounced up and down every time the man moved his head. It was rather hypnotic. Especially when combined with the brown eyes and rather bushy eyebrows. Freckles were sprinkled on his cheeks and nose, making him look even younger and childish. He looked like a forest fairy hidden in the large green woolen sweater he was wearing.

The three were sitting in the staff room. Three cups of coffee sitting in between them on the messy table. A tray of cookies had also been found somewhere and placed next to the cups.

“Ah, sorry. It’s always like this in here. You can’t be clean and organized with this many kids around”, the man kept apologizing, “We haven’t even introduced ourselves yet! My name is Fukuro Jiro. Just call me Jiro.”


“Yagi”, All Might introduced himself as well.

“Have you visited many places already? Or is this your first location?” Jiro asked, pointing to a line for a signature.

“This is the first. We were planning to visit all the places today. We even packed lunch with us”, All Might wrote his name down, “Izuku was so excited all morning.”

“Go with the boy’s rules. He might get tired sooner than you think. Daycare and social interactions are tiring”, the young man smiled. He pulled out a couple more documents for the two to fill. As if they weren’t busy enough with the ones they had already.

“Thank you for the tip. We were thinking about that as well but Izuku himself insisted”, Aizawa nodded.

“He seems mature for his age.”

“Yes. It’s easy to forget how young he is sometimes”, All Might agreed, “He talks like an adult at times.”

“You did mention something about his past on the phone. How was his relationship with his parents? I understand you are his legal guardians now. How come?” Jiro leaned his elbows on the table, knocking a messy stack of papers off as he did so, “Of course you don’t have to tell me! Patient protection and all that.”

“It’s alright. I feel like you need to know some things at least. His mother died at childbirth and his father is in jail. He abused Izuku both mentally and physically”, Aizawa explained, biting his lip as he did, “We were there when he got arrested. It wasn’t a pretty sight.”

The worker sighed, bringing his hand to his face, “Why does it always have to end like this? Of course, you two are the best that has happened to him in a long time for sure. I’d just love to see children with their biological parents if possible. Call me old-school but that is how I see it. The bond
is that much stronger with your birth parents.”

“That isn’t always possible”, Aizawa agreed, “We are doing our best.”

“I can see that. You’re doing really well for first time parents. Izuku really seems to like you. He is comfortable with you as well. I believe you haven’t been together for that long. You’ve made really good progress considering that. Some kids would still be sulking under their beds all mute.”

“You could see that all from that short meeting?”

“Yeah. You learn a thing or two in this business. Don’t get the wrong idea. I almost decided to major in psychology before I ended up choosing pedagogy. Actually, my father is the boss here.”

“Your father?”

“A bit weird, huh? You always think your doctor is a male and your daycare worker is a female. Gender roles are a stupid thing, aren’t they?” the man huffed with a smile, “Yes, my father has run this place for over ten years. I began working here just recently but I’ve always heard stories from him. I was kind of destined for this job. Not that it matters. I love it here. I’m thinking of taking over one day.”

“I think I actually saw his face in the papers just the other day”, Aizawa mumbled, “It was something about equal and free education. Or was it something else?”

“It’s his passion. He would go on and on about equal rights in education if you’d give him the chance. He really should be in politics. And yeah, his face really is hard to miss. Not to mention it’s huge.”

“A Quirk?” Aizawa could remember looking at the man for a long time. His face was that of a horned owl’s. His piercing orange eyes would’ve made him look intimidating hadn’t it been for the man’s round build and gentle voice. Aizawa guessed he could move the head like the bird too. Must be useful in the job.

“Yes. I think I have some of his genes too. I always grow these tiny, itchy feathers on my arms when fall and migration time come”, Jiro explained as he moved his sleeves to show the two the feathers. They were grey in color and not the prettiest sight. The skin around them was irritated and red.

“I’ve learned to live with them. My wife says they’re cute but annoying when they block the vacuum. I have to agree. Actually, she works here as well. Guess this really is a family business.”

“How do you deal with Quirks?” All Might asked. It was a good time to ask now that the topic had already been mentioned.

There were different approaches to children and developing Quirks. Some daycares and later schools only took in Quirkless children while others took only those with Quirks. It had always been an ethical question. Lately, the talk had been more and more heated.

“We have both in our staff as well as the children in here. My father has never bought the whole ‘Quirks make you special’ thing. I mean, a Quirkless can be smart and successful as much as
someone with a Quirk”, the employee explained, “Since you asked, I presume Izuku doesn’t…?”

“He is Quirkless. X-rays from the hospital confirmed it”, Aizawa sighed. It was just cruel. They both knew how much little Izuku wanted to become a hero. They both knew how good he would’ve been.

“That is alright. Most of our kids do have Quirks but it’s just a coincidence that we got that many for this year’s class. They’re all good kids. Izuku will surely feel welcome here.”

The two nodded. It wasn’t that they doubted the others. It was a matter of how Izuku himself would manage. To be honest, the two heroes had thought of enrolling the boy in a school with no Quirks at first. That way, no one would tease him.

“It is really weird how it has become a matter of being an amazing individual with superpowers or then a boring one with essentially no future”, Jiro laughed a bit, “I’m sure you’ve seen it, Mr. Heroes. Oh, don’t worry. I saw through you since the beginning. I won’t tell anyone so just relax. I shall be our little secret.”

Aizawa and All Might laughed nervously. They really should work on their disguises the next time.

“It’s a difficult topic for you, I’m sure. I mean, you make your living basically selling your Quirk”, Jiro didn’t sound mocking or even bitter. It was like he was simply stating a fact.

“That’s true. We don’t really know how to handle this ourselves but that is why we have so many people helping us”, Aizawa stated.

Jiro smiled, “Correct answer. You can’t do this alone.”

All Might felt like they were being tested even though they were supposed to be the ones testing here.

“Well, if you end up choosing us, I’d be happy to take Izuku in. He seemed to have made a friend already as well”, Jiro said as they were finishing the small tour around the building.

The kitchen was spotless and clean unlike the office they had been in before. The rooms designed for the children were painted with bright colors. You didn’t see the boring white of modern day furnishing anywhere. The tables and chairs were made shorter to be more comfortable and easier to access.

Aizawa and All Might were falling more and more for the place. It looked perfect.

“Now we should go and see how our precious boys are doing”, the employee guided them back to the playroom they had previously left the two boys.

They stopped behind the door to listen to any sounds coming from the room. It was quiet for a long time before a laughter broke out. There were two voices, both laughing.

All Might and Aizawa recognized Izuku’s voice right away. It sounded like their worries had been pointless after all. The boy was having fun. He had definitely made yet another friend. It would feel
bad to separate them but they had to go. They had two more places to check out.

“Izuku. We should get going”, All Might and peeked into the dim room.

Aizawa peeked in as well.

“But we’re playing!” Izuku whined.

Both men had to smile. They just couldn’t hold it.

Izuku and Todoroki were sitting on the floor, surrounded by pillows and blankets. There was a box of building blocks next to the boys as well as a box of dinosaur toys. Both had been turned over and the contents spread across the playmat.

“What are you playing?” Jiro crouched next to the two. He was glad he had made the right choice. Todoroki was a bit of a wild card but he seemed to be fine playing with the new kid.

“We built a castle”, Todoroki mumbled, “The dinosaurs live in it.”

The man nodded, “Good, good. What else have you been doing?”

“Shouto helped me make a pumpkin! Look!” Izuku pointed to the art and crafts table on which were the remains of the duo’s project. They had clearly tried to clean up but remains of glue, small bits of cardboard and glitter still remained.

All Might and Aizawa came to see what Izuku wanted to show them.

“It looks great!” All Might told him right away. He gave Izuku a huge smile and a thumbs up. This would go straight onto the fridge. No. On the wall.

Needless to say, All Might loved Halloween. And when Halloween was over, it was time for Christmas. Those were like two of his favorite holidays.

“It’s very… very shiny”, the raven head nodded, “Did you make this all by yourself?”

“No. Shoto helped! He is really nice! Right, Shoto?” Izuku smiled wide, pointing to the pumpkin and then the boy, “We are friends!”

“Really now”, Jiro grinned, “Is that right, Shoto?”

“Hm”, Shoto blushed but nodded, taking the hand Izuku was offering him. He squeaked in surprise as the smaller boy pulled him in for a tight hug.

“Shoto told me he would teach me how to Halloween!” Izuku told the adults.

“It’s Trick or Treating”, Shoto corrected but didn’t deny making such offer.

Aizawa didn’t like Halloween that much. First of all, he didn’t like dressing up. Second, it would mean that his workload would double for the night. Kids were allowed to go out late at night and
everyone was wearing a costume. It was hard to tell who was who in the crowd. A Villain could easily blend in.

Aizawa also didn’t want to get tricked or give any treats. Call him a party-pooper but he didn’t like Halloween. Christmas was okay.

“Can we go? Can we?” Izuku jumped up and down, “I want to dress up and get candy!”

Izuku had understood that much of the concept. The tricking part was still under work.

Aizawa and All Might looked at each other and shrugged. Why not?

Then they realized something. Halloween and Izuku meant that they would have to make a costume for him. They could dress the boy up in all kinds of adorable costumes and no one would look at them funny. Were they glad now that they had bought all those memory cards.

Chapter End Notes

I've got both a ton of views and comments during my absence.
I can feel the love! I'm drowning in it!
Thank you so much! I'm back now!

To keep it simple, I've been hella busy.
I moved to a new town, started school and realized how much work it actually is. Art school is freaking tiring too!
I would've never thought. And it only lasts a year and I won't graduate into anything.
My body has also been giving me hell lately. I was sick the last time I updated too.
Not sick now. I'm on my Fall holiday. It's a week of nice, long sleep and good food with family.

About this chapter then.
It really will take a chapter or two to get back on track with my writing.
I have yet to unleash my flow! You'll notice it when reading I bet. It just doesn't feel like it normally does when you write more often.
And Fukuro! I wasn't supposed to write him like that at first but damn he roasts those two. Well, he is a predatory bird and all but still. He is a voice of reason.

I hope you welcome me with open arms.
Please, I've been away a long time. Cut me some slack for a little while.

I'll reply to my comments this week as well! If you have commented on this fic during the last month or so, expect a reply!
Hello....Long time no see.
I honestly wish I had an excuse for this. I have for the past half a year but not for the rest...
I'm so sorry for making you wait this long for an update like this. The past year just wasn't the best for me. It must've been hard as a reader since I had been so active in the past.

I'll try and get back to somewhat regular updates. I have some drafts ready. The fandom will change once more though. I might return to some old drafts I have saved. It's just hard to do that when you want to always move forward. Interests change. That's life.

So, the updates.
This fic will sadly go onto a hiatus. I hate myself for ever even saying that word. I just don't want to give any of my readers false hopes of updating the fic anytime soon. I know the feeling as a reader myself. Returning to writing this would need some serious work. I have drafts but I would have to go back and read my own fic in order to continue it smoothly after such a long time. I don't know when, if ever, I will return to this fic. I might write one-shots related to the idea of it or draw something with the story in mind.

And then something else that also relates to this. Starting from last year's September, I have been updated as a human being. I've become an University student and moved for the third time in about a year. I have a small dorm room now. I've gotten used to the new school and built connections in the new city, so my hands have been tied with that for the past six months. I've just begun to get used to the mountains of essays and other work I have going on 24/7. I even wrote essays on my Christmas break.... what a holiday that was.

My main source of art and updates will be Twitter from now on. Because Tumblr.... well, I'm sure you know what's up. It's @meronstweets. Go follow me. I'll post any art I make in school or outside of it as well as updates on my schedules and such. I am also very open for suggestions on art and fics! I'm getting warmed up.

Once again.
I'M SO SORRY
I've failed you as a writer and I feel bad about it. Fully deserved. I didn't update you for a year, after all. Am I even welcome back anymore.....

End Notes

Glad to be writing again!
This time it's not a one-shot either.
Comments, kudos, bookmarks and love in general is well appreciated!
Thank you all so much for reading!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!