New Life

by Kathsg

Summary

Two villains Daddy and Mommy had started kidnapping candidates with interesting quirks in order to have their dream become a reality: To make the perfect baby.

They only need good quirks, nothing more, since Daddy can change anyone's body to their opposite and Mommy, a chemist that can make the best drugs to ease that change in cooperation with her quirk on making cellular modifications.

What will happen then... when they watch Midoriya Izuku using a quirk so similar to the number one hero All Might during the sports festival? And that to their luck, they just got a boy whose quirk is to heal extremely fast?

"Mommy, I think we found our next target..." Daddy told Mommy with dreamy eyes.

Notes
Hi old readers and new, sorry for those who wish to read more of this fanfiction. I am not abandoning but I am struggling to write it as in: I know where I want it to go yet all I manage to write seems shit to me or I am satisfied on how I am delivering certain points. And I have other personal issues that fuck up by...what? creative process?

Not only is happening in this work but the other two I have. I am sorry for it, mostly because I did not expect many people to read this since it was for my own pleasure and entertainment.

I won't promise to update fast or that the writing will be superb. I only can promise that I will continue writing this as long as I breathe. So, if you wish to wait I thank you for your patience and for the interest you hold for this piece of fanfiction even tho the author is being slow as fuck.

See the end of the work for more notes.
He sighed dreamily at Midoriya Izuku making his way to his apartment, his peculiar green hair and green eyes shining like Jade in the sunset sun.

“God, he is perfect Mommy” he declared, but he was referring on how a baby will look with such characteristics in combination with pale skin and a long body from Yue, his other perfect boy.

“She, you mean…” Mommy giggled and Daddy joined her, in her happy giggling.

He shook his head before saying “Not yet my love, first, we need to catch him and then transform him into the most beautiful cocoon”

“Then, honey, we should hurry! It is better when they haven’t eaten anything, it makes the process easier”

“Well, let us join their family dinner then!” Daddy chuckled with excitement.

He will soon get his perfect child, ‘very very soon... a babe strong as All Might! And easy to heal the wounds from such strong quirk!’ Daddy sang internally, while walking hand in hand with his beloved Mommy ‘a child for us yes! Similar to All Might yay!’ he intoned, a sly smile stretching and stretching with every step they took towards the Midoriya’s apartment.

“Knock, knock” sing songs Mommy while actually knocking on the door.

“Yes?” comes a female voice, “How can I help you?” Inko-chan says,

‘Izuku will probably sound like her at her age’ thinks Daddy, ‘He will have such a nice voice!’ he concludes excited.

The door opens, revealing pretty Inko-chan, ‘Oh yes! Izuku will be a beauty!’ he thinks, while he observes the youth left behind on Inko Midoriya.

“Good evening Miss Midoriya and good night,” Momy says before hitting her on the head, letting her unconscious.

“Mom who is it?” Izuku appears at the end of the hall and when his eyes caught his mother on the floor he goes to her, ignoring them completely.

Or so they thought. Izuku dodges the attack from Daddy and kicks him, but when the boy catches sight of Mommy’s smoke gas too late, she had already released their special sedative in the moment Miss Midoriya was out and with a mask on her own. They don’t want the police to get a hold of their recipe on the blood test they will surely do. Besides, the gas is special for Izuku.

Izuku, the beautiful boy falls in Daddy’s arms like a rag doll ‘my pretty doll’ he thinks, shaking from the excitement he feels when he sees Izuku up close.

“Woa honey! He is more handsome in person! So cute and such refined features! Not even his scars hide’s it!” comments Mommy who had gotten close to the sleeping beauty in Daddy’s arms who
confirms once again why he asked Mommy to marry him; they are just the same, and think the same.

“Yes my love, look at his skin and his cute freckles!” he points out while caressing Izuku’s cheek with his thumb.

“Oh, darling! Can’t wait to see that mixing with our sexy boy Yue!”

“Our boys will make the perfect baby… I can feel it, my love, this is the one” he says with emotion, they had waited for so long to find adequate candidates.

Mommy with teary eyes says “I feel it too love…I really do.” She gets close and kisses him on the lips, Midoriya is between them.

“Oh my! And he smells wonderfully too!” she adds, and Daddy has to agree. Midoriya Izuku has certain scent he knows it matches with the one Yue, their other sexy boy has.

“Can’t wait to smell him when you finish with him husband of mine” her eyes are sparkling in her excitement “Let us hurry! I can’t wait anymore!” she almost shouts to the night.

“Let’s go darling! Let’s go!” he exclaims and cuddles his soon to be daughter in his arms with extreme care, not wanting to damage Izuku’s body.

Daddy can see it clearly in his mind. The moment he activates his quirk the curve he feels in Izuku’s back will get a deeper pronunciation, his hips will expand and his chest will fill up with a decent pair of breasts suited for feeding a baby ‘our baby’. He can see his face slimming down just a little, since he is quite feminine already, so the change won’t be much. But more importantly, his insides will change and he will become the mother of their long awaited baby, the perfect child with the perfect quirk.

‘Yes my Izuku-kun, soon Daddy will transform you very soon...’
When Midoriya Izuku finally regained consciousness, it was to a blinding light, that burned his retinas in the split second he opened his eyes. He closed them immediately, wanting to groan, but his throat was too dry for even that, so he abstained, not wanting more pain. With his eyes still closed, he surveyed his body for any other thing he is feeling, trying to assess any damage done to him.

He comes to realize after a very slow analysis, that there isn’t any open wound as far as he can feel. But he surely has many other troublesome things going on in him.

Izuku feels terribly dizzy with nausea. He’s weak from every part of his body and there was an extremely weird sensation of wrongness he couldn’t really identify just yet. Which it isn’t a surprise, since he can barely think as sharply as he usually does either, there is a deep fogginess moving around his head and a constant pain.

‘It is probably the smoke’s residual effects….’ He thinks offhandedly.

Izuku remembers then.

How he had heard his mother opening the door cheerful as always and then the silence that came after. How he had walked to the entrance, only to see his mother on the floor, surely attacked by the two people that were standing at the entrance. He sadly wasn’t able to really observe their faces in his haste to act, to do something. And he also remembers that before he could do anything, smoke-filled his visions followed by his lungs in a matter of seconds.

Izuku also comes to realize, that for whatever reason he was kidnapped, is not for something good at all. His bounded and had obviously been drug heavily. Because the smoke after effects can’t be the only thing affecting him in the way it does. He feels really sick and utterly strange.

‘Mom are you alright? Did they take you too?’ Izuku thinks but shook his head, ‘No. That’s no it. They wouldn’t have attacked my mom when she was with someone else…and they could have just take her in the moment they knocked her out without waiting for him to notice. But they waited for me, made it obvious to call for my attention…so the target had to be me’ Izuku concluded and hoped with all his heart that he is right. He really doesn’t want his mother to feel what he's feeling in that moment.

His chest feels constrictive and heavier than normal, he can barely breathe normally. ‘Oh god no...not now…’ he thinks whilst he starts to hyperventilate.

Izuku knows he has to calm himself as best as he can before having a full panic attack or an emotional breakdown, the second one being the most probable in his case. So Izuku begins to inhale and exhale while thinking, ‘you are a student from the hero course at the UA, and All Might’s successor, so calm down Izuku...calm down... think like a hero, you need to calm down’ he inhaled and exhaled a couple more of times before opening his eyes again, slower than before and trying to get them used to the brightness of the light above him.

When he finally did, Izuku notices several things at once.
First, his dizziness wasn’t gone but it was more bearable, that he had less desire to vomit. He notices that his mind is a little less foggy ‘it’s better than nothing’ he thought, trying to keep a positive attitude.

The second thing his tired mind noticed, is that he is in some kind of laboratory combined with a hospital. There are many machines working around and the walls are hidden by several shelves full of test tubes, beakers, conical flasks and in one of the corners there is…

‘A deliver bed? Why is that thing doing in here?’ Midoriya wondered a bit scared, ‘why would anyone think about having a baby in this kind of place, instead of a nice and cozy hospital?’ he shivered for the poor baby born in such conditions.

He disregarded that, in order to concentrate on the rest of the place, trying to search clues or an exit. That’s when he saw him. A boy around his age, maybe a bit older.

The older boy is in a room with glass walls, adjacent to where Izuku is laid down. With fierce effort, the older boy is fighting against the metal straps around his torso, arms, and legs.

When the other boy noticed Midoriya looking at him, his eyes widened and started saying something with desperation, but Izuku can’t hear him at all.

‘The glass is probably designed for that’ he hypothesizes.

Midoriya doesn’t want to waist the boy’s energy so he starts telling him, thru a slow series of movements with his lips, that he can’t hear him at all. The boy apparently understands because he stops talking mid-sentence.

Midoriya soon finds out that it was not the case.

“My my, Izu-chan, you are back to us at last!” said a man older than All Might, he’s wearing blue scrubs and a doctor cap. He has honey colored eyes and very pale skin.

Izuku is about to ask him who he is and what he wants when the man approached him very closely in one single step. Their noses were almost touching. The contact makes Izuku shake in disgust, and his throat starts cloaking at the stench coming from the man’s mouth; a strong smell of sugar mixed with medical alcohol.

The need to vomit comes back worse than before.

The men rubbed his cheek over Midoriya’s own freckled one while gushing about how pretty and perfect Izuku is.

“Owww yessss, your skin got nicer! All soft and perfect!” he giggled while he still was rubbing his face against Izuku, who felt the giggle come and go perfectly. Izuku hated it, and made him want to vomit more than ever, but he kept silent and unmoving. He was readying himself to finally act.

From the moment his brain had felt less foggy, after waking up, he had started making a plan, and the last piece Izuku needed to complete such plan, was the man currently on top of him.

With the plan ready, his patience was lost. He doesn’t want to feel his body on top of him anymore, hell, he doesn’t even want to think about sweets no more.

So before the man moved away, Izuku, with the limited range in which he can move his head, rotated it enough and took a deep bite from the man’s ear with all he got. Izuku bit trying not to rip it off. He only needs to keep the disgusting man close to Izuku for a couple of seconds, for his only
plan to work successfully.

Iron filled his mouth and a scream hit his irritated ears. With the little he managed to move his hand, Izuku took the men’s clothes to keep him from getting away without having him by the ear.

In a matter of seconds, Izuku stopped biting, letting the men move his head just enough for Izuku to give him a headbutt with the little power he managed to get from the barely attainable One for All. It was so little the power Izuku could muster from One for All, that it was like using his own physical power. Whatever drug they gave him, was messing up his body a lot.

The man went limp on top of him, lost to the world at least for enough time for Izuku to escape from his bindings. Izuku pushed him as much as he could. The body fell with a thud.

Izuku inhaled and exhaled again, trying to relax and get more power to his arms ‘come one, come one...’ he focused the best he could, searching for One for All again.

A crack sound came from his sides. He made it and better than he expected without really trying. He not only broke his arms steel straps but also the ones on his legs. He miscalculated, but it doesn’t matter, not when the only thing he needs to do now is to get his feet and chest free.

‘Probably the drugs are affecting my perception more than I thought...’

Izuku stretched his arms, in search on any possible bottom around the bed. He moved them around until he felt it. Three bottoms at the side of the bed. Midoriya pressed them one by one. Two of them move the bed up and down, whilst the other, to his luck, freed the rest of the straps from his body.

‘Bingo!’ he cheers excited inside his head, not wanting to make any sound in case there were other’s around to hear him or in case he woke the man up.

Izuku sat, but he did so too fast, making him fall again over the bed, thanks to incredible nausea and dizziness it caused him. He groaned in pain as well, his head was killing him now, but he didn’t hear himself, neither could see anything apart from the black spots over his eyes.

‘Fuck’ he swore, ‘I will really need a good checkup from a real doctor when I get out of here’ he thought worried.

After a moment, he finally was able to seat first and then get on his feet. He was trembling a lot, from head to toes, barely keeping himself up without the bed’s support.

‘It doesn’t matter, I have things to do’ he told himself while taking another big breath before walking slowly.

Izuku turned around towards the other boy with the sole intention of saving him. He had never stopped thinking about the pale looking boy from the moment he realized he wasn’t the only one trapped in whatever place they are.

‘I have to save him. I have to get us out of here fast.’ He reminded himself every step he took and fighting off the dizziness.

Saving that boy is what gave Izuku the extra strength rush he needed to take that bite. He suddenly stopped, remembering to take some gaze and treat the Villain’s wound. Midoriya is not a killer, neither someone who wants’s others to suffer like that. Even when a little part of himself felt satisfied at the man’s scream of pain. Izuku ignores the thought quickly. He can’t think in that way, not when cleaning the wound he provoked.
When he finished, Izuku moved towards the next room, opening the glass door.

“Help please, get me out of here before she comes!” the older boy exclaimed, not giving Izuku time to ask anything.

Izuku frowned and was about to ask about the “she” when a cry came from where he had woke up.

“Nooo!!! Daddy!!!!!” a woman screamed, throwing herself into the floor towards the man Izuku now knows, is referred as Daddy.

She didn’t take long to assess the situation, her attention was directed at Izuku then, her eyes were obscured with hatred. “You little bitch! What did you do to my Daddy! I will kill you stupid cunt!” she yelled angrily, running towards them. Her screams drilled Izuku’s head sharply, pain invaded him once again.

“Fuck! Run!!! Just run!” the older boy screamed, not helping Izuku’s head condition “Just send help! Go! She won’t hurt me!” he pled and Izuku without really realizing, did as he was told. His body moved first before his mind could. But his legs didn’t stop moving, he kept going with trembling legs.

It pained him to run away, but the boy’s words made Midoriya remember himself, his situation.

He is still no hero, just a very weak boy, barely able to use his quirk, and he doesn’t even know what her quirk is to take advantage from it. And a vengeful villain is not something Izuku can honestly manage. But most of all, he is scared, so he runs as fast as he can.

He opens door after door and runs. He kicks some of them with a little power from One for All when he finds them close. Things he finds on his way, he lets them fall to slow down his persecutor’s path.

Soon enough, Izuku gets to a window and he has a decision to make.

“You bitch!!” he hears too close for comfort, her presence makes the decision for him. Izuku tenses his legs, hoping One for All will activate in time when takes the jump.

It works.

He lands in a painful way, totally on his side and with a foot over his body. Izuku even felt his ankle break. But he doesn’t scream. He can’t give his presence away since he jumped far enough from the building to have some cover from the things around. He looks around and identifies some neon lights not too far from where he is. So he crawls instead of standing, keeping his body low, and his movements fast enough to not disturb his bruised ribs and the broken ankle. He crawls in between the empty alleys and dumpsters, hiding as much as he can.

It doesn’t take long for Izuku to hear her screaming around, searching for him. But the sound starts dwelling down every time he advances.

‘I can do it…I can’ he tells himself over and over again, trying to ignore the pain in his ankle, ribs, and head. Trying to ignore the need to vomit and the necessity to just lay down for a moment.

Mostly, Izuku tries to ignore the older boy’s scared and frantic expression, telling him to run away, to leave him behind, ‘I will come back for you…I will get help, I swear it…’

He doesn’t know who long he crawled, but when the neon light was over his face, Izuku started crying from the relief he felt. With difficulty, he got up, letting his weight fall over the good ankle. Izuku began to advance as fast as he could, gritting his teeth while he did so, fearing a scream of pain.
would come out from his mouth without permission.

He was panting and crying but never stopped. He needs to find someone, anyone to help him, so he can help the older boy.

Izuku is really a lucky person, because when he felt the floor swaying under him and the pain extending all over his chest, he saw it; a small police stand. He started sobbing by then and let himself run even with a busted ankle, help was close anyway.

He opened the door by letting his body weight do the job, and let himself fall into the place.

“HELP! Please help!” he screamed so loudly that he sounded like a girl “Help! I’m Midoriya Izuku…help me…” he said now slowly, losing consciousness quickly “Help…” at last darkness invaded him, the pain had been too much to bare.

The officer who was in there to see Izuku’s entrance, called for his partner urgently.

“Tendo! Call the UA, I’m sure this girl is the student they gave the alert about!” the officer soon started to assess Izuku’s injuries. He didn’t have to do it for a long moment to know the unconscious girl is in urgent need of a hospital “And then call an ambulance! She is very hurt!” he added.

Tendo moved fast and was already dialing the UA number by the time his partner told him about the ambulance. While he did so, Tendo was thinking ‘I’m pretty sure the alert was about a male student…not a girl...’
Aizawa Shota is a realistic man. Many call him a pessimist, but that just not true, he simply sees things as they are. Maybe it has to do a lot with his quirk in his opinion. Of course, he won’t tell anyone about thinking that, it’s too punny. And he has a reputation he actually likes and wants to maintain. That vision of the world is also something that keeps him unamused with many things in life. Including people actions.

So one of the many things that Aizawa Shota didn’t expect at all, on a Thursday evening after finishing the end of term exams; was to be informed of a distress call from no other than Midoriya Inko. Who, after waking up from being knocked out at the front door of her apartment, had immediately in a desperate and frantic way, called the police first and then the UA principal’s office, informing as many people she could that her only son, Izuku Midoriya, was kidnapped by a weird couple dressed in white coats and matching scrubs.

He also never imagined, that hours later of the kidnapping, he would be seeing the footage showing the kidnap from a surveillance camera near the Midoriya’s apartment. In it, they identified the infamous and mysterious Daddy and Mommy as the culprits.

In the footage, the couple had handle an unconscious Midoriya in the middle of the street without care of someone seeing them at all.

‘How on earth no one saw a thing?!’ Aizawa was baffled at that, and felt impotent, ‘If I had been there... if I had seen...’ he had stopped himself, it wasn’t the time.

Aizawa Shota had felt things, he had hoped never to feel again. But seeing the boy, his student, all loosen up, as if he was dead in the arms of two prominent criminals; had made Aizawa feel a tug of alarm he knew too well. The one he experienced at USJ attack a few weeks back. Yet, Midoriya Izuku’s situation was different, more complicated and with a bigger percentage of becoming a kidnapping and a murder case.

‘Fuck, fuck, fuck...’ Shota almost lost it at the thought of his student dying. He was really frustrated, at least he had an opportunity at the USJ of doing something for his students, but Shota cannot do a thing for Izuku.

‘What does Izuku has, that he attracts so many problems on his way?’ he tried to distract himself with such stupid question, cos the reality was, his students became a target since the USJ attack. Aizawa if he wanted, could argue that they were a target since they choose the UA as their school. Especially those students, whose potential shines.

And such brightness was shown at the Sports Festival with full colors for every person, hero, and villain to see. An event, he had been against with, at least for a couple of months. He was ignored of course, and the day of the festival, Midoriya Izuku, for better or worse, ended up shining like a
thousand suns on his own anxious way.

Thus, his student was kidnapped, probably injured and to Aizawa’s utter pain, no one knows or suspects who Daddy and Mommy are, or what they do with those they kidnap. Because to add in Aizawa’s dread, the reality of the case is that no one who came across that sick couple has ever made it back. No one.

It’s no weird then, the hero and teacher Eraserhead didn’t sleep at all during the two days his student was kidnapped. He had spent all that time in the UA with some of the other teachers, trying to help in any way they could with the investigation.

And Aizawa, to his bad luck, apart from no resting at all, spent a lot of his time in the same place with no other than All Might. Someone that had excelled Shota in the aspect of dying from worry for Izuku. Which, when putting things in perspective, came out as too exaggerated from the number one hero, since the one who is the head teacher of Midoriya Izuku is Aizawa, not All Might. So that attitude of the number one hero only deepens away Aizawa’s suspicion over the real relationship All Might shares with Midoriya Izuku.

‘Secret love child? A pupil of some kind? Maybe…his successor?’

Not that Aizawa had time to dwell on it. Because on the third day of the kidnapping around three in the morning, Aizawa Shota was called urgently to Nedzu’s office, as well as Midnight, only to be informed that Midoriya Izuku had appeared in a police station near the love motel’s area, a couple of minutes before the mentioned station. And that his student was currently being transferred to the nearest hospital.

Aizawa Shota, sure as hell didn’t expect to feel a swell of pride when hearing the news. Hell, his eyes watered in relief, thankfully Midnight and Nedzu didn’t mention a thing about that. But how couldn’t he? His student had made it. Izuku had escaped from the clutch of two villains no one knows too much about. Except maybe, the identity of some of the people they have kidnapped for the past year, and the type of clothes they used during those crimes. The kid really knows how to surprise the unamused hero.

‘But how big was the price Izuku paid for escaping?’ a voice in him asked ‘What had Midoriya done to manage such thing? How hurt is he?’ worry came crashing at him in bigger waves than before. His student is really talented a getting hurt no matter if is just a Sports Festival or a simple class. So what kind of injuries he got from running for his life?

Midnight and he made it to the Hospital around four in the morning after receiving the news. And once again, Aizawa Shota got by far, the biggest surprise he has ever get in a long time by the hands of no other than his student, Midoriya Izuku. Who in the stretch of two days became a girl.

‘What the fuck?’ what’s the first thought that crossed his mind when his black eyes surveyed his sleeping student on the hospital bed. From Midoriya’s slender face, slim wrists to his smaller body in general. He at first had thought, that Izuku somehow lost weight, but when his eyes reached his clothed chest, Aizawa couldn’t deny it, his student had no longer a typical male body.

Outside confirmation came then when a nurse asked him if he and Midnight were the teachers from the UA that came for the girl the police found.

“Well…yeah” was all he managed to say. What else could he have said? That the person on the bed is supposed to be a boy and not a girl?

Or that’s at least psychically to some closed mind people of course. Since gender, for Aizawa
understanding, is such a vast and flexible thing, mostly based on the mind and identity, and not only in the body which people are born with.

But without any doubt, Midoriya Izuku has no longer the body he was born with and probably, not the one he identifies with.

‘But... does Midoriya know what happened to him? How his body changed?’ Shota asked himself in his new pit of worry, reserved just for the new problem before him; A non-consensual sex change.

For what the officers told Midnight and him, Midoriya in the little time he talked to the police before passing out completely, had used the referential that men use when speaking. So the possibility that his student didn’t notice the change at all is big. And that, in so many levels, stress Aizawa a lot. And for what he saw in Nemuri’s expression she feels the same.

‘What will the psychological reaction be? Will he panic? Hate himself? Or accept it as nothing?’ Shota was trying to come with a possible reaction, but Izuku was such a unique teenager, that it was hard for Aizawa to really hypothesize his student’s possible reaction.

Thankfully, Midnight came with him, and not All Might, who Nedzu had said “Is going to be too hard to handle the situation with him in there, worrying and fusing all over Izuku-kun” and Aizawa had agreed with him at the moment, but right now, he knows it was the best decision ever ‘how will All Might react to this?’

Nemuri, on the other hand, is someone who knows more about gender identity than Aizawa or any other of the teachers at the UA will ever do. In fact, she is the one who taught Aizawa most of the things he knows about the topic.

The first thing they did after arriving the Hospital and bringing Recovery girl for Izuku’s treatment, was to call Midoriya Inko. They, of course, had to tell her the news beforehand, in order to avoid anymore shock to the single mother.

When she arrived, Inko Midoriya demonstrated that the Midoriya’s have certain power at surprising Aizawa. Because Midoriya Inko in less than a few minutes, shown Aizawa where his student learned how to be such a compassionate human being, filled with a strong determination under any stressful situation. She may have looked nervous as fuck, but she heard their words and analyzed them in a matter of seconds. She didn’t even bat an eye when seeing his son in a different body.

“I don’t care how my son looks like as long as he is alright and healthy. And whatever he feels about it, I will be there for him... my son’s happiness is what matters, not his appearance.” She had declared with teary eyes filled with a strength Aizawa has seen in his student many times.

‘Izuku probably got the crying from her as well...’ Shota couldn’t help thinking after seeing Midoriya Inko tearing up at least five times to different things since she arrived at the hospital.

After hours and hours of endless tests and examinations, every doctor in the vicinity concluded that Midoriya Izuku will permanently have a female body and that a second change would cause extreme damage to him.

The doctors simply cannot change Izuku’s body again, because the cells were modified so deeply, in such an exhaustive way, that the doctors can only imagine it was the work of two quirks working together in perfect unison, and in combination with a great amount of drugs, especially created for such change, which eased the modification in Midoriya’s body without killing him or affecting his quirk.
“Those villains really went far for this change to succeed. So an operation or hormone therapy is out of the question… I’m sorry” that was the last conclusion the head doctor told the adults reunited around a sleeping Midoriya Izuku.

What had sickened Aizawa the most, is that many of those drugs have the only job of preparing Izuku’s body for pregnancy. Everyone’s reaction to that piece of information brought dread to them, the implications went unsaid but lingered heavily in each adult in the room. Thankfully, the doctor assured them there wasn’t any sign of rape or artificial insemination in Izuku’s body.

“They probably were waiting for his body to rest and accommodate before following with a pregnancy. Even when it is a natural thing, it is still a very difficult thing to undergo in a body, especially in someone as young as Midoriya” the head doctor elaborated to them, probably in his need to assured them no more trauma came upon Izuku.

For the moment, Midoriya hasn’t wake up yet, not even after all the tests they did to him. For the moment, Aizawa and Midnight went back and forth with the detective in charge and the heroes assigned to the case. Who so far, concluded that from the injuries Izuku had, he couldn’t have moved far from whatever place he escaped from. So it could be very close to the police station. Also, in the state his clothes were, indicate Midoriya crawled most of the time, probably because of his busted ankle, but at Aizawa’s suggestion that Izuku had actually been hiding, made the police surer of their suspicion of kidnapper’s place is close to the police station. But nothing is set in stone until Izuku wakes up to give his statement.

So with some local hero’s help, the police are currently trying to pinpoint the exact place from where Izuku came from. Aizawa and Midnight were denied further participation since they were too close to the victim. And director Nedzu prohibited them to act as well, “I want you to be Midoriya Izuku’s support for the moment” he had told them with a strict tone, and if Aizawa is honest, he is glad about the order.

‘Is the last thing I can do for my student… for Izuku’ Aizawa can’t help thinking he failed Midoriya, so being there for him is at least something to keep Aizawa from feeling like shit.

“Eraserhead” called Midnight, head poking out from Izuku’s room, “He is waking up, come.”

He walked inside the room after Midnight, just in time to see the Midoriya’s hugging tightly with tears in their eyes. Aizawa felt a tug of awkwardness like he always does when he sees that kind of behavior in close families.

He never experienced such things as an only child, whose parents he never met. But he refused to look in another direction in that moment, needing the reassurance that his student is fine in every aspect. And that he is receiving the support he deserves.

The two heroes also saw every movement in Midoriya Izuku’s face expression when he took notice of himself in the mirror, his mother provided for him after the boy jumped at the sound of his soft and feminine voice.

Izuku’s expression went from shock to embarrassment, where he could barely look at the mirror without blushing and averting his eyes a couple of times, and finally, finishing in an expression where raw curiosity was all you could see on his face. All of it in a matter of seconds.

Aizawa really wasn’t that surprised. His student has always been like that with everything that stands in front of him; naturally curious and analytical to the root.

Midoriya was looking at himself from every possible angle when his mother asked in a gentle tone,
“Izuku… are you alright? What do you feel about it?”

“I’m… is, wow you know… I mean, I’m ok?” he said, frowning a bit, still looking at himself in the mirror as if looking at an alien. Probably because of his new voice or because of the image in the mirror of a slender and smaller face saying his words.

“Izuku…” his mother started again, still preoccupied.

“Mom, I’m being honest…” Izuko lowered the mirror and observed his now smaller hands, one of them caressing the scars, “I mean… Is it for me, really surprising and weird? Of course! B-but I… somehow it doesn’t bother me a lot?” the boy looked at his mother then, with confused eyes.

“Oh…” Midnight murmured, with a tone, Aizawa could only identify as understanding, but he would have to wait for an explanation from his friend and colleague because her exclamation had caught the mother and son attention towards them. The two heroes had been on the opposite side of the mother and son, very close to the door.

“M-Midnight! Aizawa s-sensei!” Izuku was startled, just like Shota expected of his anxious student.

“Good evening,” Aizawa said and Midnight snorted at his dry answer.

“Hello, Izuku-kun…it is kun alright?” Midnight asked and Izuku frowned before understanding.

“Oh! That! I mean, y-yeah I guess” he said shrugging, “or it’s chan? I am a girl now, right?” he muttered, confusion clouding his face again.

‘Interesting’ thought Aizawa ‘he is not the kind of upset that I expected from a boy his age…’

Midnight probably shared his thoughts, because she was now sporting her inquisitive smile, and her eyes were shinning when something got her attention.

“It’s alright Izuku, you can think about that later. Right now, let me ask you some questions regarding your new body….” Midnight paused and looked at the other two adults “But before I begin, it is fine if Eraserhead and your mother stay? Or do you want them to leave? It may not be an easy conversation” she expressed to Izuku, her attention solely on him, and her tone was open and warm.

Aizawa is really glad Nedzu called her, or Aizawa would be in big trouble at being that nice and approachable.

Izuku didn’t even spare a look at them before saying, “its o-okay! They can stay” Izuku blushed before continuing, “I, t-trust them. You can ask me a-anything in front of them Midnight-san”

Aizawa once again felt a pang of awkwardness. Somehow, a nice awkwardness. It’s not always that a student feels like that about him. They usually dismiss him as an asshole or a nonsense for a hero. But never, a student has seen him as a trustworthy person, especially not in such personal matters, ‘maybe he does as well….not that I can confirm it, the brat is just like me in that…’

“‘What about my statement?’ Izuku sputtered suddenly, his tone serious, “B-because there is so much I need to say! Like how another boy was there…. a boy I abandoned…” Izuku was crying, shame was evident in his face ‘I couldn’t help him…’ he murmured and bit his lips trying to stop his tears. His mother took his hands in hers.

Midnight gave him an alarmed look whilst typing at her cell phone, probably informing the police about the new information.
Another boy?!” Aizawa had thought about the possibility of other people being kidnapped with Izuku, ‘the case just got more complicated’ he concluded, because it means there must be more people there that Izuku didn’t saw.

Aizawa got closer and crouching at Izuku’s height he told him, “Don’t drag yourself Midoriya, you did what I expect of any of my students to do, besides… I suspect you still tried to help him first then thinking about searching help, right?” Aizawa was firm in his words. Midoriya really doesn’t have to feel bad, he did the right thing.

Izuku looked away, his ears were red, and he was biting his lips harder. Izuku nodded, confirming Aizawa’s suspicion at Izuku usual “save others first and then yourself” attitude. It kind of frustrates Aizawa, cos in hero work, things are more complicated than jumping into danger first things first. That’s why analytical thinking is such an important part of the U.A’s educational plan. To avoid tragedies.

“Then I know for sure, you did everything you could for him.” Aizawa looked eyes with Izuku “Now it’s the police and the hero’s job to rescue him. You will help him more by giving your statement… And you actually are already helping him by just being here with us, informing us about his existence we had no idea about. And I know you are not a fool Izuku” Shota used his first name to give emphasis to his next words, “Think about this; you were severely drugged and weak after having your body changed completely, yet you managed to escape in the state you were” he told his student, who he knows, after analyzing the whole case, will find some assurance of his actions.

Izuku’s eyes widened. New tears glistened his green eyes. Aizawa though, looked away before showing how hard that was for him, ‘I’m really not made for assuring people’ he thought, trying to keep at bay his own emotions.

“That’s something you have to do with the police, the detective assigned to his case is on his way, so don’t worry” Midnight added “and yes, you made the right decision Izuku, so don’t blame yourself, all right?” she told him easily.

Izuku nodded a bit, still dumbfounded by Aizawa’s words.

Midnight smiled, “Well then, back to your new body… tell me Izuku, what do you know and think gender is?” she started, taking a seat close to Izuku, who in turn, had now his trademark thinking face. He was humming while touching his chin with a very slender hand that showcased all the scars of his past fights, especially the one at the Sports Festival.

Aizawa decided then, to hone all his attention in the conversation that was about to begin, determined on comprehending whatever his student is feeling in that moment, ‘I am his support now after all’ he reminded himself.

Izuku’s humming stopped and he began to describe his immediate feelings about his new body, while Aizawa Shota took extensive notes, determined on understanding his most problematic but interesting student.

Chapter End Notes

Don't get your hopes up with fast updates! I just happened to write this chapter fast because I love Aizawa and Izuku too much, so when the two are in the same chapter???

Fuck yeah! Let's get nuts!
Also, I have no beta, so sorry for the errors. If the error is TOO BID or BAD. Tell me, please.

Enjoy my dudes!
She is for the public just another sexy woman, a rate R hero. But they don’t have any idea of the reality of who she really is; a genderfluid person whose preferred noun just happen to be she/her.

Nemuri doesn’t blame them, can’t really since that information is only for some people she trusts.

Society in Japan is not that open yet for such information.

Maybe that’s why not many people recognize her when she goes around in her street clothes, which varies every day depending on how she feels. Her closet has all kinds of skirts, shorts, baggy or tight jeans and t-shirts of all sizes, colors, and fashions. Basically, her closet is packed. And to Nemuri’s delight, her face it's just too easy to blend how she wants to look with a few touches of makeup. Which is a great advantage she has over her colleagues when going around on their free days. They have to hide all the time when they really want some peace in their daily lives.

Well, mostly everyone with the exception of All Might because of his real appearance is totally the opposite of his professional one. And of course, another hero who can walk around without anyone recognizing him is the cute and socially inept Eraserhead, one of her best friends and currently a ball of nerves at her side because of the possibility of one his student’s having a gender identity crisis. Not that anyone else apart from her and Hizashi can recognize the nervous ticks in Shota.

‘He really does care about this kid huh?’ she thought with fascination. Nemuri knows Shota cares about all his students, even the shitty ones. But the constant eye movement and lip licking? That’s nerves level: God.

Shota is one of the few, in her personal and professional life that knows about her gender identity. Others in the professional circle include Nedzu, Present Mic and a few selected others from the Academia, including, of course, All Might, who is a prominent supporter of “Love is Love” and everything related the LGTBQ+ community around the country. Not for nothing, he is the number 1 hero.

In that moment though, she knows there will be two more people that will join the selected group that knows about her real self; Midoriya Inko, the bubbly and cute mother of the most precious future hero she has ever met and the second person that will know about her, Midoriya Izuku. The kid is so adorable when he gets in his thinking mode, all deep and serious.

‘Is still a “he” though?’ she wondered, that’s why she made such question about what he knows and thinks gender is.

“Hmmm…” Izuku Midoriya began to respond her question, “Well, I think and believe gender is unimportant? I don’t know how to explain it… I just never really cared about it” he tilted his head a bit frowning still deep in thought.

‘I knew it!’ Nemuri almost smiled in victory at being right, ‘calm down Nemu! You don’t really know
if he is like that for sure!’ she lectured herself. The last thing she wants is to push the boy in any way.

“That’s fine for the moment Izuku-kun, now, what do you feel about having a different body?” she questions in the most neutral tone she could summon.

“Honestly?” he asked a bit nervous, eyes darting around the other two adults in the room and her.

She nodded, keeping an open expression. Shota and Inko did the same.

“Just…slender? Shorter too and curvier with ah, well… bigger boobs…but then, nothing more really. Ah… a-and the more I think about it, I j-just… for me is just a body you know?” he finished a bit breathless, nerves clear on his face.

‘Yep! Yeah, I knew it! I really want…no! I need to scream as loud as I can, asap’ she thought barely containing her pleased expression.


“W-well, I never gave too much care about h-having a pe-” he coughed and became super red “A p-penis…” he said at last “and… I never truly understood the whole m-manly thing either…and I don’t mean the manly kind of Kirishima!” he explained a bit alarmed that they would think that. But only Shota nodded in understanding at that statement.

Izuku at Shota’s understanding continued, “And for me…it doesn’t matter how you look as long as you are a good person… s-so boy or girl is just, kind of s-stupid?” he finished. It was evident his brain was still working on the topic. Which isn’t weird, since gender and sexuality are topics treated as something taboo still in the modern society. So the boy had just been asked something no one else had asked him to think about before.

The three adults nodded at him. Nemuri doesn’t know if they are nodding at the same thing she is, but it is enough to reassure Izuku.

“How about the fact you blush every time you get close to girls? Isn’t that being conscious about their bodies? And now if you think about it, you have the same body many girls have.” She points out.

“Oh! That! N-no, it’s not like that…” he denied furiously with his head, green wavy hair jumping with the action ‘Cuteeee’ thought Nemuri.

Izuku continued, “I just feel f-flustered around girls b-because I really had never interacted w-with girls that close before, not until now…” he sighed “I wasn’t one for f-friends in middle school, and when I was younger there were only b-boys around me…and also… I am nervous almost all the time, so…” Izuku shrugged at his explanation.

‘I wanna hug him’ Nemuri really wants to, the boy really needs one in her opinion. She only nodded thou, she has to be professional ‘only for now my young and possible queer child…’ If Izuku is what she thinks he is, then Nemuri will be damn if she isn’t his biggest support in the new world he is going to go into.

“Ok, I think I understand what you are thinking right now Izuku-kun. So, my advice for the moment is for you to investigate and learn more about gender identity alright?” she wants the boy to learn all the important information by himself and thus to achieve an understanding about his identity on his own, just like she did many years ago around his age.

“Alright?” she asked again, making sure Izuku understands he has to do it as soon as possible, “and
when you do, come to me as fast as you can ok? For a chat or to ask me anything you want, yeah?”

Izuku nodded, green eyes serious and set on doing what she asked. Nemuri smiled at him and gave her attention to Midoriya Inko “Midoriya-san, I only wish for you to cooperate with Izuku’s search and in comprehending your child and whatever he finds about himself. And that if you also, wish to talk, you can call me anytime”

Midoriya Inko smiled at her nervously, but also gratefully “Thank you Midnight-san” she said, “but I’m sorry to ask…. are you some kind of specialist in the matter of g-gender identity…?”

Izuku turned to her too, curiosity coming off him in waves. And Nemuri sighed internally, she had hoped she wouldn’t have to say it even when it was going to come out eventually with the small family.

It wasn’t like she has problems coming out but it was more a programmed insecurity and fear in her mind. No matter how many times she had talked about her identity, it always becomes a hard thing to do with someone new. Once closeted, is difficult to forget the feeling of being hidden.

“Yes Inko-san, you can say I am….you see, I am genderfluid, which means my gender identity is not fixed. Some days I feel more male on some others female…”

“Oh! I had a college friend like that! They said it was like a mix of both woman and man…is that the same?” Inko asked hopefully at being correct and without any evident judgment.

Nemuri was startled, her heart melts a bit “Yes, exactly that,” Nemuri also spared a look at Midoriya Izuku, who differing with his mother was saying nothing and looked shocked, green eyes wide and mouth half open. Nemuri felt cold crippling at her body at his reaction. An old fear came back to her not expecting to feel it with him.

Izuku’s expressions morphed in a deep frown and looked at her, eyes still incredulous, ‘whatever he says, don’t cry or get mad…do not…” Nemuri told herself before giving her attention to Izuku who gulped and opened his mouth shouting; “There is more than boy and girl?!” And Nemuri didn’t know how to react at that.

He looked away with lost eyes muttering under his breath “how I didn’t know about that! I really don’t know anything about the world… Such a fool I am….and I want to be a good hero without knowing such things…why I never learned this in middle school? That explains a lot about so many people if there is more than two…and also about how I feel…so there are three or are there more than three!? I don't feel fluid tho..”

“Son…” Inko talked to her son with a smile, who was snapped from his own mind, “you are muttering again…loudly” she told him.

“Oh!” Izuku blushed “S-sorry, it just… it really shocked me such information escaped me. So that’s really neat Midnight-san! Is that why some people say you have a twin brother?” Izuku asked genuinely interested and in fact, no judgmental at all, maybe only of his own ignorance.

She couldn’t help it and chuckle in her relief before answering “yes, that’s why many think I have a twin brother when it’s just me with pants and oversized shirts. But it’s a secret though…about me being genderfluid. So… can the two of you keep it a secret please?”

“But of course!” Inko answered easily, putting a hand on Nemuri’s own reassuringly.

“Oh! So it’s an issue? Like when people are gay?” Izuku said deflated, and Nemuri nodded sadly at him. Izuku looked at her with sad eyes, “well, another dumb thing in my opinion…and yes, I will
keep your secret Midnight-san. It’s not mine to share anyway” determination substituted the sadness in his green eyes and Nemuri felt her chest being filled with hope in the new generation.

‘Now I see why Shota likes him…”

She smiled again at the Midoriyas, “Well then Eraserhead, anything you want to say, now it’s your chance!” she took a step back, it was her time to observe. She is very curious of whatever Shota will say or how he will act.

Shota took her place and in his most bored tone began, “Well Midoriya, before the police enter the room to take your statement, there is something we have to discuss related on how the School decided to handle your situation on Monday…”
The Midoriya… Ladies?

Chapter Notes

Ok my dudes, Izuku will use he/him and she/her at first, so it will a bit confusing.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 5

The Midoriya… Ladies?

Mama Midoriya

Inko can see how his son feels about his new body.

Nothing.

Not scared, disgusted, or anxious. If something, Izuku looks accepting of it, as if it were unimportant like being told the sun shines in the morning and hides in the night.

Inko would have been extremely preoccupied based on that kind of reaction, waiting for a total meltdown in any moment if it hadn’t been for Midnight’s conversation a few hours ago.

But her son had simply shrugged it off and had only fussed about how his boobs even when small, move every time he does and how free he felt in the middle area of his legs. Inko had warned him though, that only because he doesn’t have a penis there, doesn’t mean a kick in his genitals won’t hurt “Oh…shoot” he said disappointed and Inko couldn’t help but chuckle at her child’s easy attitude.

Every comment he made about his new body wasn’t done with disgust or fear. It was rather with curiosity and wonder. Inko expects to see her son lost on the internet for hours, or fretting a lot before asking her something he doesn’t understand from his research.

Izuku so far had only worried a lot about the menstrual cycle and the possible symptoms regarding such event. The poor thing had seen her suffering because of it more than once, mostly when she didn’t have more painkillers to take. And to add to her dismay, the women of her family always have experienced great pain when menstruating.

“But if I get the pain…I just have to take a pill right?” Izuku asked with fear for the first time. She can’t blame him, she doesn’t know any women who enjoy bleeding every month with various side effects.
“Yes, it will. But sometimes there are emotional reactions too. And those can only be managed in the moment” she sighed hoping her child doesn’t suffer much when the time comes, “and you will only understand about those emotional fluctuations the moment it happens” she told him with sad eyes.

He could only nod at her while getting dressed to head home. The doctors had finally discharged him, explaining there wasn’t anything more they could do, except keep a checkup every week for a month in case there were any other reactions or changes they overlooked. Whilst at the UA, Recovery Girl would keep an eye on him, as well as Eraserhead-san and Midnight-san, “and any other teacher needed, I promise” was Izuku’s headteacher words that really manage to comfort Inko at last.

“Hmmm…I will have to add menstruation cycle and effects in my stockpile of things to research” Izuku muttered while adjusting his favorite red shoes.

“Honey, would you want me to buy new shoes for you?”

“Why?” Izuku frowned

“Well, you have a different body now…you know, it looks smaller…so new clothes will be needed to”

“Oh…well I don’t mind using bigger clothes really, you know that…and it might seem strange but from all the things that didn’t change much, one of them was my shoe size, so I don’t really think my other clothes will be too big” he smiled at her goofily and reassuring.

“Yeah but…” she began.

A memory of her using uncomfortable clothes a long time ago made her shut her mouth abruptly.

‘I almost told him to dress like a proper girl…in a different way than he is…just like everyone expects…’ she chastised herself at such close mind thinking ‘I can’t! I won’t do that!’

If she had never done such thing with his son when his body was of that of a male, why would she now that it’s different?

“Mom?” Izuku saw her stop mid-sentence

‘Oh god…I have to deflect it fast before preoccupying Izu!’

“It’s nothing Izuku, I just remembered…that the UA has a car ready for us downstairs. So, why don’t we hurry? The driver must be tired of waiting” she hid the lie under something else, only cos Inko didn’t want to tell her son how she almost imposed him clothes others will expect him to use.

‘I almost did to him what my mother did to me for many years…” Inko still recalls dressing as a pretty doll so his mother approved of her as a daughter. She had hated it. She even had dressed in such pleasing way with all her boyfriends, trying to fit the perfect image of a woman.

Izuku’s father wasn’t the exception, who at the end, abandoned her and their son anyway. It didn’t matter how perfect she was. They might not be divorced officially, but she is not an idiot. He travels that much for more than work and in the bottom, she is glad to have him as far she can from Izuku.

She had decided then, a few years after Izuku turned five and his father began disappearing for long periods of time, to dress how she wanted whenever she wanted. And that her son would do the same.
So only because her son has the body of a girl now, doesn’t mean he has to dress like one.

“Mom…” Izuku’s awkward tone brought her back from her internal debate. They were in the Hospital’s lobby.

“What’s wrong Izuku?”

“Why is everyone looking at me like that?” he whispered panicked, looking at the other people around the lobby.

And Inko did the same, noticing all eyes of her child. She proceeds on giving a fleeting once over at her son. Her eyes widen in something close to horror when she identified why her son was the center of attention.

“Oh god! You are not using a bra!” she had forgotten completely that her son wasn’t wearing one, that he has boobs and that he isn’t wearing a shirt, but a baggy t-shirt.

Izuku looked down to his chest…

“Oh!!!” Izuku shouted with his new fruity voice while covering his chest “Oh god….I just flashed everyone…” her son was red in every possible uncovered area.

Inko was blushing as well “y-yeah…here! Have my sweater!”

The two left the Hospital almost running, getting inside the car the UA offered to them. And Midoriya Inko, after what just happened, accepted that her son is going to need new clothes anyway.

‘He will need new underwear and a new uniform too….maybe I can call the UA for that...oh! And also about his hero costume too.’ She sighed. The reality was catching up with her.

It doesn’t really matter what she wants to do regarding her child’s right to dress as he pleases, Izuku still will have to follow certain behavioral norms and coding when dressing up. The world isn’t that forgiving with women yet.

‘Together we will find a way for him to feel comfortable, even in such constrictive world…”

She tells herself she can’t be delusional with her son’s situation, ‘but we can be flexible and creative with what we got’ she knows, Inko has seen her son doing so during the Sports Festival.

She was about to sighed again in frustration when what happened a few minutes ago came back to her, which had Inko bursting in giggles.

Izuku was about to asked her when Inko blurted out to him, “Izu…you just flashed the entire hospital!”

And that was enough for Izuku to laugh as well. After few moments of the two of them laughing at how funny the whole thing had been.

With a breathy voice and tears in his eyes from laughing, Izuku said “Just wait when I tell Midnight on Monday” he chuckled, and Inko Midoriya smiled, her son will be alright.

If the two of them were good at something, is at finding the funny or positive side of everything. And that includes having a total body makeover.

‘We will be fine, he will be fine…” she assured herself, taking the smaller hand of her child in her own thinking how more similar they are now. Like two droplets of water, ‘the Midoriya...Ladies?’
Izuku Midoriya and his travel around the Web and inside her head

She looked at himself again, trying to really feel something. Anything really, that were close to awkwardness, hate or disgust just like her mother asked of him.

Because that is what Izuku is supposed to feel right? But nothing came. He felt normal. Even thinking about himself as a she was alright in the few moments she did. It simply worked.

He sighed ‘I really need to investigate... I just hope I can find what I’m feeling right now...’ which are acceptance, easiness and even a tiny bit of excitement. But most of all, curiosity.

He didn’t tell his teachers or her mother about him referring to himself as a “she” several times since he woke up. It had been for experimental purposes of course. And as far, she never minds or cares, just like with his new body. Izuku simply kept changing pronouns every time he could, but the weird thing is...he does it now without thinking, it just comes naturally to her.

‘God, am I this weird?’ she asked himself ‘No! Midnight told me what I was feeling is normal...’ he exhaled the negative thoughts out of his surprisingly nicer skin.

“I don’t want to panic at my easy acceptance of a new body! Shouldn't be at having my body modified? Because... that is actually stupid…right? Panicking at being ok with it?” Izuku muttered before groaning while he crouched over his own body when suddenly something touches her tights.

Izuku yelped before remembering ‘Oh yeah my boobs...’ he huffed, “they are just like my absent dick...just there surprising me when I move or erecting at everything and nothing...”

Izuku of course, had other reactions since he came back from the Hospital, like the moment he saw himself naked; Izuku almost died of embarrassment at her curves contrasting nicely with the muscles that didn’t leave his body, it was kind of a cool contrast.

Except, who wouldn’t feel embarrassed? He was basically seeing a naked woman when he had never seen one before. But the truth is, Izuku felt the same thing the first time he saw his male classmates getting undressed in front of her. He still looks away most of the time, never taking his eyes from his own locker.

The embarrassment soon died, and with it came curiosity once again. That’s how Izuku found herself naked in front of the bathroom mirror, moving his arms up and down, and seeing every possible angle. And after a throughout inspection and exploration, Izuku Midoriya concluded, that he was right all along.

Cos the only changes he found in his new body so far, were more curves and fat, and a whole new reproductive system designed to carry a baby. And every scar and mole he had before, stood where she has seen them last. And every muscle he gained in the past months, was there too. Albeit a bit smaller, but there. He had thought he was less tall too, and his hands smaller but is was simply an
optical illusion because of his muscle mass change. What stood as if nothing happened was his scars and the damaged bone is still there, he can feel it when moving and heard it in the "pop" sometimes his fingers make when she makes a fist.

‘It’s like the doctor said…it was as if my body decided to take the other possible route, making the necessary changes within itself...different hormones, different effects...I will have to design another diet plan a different exercise routine if I want more muscle in me…’

“Daddy and Mommy really have amazing quirks…I want to know more about them…” he murmured, trying to analyze their quirks based on his new body. But without more information, it’s hard to do so.

And his quirk, One for All, was also intact and ready to be used at any moment. Nothing bad happened or changed with his quirk.

“Somehow I’m happy All Might wasn’t there…he is probably blaming himself like always…” Izuku sighed, knowing it must be true. He will have to speak with his mentor in the morning.

Apparently, another thing Izuku had been right all alone, was about having been extremely drugged when he woke up, “drugs to prepare me for motherhood…” she muttered a bit lost while looking at his smooth tummy were a six-pack resides, “What would have happened if they had got me pregnant?” Izuku bit his lips, not knowing if she would have kept the baby or not.

He shuddered “But I escaped in time…before…”

Izuku frowned then, remembering the boy, “Yue…” he muttered the older boy’s name, who had been kidnapped over two months ago. One of Yue’s friends was the one to report it to the police. And if what the police had concluded from Izuku’s information is true, then Daddy and Mommy kidnapped him and Yue because of their quirks.

“The villains wanted Yue and me to create the perfect baby…” he uttered “little did they know that it wouldn’t have worked at all.” Izuku can’t believe how close to revealing the entire world of his lack of quirk and to being a pregnant teen he was.

“I barely knew about having more than one gender…how could have I been able to raise a child? I’m barely close to sixteen and I need my mother for half the things I have to achieve!” he took another deep breath and look her image in the mirror “At least I’m cute…” he told herself “I would kiss me...” he pouted at himself in the mirror, ‘Oh! That looks different now...Is it the slender face? Or the slightly better skin? Or something else? Did my bone structure changed too?’ he asked himself at how different his pout looks now.

“Does anything of that matters? I failed as a hero” he said quietly at her image “You left him” tears prickled at his eyes. Izuku bit his lips again.

“You did exactly what I hope my students to do” Aizawa sensei’s voice came to Izuku then.

“Thanks to you we now know that Li Yue was in fact kidnapped by Daddy and Mommy and also where the location from where you escaped is. So thank you Midoriya Izuku, soon we will help that boy too, and any other person trapped in there” the detective had said.

“That’s right…I did what it was necessary, I did, b-but…” she bit her lips again in his frustration.

‘Oh! That’s it! I’m been biting my lips too much! That’s how they are so puffy and red making my pout different!’
He sighed again at his jumping mind process, and proceed on taking a bath. That’s why he had gone to the bathroom in the first place, not for an internal debate and to hypothesize the villain’s reasons at kidnapping him or the quirks they have.

Izuku is glad his mother hadn’t come knocking at the door while he panicked from panicking at everything that happened with the exception of his new body.

His bath though, took Izuku more time that she imagined. And all because her curiosity picked again when the time of washing his new genitals part came.

Izuku shook his head at the memory of his fingers between her legs and in his new fruity voice groaning “Oh god…what in the fuck?” she shivered. The sensation had been totally different from touching his dick, but Izuku hadn’t even gone that far in the touching his… ‘vagina?’ he had only touched...

He shook his head again trying to focus on what he needs to do. The movement made his wavy hair drop water everywhere like a cannonball, ‘another thing that stayed the same’ he thought while he began to dry his hair, he really liked his hair how it is.

She got dressed in his All Might pajamas, which were hanging from his slender and kind of bony hips ‘at least didn’t fell’ To his luck, his favorite pajamas passed Izuku’s test of "keep wearing them in the future even when they are big".

The same didn’t happen for a lot of his clothes. Many of his jeans and underwear simply didn’t fit her at all, she had lost more muscle from certain areas than he imagined ‘I was really swell huh? And to find out when you lose it…’. His dick apparently really filled some space from many of his boxer briefs. But Izuku, choose to follow his mother idea of using the smaller ones as pajamas as well.

Finally, after distracting herself for too long, Izuku took a seat at his desk, and after submitting “Gender identity” in the search engine, Izuku took a sip from his cup of tea and waited for the thousands of thousands of pages that would give him the information she needs. When it did, he started opening tab after tab, discarding those who lacked detailed information or looked like a hate page.

After four hours, and a notebook filled with more than fifteen pages of new information from the web about gender identity and the human body, with questions include. And another ten pages filled with her own thoughts and self-analysis of her feelings, Midoriya Izuku was sure of three things: first, that Izuku is agender. Two, that Izuku doesn’t prefer any specific pronoun and prefers her name really, but based on what the media will see and interpreted of Izuku’s appearance as a hero in the future… she chose to be referred as she/her as her main pronouns from that day on. And finally, that there is a big chance that Izuku is Pansexual.

A big, enormous chance.

The last conclusion just happened to come at Izuku after clicking by mistake on the sexuality section of one of the pages she had opened. She had been astonished to find a new whole world focused on the kinds of attraction people can experience. So Izuku naturally, had stayed in that section out of curiosity, but when she reached the word Pansexual, her mind lighted up in an instant, where something inside her clicked. A puzzle piece Izuku didn’t know was missing inside her.

“Ah…that’s why…” she had muttered while thinking of every moment she had felt a bit of attraction towards all kinds of people.

Those people included Uraraka, Bakugou, Todoroki, Tsuyu and Kirishima. But also towards some
heroes, whose appearance was never disclosed publicly, and stayed vague, but that their personalities had made Izuku’s heart skyrocket many times when they appear on the hero channel giving an interview.

Funny enough, she never felt such thing with All Might, her feelings never evolved from the admiration Izuku had until she met her favorite hero, and only then, her feelings transformed towards familiar love. She sees All Might as the father she hasn’t seen in years.

For the moment, Izuku doesn’t have any strong feelings for anyone. She just simply found them attractive in some moments. Like when they gave a speech or acted cool with others, even when seeing their vulnerable side Izuku thought they looked gorgeous, giving her the need to hug them.

The only one who has lost any attractive quality for her in that alley has been Bakugou. It transformed after Izuku realized how abusive their relationship was. The only thing that remains inside Izuku’s heart regarding Bakugou, was her admiration at Kachan’s strength and potential on becoming an excellent hero, ‘only if he tries to act nicely….he did hear me at the exam though… And Kacchan at least is not a hypocrite like Endeavor...’ Izuku growled just thinking at the hideous hero who had hurt her newest friend, Todoroki Shouto.

“Todoroki is really the strongest of the class…enduring such abusive father” She muttered, her head resting on the back of her chair, green eyes lost in her bedroom ceiling.

Izuku smiled tenderly then at the memory of Todoroki helping her and Iida against Stain, only by following an address Izuku sent him.

“Todoroki is not like his father…he is better than him by far. He even called my mother to show support…” she muttered, content that Todoroki cared at least that much about Izuku, “totally not his son...” she closed her eyes.

Her friends had found out about the kidnapping after calling on her cell phone and being answered by Izuku's mother, who thought they needed to know. Todoroki did so too, but to give his supportive words to Midoriya Inko. Todoroki apparently heard about her kidnapping thanks to Endeavor, who somehow disclosed that information to his son.

Izuku opened her cellphone to read her friend’s messages again, trying to reassure herself on tomorrow’s classes and the decision of the UA, to inform all the personal and students about her body change.

And it wasn’t like she disagrees, it will actually help her from explaining again and again who she is, and who she used to be, or what happened. But Izuku still is nervous at their reaction when the news break. She doesn’t even know how it will be done.

She was only told her generation will be the first ones to know about it, and then the rest of the campus would follow.

Izuku opened the most recent messages from Todoroki.

**Shouto:** <Are you alright?>

**Deku:** <Yeah... just... my body changed like a lot>

**Shouto:** <how?>

**Shouto:** <it is bad?>
Shouto: <Are you really alright?>

Izuku smiled, Todoroki is always so direct and goes to the point, and it’s very endearing how it is the same via text messages ‘I wonder what kind of emoticons he would use…the flames? Snowflakes?’ Izuku giggled before continuing reading Todoroki's messages.

Deku: <No, it’s not bad, at least not for me. But… it will be easier to understand if you see it yourself tomorrow. In case you were wondering, yes, I will go, the doctors told me I can since I’m healthy and strong! (>´ω´<)>

Shouto: <That’s good. Until tomorrow then.>

Shouto: <I forgot. Good night Midoriya>

Deku: <Good Night Todoroki, and thanks for asking. Until tomorrow! :D>

The texts with Ida and Uraraka were similar in content and with more disbelief on her well-being. Especially from Uraraka. Not that Izuku can blame them since Izuku usually says she is alright when in reality, many of those times, is not like that at all.

Izuku stood and went to her closet, where her new uniform stood new and pristine. Her mother hadn’t even need to call, it was already on the car that took them from the Hospital.

‘A skirt huh? I wonder if I can use shorts down them…or stockings… I like the stocking idea, is it permitted? I will ask the girls tomorrow…’ She hummed ‘will I have to shave my legs? Is it a rule or something?’

The only thing that will take a while to get modified is her hero costume.

‘I hope is not too tight…but they always take liberties…they did something like that with Uraraka right? Whatever, I better go to sleep…but first…’

Izuku walked determined towards her mother’s room.

“Mom?” Izuku knocked at the door

“Yes Izuku?” her mother called from inside

“I-I finished my r-research…part of it…can we talk?”

Inki Midoriya opened the room then, she was drying her own hair.

“So you want to tell me your conclusions?” Izuku’s mother asked, her gentle eyes were open and calm. It gave Izuku the strength to speak.

“Yes! For now, there are three of them…” her mother nodded for her to proceed.

“W-well, first of all about my gender and pronouns…”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to Garrrmoshka who made me notice a really fucked up detail, that I already
fixed (I think, correct me if I failed)

Really thank you dude.
Chapter Notes

So, this chapter was born after Rey129 made a comment that inspired me to do it, since I had planned on skipping this part. But I was like, "what the hell, why not?" and end up being a nice chapter at the end (it helped me to advance). Also for those who read chapter 5 the same day I submitted it and haven’t checked the new notes in that chapter: Garrrmsoshka brought to my attention some weird change I wrote on Izuku's body, that after thinking about it, it really didn't make sense, so I changed that: Izuku will keep his height and bone density. But other than that, her other changes will remain. So, just so you keep in mind that I rewrote those details. Thanks! Now, please go ahead.

Ps, a long ass note is at the end, and I highly recommend reading it.

Chapter 6

Midoriya Izuku is extremely nervous. She has been clutching her skirt so hard that the once smooth pleats became all wrinkled. She fretted over her place, looking around and biting her lips even when she kept reminding herself to stop doing it. Izuku sighed at her own insecurity, she had been standing for a while where she was because of her usual anxious mind.

‘I only need to knock and enter…’ she told herself in front the teacher’s room, ‘they were informed about me, right? But... will they be as accepting as Midnight and Aizawa sensei?’ Izuku sighed frustrated, her mind gripping on the unfortunate things she read yesterday about people being bullied and even killed for being different, for being like her. She also recalled how her middle school classmates and teachers acted towards her for being quirk less. The memories made her fret, even more, biting her lower lip too hard that drew some blood. Her mind was now lost into unpleasant information.

Some people like her or similar on the internet, from many different parts of the world, gave their stories about being bullied. And in the same places, some people even denied her existence blatantly and more times than not, very rudely.

‘They said agenders are just confused, that there is no such thing as not being woman or man. And that pansexuals are either greedy or bisexuals with more words added on the label’

Izuku deflated more, her just shaved legs parting away from the door until her back touched the wall.
Her security from Midnight's words almost disappearing from her and a strong desire to hide and to never present herself to her teachers and classmates.

Izuku Midoriya after having her whole world modified so fast had been surprisingly handling it well so far, and the support she received, is doing wonders on her new set of views and knowledge. Yet, outside her home, everything started to shatter for her. Things got scarier, different than in the nice bubble her teachers and mother nicely put her in.

Reality came crashing at her harder than ever after taking her first step outside her home.

Not only a few hours ago, she woke up, ate her breakfast and dressed in her new uniform. The skirt had the effect of making her feel exposed, 'how do girls move with this so easily?' she had wondered more than once on her way to her usual train, where more than one person, saw towards her way, lingering on her. Something that didn’t happen when her body had been of a typical teen male. The only time she received that kind of attention, was after the Sports Festival. Never again though, not until that instant and in such a different way.

Whether with disdain or with leery eyes, people observed her up and down. The leery ones, made Izuku’s skin crawled on itself from how disgusting she felt. Especially when the people doing so, were around twenty years older than her.

And the whispered lewd comments… Izuku almost gagged.

She had heard some of her female classmates complained about it. And she had thought that it was terrible, nothing more though. But now, she understands it is more than terrible and feels the need to apologize to all of them for her foolish ignorance.

Currently to her dismay, she first needs to speak with three important people; Her gender maybe identity mentor, her classroom teacher, and her literal number one mentor and hero, All Might. Who, if she knows him well enough, must be panicking at whatever happened to her in the last three days.

Thankfully, Aizawa sensei told her to come first thing in the morning into the teacher’s lounge, so the two of them could go to class together and talk beforehand about how they would break the news about Izuku’s new body. Aizawa sensei also told her about All Might being informed already about said body, but seeing is different than hearing, Midoriya knows that very well. Which is enough for Izuku, to feel distressed of the possible reaction All Might could have when he sees her for the first time.

‘I can do it, it’s just a door, not a villain’ she thought, knocking at the door at last and entering the room with her head lowered, not really wanting to see the other teacher’s expressions about her. But when she finally peaked, there was no one close but Aizawa sensei, who could be seen in seating on his desk.

When he noticed her, Aizawa made a sign for her to wait a minute for him. She sighed in relief. Izuku hadn’t really wanted a confrontation with other people yet. She needs all that valor when presenting herself again with her classmates.

“Ah Midoriya shounen! Good day” All Might greets her from behind, he was just arriving. She had been so into her head, that she didn’t hear the door opening or closing. If Izuku didn’t squeak at hearing the heroes’ greeting at her back, was thanks to some weird miracle.

Izuku called upon all her strength before turning towards All Might, looking up at her number one hero and secretly father figure straight in the eyes, and with as much calmness she had, Izuku answered,
“Good day All Might, but…It’s, mmm, well, its Midoriya shoujo now…”

All Might looked at her without blinking a second before smiling down at her “very well Midoriya shoujo! So, do you want some tea? The director just gave me a new kind of blend for me to add in the teacher’s break room”

‘*He is offering me tea and is not rattled at my skirt!*’ Izuku was surprised, pleasantly surprised.

“No, t-thank you All Might, I just need to speak with you for a moment…” she said before the door opened again behind All Might this time.

“Good morning All Might and… Oh, Izuku! I was thinking about you, just now!” Midnight approached them from the entrance, she was smiling cheerfully in the morning, “So Izuku, you came here for the big guy, sleepyhead or…me?”

“G-good morning Midnight-san, and yes I did come to speak…with the three of you actually”

Midnight’s eyes sparkled and cupping her hands she shouted “Eraserheaaaad!”

“Don’t yell, it’s too early” Aizawa was closer than they thought, he was just a few steps from them.

“Izu wants to speak with the three of us” Midnight intoned easily, saving Izuku from saying it herself and for it, she was secretly grateful since she doesn’t feel ready to speak just yet.

“Let’s get comfortable shall we?” Midnight kept the attention on her.

They moved to the couches in the break area and took a seat. Izuku remembered in that moment, the day when All Might told her about the origin of One for All and its secret enemy, All for One. And about the mission of defeating said villain, something she stills is determined to fulfill as the new carrier of One for All’s power.

There in the silence of the morning at the UA teacher’s room, the three adults were quietly waiting for Midoriya Izuku to speak. They could see their student fretting with her skirt and biting her lips nervously and taking small inhales. All Might, who had been at the brisk of extreme worry during the weekend, was about to say something when Aizawa denied with his head towards him. All Might defeated, and a bit annoyed at being so easily read shut his mouth.

Izuku then, inhaled audibly and looked at All Might with serious eyes, he straightened his back and looked at Izuku openly and patiently.

“All Might….I need you to know that I am fine and it’s not your fault what happened to me. You are not the one to blame”

“Midoriya shojo…” All Might began but was interrupted, once again by Eraserhead.

“No, Midoriya said the truth, because if you are guilty, then Midnight and I, as Midoriya’s teachers are just as guilty as you are”

Midnight was nodding with hard eyes directed at the number one hero. Which, after seeing the other two heroes’ reaction at his statement, made All Might sighed in defeat and nodded at them. And All Might also spared a look at his pupil, that was smiling slightly at him.

“And… I also came here because I want to inform all of you, about some new developments regarding my identity…” Izuku took a deep breath and looked at All Might’s sunken eyes, then at Aizawa’s black and steady ones, and finally at Midnight’s excited ones, who nodded for Izuku to
After searching all around the web during the weekend and after analyzing the information I gathered, I...” she looked down, inhaled again and her green eyes looked back at the three adults, “I discovered I’m agender, that my preferred pronouns will be she/her since it will be the most logical thing in my career as a hero, and I really don’t mind either pronoun...and also...that I am pansexual” it was said almost too fast, but the three of them were already used to Izuku’s ramblings, so the message was successfully delivered.

Midnight was the first one to react by screeching in joy jumping at Izuku, embracing her in her surprisingly toned arms, “I knew it, you cute green bean! Kyaaa!!! I’m so excited to guide you in whatever you need my child!”

Izuku was super red and nodding several times. Hoping Midnight will release her from her too close grip.

“I suspected as much about you being agender” Aizawa smiled to Izuku, who almost had a short circuit at the gesture. Eraserhead continued in a somewhat gentler tone “I’m glad you know yourself better than before, it’s something every teenager needs to do at some point in their lives. And like Midnight said, if there is something you need to talk about, you can do so with me as well”

Tears were gathering at Izuku’s eyes and her lips were wobbling “Y-yes” she muttered with deep emotion and smiling herself.

All Might’s hand lowered over her shoulder and his blue eyes were watering too, “Congratulations my girl. It makes me happy to see you finding such important things about yourself” he was beaming when speaking, “And it also gladdens me to see how well you are managing what happened to you, and I thank you for worrying about me, even when you shouldn’t. But if you won’t let me take the blame, at least let me be there when you need me, so don’t hesitate to talk with me at any moment you want…”

Izuku was now crying with her wobbly smile on her face, ‘they are really amazing heroes...’ she thought with a newfound vision of what a hero is and what should do.

“Thank you All M-Might, Midnight-san and Aizawa sensei...thank you so much” her voice was broken but her sentiment reached the three adults deeply, making them remember of themselves at Izuku’s age. Of the hardships one as a teenager confronts, and how difficult it is when no adult is there to take support in.

All Might stood up and kneeled to hug her tenderly. Izuku couldn’t help feeling as if her father were hugging her. That is something she really doesn’t remember ever feeling before, having not met her own father.

“Awwww! You two look so cute!” Midnight’s comment made them jump, she had a phone on her hands and the sound of simultaneous photos being taken could be heard.

“I will send the pictures to the both of you later today! So Izu, I need your number sweetie” She winked at All Might who was blushing just as much as Izuku, who after recovering from the initial surprise of the impromptu photo session, took her phone out from her bag and exchanged numbers with Midnight, who also added Eraserhead’s number, “Just in case you need him a well” she explained.

“It’s it a-alright Aizawa-sensei?” Izuku asked and to her surprise, Aizawa nodded with not a single ‘I am annoyed’ expression on his face.
“Very well, now that we talked, is time for us to mobilized before the bell sounds,” Midnight told them while standing from her seat and giving Izuku a quick hug, murmuring “You can call me anytime Izu-chan, or you can come find me here, ok?”

“I will, thank you Midnight-san” Izuku expressed very grateful at how nice and open the R-rate hero was being with her. It gave her the vibe of the aunt she had never met, since her father side of the family is basically unknown to her, and her mother is a single child.

Izuku gave her goodbyes to All Might. She did the same as well with some teachers that had entered the room in the middle of their conversation, but respectfully drifted away to give them privacy. Some of them were taken aback with Izuku’s change, while others simply shrugged it off.

Izuku exited the teacher’s room with Aizawa sensei at her side, the two walking in silence. Strangely, it wasn’t extremely uncomfortable. It was just somehow weird to be walking at the hero’s side.

When the two were very close, around the corner of the homeroom of class A, Aizawa sensei spoke.

“Midoriya, wait a moment”

Izuku, of course, began her typical nervous response at the sudden request. She is sure if she speaks, she will stammer horribly like always.

“Calm down, I just need you to know that whatever reactions your classmates will have at your new body, I will have your back all the time. Also, remember that they were informed about your change yesterday via email, but not every detail was in the message since it is something better understood when seen.”

‘Just like I thought… that’s why Ochako and Iida didn’t pressure me for more information’ Izuku thought, she had been worrying of what exactly the school had told her classmates. Sadly, the reminder of it, made all the good feelings she got from her teachers fade away instantly, only to be replaced by the type of nervousness that is basically a sea of fearfully ‘what ifs?’

A pat on her head made Izuku concentrate back to the real world. She looked up to Aizawa sensei, who was still wearing his blank look.

“You really need to calm down Midoriya. Just remember who your classmates are and that I will be there, so inhale and exhale, and follow me. I sense the bell coming any moment now.”

Aizawa’s sensei words resonated deeply with her, making her, really think about all her classmates ‘they have never been mean with me or with others…they will be great heroes someday, just like Eraserhead, Midnight and All Might, there is no reason to really worry, is there?’ Izuku concluded her nervousness back to her usual setting of always nervous but functional.

The two resumed their walk, Izuku almost fully calmed after doing some breathing exercises, just like Eraserhead told her. When they arrived, the bell sounded and Aizawa said: “let me go first, I will make an introduction for you, is that ok?”

“Y-yes Aizawa-sensei, thanks” Izuku answered, her nervousness increasing little by little. It was inevitable, she is always like that. Eraserhead entered the room, muffled sounds could be heard.

Izuku waited for her signal to come inside and show them her new self. And even when Izuku Midoriya’s teeth were making little scraps on her lips and her breathing was coming faster, she kept thinking ‘this is class A, they are good people, they are my friends’ knowing how true her statement was she repeated several times keeping at bay the summersaults of fear and anxiety in her belly.
I'm ready' she told herself, at last, the loop of everything said by her teachers and mother, and everything she learned about herself and her classmates, was finally interconnected, taking effect on her whole body. So when the signal came and she opened the door, Izuku Midoriya entered the class with her chip up, just as a hero does when difficult times come.

Chapter End Notes

Long ass note: Alright, confession time; this fic started as a breather from two GOT/ASoIoA fics I have. Fics that at the time had the same character as the POV and that was getting confusing at some point. So I told myself, “just start another fic with a dif. Universe and characters, fandom” and BINGO! New Life was born.
The idea had been there for a while, I just had to write the first chapter and publish it. That’s why I didn’t have a skeleton for the fic, and zero direction, just words that came out from the natural flow of the fic.
Now tho, I finally have certain idea where I want this story to go and the goals I want to achieve regarding storyline/character development. So, this fic will be centered on reactions and inside thoughts/believes, discovery and life and anything we don’t see about the characters in the manga/anime.

It will follow canon, in fact, many, if not all the things that occur in the manga, will happen exactly as it (yes, manga, so if you are anime only… I’m sorry, SPOILERS). But that doesn’t mean I will rewrite what we know. I will concentrate on “the between moments” in what we don’t see, and in extra and new relationships/interactions. Don’t fret my dudes! This won't be the same jam. You will see what I mean by all this.

The main thing I need you all to be aware of, is that this fic will be slow and maybe not so well developed as my other works because of the reasons it came to be. This will be my most chill fic and I plan on having fun with the character’s minds and behavior. Of course, I will keep it as inside character as I may, and any change will be explained and be self-explanatory. So don’t go asking “why X character is being so nice now????” because people change my dudes! Simple as that.

When will I update? No idea.

Also, thanks for all the kudos!!! I really didn’t expect them, I really hope you are enjoying this. And, to the new folks arriving at the fic: READ THE FUCKING TAGS, analyzed them, think and ask yourself: “should I be a phobic asshole in the comment section of a fic I choose to read even when it clearly isn’t for my taste or set of beliefs????” Cuz sweet pie, depending on my mood I will tell you kindly or not, to fuck off.

PS. I’m a Sagittarius (yes, it's relevant), so no, don’t tell what to do with my fic. I don’t care what couple you dig or if you think Mineta deserves a chance or if Bakugou is misunderstood, or whether X character would or not dig dicks.
I won’t be told what to do, there is a reason this is fanfiction.
Corrections on plot holes or contradictions within the story line, even medical_REALISTIC stuff are very well welcome. Your ships or set of beliefs? Nope, bye. Write your own fic or go check other ones, there are plenty on this site and others.

And finally! This month will be hella slow for this fic and others because I’m doing
Inktober and it’s taking a lot of my time (I love ink work). Sorry dudes, my other creative side calls me into it, so I will post very late or until November. Also! If you wanna see my Inktober pieces, just ask! I will show them even if they end up ugly as fuck. Obviously, if only one person does want to see them, is like… “sorry mate, the majority has spoken.”

Sorry for the long Note, but if I am good a something is writing A LOT (even shitty stuff).
Skirt Slap

Chapter Notes

What's up, dudes?
First of: please forgive me for taking such a long time to update. Sorry!!!

Also thanks to everyone who gave this story a chance, I hope that you enjoy whatever my mind comes up with in the future. Btw, this is a long chapter…or long compared to the others. Plus, heads up! A Central American hero coming up!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 7

Skirt Slap

Still Deku

“What do you think Midoriya will look like?” acid chick asked someone

“Well, the email only said he was abducted and his body changed. Nothing more specific” walking Walmart added

“Oh, obviously he has longer hair!” sticky dude shouted

“I hope he has boobs…” the disgusting grape commented

“Or maybe his freckles disappeared!” sparky opined chuckling at the idea

“I wonder if his quirk changed too…” bird boy signaled the actual interesting mystery surrounding Deku’s change.

“What if….I end up liking him?! Like he comes looking like a Flavio or something” invisible chick panicked, many laughed and others star adding “hotness” to the statement.

Bakugo gritted his teeth, his blood was boiling from the irritation at hearing the stupid comments. And everything because the email they got the night before from no other than the Principal’s Office, was full of unfinished information of stupid Deku. The only thing it had on it explained Deku got his stupid sorry ass abducted and his body changed drastically because of his capture’s quirks. How it changed wasn’t specified. Not that Bakugo cares whatever Deku looks like, the freckled idiot is just an extra anyway. And whatever his classmates are saying, is totally irrelevant, soon Bakugo suspects they will see with their own goddamn eyes.

“CAN YOU ALL SHUT THE FUCK UP!”

“Woa Bakugo! Chill dude” Kirishima told him with his shark teeth exposed.
“I mean, Bakugo is right, it’s not cool to talk behind Deku’s back!” Round Face said and Bakugo gritted his teeth again at the implication. He wasn’t defending Deku, he was just tired of hearing about him. Big difference.

“I didn’t say shit of that!”

But Round face only smiled at him “Sure Bakugo”

He was about to tell her some things when the door opened. Everyone shut their holes at last. Probably waiting to see Midoriya entering the classroom with horns and wings. ‘Jokes on them’, Bakugo almost smiled at the sight of Aizawa sensei and his bored ass face.

Bakugo’s face changes tho, recalling Aizawa’s serious words to him, just after the exam…

“Several teachers and I came to the conclusion that your violent attitude is something we can’t tolerate anymore. You don’t work well in a team, don’t listen to anyone but yourself and disrespect anyone around you, whether you intend it or not is still your duty to behave. A hero doesn’t act that way Bakugo, so you better change that violent attitude. You need to learn fast or you will fall harder than anyone in the hero course in the near future. Also, take this small talk as one of many warnings before tiring my patience, cos I still can kick you out of heroics alright? Good” Aizawa hadn’t look smug or like he enjoyed telling him those things, so Bakugo didn’t hate him for that. Not that the danger of being expelled was less serious, what Eraserhead says, he does.

Bakugo stifled a growl at the memory. He huffed instead and began breathing in and out from his nose quietly, just like his fucking anger management therapist taught him in their second session.

‘At least that four eyes exercises works’ he thought bitterly about his therapist, who by far, was the best one from the other two he had visited ‘fucking weaklings those asshats’ he wouldn’t recommend them to anyone.

“Everyone take a seat, I need to inform you something relating Midoriya” Aizawa spoke while surveying every one of them, eyes staying a bit too long on Bakugo.

‘What? Does he think I will harras Deku? Please…”

As if they had fire up their asses everyone took a seat at the order. Bakugo almost laughed at how needy they were.

“Alright, I was informed and read the email principal Nedzu sent you yesterday, and frankly, it basically didn’t say the important thing to be mentioned.” He began.

‘Duh…” thought Bakugou, that’s why all the extras were talking shit.

“And that is, the nature of Midoriya’s change. Which if I’m honest, is easier to see than explain, so keep quiet and listen, not make any comments until told” He sneered at them before moving towards the door.

Bakugo hear just behind him “isn’t it weird how sensei used neutral speech?” Walmart inquired

“Yeah I was thinking the same…” earphones said back.

‘Huh…true’ Bakugo did notice but had dismissed it as unimportant.

Aizawa barely opened the door, “Izuku you can come now” Aizawa’s tone was gentle as if speaking to a scared animal.
‘Izuku? Since when Aizawa-sensei is so personal with Deku? Is this another All Might shit situation?’

Bakugo stopped thinking when Izuku entered the classroom. The only thing he heard was several gasps and some curses. But he couldn’t pay any more attention than to Deku… or better yet ‘Inko?’ he thought shocked, but it’s young Inko Midoriya, the one he met when he was five, it’s not the actual one…

‘H-hey…’ Inko said in a different voice, ‘No. It can be Inko, its Deku, isn’t it? That’s the change, Deku’s voice is softer somehow…even the skin looks different…’

“Ahhhhh so cute!”

“Oh my god…Midoriya?!”

“Oh god! Mineta was right!”

“QUIET” Aizawa sternly said, and the class was once again silent, “Proceed Midoriya, take your time”

“T-thank you Aizawa sensei…” Deku gulped “I… I mean, like you can all see, my body changed like…a lot, and, well, it’s permanent…so, from now on, I-I want you t-to refer to me as she or her, basically as m-my pronouns…even though, I would like it better if you just c-call me by m-my name…and also…I’m not a girl, I am genderless, agender if you may, just so you all know…”

‘Yeah no Inko, totally Deku’ Bakugou thought, no one else talks like that loser. But if they looked alike before, now the comparison is uncanny in the weirdest way.

‘The loser really got everything from his, no, from her mother…fuck damn it Deku…how the fuck? Deku is even smaller than before…no, he is not… fuck! She! She is slimmer, yes that, totally slimmer. Maybe less muscular?’ Bakugo’s was analyzing everything from his childhood burden ‘This is totally the work of a quirk, to do such thing permanent and so fast… Genderless huh? I will have to check that out, this loser can’t know more than me that’s for sure’ he frowned at the array of thoughts crossing his mind and of Deku being more knowledgeable than him. He can’t let her win over him. Not now, no ever.

Especially not when All Might has an eye on her stupid quirk. And Bakugo suspects it has to do with something more than Deku’s sudden quirk, he just doesn’t know what. If it weren’t because he met the looser since they were children, he would have thought Todoroki was right about Deku being All Might’s love child or something close to a soap drama. And seeing the looser with a different body after the weekend, really just made anything possible.

“Now, I expect you all to do as asked, Midoriya you can take a seat” Aizawa said with a hidden warning underneath of not being assholes. The teacher suddenly smirked and with his normal attitude he said “It’s time to review your results from the exams, especially with those who didn’t pass…” His eyes were not pleased with the last thing.

Deku walked to her seat, her walking was the same except with shorter steps. Bakugo observed her and confirmed she was the same height but looked slimmer, and curvier.

‘She won’t fight like before, even my moves that fucking Deku stole from me will be different with her new body…she has to get used to it, right?’ Bakugo analyzed, his mind making his own calculations for their next fight. Dick or not dick, gender or not, Deku is Deku for Bakugo, and to his annoyance, she became his rival now since AllMight had an interest in her. And Bakugo is sure he
won’t hesitate to kick her ass in anything.

He felt eyes on him, and turned, Round face was the culprit of course. She had an eyebrow up and he imitated her gesture. She looked away and gave her attention to Deku instead, trying to save Deku from four eyes overreacting about the loser's well being.

‘What the fuck was that?’ his curiosity almost peaked, but round face was nothing to him so ignored the moment.

The class continued as always, except with the surprise of everyone going to the camp. Of course, the catch was the ones who didn’t pass would have extra classes during the fun activities. Bakugo almost smiled at their groans ‘idiots…even fuckin Kirishima, it didn’t help him shit that I helped his sorry ass’

“Now that the theme about the camp is settled, I was told there is a new class added to your curricula, so go get your EP uniforms on and meet me at the new building close the field. And Midoriya, from now on you have to use the girl's locker room. Sorry, it's politics” Aizawa looked pained at that last statement.

Deku smiled gratefully at Eraserhead “I know…” she said before following round face and the other girls waiting for Deku, all of their eyes filled with excitement and something Bakugo can only compare to curiosity.

‘They will surely make Deku’s ears bleed from questions’ he smirked ‘poor bastard…’

“Not fair! He will see them naked!” purple Popsicle complained and bolt nodded enthusiastically.

“She, you fuck” Bakugo corrected him, ‘hadn’t he heard shit of what Deku said?’

“Yeah Mineta, don’t be an ass” Kirishima piped in, he had a deep frown Bakugo rarely has seen.

“And a pervert” bird boy added, his tone had the very distinctive undertone of disgust that Bakugo is well versed in, and he would have nodded if he weren’t more preoccupied on not blasting the purple asshole right there. The little shit really annoys him, not in the same way Deku does, she has always had her own annoyance category type. But the Popsicle really makes Bakugo mad.

“Whatever, Midoriya likes girls right? Is unfair…” the purple piece of shit kept talking

Bakugo growled and the grape ass shut his mouth, ‘finally fucking asshole’ he thought. Many of his classmates nodded at him or smiled.

Which for the first time, in Bakugo’s life, he received more than one sign of respect that had nothing to do with his explosive quirk. Not that Bakugo had been keeping attention on that.

Little did he know, someone else was observing him with a surprised look on her face.

Uraraka knew Deku had changed thanks to the email and their texts the day before. She had not thought it would be in the way she is seeing right now. Ochako was seeing how real the change was, in no other place than in the girls changing room.

**Uraraki and Deku’s new dynamic!**

Uraraka knew Deku had changed thanks to the email and their texts the day before. She had not thought it would be in the way she is seeing right now. Ochako was seeing how real the change was, in no other place than in the girls changing room.
“Nice muscles-kero” Tsuyu comments easily as if the situation wasn’t weird in its own way.

“Ah…t-thank y-you” Midoriya stuttered, eyes closed while trying to get her pants on, very wrong.

“Midoriya, you can open your eyes….” Yaozuru commented, “we don’t mind, right girls?”

All the others gave their confirmations, some very amused at their new companion’s behavior.

“I mean, don’t feel guilty or anything, cuz we are also seeing you naked you know?” Hagakure said and Ochako almost laughed, ‘no one has seen her naked tho…’

Midoriya got red from every patch of skin visible to them and Ochako had to stifle a new laugh from how cute Deku was acting.

“Ha! I bet Midoriya blushed like that the first time she saw her naked ass in the mirror” Jiro added, a smirk on her face.

Deku of course yelped and got redder. Ochako laughed then, she couldn’t help it.

“H-how can you girls be s-so ok with it?” Deku stammered, slowly opening her eyes only to keep them strictly on the floor.

“Well, take me as an example,” Jiro began “I’m a huge lesbian, yet here I am, not picking at my friend’s naked bodies in a sexual way or trying to get a hand on them. Simply because is the right thing to do. I mean, you think a gay guy doesn’t do the same when is in the boy’s locker room?” Jiro disclosed her sexuality easily just like she did the first day of classes to them, “And it’s just bodies, and the school didn’t provide you with an alternative right?” she finished, smiling gently at Deku, who was finally raising her eyes to them.

“Also, it’s not your fault, and we know you won’t go around being shameless with us just because you like girls” Ochako assured her friend.

“I mean…you like girls right?” Ashido asked, surveying Deku’s face.

“Does that makes Midoriya another lesbian? I’m in need of lesbian friend” Jiro commented dryly.

“Oh…no, I-I’m n-not only attracted to girls…” Midoriya stuttered looking at her own hands once again in her new revelation, not seeing the stunned expressions of the other girls.

“WHAT!?” Ochako shouted surprised, ‘why in the world didn’t I noticed?!’

“Explain please-kero” Tsuyu asked, rarely interested in the current line of conversation.

“Well, I’m not only agender but also pansexual…” Deku started to explained but was interrupted by a huge gasp from Ashido, who was currently jumping in her place, pants still on her knees.

“OH MY GOD! MY PEOPLE! SISTER!” Mina screeched excited, jumping to hug Midoriya, who was trying hard not to blush at Mina’s boobs all over her own.

“Ashido, you are making Midoriya uncomfortable-kero” Tsuyu the good soul saved Deku.

“Oh sorry! I just got too excited, it’s so weird to find other pansexuals around”

“That doesn’t mean you can scream like that-kero” Tsuyu pointed out before turning around to her locker.
Midoriya was stunned for a moment “r-really? I mean, I don’t really know cos I just found out about all this yesterday…”

“Oh god, Midoriya… are you serious?! You really know how to surprise me over and over again you know?” Jiro was weirdly excited.

“So…that bra is obviously not yours…” Ochako comments offhandedly, eyeing how ill-fitting it looked. She wouldn’t have noticed if it weren’t for Ashido roaming all over Deku.

“Y-yes, it actually is my mom’s… an old pair she still had before having me. It doesn’t fit me well but does the job…right?” Midoriya asked uncertain.

Ochako gestured Midoriya to turned around in her place, so the others could see better and give a better opinion about the bra.

“Of course is not her size, it’s around two sizes bigger than yours-kero” Tsuyu confirmed after observing Midoriya, who was currently squirming with all eyes on her.

“I envy you Midoriya, my back hurts already and I’m just a teen! Think about it when I get to thirty, I will die from it” Yaoyorozu sighed, Ashido was rubbing their vice president back.

“I’m sorry Yaoyorozu, I read about that while in my web search. A-and yeah it doesn’t fit me but I still haven’t go shopping with my mom…”

“Oh yes! I know! Let’s go to the Mall together! I have things to buy! And we can help Midoriya with her bra!” Ashido delighted with her idea, the other girls gave nods of approval and excitement.

“Ohhh!!! And we can also help you with your new wardrobe! I mean, you will buy more clothes right?” Hagakure asked.

“Yeah? I think I will…” Midoriya asked blushing prettily in Ochako’s opinion.

“Good, then I want in too, there are some books I want,” Yaoyorozu told them, her hands working on her ponytail.

“Me too!” Ochako agreed, waiting for the others to add up to their group.

“Mmm… It depends on the day-kero” Tsuyu commented while checking her calendar on her cellphone.

“It has to be before the summer camp,” Jiro said while finishing to dress up.

That’s when Ochako noticed alarmed, that Jiro, Yaoyorozu and Tusyu were the only ones ready, so Ochako hurried the others to dress quickly or they would get late at their new class.

“Of course! We need to be well rested for it, surely the teachers will prepare all kinds of lessons” Ochako continued the conversation whilst putting her pants on.

“What?!! More lessons apart from the ones I will have there???” Ashido squeaked indignant, with an overly dramatic pose, making Midoriya giggle.

Ochako saw how relaxed her new girlfriend looked with the other girl's company ‘finally’ she thought happily, wanting nothing more than Midoriya to have a tranquil day after experiencing a kidnapping and an unrequired body change over the weekend.

When they finished to dress, the girls moved to one of the gyms they rarely used. When they entered,
Ochako saw the place was very spacious and with all kinds of fighting equipment and mats all around the floor. Ochako delighted at the sight, since she has an interest in martial arts, but had never got the opportunity, braveness and most importantly, the money to dwell on her curiosity. The only time she obtained a taste of it, was in her internship with Gunhead.

“If I am not mistaken...then I will finally have my chance!” she grinned while looking at the punching bags. Nothing makes her more devilishly happy than getting what she wants without spending money.

Everyone was there in their gym clothes. Aizawa sensei stood beside a hero she knew very well from the news, and her obsessive web searches. He is one of the most dangerous heroes when confronting in a one on one fight: Prisma, the hero who distorts the light around him making his body invisible to anyone looking at him. And when it happens, it’s when he uses his knowledge of martial arts to kick the villain’s butt.

Ochako had followed his career secretly for a long time, especially after she found out he helps mostly poor people that live on very dangerous streets. Prisma does it since himself was once a very poor immigrant who ate when he could and worked very hard to finish his studies and help his family in Central America.

Ochako was trembling from the excitement ‘Is he going to teach us?! Please let him be our teacher!’

“Allright, everyone, like you can see, today we have a new teacher for a new class director Nedzu and I thought was necessary to form part of the U.A curriculum; fighting skills, most specifically martial arts. And Prisma here” Prisma waved at them cheerfully, half a grin on his face, “is a master in all kinds of martial arts, so keep attention and take advantage of this new opportunity. Well then Prisma, I will leave you with them” Aiizawa-sensei then gave them a sharp look before saying “and all of you, BEHAVE.”

“Thank you, Eraserhead for the introduction. But now, I need all of you to do the same, but for your classmates, so, you on the right side, please begin with the person at your left”

It took them off-guard to have to present their classmates, making everyone look at their sides to see who they would have to describe to their new teacher.

Ochako to her luck, had Midoriya to her right side, but on her left… Bakugo.

Ochako browns knitted unconsciously ‘Crap! I barely know him. Well, nothing apart from his disdain for everything that breaths… not matter, Midoriya is just at my…oh no! She needs to be on my left, damn it’

“He, ow! What the hell Jiro! Wha- oh, I meant, she is Midoriya Izuku and her quirk is…strength?” Mineta’s voice echoed in her skull, like bells telling her she was close to not getting away with an easy first impression since she now has the mission to present the surliest person of her classmates. Ochako would have preferred presenting Midoriya a hundred times over but it was her poor luck that Deku wasn’t on the required side.

Ochako saw Deku straitening up her back with security. She is in her most natural state, data analysis, and information, “She’s Uraraka Ochako and her quirk is zero gravity, which she can use in diff…” Midoriya’s voice was totally different, but the way of her speech remained all fast but sure, a well-structured mess.

“Don’t you dare Deku!” Bakugo said annoyed, interrupting Deku on purpose not letting Midoriya say more than what the others had; the name and the quirk.
“S-sorry…” Midoriya smiled awkwardly. A blush making her freckles stand out more than ever.

Ochako was torn between either chiding Bakugo by shutting Deku, or thanking him for it. She wasn’t the only one angry though, if the glare Todoroki gave Bakugo meant anything. Yet, the truth is, if Ochako is honest, is that the last thing she needed was Midoriya rising up the bar that everyone else ignored by just giving the most basic information about their classmates and nothing more.

Ochako sighed, and brace herself before speaking, “He is Bakugo Katsuki and his quirk is explosion” she answered easily, smiling cheerfully at Prisma, wanting to make a good impression. He, like she knew would, smiled back before giving his attention to Bakugo who was presenting in that moment Todoroki who then would present Kanimari.

When everyone finished, Primsa’s smile changed from open to a very tight lip “I hope you all know a lot more about your classmates than just the name and quirk. Just like Midoriya-chan, who is the only one who apparently knows more than the name and quirk of Uraraka-chan. But you didn’t even try... And I wonder, it was ignorance or laziness?” he said disapprovingly.

Ochako blushed, she hadn’t thought he would notice, ‘yet it’s not like its Deku’s fault that we... that I didn’t say more...or knew more about Bakugo... ugh crap!!!’ she is officially mad at herself.

“Is especially sad because you will be sparring partners with them for the rest of the semester, and by the final exam, you will be using all that I will teach you in martial arts plus everything you’ll learn about how to combine that knowledge with your quirks and fight like that against your partners... and that includes, using what you know about their quirks to your advantage” Prisma smirked “now partner up with whom you presented, that means Tokoyami with Asui and on, then, take one mat per partner, there must be enough for all. Your individual equipment is there, take good care of it. What are you waiting?” he chuckled "You have only three minutes, now...Go!” Prisma smiled was big and contagious. Enough to make Ochako smile as well.

Her good humor changed though when Bakugo grumbled “oi, let’s fucking move” to her before he began to walk.

Ochako sighed again while following her new sparring partner to whenever he chose for them, she was too busy in denial to care, ‘he will make what he pleases anyway. Oh god, he’ll probably make fun of me from losing so poorly against him at the Sports Festival... Oh crap! How will I impress Prisma with him as my partner?!’ she hadn’t analyzed that part.

“Oi round face! Are you paying any attention?” Bakugo asked making Ochako snap back her attention to her new reality, to her sparring nightmare, who was already using his gear and was looking at her with two raised eyebrows.

“S-sorry, distracted” she forced a half smile while moving quickly to put on her own gear ignoring Bakugo’s glare.

“Whatever, just don’t distract yourself. The last thing I need is to lower my scores because of you”

“Excuse me?!” she asked indignant, ‘how dare him, is not like he the smartest...oh wait...he is’ a different kind of dread washed over her. Ochako Uraraka had indeed worse grades than Bakugo Katsuki. In fact, she had barely passed her exams whilst the explosive boy has the top score.

‘Crap!’ she cursed mentally once again even though she had been trying to stop such words herself, not wanting to be the hero little kids would learn foul words.

“Alright! First let’s warm up” Prisma’s voice echoed, his image over a big screen so no one would
miss his movements. The hero is standing on a rectangular platform so those close to him could observe better.

All the time they were warming up, Ochako relaxed. She followed each exercise easily, physical activities being an easy thing for her, especially ones that require repetition and precision more than resistance. Ochako had a window to think over her situation and concluding she certainly won’t be the reason Bakugo lowers his grades and that she won’t let him bully her in any way, at least not without giving a fight. She is after all, still bitter at losing against him and had wanted a chance for a rematch so badly it hurt. Now, she had something similar to a rematch and would take the opportunity gladly ‘Maybe I will get to punch him very hard’ she thought wickedly.

When they finished their warm-up, (with some classmates already crying on the floor) Prisma quickly taught them to the luck of the ones barely breathing, basic fighting positions and movements that didn’t require a great effort. They went on like that for a while, until the majority of them had a good posture and good understanding of the punches.

Ochako ignored Bakugo at her side with all her might at the beginning, but after a while she didn’t need to, since the aspiring hero had lost herself in the new movements. Her peace was disrupted though, when Prisma asked them to spar like they normally would in front of everyone, and especially, in front of him, so he could observe their individual strength and weaknesses.

One by one, each couple went to the platform Prisma stood and fought against each other. Some seriously and others too loosely. The hero didn’t comment a thing, only watched intensely each match.

Everything was going smoothly until it was Midoriya and Mineta’s turn, where everyone had at least two usual reactions: anger and utter joy. The first one came, when Mineta, thinking he could get away with touching shamelessly Midoriya’s chest, was in a matter of seconds on the floor crying in pain. Midoriya instead of getting away from the uncalled hand, was quick on taking the chance to secure Mineta’s hand and twisted it, making Mineta fall on his knees, directly at Deku’s feet. She let go of him quickly not wanting to break his hand or the wrist. Deku though looked stunned instead of smug at beating her aggressor’s ass.

Prisma had a furious expression and his eyebrows were making a very intense thing. The hero commented for the first time since the fights began, “Mineta, go to recovery girl and then to the principal’s office, tell them I will arrive as soon as I finish here.”

“B-but why?! I didn’t do anything!”

Ochako was reeling inside her body. She even felt as if the classroom was on fire.

“Yes, that little shit!” she heard Bakugo murmured with extreme contempt.

‘Yes, that little shit!’ she repeated internally but her heat lowered down when she caught a glimpse of Deku’s face. She looked close to tears, her lips being butchered by her own teeth.

“Do you think any of your classmates or I, are stupid?” Prisma asked venomously.

“No… I’ll go, e-excuse me!” Mineta stammered before leaving the gym room almost running.

No one else said a thing. Most of them too shocked at seeing Mineta finally getting what he deserves. It wasn’t like the teachers didn’t call his attention, but rather they rarely saw him in action. And the students simply didn’t think it would matter if they said a thing. Now though, with Prisma there, and doing what he did, was a herald of things changing. Ochako couldn’t be more proud of the hero she
chose to admire.

“Midoriya, are you ok?” Prisma asked gently, and Deku only nodded, her face was still red, and it could have been seen as tiredness from the fight, but she was still biting her lips too hard. No one really believed her, worse of all Prisma, who only sighed, before continuing “Alright Midoriya-chan, we can talk later. Now, next couple”

When it was Ochako’s and Bakugo’s turn, it went just as it had at the Sports Festival, she was defeated. Except this fight went without too many explosions, debris floating around and small burns all over her skin. Ochako didn’t care, not after being denied a moment to speak with Deku.

After everyone fought, Prisma talked again, “I saw everything I needed to see and I now have a pretty good idea of what martial styles would suit each of you the best. Oh! And before I forget…” his face darkened, “NEVER AGAIN DO WHAT MINETA DID, OR I WILL BE THE SECOND TEACHER TO EXPEL ALUMNI FROM HERE WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT” his voice filled the whole place and made everyone trembled “are there any questions?” he asked, his tone once again changing to something happy.

Ochako still doesn’t understand how he does that so quickly ‘maybe I can ask him that…’ Ochako was considering it when someone raised their hand.

“Yes, Todoroki-kun?”

“Can we change partners? Most specifically, can I be Midoriya’s partner from now on?” Todoroki’s face was emotionless as ever. Yet, one of his hands was curled in a tight feast and there was a slight smell of burned clothes.

Prisma probably saw the same. He turned towards Midoriya and as if nothing had happened he asked her, “would you mind changing partners?”

Midoriya jumped a bit at the question but didn’t think too much before answering with a shaky voice, “If I’m honest…I would prefer to partner up with Todoroki-kun than with Mineta…especially since I-I…”

“It’s alright, remember we can still talk after class. And it just happens I was thinking of making the change anyway.” Prisma assured her, before turning to where Kanimari and Todoroki stood “Todoroki-kun your request is approved and Kanimari-kun, you will partner up with Mineta from now on, and if he does something inappropriately just tell me about it”

“W-what? But I am not a girl! He wouldn’t!”

Prisma frowned, “So? It doesn’t matter the gender, anyone can experience unwanted physical contact of any kind, from anyone” Prisma stated matter of fact “so if any of you experience something like that or similar, speak up, there is no shame on it” he smiled, but his eyes were hard and unforgiving. And Ochako knows why, the main reason he became a hero in the first place and why he had reacted so strongly about the whole situation, ‘Prisma became who he is, so he could help people like his older brother…’ Ochako had cried when she read all about the rape and murder of Prisma’s brother and how no one did a thing; All because the culprit was a powerful Politician from his mother country in Central America. It had been one of the first times she had felt impotent to that kind of injustice.

The whole room nodded seriously at the hero’s statement, some more than others. And to Ochako’s surprise, Todoroki was showing a very grave expression and kept looking at Midoriya.
After the class was dismissed, Deku stayed to talk with Prisma. All the girls decided to wait for her. In the meantime, they all stated their success at informing the boys about their shopping Mall trip. Most of them said many of the boys accepted and others still needed to check with their parents before answering. The girls also stated the time and a specific place to reunite at the Mall.

“Deku!” Ochako called her friend when she saw her wild curls poking from the gym door. The zero gravity girl noticed her friend was looking better, almost like her normal self. Only if you ignored the red eyes from what Ochako can only suspect.

“It is everything all right?” she asked.

“Y-yeah…it just…Prisma is so nice! And I couldn’t help myself!” Deku flushed “I end up crying a lot! First from anger and then from gratitude”

Ochako nodded, “Yes, he is nice… very nice. Had you known about him? He is rather new compared to other heroes”

“I know! And I have read about him. I couldn’t believe he was here! He is better than I had thought!!! So smooth in his movements and so ripped!”

“I know right?!”

The two giggled in their shared glee at having a having such hero with them. And Ochako finally understood what Midoriya feels when All Might is close to him.

“Of course, the noise had to be you. Now I see why you two are friends” Bakugo commented from his seat when all the girls and Ochako with Deku finally arrived back to the classroom. They had entered in mid-discussion of their new teacher.

“Of course!” Ochako snapped back, before smiling “I wouldn’t want it in any other way”

They glared at each other.

“Woa! Save that fire for the next sparring session, you guys!” Kirishima commented well naturally.

‘Oh yeah, I sure will’ Ochako thought, smirking back at the mirrored smirk that had blossomed on Bakugo’s face, probably thinking the same.

Chapter End Notes

Unfortunately there is a chance of a very late update for the next chapters since my country is having very shitty presidential elections. Fraud, ya know? Good old third world country. Anyways, we might lose electricity or internet. We are currently on curfew from 6 to 6.

And sorry if I fucked the names of anyone.
The Surprised Girl

“Mom, you don’t have to…” Izuku squirmed in her seat whilst her mother continue doing her left braid, she was giggling at her daughter’s shyness.

“Izuku, I do have to by the simple fact that I want to! Do you know how much I loved using this hairstyle when I was younger?” Inko chuckled.

“Really!? I’ve never would have guessed…” Midoriya almost fell in her rabbit hole trying to imagine her mother with such hair and the reasons why. But her mother saved her from it, her tone wistful when she began talking again.

“Yeah, I used to wear two braids or more during my twenties, when going to concerts was my pastime… Sadly the bands I followed simply separated and I had to go to college, not too much time to look out for new bands”

Izuku was fascinated with her mother’s past, never would have she taught her mother had that kind of interests. She since childhood had her mother singing to her anything but lullabies, mostly weird songs with an indie or rock feel to them. Know she understands why, and where her current taste in music developed from.

“Do you have photos? Or CDs… it was CD’s back them right?”

Her mother giggled some more “yes, sometimes even cassettes! The photos though, I don’t remember where I left them… Izu don’t move or I will mess up the braid!”

“Sorry…” Izuku said a bit ashamed of all her squirming but she can’t help it, it feels so weird to have her hair done in any way. She had always used it naturally, open to be wild. Of course, when the girls asked her what hairstyles she planned to try, Izuku went to investigate what they meant, and boom! Thousands of ways to style her hair! It was weird sometimes to her, how she hadn’t thought on styling her hair before, it was a nice length to do so, probably it had to do with her being a boy where being manly was the best option, only All Might’s hairstyle had been the one she had tried secretly in her room, ending in failure since she didn’t have the right length and haircut.

‘Maybe if I let it grow more…’

“Done! Oh Izu! You look so cute!!!” her mother squealed and pass her a mirror. And to Izuku’s horror, her mother was right. She looked extremely cute, but a child kind of cute, it was her still round face the one to blame. But Izuku can see it won't be long when she loses all of her baby fat completely.

“Oh….I look so…plain? And young...” Izuku cringed at how small and bland she looked.

“I know!!! I didn’t think it would look like that but I’m so happy with the result! It's like having me my tiny baby back! Not that you’re not my baby anymore… but you know” her mother even had come tears gathering in her eyes “Awww!!! When you pout it gets better!”
Izuku flushed, obliging herself to stop the pout that wanted to grow more “Mommmmm,”

“Alright, alright... maybe some earrings would help? Didn’t you mention piercings?”

Izuku had been surprised at her mother not battling an eye when Izuku told her about Mina and Jirou suggesting her to get a couple of piercings. But after finding out more about her mother’s past activities in her youth made it now understandable.

“Did you had piercings too?”

“Only one, it was in my septum, but for college, I had to hide it a lot of times, so at the end I just let it close you know...and then I married and then you came, and well, I became an adult” she sighed.

Izuku’s eyes were almost popping in awe “Woaaa, isn’t that one in the nose!?”

“That’s the one! I loved it, it made me feel so rad!”

“Rad?”

Her mother chuckled, “amazing, cool.... Anyhow! I do think some earrings will change this hairstyle completely! But only if you want, never let anyone convince you to change a single thing of your style just because!” her mother growled, or tried. Izuku didn’t tell her tho, keeping that cute thing for her own amusement just like her mother was keeping Izuku’s current ”baby face” dear to her heart.

“I know and I won’t mom... and I will think about it, the piercings I mean... well, I have already been thinking about it, I’m just not sure yet, you know...”

‘it’s just I wanna be sure it would suit me... I saw some photos on the internet...It doesn’t matter how much I try to imagine myself with them is so hard! Maybe some Photoshop? But I’m not good a it...oh man....’

A small coff and a fond look of her mother alerted Izuku of what she was doing. She shook her head ‘concentrate!’ she berated herself from rambling inside her head again. Her teacher’s had already made comments about it and her classmates had actually talked about it, a few had complained even, of her looking at nothing or not replying to them.

‘I need to stop doing that...oh man! I’m doing it!’

Izuku saw her mother waiting patiently for her to react, with a small blush she finally spoke, “Sorry mom, I got lost again.”

“Don’t worry, it amuses me” she smirked and Izuku groaned at her mother always finding anything she does cute.

“Anyways...can you undid them? I don’t want to look so young! And its getting late” Izuku giggled at her mother’s pout, nevertheless complied to help her get her usual hairstyle.

Her mother dutifully did as asked, letting Izuku’s wild hair free and with a bit of mousse her mother stylized her hair a little bit, telling Izuku a friend of hers used to ask her for some help while getting ready for a party or concert.

“She had her hair in a similar style like yours, the only difference was she always bleached it and it was less thick than yours”

“Woa, I could never imagine myself bleached”
“Me neither honey, I don’t know how coloring hair works” she shrugged “Done! Now hurry!” she bends to kiss Izuku on the forehead before taking her cheeks on her hands “Have fun at the mall ok? Don’t be afraid to buy the clothes you need”

“I will mom” Izuku smiled and hugged her mother before standing and almost running to the door where she rapidly got her red shoes and her new backpack. Before closing the door behind her she yelled “Love you mom and thanks for the hair!!!”

“Love you too!!” she heard before bolting to the stairs in a methodical way that ensures her getting some legwork. It was a new kind of exercise she searched to add the muscle she lost from the body change. In fact, her whole workout routine had to be modified, thankfully Prisma helped her with some suggestions after she, with a lot of nerves asked for his email (and asked if she could share it with her classmates even though it is specifically for Ochako). He of course, accepted and answered with a lengthy mail of specific exercises to muscle gain for her type of body.

In record time an accomplished and sweaty Izuku arrived at the meeting site. In the area, almost everyone was there with the exception of Todoroki, Kachan, Yaoyorozu, Kota and Tokoyami and Sato. Silently Izuku wished for them to have a nice day, especially Todoroki who Izuku is sure is visiting his mother ‘he mentioned meeting up the next time’ she smiled, trying to imagine what kind of stuff would Todoroki enjoy in a Shopping Center ‘Does he prefer ice coffee or hot coffee??’

“Mmmmm”

“What are you thinking so hard Izuku-chan?” Ida was frowning in his intense natural way.

Izuku almost squeaked, almost “Ah! I mean, hi! And nothing interesting really”

‘Only for me that is….I mean, Todoroki is very mysterious and silent….a very introvert guy….and he is handsome as well, a kind of “I have a secret” kind of handsome…Oh…maybe everyone else probably does find him interesting…I cannot be the only one right? Not with how he is…’

“Izuku?” Ochako was the one to bring Izuku back to reality, who was red from how easily she got distracted even when she had planned on fixing her bad habit of losing inside her head.

“So-sorry! I’m just distracted…more than usual that is”

Mina chuckled “I was about to say that myself! We really think alike! Same preference’s same brain!”

“Mina!” Jirou hissed “be quiet! The other’s doesn’t know!”

Mina paled “Sorry Izuku! Me and my big mouth!”

“Huh? What’s wrong?”

“Yeah what’s it?” Kirishima asked curiously, he and the other guys had been talking about what kind of activities they planned on doing at the camp, but Mina’s voice had attracted them.

“Oh…I…mmm” Mina squirmed like Izuku had ever seen her before “Well…..” She looked
panicked at Izuku and then a Jirou.

“What did you mean by preferences?” added Ida

“I think she meant about me being pansexual?” Izuku answered, her head tilted to the side, trying to figure out what the problem was.

Jirou and Mina’s eyes opened wide. Uraraka and Tsuyu were unsure as well.

“I thought…” Jirou started “it was a secret?”

“Yeah! I thought I had outed you!” Mina was stricken first by her slip and then by Izuku’s total disregard of the possible outcome, or what it could have been.

“Outed me? What do you mean?” Izuku was just getting confused by the second.

“Outed?” Ida echoed confused

“Pansexual!?” Kanimari was surprised

“Oh come one!” added Mineta with a sneer “that also?! Is this a prank? Or fashion? Is that where us Millenials are going?!?”

“Really!?” A grinning Kirishima asked with obvious excitement before coughing at the looks the other guys gave him “what?! It’s amazing!” he added, now smiling at Izuku.

“Yeah, I’m pansexual. It’s there a problem?” Izuku asked quietly innocently, she had been more focused on what things she wanted to get and curious on what her classmates would suggest her to buy. She wasn’t sure why her sexuality was the topic at all. ‘I just hope the whole underwear’s thing doesn’t go beyond choosing and paying…I’m still not used to my nakedness…’ she had dreaded the thought of having her girlfriends on her shoulders telling her what panties to get with what bra whilst she got too excited on her own body.

When lack of response came, Izuku focused on her classmates, noting different expressions on each one of them.

‘Oh god…did I mess up? I didn’t, did I? I got distracted again, I can’t do that when I become a hero or I will cause more damage! What did I do? I just confirmed my sexuality… Was my tone off? No, it wasn’t, I’m sure…maybe because of the Pansexual thing? I’m just pansexual, why would they have a problem with…. Internet searches, articles and testimonies flashed before her ‘oh wait….oh no….maybe it’s wrong for them?’ Izuku was mentally screaming then, remembering what she had read online. She had been so comfortable with how well everyone received her lack of gender and body changed that she didn’t really think beyond that initial response. She hadn’t even considered not everyone in her class was being honest with their opinion on the matter. Yet, Izuku wasn’t able before and not now to think of her classmates in such a negative way, ‘I just can’t believe they would be so mean as future heroes’ but one more flash came to her, one that made one small crack in her confidence, one where she can see tiny Todoroki crying because of the number 2 hero Endeavor.

‘Not all heroes are good’ Izuku shivered.

Silence was everyone’s answer for a couple of minutes before some of them started to notice how Izuku’s normal expression morphed into a panicked one. The girls hurried to Izuku’s side but before any of them could say a thing, someone cleared their throat, calling for their attention.

“I don’t even know what that means,” Ida said with his ever serious face, trying to assure Izuku his
reaction was only related to his ignorance and not whatever his friend said or is.

"Same" Sero added with an equally confused face and a bit of worry.

"I do and I don’t mind!" Kirishima smiled again, patting Izuku on the shoulder "It even makes sense! You are so cool and nice to everyone!" Kirishima frowned at how stiff Izuku was, shooting worried eyes to the girls.

Ochako didn’t saw anyone but Izuku, she was insecure on how to proceed, especially with Izuku acting all quiet so suddenly. So for better or worse, she commented “I don’t think it works that way” looking at Jiro and Mina for confirmation and for some indication of what to do with the whole thing.

“No it doesn’t,” Mina said before turning he head a bit to the side, frowning a bit “right?”

Jiro groaned “Mina….really?” The musician couldn’t believe how can one of the two pansexuals of the whole classroom apparently doesn’t have a concrete idea of how her sexuality works but then, how to explain your attraction? She can’t just try to make others understand why she only feels the way she does towards girls only; in fact, that was one big fight she had with her ex-best friend in her last school. She sighed, don’t wanting to remember how it had hurt the rejection her supposed to be best friend so easily exposed her or how she had outing her with the other girls during the sports festival ‘the last thing I want is for someone else to feel that way, but how?!’ Jiro frown deepened.

“What?! Don’t look at me like that! You know I’m more of a feeler than thinker” Mina huffed “Izuku some help?” the pink haired girl needed some aid, she had totally messed up and it was clear she felt bad, her instinct, of course, told her to search comfort and help from the nicest person of the bunch, Izuku Midoriya.

Jiro rolled her eyes, ‘And still digs her hole a bit more by asking help from the one she just outing’ Jiro just didn’t know if she should feel angrier or amused at her classmate’s lack of shame or better yet, a lack of self-awareness. The rock star hero looked at Izuku, worried about her reaction.

“Well…” Izuku bit her lower lip, she was unsure now of saying anything, especially by the way Mineta and Kanimari were looking at her and by how Jiro was chastising Mina ‘I’m not really sure what’s happening, was something I said? Did I trigger something? Oh god…maybe I just can explain? But they are looking at me weirdly…And Mina needs my help….’ The stress of all eyes on her and the remote thought that she had done some more wrong made her fearful of explaining herself to the others, who still don’t know what Pansexual means, fearing they would reject her as well once she did.

“I don’t have a problem with it since it doesn’t change anything, Izuku is still Izuku” Shoji easily told her, one of his hands petting her head “so don’t worry about what anyone thinks, ok?”

Izuku seek for his eyes, seeing the honesty in them. The gesture immediately drained some of her anxiety. She nodded at the multiple extremities boy with a nervous and grateful smile.

Ojiro who had been listening to Hagaruke whispering at his side added “I’m with Shoji and Kirishima. I still don’t fully understand but Hagaruke explained me the basics, and for what I understood it really doesn’t effect on anything. Izuku is still Izuku. And that is, as far as I have observed during our time together as classmates, a good person”

“Yes!” Hagaruke yelled with enthusiasm. And Izuku felt the initial prickling on her eyes, she surely would end up crying.
“Wasn’t that obvious? It’s just a preference when loves is on the matter. And love is never wrong!” Aoyama made a pose in conjunction with his statement, throwing a glowing smile to Izuku, whose smile was beginning to strengthen. Yet, Some of her classmates didn’t look as accepting as the others.

Asui who had silently surveyed everyone, especially Izuku sighed to herself at the way Mineta and Kanimari were acting all quiet and dismissive, she glared at them before taking one of Izuku’s hand “Ignore those two kero, It will get late if don’t move now and I really want to have some quality time with my classmates kero”

Izuku accepted reluctantly, doubting if it was alright to simply ignore the situation just like that. She wants to explain those who don’t understand entirely, mostly because Ida is one of her best friends so if feels a bit wrong not to explain him. Nevertheless, all the girls agreed with happy shouts, Kirishima joined them with a huge grin which helped Izuku to try and enjoy the moment, ‘I’ll just talk with Ida later…maybe with some drinks…’

The other boys followed closely enough for them to plan where they would go and where they would reunite for some drinks later in the day.

“Ida, wait!” Izuku nervously called for him.

“Yes Midoriya?” Ida tried to keep his awkwardness, Izuku could tell, but the extra stiffness on his body was a giveaway.

“About what just happened…I want to talk with you a bit more, explain everything… alone” She added, Tsuyu had given her the idea and Uraraka supported it easily.

Ida’s eye widened then sighed “Good, for a moment I thought you…it doesn’t matter” he nodded to her with a tiny smile “Then, text me the place and time”

They separated after it, Ida to buy some shoes and Izuku her new underwear, unfortunately, that was the first thing all the girls agreed on ‘I just hope I don’t have to model a thing!’

Which, it’s what happened. The girls didn’t trust Izuku to choose the right sizes. Thankfully the underwear was off limits so she saved herself an awkward invisible boner, ‘Someday I will get used to my body…’ Izuku sighed, preparing herself for the excited expressions the girls made when they saw her approach ‘Be strong Izuku, they are your friends, they won’t eat you alive…I think….’

It had only been three hours, and she was exhausted and in pain. A good pain at least, since she just loves her new pierced ears. At first, she had wanted the simple ones, then she saw her piercer sporting three earrings on each ear, and thing was, her piercer had two braids, but in no moment Izuku thought her soon to be piercer looked childish, instead the earrings added some coolness to the whole look.

So now Izuku was walking towards the coffee shop she decided to call Ida in for their talk with her red ears from the strange objects on them, but with a big smile, especially and one of the earrings was a little homage to All Might, not that she would show him that.

Suddenly, someone put on their arm around her shoulders, almost all their weight on her.

“Izuku Midoriya…isnt it? Guess my luck to find just the one I was thinking about…”
She shivered at the creepy voice talking to close to her ear and how the tone had nothing but disdain in it.

“Don’t yell or do a thing, well…only if you wish I hurt someone else around us…” she felt how slowly two fingers touched her neck “if all five of my fingers touch you…ha, you won’t even know what killed you, the pain or the disintegration; ask your teacher”

She gasped, suppressing the need to run or hit.

“Shigaraki Tomura” she whispered, her fear barely contained.

A chuckle was the answer “So I’m not the only one that has been thinking of the other? No matter, come let us become more comfortable, just the two of us”

And so, she walked, hoping Ida doesn’t come to find her. Fearing anyone getting hurt for her lack of awareness.

‘Calm down Izuku, just… don’t make things worse and survive.’ She thought to herself, determination filling her up whilst the finger on her neck became three.

“Just a reminder” she heard him said before the two of them got lost in the most crowded part of the Mall.

The Sick Guy

Shigaraki only wanted to walk and clear his head that was pounding from an upcoming headache ‘I’m getting sick…how annoying’ he huffed, reclining his head over the wall, not wanting to lay down on his bed, knowing he would fall sleep being that the last thing he needs, he was avoiding the recent dreams. He started to debate whether to go out or simply stay in playing something, ‘it’s the bug’s fault’ he knows it and resents the situation, a lot, probably more than All Might.

Funny it is that his new set of problems began when he went out for a walk a couple of days ago to unwind his anger from how incredibly stupid his “allies” were, how they cannot see what it has to be done, how Kurogiri keeps fighting his ideas and how sensei keeps silent over the whole situation.

He had needed a lot of exercise and much-needed expresso from his favorite coffee shop. Kurogiri’s coffee isn’t just as good, never will, not like those Honduran coffee beans perfectly toasted and flavored that Vill/Ian Coffee Shop has, the owners a couple of friends who had more sense of humor than Kurogiri that’s for sure. That coffee is the one that got him thru the hardest levels of his all-time favorite video game Zombi Tetris. For some people, the game is too simple and too boring and old, but the more it advances the harder it gets, and besides, it isn’t that hard, so it helps him to think when walking doesn’t. Or, when he is too lazy to go out.

He groaned ‘don’t think about that day…’

Sadly, he was already, his mind going to where his curiosity led him days ago during his walk at the Mall…
‘Midoriya Izuku-kun… or chan?’ he had been wondering if the boy freaked out or accepted his new destiny as a baby making machine. He only knows what Mommy and Daddy told him, which honestly was super interesting until he realized he wouldn’t win anything from the information or them. His first desire had been to get rid of the duo but Sensei thought they would be useful. Shigaraki hadn’t seen their use until he remembered their quirks do more than change someone’s body.

“They are shit kidnappers yet they are excellent scientists, their knowledge may add something to Sensei’s recovery” he murmured to the darkness of his room.

‘They better do or else…’ he taught whilst taking off his shoes sounding to his illness, ‘red like hers…’

Memories coming back to him, too clear and vivid.

He had been so distracted thinking about their next plan that he almost missed it, the small insect roaming around his head, Izuku Midoriya, the most annoying student from the UA. Not only the kid messed their plan and his opportunity to kill All Might but the little thing has a quirk very similar to the annoying pain in the ass of the number one hero. The reason why he had wanted, no, needed to make Izuku Midoriya disappear.

Shigaraki had make a rash decision, roaming closer to the little green haired thing, slowly, just like he did when he was a child, passing as anyone else in the sea of people; one of his survival skills.

“Izuku good luck with Ida!” the gravity girl had said

“And don’t worry, I don’t recall Ida having a problem or a bad reaction about you being non binary-kero” the frog girl added.

Shigaraki had been confused about the term, now tho after investigating he knows.

“Andddd remember to call us when you finish, we still have to visit the shop a told you about’ the acidic pink girl had jumped to say. Tomura really hates his good memory sometimes, remembering such stupid things really do nothing for him. Yet, the whole conversation remains I his head.

“Oh yes! I really wanna see her in cute dresses!” the gravity girl spoke again

He had perked at that, finding out what path the green-haired hero had chosen without having to take it out of his rosy mouth.

“I sort of too…” Izuku Midoriya answered, voice softer and really girly, she had had her back to him, just when she started to walk she turned her head for him to finally see, and…

‘Oh…’ he remembers thinking or saying, ‘No, what was it? It doesn’t matter what I did’ he laid down on his bed, thinking about such a horrible day with his back on the wall was ridiculous, he just has to avoid sleep.

‘The earrings really do suit her face… making her idiot face seem cooler’ he supposes, the hair had looked nicer from when the shithead got in his way during the USJ attack. Her skin tho, the skin had look soft. He had felt curious, no, envious.

‘Would it feel as it looks though?’ he had thought, his feet following her steps. Close but not enough. He had watched as her hair bounced, weirdly not getting all over her face.

‘Maybe I can ask her, maybe she can help, and maybe I can take care of this green haired bug right
He had decided, why, he doesn’t remember.

He remembers easily how she took off her cellphone and made a call to her friends Ida, ‘the fast four eyes’

“Hey Ida! We just finished with our first shopping spread or so Mina called it…” she had laughed, making Shigaraki think it was a stupid one, so stupid he still hears it inside his head.

“The coffee shop you mentioned sounds good…alright, yes…later!” such enthusiasm, one he doesn’t possess. He can accept part of him didn’t kill her because of her good tastes. The coffee and the red shoes he immediately zoom in the first time he saw the green haired mini All Might.

He had moved then, closer, faster, making his move without a fuss.

“Izuku Midoriya…isn’t it? Guess my luck to find just the one I was thinking about…” he had said, before deciding where they would talk.

The first thing he noticed when his arm had fallen around her slender but muscular shoulders, was how short she was.

‘Just like a bug…’ he smirked.

He had held her close, just in case she ran and made him do a mess he rather preferred avoiding that day. He recalls very well how stiff she had been, her breathing though was controlled and even when her green eyes, big as plates from the fear looked back at him….they had been intense, focused.

‘On me…’ he sighed ‘such a weird reaction…’

They talked, he listened to her, he counted her freckles as well. She smelled nice, and he confirmed how soft her skin was, how nice it felt her hair on his cheek. And how envious he had been, how much he had hated that moment.

But not as much as being abruptly interrupted from their moment. He wasn’t finished talking, hearing her speak. They taught so differently, but her words made him realized things he never considered, to see things he refused to acknowledge.

And without his permission, he closed his eyes and dreamt again, the constant loop of her laugh, her hair, and her intense eyes. Tomura succumbed to the bug making him sick, feverish and stupid.

Hours later he woke up with a new plan, one that he knows is necessary, even when the logic wasn’t there yet.

“My power and hers would be a boss like level…”

Bakugo Katsuki was interesting but not as interesting as the theory behind Mommy and Daddy, ‘sensei, sorry for doubting your logic…’ he smirked, and made his way to the pharmacy in search for a remedy for his sick state and maybe some lotion will fix his jealousy over softer skin and green eyes.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry for taking so long, and for not answering comments. Also, for the low quality, thanks for reading tho!

End Notes

Quick things to know!

1) This fic will probably won't be long, I am not sure yet.
2) I don’t know much about Japanese culture afar from what I’ve seen in anime and manga, so I’m sorry if I failed.
3) I’m not sure yet where I want this to end, so I will go hand in hand with my muse and the characters.
4) I like grey characters, (love them really) so don’t be surprised if you see them in here.
5) I don’t even know if it will be a slow burn or not.
6) The chapters will be short (Or so I plan and hope, cos oh god I sometimes write too much...see?)
7) I will keep adding tags as the fic advances and probably change them (not the first ones tho...or the main couple)
8) And for the love of all fanfiction... don't ask me for things! This is for my own fun and my need for more fics with Fem Midoriya and how he would react to it.
9) Don't be rude in the comments or it will be a green light for me to be rude as well :D
10) The rude part applies to close mind people who don't read tags or do it but love to go around giving their "real, nice and not offensive" opinions or "facts". And if you are of those people: Bye, I don't give a single fuck if you read my fic or not, BYE, Adios, hasta pronto, para nunca sin falta, me vale verga tu opinion, never come back, thanks ;D

I hope you enjoy dudes!!!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!