Katsuki Drop

by arcsandblah

Summary

It was only meant to be another job: wait under cover in the night for a trade by the ports, bust down some illegal Quirk enhancer operation, and take into custody a dangerous, illusive drug lord. It wasn't anything new for Aizawa, nor was it anything overwhelming. However, the same thing couldn't be said about finding yourself taking care of a young and very ill-mannered child.

Or the one where Aizawa finds a 4-year-old Katsuki in the aftermaths of a drug bust and idiotically decides to take him in.
Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

hello, readers!! arcie here coming at you with my first MHA fic! i hope you'll read, like, and comment! it's also my first fanfic after a pretty extended hiatus. as you read in the tags, i'm aiming at regular posts, but tbh, me and scheduling are not best friends. but i do super live off validation, so if people leave nice comments, it'll definitely help me write faster and post faster! so if you like this, if you could please let me know, it'd be super sweet and i'd forever love you!

okay, enough babbles! hope you enjoy!

beta'd by my dear friend ColorfulTynCan! thank him on his tumblr @robogill bc i would never've been able to do this without him!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A pitch-black sky covered the night. Not even the moon was out to light the dark port warehouses. With less light, it made it easier for smugglers to sneak around their illegal trade. At the same time, it made it easier for heroes to hide in the shadows and wait for their chances to catch their targets. That was the case currently for Aizawa Shouta, better known as Eraserhead.

Aizawa snuck through the shadows silently and out of sight. He was on his own for the moment with backup a distance away, waiting for his cue. How he wished it was someone else in charge of keeping watch and locating the illegal substances. Just because he was a more stealthy and agile hero, he was stuck on top of giant cargo crates reeking of fish. Though, it was to find an elusive and highly wanted drug cartel.

During the briefing prior to heading out on his mission, Aizawa learned that their target was the head of an illegal drug smuggling and trade organization on par with the yakuza. Heroes and the police had been busting their operations for years, though only the minor ones. They had never managed to get their hands on the drug lord.

However, that night was going to be different.

After keeping watch for who knew how long, Aizawa spotted a cargo ship pulling in. It could’ve easily passed as some regular ship transporting imports from elsewhere, but Aizawa noticed the few crates left aside.

Two suspicious men appeared, heading for the crates as well as another man who came from the ship. They shared some words with each other before the importer cracked open one of the crates. The other two looked inside before nodding their heads. One of the two passed a suitcase to the importer as the other made a signal. The importer was then on his way as more men came, hauling the crates away.

Aizawa alerted the others on what he had just witnessed. He advised that a smaller group should go after the importer as the rest continue to wait until he located the hideout. His advice was heeded. Now he was on the move again, following the men to where they were taking the crates.
Aizawa followed the group deep into the maze of cargo crates. They made many odd turns as they went on their way, probably taking caution of being followed. They were right to be cautious, but that didn’t make them safe from Eraserhead.

Aizawa spotted the group finally heading into something, but it was just as odd as their random turns. They had just entered one of the large cargo crates, closing the door behind them. Aizawa made a face, confused. The confusion didn’t stop him from continuing on.

Once again, Aizawa alerted the group on standby. He gave them the coordinates of the crate their targets just entered before heading in himself. On guard, Aizawa attempted to open the doors.

Locked. Of course.

Aizawa grumpily grumbled to himself, bitter about the extra work. Well, this was when the gadgets those support people made came in handy.

After playing around with the gadgets he was given on the door, it opened. Aizawa pecked in. It was empty. He grew even more confused, swinging the door open wider as he muttered, “What…?”

Aizawa walked into the empty crate, looking all around. There was nothing there at all. Then where did they go? Now Aizawa understood why the organization remained untouched for so many years.

“This is a load of bull—”

Clu-clunk!

Aizawa paused mid curse at the sudden sound. He prepared himself in case there was an ambush waiting for him, but there was nothing. He repositioned himself to just casually standing again when he heard the sound again.

Clu-clunk!

Following where the noise came from, Aizawa looked down. It was from right under his feet. He crouched down, taking a closer look at what he was standing on. That part of the floor seemed off. After fidgeting around with it, a secret door opened. Bingo.

“Hey, there’s a tunnel underneath this crate,” Aizawa said into his intercom. “I don’t know where it leads, but I’m going in. Be prepared to move.”

Stealthily, Aizawa went down the hole that was previously hidden by the door. After hopping down, he noticed that the hole lead into the sewers. So, they were getting around through those means. Disgusting, but the sewer system did travel all around the city and no doubt to the many secret locations of the organization.

Aizawa looked around the tunnel, but the men were out of sight. Too much time had passed between the men jumping down the hole and Aizawa discovering the secret door. Luckily, the group were talking amongst themselves. Aizawa followed the voices. He was back on their trail in no time.

Aizawa dreaded how far the men could be going. If their meet up place with the boss was someplace across town, then it was going to be a long night. Again, that was if they were headed across town. Apparently, that wasn’t the case.

The men stopped at a ladder leading up to the surface. Aizawa watched as one man climbed up. Light from the surface shined down like a spotlight. The crates were passed up. Aizawa took that as a cue to find his own exit. Who knew what exactly was above them. Best be safe.
Aizawa hurried back to another ladder he passed when following his targets. This one was one that was supposed to be there, not an organization made one.

Once Aizawa reached the surface, he noticed he was still near the port. At least that meant the standby group didn’t have to travel far.

Aizawa went back to approximately where the men he was following resurfaced. He reached the above ground spot of where he was below and found a large warehouse. Lights were on inside the building. Quickly, he made his way to one of the higher windows. He peeked in, seeing a large group of people all surveying the crates brought in. It was hard to say how many there were. But in the middle, a well-dressed man. Aizawa could just tell he was the one leading the group. Their guy.

“Hey, it’s me,” Aizawa said into his intercom. “I’m at some warehouse south of where the exchange happened. I’m sending you my coordinates right now. Get here quick.” He didn’t bother waiting for a response, already pulling out his earpiece. God how he hated those things.

Aizawa continued watching from the window. Sure, he was confident in his combat abilities, but there were just way too many people in the warehouse. Best wait for the others. At least, that’s what he thought until he spotted one of the lackeys grab a bag of the drug. It looked like he was going to be testing out the drug. Aizawa wasn’t sure what the effects of the drug were, but if it was bad enough to make the organization this wanted, he had a feeling he shouldn’t just sit back.

Aizawa couldn’t do anything about the guy ingesting the drug, but what he could do was cancel whatever Quirk they had.

The guy looked to be about to test out his Quirk and Aizawa instantly activated Erasure. He put two and two together. The drug had to be some Quirk enhancer. However, with Erasure canceling out the Quirk, it made it seem the drug was counterproductive. While the crowd got riled up by the confusion, Aizawa impatiently waited for backup to come.

Though, it looked like Aizawa couldn’t wait for backup any longer.

It seemed as though a few more men were ordered the test out the drug when three more guys stepped up to the crates. Aizawa cursed. He couldn’t let more bad guys enhance their quirks. He had to prevent them from ingesting the drugs and fast.

After a quick deep breath, Aizawa jumped in. He forced his way through the window, the shattering of glass distracting everyone from the drugs. All eyes were on him. That gave him a few seconds to get in between the drugs and three who were about to take them.

“The heroes! They found us!”

“Were we followed!?!”

“It’s Eraserhead!”

Aizawa went after the three first, using his scarves to grab hold of two and throw them into the crowd. It took them out as well as those they crashed into, but the numbers were still stacked against him.

“Save the goods! Get him!” a loud voice commanded.

In a matter of seconds, everyone was jumping for Aizawa.

Aizawa stayed calm and thought quickly. He first located the villain who had already taken the drug.
Best to take him out before he used his enhanced Quirk. He did so by once again using his scarves, grabbing ahold of the guy and sending him flying. Took out a few more, but still many to go.

Aizawa went to use his scarves once again, but his current target was one step ahead. The villain grabbed hold of the scarf, yanking Aizawa forward. Though, it didn’t do much for him. Aizawa used the sudden force to power up his kick. With the added speed, the kick knocked out his target.

Regaining his footing, Aizawa readied himself for two more men coming on either side of him. He wrapped his scarves around them, crashing the two together.

So far, many of the villains who were coming after him were those with Mutant or Transformation Quirks. That left a number of Emitter Quirks firing their Quirks from afar. Aizawa had kept them in the corner of his eye. He watched for the more damaging Quirks, using Erasure on them first. He could only use his Quirk on one target at a time, not to mention his need to recharge now.

Quirks were flying, bodies were flung about, and Aizawa could feel himself slowly growing tired. Another curse. There were just so many. At least he managed to keep them away from the drugs, but still.

“Damn it, where the hell is everyone,” Aizawa grumbled to himself, knocking out another villain. And as the villain fell before him, Aizawa spotted the leader trying to escape with a few of the men guarding him. Aizawa cursed again, prepared to go after him. No way in hell was he going to let such a dangerous man get away.

Though, it seemed Aizawa wasn’t going to need to leap into action.

Red and blue lights flashed through the windows from outside. Sirens roared. The next thing Aizawa knew, more heroes were running in, Quirks blazing. With the numbers on the good side growing, the fight was shifting to their favor. It didn’t take much longer for the fray to end in their victory.

“ Took you guys long enough,” Aizawa said to his fellow hero, Present Mic, as the police began arresting the villains.

“Hey, we got here right in time to catch the boss, didn’t we?” Present Mic responded with a shrug and his usual giant grin. Without waiting for a response, he went on his way to help round up the villains.

Aizawa rolled his eyes. He was about to head out, with the crowd shallowing and the warehouse practically empty, but something caught his eye once more. He turned, spotting a stack of wooden crates. It looked to be just regular old crates, but his uncertainty didn’t falter.

On guard once more, Aizawa headed over to the crates. He suspected a villain who got loose and was trying to get away. He neared closer and closer to the crates, ready to activate his Quirk. Just as he reached the wooden boxes, he rounded the corner to find…

A child.

Aizawa’s brows furrowed in disbelief, breathing out a quiet, “What…?”

The kid, a little boy, couldn’t have been older than five years old. He was a little thing, even with his spikey ash blonde hair adding a few inches. Granted, he was on the ground, making him look smaller, but still. His red eyes were wide, probably shocked to see Aizawa as well.

The two of them stared each other in the eye in silence. Aizawa was the first to turn away to look around the warehouse. It was still very empty despite there being just a big fight moments before. He
turned back to the kid. Yep, still there.

“Hey, uh, kid,” Aizawa started, “you alri—”

Aizawa didn’t even get to finish his question. The kid kicked his shin, and hard, before scrambling away.

Aizawa hissed in pain, holding his shin. The kid packed quite the kick, but now wasn’t the time to think about it. Aizawa grew pissed. “Get back here, you little brat.”

Aizawa chased after the kid, but the boy was pretty fast. And loud. And had quite the mouth on him.

“Get the hell away from me, you old fart!”

Now that pissed Aizawa off more than it should’ve. It also made him that much more determined to catch the little monster.

The two ran around in circles. Aizawa irritably told the kid to stop running around to no avail while the kid threw constant insults. It didn’t take long for Aizawa to have had enough and used his scarves. He jumped and landed in front of the kid, easily wrapping the kid up with his capturing weapon. The kid fell back onto his bum with a quiet, ‘oof!’

Aizawa sighed, finally able to relax again. He stepped up to the kid. “Alright, I’m gonna ask you again. You alri—”

Once again, he couldn’t get out his question.

“Let go of me!” the kid roared, struggling helplessly against the restraints.

“It’s useless trying to break fr—”

This time Aizawa cut himself off, raising a brow. The kid was actually biting the restraints to try and free himself, wriggling around the ground as he yanked. The kid had spunk, he’d give him that.

“You’ll break your teeth doing that,” Aizawa said, taking a seat beside the kid. The boy only glared daggers at him, though did halt his yanking.

Even though the kid no longer used his teeth, he continued trying to break free again. He struggled and struggled, roaring in frustration. Aizawa only silently watched, resting his head on his hand. It was still just the two of them in the warehouse. Aizawa had signaled the others to stay away for the time being when they noticed the kid and tried to come forward. Best not overwhelm the little brat for the moment.

After some time, the boy finally calmed down. He was lying still on the cold ground, breathing heavily from exhaustion. Aizawa took it that he calmed down.

“You alright now, kid?” Aizawa finally managed to ask.

The boy only continued glaring at him. However, there were little tears built up in the corners of his eyes. He really was still a kid, unable to control his emotions.

Aizawa waited for an answer from the boy. There was none. So, he helped the kid sit upright, unbounding him. The kid looked confused by the action, but didn’t do much after being freed.

“Mind telling me your name?”
No answer. More glares.

“Alright then. I’ll call you Tama.”

This time, Aizawa did get a reaction from the kid.

“What!?”

Aizawa stood. “Let’s go, Tama.”

The kid jumped onto his feet, clearly angry again. “I’m not a cat, old fart!”

Aizawa stared down at the boy. The way he was hissing and tense really reminded him of a cat. “You sure, Tama?”

“It’s Katsuki!” the boy yelled childishly. He enunciated each syllable. “Ka-tsu-ki!”

“That’s more like it.” Aizawa said, now that he finally got a name. “What’re you doing in a place like this?”

The kid, Katsuki, went quiet once again. He turned to the ground, shoulders tense.

Aizawa waited once more, staring down at the boy. He noticed something then. How Katsuki looked. His red eyes—they seemed familiar. And then it hit him.

“You’re the drug lord’s kid.”

Katsuki tensed up more.

“Damn…” Aizawa said under his breath. “And you just witnessed your old man get arrested.”

“So what?” Katsuki grumbled. “Better he die in some ditch.”

‘Wow…’ Aizawa mouthed silently. That was some high-level resentment for a kid Katsuki’s age. The hero cleared his throat. “Well, he’ll be locked up for who knows how long now. You’ll be alright, kid.”

Aizawa ruffled Katsuki’s spikey hair. The boy turned up to him, seeing a barely-there smile.

Aizawa finally managed to guide a calmed-down Katsuki out of the warehouse. He led him to one of the few remaining police cars, having the boy hop in. Katsuki was hesitant, but kept his mouth shut. He was also dead tired from his prior struggling, and the fact that it was half-past two in the morning. Way past a kid his age’s bedtime.

After closing the door, Aizawa went over to the remaining cops. He let them know the circumstances with Katsuki. Judging by their reactions, Aizawa could safely assume they didn’t know about the drug lord having a son either. Guess it was going to be news for everyone.

The mission was complete. Aizawa was finally allowed to go home. He and Katsuki went their separate ways with the police heading back to the station. The kid would probably be going to an orphanage now. Aizawa didn’t think too much of it, just wanting to go to bed.

By the time Aizawa returned home, the clock struck 3 A.M. He opened the door to his literally empty apartment, deciding to take a quick bath before heading to his desired sleep. He wanted to get the smell of fish and seawater off him before his apartment started smelling like so for weeks. Plus, it was nice to soak in a warm bath after rigorous hero work.
Only, Aizawa couldn’t even have that in peace.

Not long after getting himself clean and soaking in the hot water, Aizawa’s phone went off. He groaned, cursing whoever thought calling him at three in the morning was a good idea. It was probably Present Mic since he was on the same mission as him just earlier. Instead of getting out the bath to pick up his phone, Aizawa decided to ignore it. Feign being asleep, alright. However, his phone would not shut up. The moment the ringing ended, it would start up again with another call. And another. And another. Until finally Aizawa had enough and begrudgingly picked up the phone.

The second Aizawa picked up his phone, he was going to jam his thumb on the talk button and give the caller a piece of his mind. However, when he saw the call was coming from the police station, he held down the desire. He finally answered the call. “What?”

“How, Eraserhead?” a timid voice spoke through the phone. “We’re sorry to bother you so late at night—or, early in the morning—especially after everything you just did—”

“What is it?” Aizawa interrupted, wanting to get straight to the point. He then heard crashes in the background of the call.

“Can you please come to the station. Now. It’s the boy.”

More crashes, and this time with added yelling. Aizawa did not want to get involved with that again.

“He’s under your custo—”

“Sir! Please!” the cop begged. He was on the brink of tears.

Aizawa groaned. Right when he was finally going to go to sleep. “Fine. Be there in 10.”

“Yes, yes! Thank you!”

Crash!

“...5?”

Aizawa hung up.

As requested, Aizawa managed to make to the station in 5 minutes. The faster he got there, the faster whatever was going on would end, and the faster he got to go home to get some goddamn sleep.

Upon opening the door, Aizawa was met with the same cop who called him.

The policeman stood from the front desk. He was suspiciously covered in scratches and bite marks. “Eraserhead!”

“Where’s the kid?” Aizawa bluntly asked.

“Y-yes. This way.”

Aizawa was led deeper into the station. Upon nearing wherever Katsuki was, crashing and yelling like in the background of the phone call got louder and louder. They were the loudest behind the door the two of them reached. It was to a room with a one-way mirror. They could see Katsuki inside with three other policemen.

“H-he’s in there,” the policeman stated the obvious. He then began explaining what happened. “He was asleep in the cruiser on the way here, so we carried him inside. He started waking up when we
got inside the building. I guess he got scared being in an unfamiliar place with unfamiliar adults so he
started going crazy. We tried reasoning with him and telling him everything was going to be alright,
but he wouldn’t listen. I’ve never seen a kid his age so hostile, and I’m an uncle of five!”

Aizawa brushed off the warning and went straight in. He swung the door open. Katsuki was being
held, restrained, by one of the cops and flailing his limbs as he screamed only to have noticeably
calmed down when meeting eye to eye with Aizawa again. The cops were shocked by the sudden
lack of hostility.

“Let him go,” Aizawa instructed. “I have this.”

The cop released Katsuki. Katsuki kept still, now glaring up at Aizawa. Even so, all four cops left
the room to just the two of them. But not without whispering amongst themselves.

“I think he actually broke skin through my sleeve.”

“We’re all gonna wake up with bruises.”

“I guess that’s to be expected from a kid like him.”

The door closed behind them.

Aizawa wasted no time and pulled a chair over to where Katsuki was standing. He sat down,
slouching forward and becoming more eye-to-eye with the kid. “Okay, what the hell? Why’re you
being a brat again?”

Katsuki clenched his fists. “Why are you asking? It’s not like you care.”

“If I didn’t care, I wouldn’t be here,” Aizawa said flat out.

Katsuki only grew more angered and upset for some reason. “Nu-uh.”

“Oh yeah? How would you know that?”

No answer.

Aizawa watched Katsuki fiddle with the hem of his shirt in silence. It looked like Katsuki wanted to
say something, but his jaw was clenched shut. Too much pride in one little kid.

Aizawa only waited a little longer before standing again. “Fine, I’ll leave then.” This got a reaction
out of Katsuki.

At Aizawa’s words, Katsuki flinched. His eyes widened, but it still didn’t look like he was going to
let himself say anything. Aizawa now understood what was going through the kid’s head.

Aizawa kneeled down a bit to Katsuki’s height. “I’ll be right back, alright? Let me talk to those
police guys for a sec.”

The way Katsuki’s body shifted indicated more of his distraught feelings. “That’s what you did
earlier,” he angrily grumbled. Aizawa left to talk to the police and then Katsuki woke up feeling by
himself.

Aizawa sighed. This damn kid…

The hero began messing around with his scarf, Katsuki watching confused. He tied one end around
his wrist before handing him the other end. “There. Now I can’t go anywhere anymore.”
Katsuki stared down at the scarf. He then turned back to Aizawa, who was standing upright again.

“T’ll be right back,” Aizawa repeated.

Katsuki believed him this time.

Once seeing Katsuki was alright with him walking out for a moment, Aizawa headed out the door. He closed it behind him. The scarf was held up by the closed door. It would’ve been enough for the door to hold up the scarf and for Aizawa to walk further away for the time being, but after looking in through the one-way mirror, he couldn’t bring himself to. Katsuki was holding onto his end like a lifeline, staring intensely at the door for Aizawa’s return. He sighed. He really wasn’t going anywhere.

“Oi, coppers,” Aizawa called. He didn’t know any of their names.

Soon after he called for them, the four policemen came over. They noticed the scarf, but didn’t get a chance to question it.

“So, what’s gonna happen with the kid?”

The one Aizawa spoke with on the phone stepped up. “Well, he’ll probably be sent to an orphanage.”

“You’re gonna put him in the system? A kid with his temperament and background? Do you realize what that’s gonna do with his mental state?”

“I know it’s bad, but it’s not like we can reach any family members.”

Aizawa turned back to Katsuki. They all did. He was still holding tightly onto the scarf.

Something stirred up in Aizawa (along with irritability). He groaned, prepared to open the door. This was why he should never be deprived from sleep.

The door opened. Katsuki looked up with his round, innocent eyes.

“You’re coming with me, kid.”

Chapter End Notes

jsyk, lil kacchan's parents here aren't masaru and mitsuki. sorry! i love them too much to make them evil!!! they are wonderful people who don't deserve to be put through such shame! so kacchan's dad is i guess you can say some random oc.

again, if would please be so kind, comments are very much appreciated and loved! or talk to me about more MHA or anything on my tumblr @arcs-and-blah! that'd be sweet, too! anywho, thank you for reading! hope you'll stay tuned for chapter 2!
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

When you have a kid who literally has only the clothes on his back, there's only one thing to do: go shopping.

Chapter Notes

oooooh my gosh i wanna thank everyone who left a comment again bc i was so nervous about if people would like and read (just ask robogill; i put him through a lot) and all your comments were so sweet and i still can't stop squealing thank you soooo much!! i hope you'll all like this chapter as well! this one was really fun to write!

don't forget to thank @robogill for editing!! he goes through so much XwX

update 4/26: messed up on how i thought aizawa's quirk worked, but i fixed it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It is recommended that the average adult should get about 7 to 9 hours of sleep a night. Aizawa had been throwing that recommendation out the window the second he hit adulthood. Hell, he had ignored the recommended hours of sleep as a kid, too. He slept however long he wanted to sleep. At least, he used to be able to sleep for however long he wanted.

Tut tut tut tut!

Aizawa stirred in his sleep.

Squeak squeak! Shhhh!

He clenched his already shut eyes, pulling his covers over his head.

Gargle gargle! Ptooey!

Aizawa sat right up, eyes open in annoyance. Okay. What was with all the noise so… not quite early or in the morning, but still!!?

A flick of the light switch from the bathroom alerted Aizawa to where the noise was coming from. He turned to the bathroom, trying to focus his eyes. His sleepy eyes weren’t used to the light the open blinds let in yet. Why were those even open anyway? He practically always left them shut.

The little person who came out the bathroom answered all Aizawa’s questions and complaints. Oh yeah. He had a kid now. Aizawa groaned at all the memories from last night flooding back to him.

Having been spotted, Katsuki stood still where he was. He and Aizawa stared at each other in silence. Aizawa was the first to break eye contact yet again, falling back down on his futon and heading back to sleep.
“Oi! Wake up!” Katsuki yelled, rushing over to yank at Aizawa’s covers. The hero only kept holding them in place. “I want my clothes!”

Aizawa groaned once more, giving in and getting up. He turned to Katsuki beside him from where he was sitting up with blank eyes. Katsuki’s eyes, however, were glaring back. The boy clearly wanted his clothes, especially with what Aizawa had to put in him.

The two of them had gotten home very late last night/very early that morning. There was no way Aizawa was going to let some dirty kid into his living space, so the first thing he did was throw Katsuki in the bath. As Katsuki was washing up, Aizawa had to wash the kid’s only set of clothes. He left them out to dry in the soon rising sun. However, that meant Katsuki didn’t have anything to wear. So, they made do with one of Aizawa’s old shirts and, well, Katsuki was not happy wearing just an old shirt made to fit him with staples. Hence, where they were now: Katsuki demanding back his clothes hanging on the clothes line.

“Yeah, yeah,” Aizawa grumbled, finally getting up. He yawned as he headed towards the balcony. He grabbed Katsuki’s now dry clothes and tossed them over to the kid. The boy sprinted back into the bathroom to change. As he did so, Aizawa headed into the kitchen to make himself a pot of coffee. He was going to need a lot of it.

After Katsuki got out of the bathroom, Aizawa went in to go through his own morning routine. The whole time he was in his bathroom, he couldn’t help but stare at the second toothbrush sitting by the sink. He really did have a second person—a little kid at that—living with him now. He sighed at the thought. Not much turning back now.

When Aizawa walked out of the bathroom, his coffee had just finished up brewing in the kitchen. He grabbed a mug and poured himself a cup, drinking it straight without any sweeteners. He drank nearly half the cup before bringing it down and spotting Katsuki sitting and staring at him from the empty living room.

Aizawa wiped his mouth with his arm. “What?”

Katsuki didn’t answer. He only plopped down onto his back beside the laid-out futon, staring bored at the ceiling. It annoyed Aizawa for some reason.

Aizawa went back to his coffee. After gulping the rest of the mug down, he went straight for the fridge. There was practically nothing inside. He pinched the bridge of his nose. Right. He lived with the bare minimum, food included. Aizawa glanced over his shoulder at Katsuki. The kid hadn’t moved. He looked back into the empty fridge. Well, there were some sliced ham. Looked like their first meal together was just going to be ham with plain old toast.

Aizawa grabbed the ham before closing the fridge door, now making his way to the cupboard. He pulled out a few slices of bread and threw them in the toaster. While waiting for the bread to toast, he pulled out a pan and began cooking the sliced ham. As he made breakfast, Aizawa could feel a pair of eyes watching his back from the other room.

“If you’re that bored, you can put the futon away,” Aizawa called from the kitchen. Though that was what he said, he didn’t really think the kid would actually do it.

Hearing some shuffling, Aizawa peeked over at Katsuki. Despite struggling a bit with his small body, Katsuki folded up the futon correctly and hauled it over to the closet. He didn’t have the strength to put it on the higher shelf where it belonged, so he settled for the bottom shelf. The boy then went back to fold the covers. He put that away. Finally, he went back for the pillow and put that away nicely. Though Katsuki did as he was told without a complaint, he did still have his sour scowl
plastered on his face. Aizawa couldn’t help but crack a small smile.

Aizawa quickly finished preparing breakfast. After preparing their basic dish, he headed back into the living room to set up the low table previously propped on its side against the wall. He had Katsuki grab some cushions from the closet while he set the table. With that, they could finally eat.

Breakfast was just as silent and awkward as their usual time together. Aizawa clearly wasn’t a talker and there was no way Katsuki would initiate any conversation. So it seemed Aizawa had to be the adult and the one to break the ice.

“How old are you, kid?”

Katsuki glanced up from his breakfast. “How old are you?”

Aizawa narrowed his eyes. “I asked you first.”

“I asked you second.”

Damn kid…

“Fine. 30. Your turn.”

“4.”


“April 20th.”

That was only four months ago.

“What do you do?”

“I dunno, but I don’t bother people with a bajillion questions.”

And back to the glaring contest.

“You got one hell of a mouth on you, you little brat.”

Katsuki smirked arrogantly.

The time for questions was over as they finished up breakfast.

After finishing up their meal, both Aizawa and Katsuki went right to cleaning. Aizawa wiped down the table as Katsuki put the cushions away. They then went onto dishes. Aizawa washed while Katsuki dried only to pass it back for Aizawa to put away. Throughout the silent chores, Aizawa thought on what to do with Katsuki. What do 4-year-olds do? What do 4-year-olds have? Well, one thing for sure, they had more than one set of clothes. He guessed shopping was the best course of action since Katsuki literally had nothing but the clothes on his back.

“Come on, kid. We’re going out,” Aizawa said after drying his hands on his hand towel. He passed it to Katsuki.

“Where are we going?” Katsuki asked back, drying his hands as well. He gave the hand towel back afterwards, Aizawa tossing it on the kitchen counter.

“We’re going to get you clothes and stuff,” Aizawa answered, already heading for the door. Katsuki
followed behind him. “Unless you want to wear the same shirt and pants every day. If that’s the case, you’re washing your own clothes.”

Katsuki didn’t argue with new clothes. He grabbed his sneakers and they both went on their way.

Aizawa didn’t bother heading to the shopping center by car or taxi, so they made their way by foot. It was how Aizawa usually got around with occasionally hopping on a train, but, just like with many other things, he learned it wouldn’t be that simple anymore. Everything was fine at first, but when the streets began getting busier and more packed, trouble arose.

Aizawa had just been minding his own business when he felt a tug on his scarf, which ended up pulling him back with a choke. “What the—” He turned seeing Katsuki right behind him. But… he was right beside him when they started walking.

“There’s too many people,” Katsuki said with his usual huff.

Oh.

“You getting lost’ll only make it hard on me.”

That was right. Katsuki was tiny compared to Aizawa. It’d be harder on the kid to keep up with Aizawa’s adult strides. Plus, with the crowd, it was a matter of time before Katsuki would get washed away.

“Alright, fine,” Aizawa said. He fixed his scarf after Katsuki let it go. He then held out his hand.

Katsuki looked at Aizawa’s hand with disgust. “I like it better holding your scarf.”

“Well I like it better not being choked by my scarf. Just hold onto me. That way I don’t get lost,” Aizawa said, adding the last part in a begrudging grumble. He was beginning to learn how to get Katsuki to do as he said by making it seem like the kid was in charge.

Katsuki still wasn’t into holding Aizawa’s hand. Instead, he opted for holding onto his sleeve. Whatever. As long as the brat didn’t get lost, Aizawa didn’t care. With their new ‘handholding’ system, the rest of the way to the shopping center was calm.

Aizawa made a mental list of what Katsuki was going to need. Of course, there were clothes like they talked about at the apartment, but Katsuki was also going to need his own futon as well. Aizawa would rather not continue to share his. Katsuki was also probably going to need stuff to keep him entertained. Toys, he supposed. Books, maybe? No. Katsuki was 4; it wasn’t like he could read, and hell no would he read to him. Fine, picture books. Maybe crayons or something. Oh yeah, he needed to get decent food, too. What did kids eat?

“Where are we going first?” Katsuki asked all of a sudden, snapping Aizawa out of his thoughts. They just reached the shopping center.

“Right,” Aizawa started, looking all around. It was as busy as he thought it’d be. Great. “There’s a kids’ clothes store over there, I think.”

Aizawa started leading the way. He checked up on Katsuki occasionally to see if he was alright. He was fine. In fact, Katsuki looked pretty amazed. The boy was looking all over the place as if he wasn’t sure what to look at first. He also looked at the many people there. There was a lot to take in.

“Your first time being in a place like this?” Aizawa asked. A part of him expected Katsuki to respond sharply to him, but the boy answered honestly.
Katsuki nodded his head. “I never went shopping for clothes or anything.”

“Then how did you get your stuff? Did you even have stuff?”

Katsuki’s head shot up to Aizawa, giving him an incredulous look. “I had stuff! The Onee-chans at the bar got clothes for me, and the Oji-sans played cards with me a bunch, too.”

Aizawa paused. “At a bar?”

Katsuki nodded.

Aizawa paused. He remembered there being information about an information broker bar the drug lord frequented. He didn’t think Katsuki would’ve been brought there.

“Is that where we’re going?” Katsuki asked another question, shaking Aizawa out of his thoughts once again. He was pointing to the kids’ clothing store.

“Yeah, that’s the place,” Aizawa answered.

This time, it seemed Katsuki was going to be the one leading Aizawa. Katsuki pulled Aizawa along by his sleeve.

Once inside the store, Aizawa was overwhelmed for once. Not only were there a bunch of different kids’ clothes, there were a bunch of kids just running around. There were also moms and only moms as far as the eye could see. To say Aizawa was out of place would be an understatement.

“Alright then…” Aizawa turned back to Katsuki, who was looking right back up at him. “How many shirts and stuff do you need? Do you even know your size?”

Katsuki shrugged at both questions, making the usual ‘I don’t know’ sound.

Aizawa looked back up with deadpan eyes. “Great.” He scanned the store again. The kid over there with his mom looked about Katsuki’s size. There’s a start.

The two went over to the area where the boy Katsuki’s size was. Since Aizawa had no clue what Katsuki would even want, he let the boy drag him around.

“Just pick a few of everything I guess.”

“And anything I want?”

“Yeah…” A thought came to mind. “Turn around for a second.”

Katsuki turned. Aizawa checked the tag on the back of his shirt. Medium. But it was also a bit baggy on him, so Aizawa assumed he was more of a size small. Well, if Katsuki liked shirts baggier, fine. Same with his pants.

“Yeah, anything with an M on the tag.”

“Kay!”

For a while, Katsuki pulled Aizawa along while looking for clothes. It didn’t take long for Aizawa to give up and let Katsuki reign freely as long as he was in his line of sight. Watching Katsuki allowed Aizawa to notice what sort of things the boy was more into. One thing that stood out were the skulls. The other was All Might, which was ironic, all things considered. By the time Katsuki finished picking his clothes, they were left with seven t-shirts and tank tops, four pairs of shorts, four sets of
pjs, and one light jacket. Aizawa was sure to grab a pack of underwear and socks for the kid, too. With that, they went to pay.

“So, All Might?” Aizawa questioned as they left the clothing store. Now they were headed for a furniture store for a futon.

Katsuki smiled brightly at the mention of the Symbol of Peace. “Mnhmm! He’s so cool! The way he fights is like,” he began throwing fake punches with self-added sound effects, “and he always wins! He’s the number one hero out there!” Katsuki paused, turning to Aizawa and holding onto him again. Though this time, he actually held onto his hand. “I mean, you’re alright, too.”

“Gee, thanks,” Aizawa sardonically responded. “How do you know about All Might?” He assumed the drug lord and his organization would want nothing to do with All Might and would see heroes like him as the enemy.

“Who doesn’t know about All Might?” Katsuki responded as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. Which it sort of was. “He’s always on TV beating up the bad guys and doing cool things! But…” Katsuki instinctively tensed. His hands clenched, his hold on Aizawa’s hand tightening. “I wasn’t really allowed to watch that sorta stuff…”

Aizawa nodded his head. He didn’t ask any more questions on the subject. It probably brought up some memories Katsuki’d rather not think about. To distract Katsuki from any unpleasant thoughts, Aizawa sped up to the furniture store.

Once walking through the entrance of the store, Aizawa said, “You pick out your stuff again.”

Katsuki looked upward at Aizawa. He seemed to be doing better than moments ago, smiling his usual cheeky grin. He then pulled Aizawa along once more. He was really liking being in charge of picking out his own things.

Picking out things in the furniture store was faster than when they were picking out clothes in the clothing store. Katsuki picked out his futon rather quickly. Surprisingly, it wasn’t All Might themed, but explosion pop art patterned. Not that Aizawa complained. He’d rather not have his colleague’s face next to him every night. And while they were in the store, Aizawa was sure to pick up some extra things: another dresser for all the new clothes and a step stool. Heaven knew how handy that would be with Katsuki so small.

“I’m not small!” Katsuki huffed when the two of them went to pay. “I’m big and tall! My Onee-chans said so themselves!”

“Mnhmm,” Aizawa hummed as he finished up signing some papers. The dresser was to be delivered by the end of the day. “Sure, says the kid who couldn’t reach his clothes this morning.” Katsuki huffed up even more, but Aizawa only ruffled his hair. “I’m sure you’ll actually be big and tall someday. Wait 10 years.”

Katsuki’s face scrunched up in anger, turning away and crossing his arms. He couldn’t argue that that had happened that morning, so the 4-year-old settled for giving Aizawa the cold shoulder. His plan didn’t work well.

After finishing checking out, Aizawa went on his way. He ignored Katsuki’s little temper tantrum with a yawn. Shopping was too much work.

Seeing Aizawa leaving him, Katsuki began to fidget. He anxiously rocked left and right before finally chasing after Aizawa. “Oi!” He grabbed the pro hero’s hand once more. “Dumb old fart…”
“Grouchy little brat.”

Katsuki shot a glare up at Aizawa. Aizawa smiled smugly down at Katsuki. They seemed to get along rather well.

Aizawa decided the next best course of action was to grab dinner nearby. Katsuki was beginning to get hungry if the kid’s growling stomach was any indicator, and Aizawa didn’t have to bother with making food for them again. It was a win-win situation.

Aizawa ended up picking where they ate. He originally allowed Katsuki to pick once again, but every place he pointed to when they walked the early evening streets were bars. Aizawa gave him a look every time. Seriously. What was with the kid and bars? They settled for an okonomiya place; Japanese pancakes.

The two of them were seated quickly upon entering. It also didn’t take long for them to order and be given the ingredients to do it themselves at the grill. It allowed Katsuki to get a smaller serving just right for a child like him. Though, it didn’t look like Katsuki needed a smaller portion with how much he ate.

“How are you not choking on your food?” Aizawa asked, after having witnessed how fast the child ate.

Katsuki finished chewing and swallowed his food before answering, “By not being an idiot.”

“You and that mouth of yours,” Aizawa halfhearted scolded. It made Katsuki laugh, which in turn made Aizawa crack a smile. Aizawa then found himself wiping the sauce off Katsuki’s face with a napkin. Little kid plus larger portions plus speed eater equaled messy face.

“Does this mean you liked the food?” Aizawa asked after he finished cleaning Katsuki’s childish face.

“I don’t not like it,” Katsuki answered, sipping his water. “You?”

“Same,” Aizawa responded.

By the time they finished dinner, early evening had turned into later evening. Finally, it was time to head home. And after a quick stop to a nearby grocery store for food to fill the fridge with, they were on their way to the apartment. They returned with handfuls of bags, Katsuki even holding the lighter loads.

When they returned to the apartment complex, there were two movers from the furniture store waiting for them. They had just arrived themselves with the dresser moments before Aizawa and Katsuki appeared. It didn’t take long for the movers to bring the dresser into the apartment, going in and out in a matter of minutes. Within those minutes, Aizawa put the groceries away. Katsuki also helped with what he could.

“I’m tired,” little Katsuki whined after all the work was done, plopping onto the tatami floor. It was such a long day.

“You barely did anything,” Aizawa said as he put Katsuki’s new clothes away into the new dresser.

“I did stuff!” Katsuki fumed, turning to Aizawa with another angered face.

“You held the bag while I put the food away.”
“See, I did do something.”

Aizawa turned to Katsuki with a pointed look. “Fine, whatever. Start the bath, would you.”

Katsuki stood. He ran over to the bathroom. “‘Kay.”

Aizawa listened to the start of the running water, picking out a set of sleepwear for both him and Katsuki. It was odd to him how quickly they had gotten used to each other’s presence. It had only been a day. Well, he supposed they would have to sooner or later anyway. Sooner would be better.

Aizawa went to help wash Katsuki up before cleaning up himself. They then enjoyed a relaxing soak in the tub. It really was the only time the both of them weren’t annoyed with the world. They even managed a decent conversation.

“So does your Quirk just take away anybody’s Quirk?” Katsuki asked curiously.

“Pretty much. Yeah.”

“Does that mean you can stop everyone’s you’re up against Quirks?”

“If I can see them, and with certain Quirks.”

“How?”

“I have to keep my eyes on the person for it to work. I can’t even blink.”

Katsuki cooed in amazement. “Is that what your goggles are for?”

“Yeah.”

“And why your eyes are always so red and dead looking?”

Aizawa gave Katsuki another pointed look, but the child only stared back curiously. It was an honest question, not meant to offend. Katsuki didn’t even realize the added insult, so Aizawa couldn’t be entirely mad.

“Yeah,” Aizawa grumbled. He then stood. “Okay, that’s enough questions.”

Aizawa went to dry himself off and get himself dressed first before helping Katsuki. He wrapped one towel around Katsuki first so the 4-year-old wouldn’t get cold as the hero dried his hair. Aizawa ruffled Katsuki’s hair with a second towel. When Aizawa pulled off the towel, Katsuki’s hair fluffed up even more than usual.

Aizawa stared at the fluffy hair.

“What?” Katsuki asked suspiciously, eyes narrowing.

Aizawa only grabbed Katsuki’s pajama top and pulled it over the boy’s head. “Nothing.”

Katsuki struggled against the surprise suffocation from the shirt before managing to pop his head through the neck hole. He let out a small gasp once poofing through.

Finally, it was time to hit the sack.

Aizawa went ahead and set up both his futon and Katsuki’s brand new one. The second Aizawa laid out Katsuki’s, the boy flopped right onto it with a childish giggle. He rolled around on top of the new
futon, clearly happy about having his own.

“Come on. Quit screwing around,” Aizawa halfheartedly scolded. He turned off the light, the only thing keeping the one-room apartment barely lit was the few street lamps outside. He tuck himself in. “Sleep.”

It seemed Aizawa didn’t have to tell Katsuki twice. Katsuki let out a tired yawn, already tucking himself in as well. He pulled his covers past his shoulders. At the lack of sound and movement, Aizawa assumed Katsuki was out.

Aizawa had watched Katsuki get himself comfortable. Only after it seemed Katsuki fell asleep did Aizawa finally get himself comfortable. He rolled onto his side with his back facing Katsuki. He closed his eyes and let his drowsiness take his consciousness away. However, quiet shuffling didn’t let him fall asleep right away. Aizawa continued to keep his eyes shut. He ignored the shuffling, figuring it was just Katsuki trying to find a comfortable spot. Well, he wasn’t wrong.

Aizawa’s eyes shot open when he felt something touch his back. Confused, he shifted a bit to look over his shoulder. There Katsuki was, right next to him. Sure the kid was beside him before with their futons close together, but now he was laying with his back against his. Aizawa knew Katsuki didn’t just happen to roll over or anything. The kid’s pillow and covers were brought with him. Even so, Aizawa wasn’t all that bothered. Katsuki was for sure asleep if his heavy breathing was any indicator. If the kid slept fine, then Aizawa could let it slide. He resituated himself back into his comfortable spot and closed his eyes once more. The last thing he felt was the rise and fall of Katsuki’s breathing against his back before finally slipping into sleep.

Chapter End Notes

fluffy pompom kacchan XuX again, hope this chapter was enjoyable!! if it was, let me know if you could! sweet comments give me life QuQ or talk to me @arcs-and-blah! thank you again for reading!!! see you in chapter 3!!
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Aizawa's days are mostly filled with silence with him and Katsuki both more on the quiet don't-bug-me side. Mostly. There are always those days when a certain booming voice comes breaking into his apartment. And this time, said booming voice comes breaking in with the current word on the street.

Chapter Notes

i feel like i'm gonna end up saying this every chapter, but i don't care! you all deserve it!! thank you everyone who left sweet sweet comments!! i swear by the end of this whole chaptery fic, my eyes will be dead bc i cried so much with happy tears at them all!

this beta'd by my dear @robogill! please thank him as well!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Over a week had passed since the night at the port. In that short time, Aizawa learned more and more about little Katsuki. For one, he was a pretty fussy eater. Two, he spent a lot of time out on the balcony whenever the weather was nice. Three, when he wasn’t being a smart mouth little brat and was left alone, he was very quiet. Like that afternoon.

Silence filled the apartment save for the small TV turned to the news. Aizawa was doing his paperwork from Yuuei on the kitchen counter. Katsuki was drawing on the low table in the living room while occasionally glancing up at the TV. It was peaceful. A calm before the storm. A storm that was known for his booming noise.

Loud and hasty footsteps sounded from outside the apartment. Both Aizawa and Katsuki simply ignored it since it happened occasionally from neighbors, but the door swinging open did catch their attention.

“Eraserhead!” cried the man at the door—Yamada Hizashi, aka Present Mic.

Aizawa was not fazed by his colleague whatsoever, already used to the other hero. However, he did notice Katsuki in the corner of his eyes covering his ears. “Mic, can you not yell? And stop barging into my apartment.”

“First off, I have a key, so it’s not barging in,” Present Mic started, showing the key he had no doubt swiped from Aizawa. He pocketed it before Aizawa could snatch it back. “Secondly, there’s a rumor going around about you.”

Aizawa’s eyes narrowed. He hated being the center of attention and always kept in the shadows, so there was no such thing as rumors when it came to him. How could there be a rumor now? And of what?
“Word on the street is that you have a kid—”

Oh.

“—but I knew that was impossible. I mean, come on. How in the world—”

Present Mic cut himself off, which Aizawa was thankful for. Aizawa then noticed that Present Mic’s line of sight was somewhere else. He followed the other’s eyes. There Katsuki was, peeking around the corner at who was yelling at the door. For once, Present Mic was speechless.

“Mic, this is Katsuki,” Aizawa introduced. “Katsuki, Mic.”

“Katsuki…” Present Mic repeated unsurely. Katsuki shot him one of the kid’s signature glares, otherwise ignoring the hero and scampering back to the table. The volume of the TV suspiciously grew louder.

“Cute kid, huh?” Aizawa sarcastically asked.

“Eraserhead, could I talk to you for a minute?”

Despite Present Mic asking to talk to Aizawa, Aizawa knew he didn’t have much of a choice. His colleague was already standing in his kitchen. With a sigh, he stood from his chair and went over to his fellow hero.

“What?”

“Don’t ‘what’ me,” Present Mic huffed. “Since when did you have a kid? He just showed up at your doorsteps, didn’t he? Oh my god, I never thought you’d be the one with an illegitimate child.”

“Mic, shut up,” Aizawa intervened Present Mic’s ranting. “He’s not my kid. He’s just a kid who’s living with me.”

Present Mic’s brows furrowed in confusion. “Then whose kid is he?”

“What do you mean? You were there—” Now it was Aizawa’s turn to cut himself off. That’s right. Present Mic had left the ports before he found Katsuki. “Right…” Aizawa sighed. “He was at the warehouse that night when we busted the Quirk enhancing drug operation.”

Present Mic’s eyes widened. “He’s the kid of someone we arrested? But why would he be brought along?”

“It wasn’t just someone we arrested; he’s the drug lord’s kid.”

Present Mic’s eyes went so wide at his nonchalant answer that Aizawa was surprised they didn’t fall out his head.

“Why!?"

“He was going to be thrown in an orphanage.”

“Okay I guess that wouldn’t be good for a kid like him, but why do you have him?”

Present Mic’s tone on his last question irked Aizawa. He chose not to answer, done with the conversation. Didn’t mean Mic wasn’t. Present Mic had many questions as to how Aizawa was going to look after a kid: education, proper nutrition, exposure to other kids, general kid stuff that Present Mic could not picture Aizawa handling. He barely did much for the teenagers in his class,
even if they could already properly take care of themselves. Or, at least better than a 4-year-old.

“Shut up,” Aizawa hissed when he had enough, scarves riling up. It calmed a moment later. “It’s not like you can do any better.” He and Katsuki were taking it day by day, and so far, everything was alright. Sure, there were some bumps, especially with Katsuki’s temperament, but still alright.

Present Mic sighed. Well, it wasn’t like anything would change if he kept up with the questions and doubt. And he knew his friend was capable of a lot. “Well, since it’s you, I guess you can manage it,” Present Mic said. “But don’t hesitate to call on me if you need help. I’m great with kids!”

Aizawa didn’t think much about that stretched truth. He watched as Present Mic rounded the corner to the living room where Katsuki was. Present Mic sat down beside the low table, successfully gaining Katsuki attention.

“Hey there, kid,” Present Mic began. “So, the name’s Katsuki, huh?”

Katsuki glared warily. “Maybe. What’s it to you?”

Present Mic was slightly taken aback by Katsuki’s response, but quickly brushed it off. “I just wanted to know the name of the tough little guy who’s actually able to live with that grump over there.”

Aizawa growled out from behind ‘oi,’ though it was ignored compared to Katsuki’s giggling.

“It’s nothing I can’t handle,” Katsuki said, finally giving Present Mic his bright smile. Present Mic laughed while Aizawa rolled his eyes.

“I like you, Katsuki,” Present Mic said after calming his laughter. “So, what does your dad do to keep you entertained?”

“Shouta’s not my dad,” Katsuki said nonchalantly instead of answering Present Mic’s question.

Present Mic’s face dropped. “What?” He glanced back at Aizawa for a moment. The other wasn’t fazed. “But he’s taking care of you and you’re living with each other. What is he then?”

Katsuki shrugged. “Shouta’s Shouta. And it’s more like I’m taking care of him. And we play cards sometimes.”

“Alright, how about you pull out a deck while I talk to… Shouta over there for a sec.”

Katsuki nodded. He scrambled to his dresser, pulling out the bottom drawer. Meanwhile, Present Mic stood and went back to Aizawa. He simply gestured to Katsuki, whose back was to the adults.

“I told you he’s not my kid,” Aizawa deadpanned.

“Well you didn’t mention not being his new dad!” Present Mic hissed so he wouldn’t catch Katsuki’s attention.

“It was a given.”

“No, it wasn’t!”

“Mic-ji-san! Hurry up!” Katsuki called impatiently from the living room. He had already sorted out the cards.

“I’m coming, I’m coming!” Present Mic called, reverting back to his enthusiastic self. Though with
some confusion when he noticed Aizawa pulling out his wallet.

Aizawa handed Present Mic five 100-yen coins. “Here. First 500’s on me.”

Present Mic grew even more confused, giving his colleague a look while returning to Katsuki. However, he understood what the yen was for the moment he sat down. Still, his bewilderment didn’t fade. Five cards each were placed in front of Present Mic and Katsuki. That seemed normal enough for, say, Go Fish. But beside Katsuki sat a cute little jelly container, free of jelly snacks yet filled with a suspicious amount of cash.

“Chip in,” Katsuki said as he unscrewed the lid of his container-piggy bank. He pulled out 200 yen, placing it on the table.

Present Mic placed the same amount on the table. Though he was complying, his bewildered face didn’t change. “Are we playing Poker?”

“No, we’re playing Crazy Eights,” Katsuki answered sarcastically, already looking at his cards. “Check.”

Present Mic took a look at his own cards. He brushed off the bewilderment for now. He threw in 200 more yen. “Raise.”

Katsuki kept his face straight as he pulled out 200 yen from his piggybank. “I call it.”

Katsuki drew two new cards, Present Mic one. They stared each other down. Katsuki raised the pot. Present Mic raised it a bit more. The pot kept going up bit by bit until Present Mic remembered he was playing against a 4-year-old. He immediately reprimanded himself after the realization. There was no way he could take some kid’s money. So, at Katsuki’s next raise, Present Mic called it. Well, he could always just give the money back. Perhaps this could serve as a lesson for Katsuki to not gamble.

It was time for the big reveal. Present Mic showed his cards first. Three 9s and two 2s. “Sorry, kid. Full house. You know, gambling’s actually really ba—”

Katsuki threw down his cards. “Straight flush.” All hearts, 3 to 7.

And in an instant, Present Mic forgot about his prior resolve. He shot up onto his knees, hands slammed down on the table as he gaped at Katsuki’s hand. With his booming voice, he exclaimed, “What!”

Katsuki payed Present Mic no mind, simply sweeping his winnings into his childish piggybank. He had the smuggest look on his face as his mouth showed a toothy smile. “Thank you, Mic-ji-san!”

Present Mic continued gaping in disbelief. Aizawa, who joined the two of them at the low table, consoled him with a hand on his shoulder.

“You—! Did you mess with the deck when I wasn’t looking!?”

“Oi, I don’t cheat,” Katsuki huffed, capping his piggybank. He was clearly offended by Present Mic’s claim. “I won because I’m the best!”

“It’s Poker! It’s all luck!” Present Mic couldn’t accept such a hard loss. “We’re going again!” He pushed all the cards over to Aizawa. “Eraserhead, deal us!”

And just like that, Present Mic lost Aizawa’s sympathy. He sighed, dealing anyways. “Don’t go
overboard.” It was unclear if Aizawa was speaking to Present Mic or Katsuki.

The two of them played one game after another. Overtime, Katsuki’s piggybank grew. Sure, there were some rounds Present Mic won the pot, but the earnings weren’t much. Katsuki knew when to fold without losing much (though each time was not happy about folding). The more they played, the more Present Mic slowly grew frustrated. Because of that, it became easier for Katsuki to read the pro hero. The kid began winning with bluffs as well as calling out any of Present Mic’s. Though the one with everything going downhill was Present Mic, Aizawa was the one who had had enough and ended it all.

Aizawa dropped his hand in the center of the table after their last round. Another Katsuki win. “Alright, this has gone on long enough. We’re done.” Aizawa gave sharp looks to both Katsuki and Present Mic to shut down any complaints. However, it was clear there weren’t going to be any.

Katsuki was happily putting his now heavier piggybank back into his drawer while Present Mic was dead on the ground. Katsuki gained a total of 7500 yen. Present Mic lost nearly all the cash in his wallet.

“Thank you, Mic-ji-san!” Katsuki said cheerfully again. The wins no doubt went straight to his 4-year-old ego.

Present Mic, still half dead, picked himself up enough to plop his head on the table facing Aizawa. “Eraserhead… Why?”

“He said there were guys at that broker bar who taught him,” Aizawa answered, recalling when he played with Katsuki a few days ago.

Present Mic shot up again, pissed. “You know, it’d be nice if once in a while you would sometimes mention the kid I’m playing with learned from poker sharks!”

Aizawa ignored Present Mic. And, apparently, so did Katsuki.

After putting his stuff away, Katsuki ran over to Aizawa, shaking his shoulder a bit. “Shouta, I’m hungry.”

“And what do you want me to do about it?” Aizawa responded.

Katsuki angrily pouted. Aizawa only snorted softly, ruffling the boy’s fluffy hair.

“There’s already sliced apples in the fridge.”

“Can I put peanut butter on them?”

“Knock yourself out.”

“Yes,” Katsuki cheered, scampering off to the kitchen.

Aizawa watched Katsuki first get his stepstool before the kid was out of sight behind the corner. He didn’t realize the face he was making until Present Mic poked his cheek.

“Aww, you’re smiling, Mr. Softy~” Present Mic teased. Well, Aizawa was sort of smiling. The corner of his mouth just went up a tiny bit. Sadly, the smile was short lived when Aizawa shot Present Mic a pointed glare. Present Mic payed it no mind. “Hey, I’m sure you’ll be fine and all with Katsuki, but kids are a huge responsibility, you know?”
“Yeah.”

“Plus, it’s just you. You’re a single dad.”

“Quit calling me a dad.”

“Don’t deny it; half the staff already call you that with how you take care of this year’s freshmen, don’t they?”

“They what?”

Present Mic froze. Oh right. Aizawa didn’t know about that…

Present Mic faked a cough, moving on. “Anyway. How long has he been here anyways? It couldn’t have been that long, but he seemed to have adapted perfectly fine. And you’re actually taking care of him, right? And not the just bare minimum like I know you do.”

“We’re fine,” Aizawa said one last time, getting sick of the doubt and questions. Of course he wasn’t going with the bare minimum. Even if Aizawa tried to, there was no way Katsuki would have it. The boy wasn’t entirely wrong when he said he was taking care of Aizawa. “So quit being concerned or I’m kicking you out.”

Present Mic held his hands up, surrendering. Aizawa had kicked him out before, so Present Mic wasn’t gonna risk it today. “Okay, okay.” He put his hands back down. “But one more thing.”

Aizawa groaned.

Present Mic didn’t care. “Katsuki’s a villain’s kid. And not just any villain either. Doesn’t that concern you?”

“You really think some left-over lackey is going to get past me to get him?” Aizawa rhetorically asked.

“I’m not talking about that.”

It quickly sunk into Aizawa what Present Mic meant.

“Mic, he’s a normal, good kid.”

“You know, ‘normal’ isn’t the best word to describe his situation.”

“Well that’s not going to stop me from treating him normal.”

“Treating who normal?”

Aizawa and Present Mic instantly halted their disagreement when Katsuki came back. The kid plopped down with his plate of apples. It didn’t seem like he heard anything prior to Aizawa’s last few words.

Katsuki pushed the plate towards the middle of table. “Want some, Shouta?” he politely asked because sharing was a thing and he was a good boy. Only, he slowly pulled the plate back as he drawled out his next words, “Oh yeah, you don’t like peanut butter. I’ll just finish this by myself.” The plate ended up right in front of Katsuki and his innocent smile. Neither adult bought the innocence. But that didn’t stop Present Mic from laughing.

“I take back the ‘good’ part; he’s more a brat,” Aizawa said to Present Mic despite him still laughing.
Katsuki stuck his tongue out at Aizawa.

Present Mic stood after he calmed down. Katsuki was just a normal kid. He really was overthinking everything. “Whelp, I think I need to head out. Music’s not gonna broadcast itself.” He headed for the door only after swiping one of Katsuki’s apples.

“Oi!” Katsuki yelled, peeved.

“Call if you need help! I’ll stop by once in a while!” Present Mic called from the entrance.

“Please don’t,” Aizawa responded. Though, he figured he was ignored, hearing the door close. Present Mic always showed up randomly anyway. Aizawa sighed.

After staring at the empty space Present Mic was previously occupying, Aizawa turned back to Katsuki. The boy had been doing the same before turning to Aizawa himself. His brows were furrowed, irked about Present Mic stealing one of his apple slices.

Katsuki looked down at his snack silently. His eyes moved up to glance at Aizawa for a second before going back to the apples. There was a minute change in Katsuki’s annoyed pouting. Wordlessly, he picked up two of the apple slices, one in each hand, and began scraping the peanut butter off one and onto the other. Once one of the apple slices was cleared of peanut butter, Katsuki held it out for Aizawa. “You can have one.”

Aizawa broke another smile with a silent snort. He took the offered slice. “Thanks.”

Present Mic showing up out of nowhere was toiling on Aizawa’s energy. After eating the apple Katsuki shared with him, he plopped over, laying on his side. Katsuki started at Aizawa, continuing to eat. Aizawa’s random naps were one of the first things Katsuki grew used to. That was why, once he finished his snack, Katsuki pulled out a blanket from the closet and threw it over Aizawa. He also put a pillow next to Aizawa if he woke up for a minute. Afterwards, Katsuki headed out to the balcony with a few of his things: paper, crayons, and a hard-covered book to draw on. He really did like being out on the balcony. Plus, Katsuki could still have light while drawing the curtains for Aizawa to sleep in a dark space.

Hours had passed and Aizawa was able to sleep undisturbed throughout that time. Katsuki, on the other hand, couldn’t keep drawing the entire time.

When Aizawa finally awoke, the time was early evening. He scanned the small apartment briefly, realizing Katsuki wasn’t there. Aizawa then turned to the balcony door. Yep, the boy was there, judging by the silhouette shown through the curtains.

Aizawa stood and walked over to the balcony. When he pulled the curtains aside, he couldn’t help but let out a soft snort, cracking another smile. He’d been doing that a lot more lately, but how could anybody not? Katsuki had tuckered himself out by drawing, curled up asleep. The kid probably planned on just resting a bit but ended up falling asleep.

Aizawa picked up the sleeping child. Katsuki stirred for a second, but didn’t wake up. “Come on, kid. Don’t make a habit of sleeping out on the terrace.” No response. Not that he was expecting one.

One-handedly, Aizawa cleaned up the living space. Granted, he should’ve cleaned up before picking Katsuki up, but whatever. Katsuki was light enough to be held with one arm. So, Aizawa tipped the table back upright and grabbed Katsuki’s futon from the closet, settling for using the pillow and blanket already out when laying the kid back down. Afterwards, he went to collect the things outside.
When Aizawa slid the door open, he noticed that it was already going to be an easy clean. Katsuki had tucked all his papers into the book to keep it from flying away. So that just left the crayons Aizawa haphazardly shoved into their crayon box.

Curious, Aizawa checked out Katsuki’s drawings as he went back inside. They sucked, but hey, they were drawn by a 4-year-old. And Aizawa managed to figure out what Katsuki was drawing. There was a lot of what Aizawa assumed was All Might, judging from the person that looked like they had yellow rabbit ears. There were a lot of heroic scenes with x-eyed villains on the ground. Though the majority were of All Might, Katsuki had drawn other things. Like one of Present Mic. Aizawa knew if said hero found out that Katsuki drew him, he’d flip. Next were of some girls, probably those ‘Onee-chan’ Katsuki talked fondly about occasionally. And finally, one of Aizawa. What stood out to him the most in that drawing was the giant frown. There was no way he would admit it, but Aizawa felt touched.

Aizawa closed the book holding Katsuki’s drawings, setting it on top of the boy’s dresser. Aizawa figured he should start making dinner for when Katsuki woke up. Heading into the kitchen, the pro hero also thought about getting Katsuki a little perforated sketchbook. That way, his papers wouldn’t be all over the place and he could tear out the drawings if he wanted.

With his thoughts on sketchbooks and dinner, Aizawa barely registered his phone ringing. He had just started the rice cooker when it went off. Recognizing the specific ringtone, he picked up his phone. Hero work.

Aizawa answered his phone. It wasn’t like he could ignore it. It was the same old process of saying they needed him on some case and Aizawa would just go with it. The sooner he started, the sooner he’d finish. However, that was before, when all he needed to care for was himself.

Only partly listening, Aizawa turned to Katsuki. The kid barely moved a muscle. What was Aizawa supposed to do now? He was called for hero work. But Katsuki was only four, and asleep. Aizawa didn’t feel right about waking him up. Should he ask a neighbor to keep an eye on him? But… Aizawa rarely even made eye contact with his neighbors, let alone talked to them. On the other hand, Katsuki was asleep. Perhaps Aizawa could leave and finish his hero work before the boy woke up. And if he heard right, the caller said it wouldn’t be too long. Aizawa finally decided to go. As it was said, it shouldn’t take long.

Aizawa let the caller know he was on his way before hanging up the phone. He checked over his shoulder once more at Katsuki. Katsuki should be fine. Aizawa then turned back to the rice cooker. If he left it plugged in, the machine would keep the rice warm, even after it finished cooking.

Aizawa quickly went to get his shoes on. ‘Quick job… Quick job…” he inwardly repeated like a mantra. One last look before he was out the door.

Quick job. Quick job. Quick job. Only, there was no such thing as a quick job when it came to Aizawa’s hero work. One job turned into another as something came up due to the incident of the first job. There was nothing quick about the surprise part two. By the time everything wrapped up, it was dark and Aizawa was rushing back to his apartment where Katsuki was left alone.

Back at the apartment, Katsuki had woken up to an empty room an hour or so after Aizawa left. Katsuki went to look for Aizawa, which wasn’t a long task with the apartment being really only one room. He checked the bathroom, the kitchen, and even the balcony. Aizawa was still nowhere to be found.

Uncertainty began to grow in the pit of Katsuki’s stomach. He then went to the door, finally noticing Aizawa’s missing shoes. Well, that only confirmed that he went out. But still. Where, why, and how
long?

Nervously, Katsuki fidgeted with the hem of his shirt. The boy paced back and forth between the entry way to the end of the kitchen area. He then noticed the light on the rice cooker. He thought about how Aizawa was probably making dinner before he walked out some unknown time ago. Well, it was around dinner time. Katsuki figured Aizawa should be home soon for dinner. So, he went back to the living room and sat down, waiting.

And waited. And waited. And waited. So much time had passed that evening with Katsuki at the apartment, waiting.

Aizawa finally reached his apartment building. He wasted no time going up the stairs to his floor. And with a few more seconds, Aizawa was opening his front door.

A single light was on when Aizawa came in. All the lights were off before. With that, Aizawa knew Katsuki had woken up. By himself.

Aizawa took off his shoes. He made his way to the living room. Upon rounding the corner, Aizawa found Katsuki like he knew he would, but not how he expected.

The low table was set up close to the threshold between the living room and the kitchen. On one side of it was Katsuki, sleeping once more with his head resting in his arms on the surface of the table. On the other side was a bowl of rice and a plate of fried eggs. The eggs looked a little haphazardly rolled, but not bad.

Curious, Aizawa took a peek into the kitchen. He spotted a few dishes in the sink that weren’t there before as well as a pan on the stove. Katsuki made dinner. Granted it was only fried eggs, but still. The kid no doubt had to hop onto the kitchen counter beside the stove to use it, too. Aizawa was going to need to talk to the boy about safety, but that was for later. Now, he was busy heading over to the low table.

Aizawa stared down at the dinner set up before him as he sat down. He picked up the chopsticks Katsuki had even laid out for him along with the bowl of rice. He mumbled his thanks for the meal before trying out the food. It… wasn’t bad. It wasn’t great either, but not bad. Aizawa could tell Katsuki just straight up fried an egg without any seasoning. Perhaps that was what the little jar of seaweed and fish flakes mix sitting suspiciously on the counter was for. Despite the lack of seasoning, Aizawa continued to eat without a problem. By the time Aizawa was about finished, Katsuki began to stir and wake up.

Katsuki’s eyes started blinking awake. Groggily, he pulled himself up into an upright sitting position, rubbing his tired eyes. He hummed softly in his dazed state before finally noticing Aizawa. When seeing the pro hero casually sitting in front of him, Katsuki’s eyes widened. He shot up, standing on his knees as he slammed the top of the table with both hands in shock.

“Hey,” Aizawa said with his mouth still full. He swallowed. “You know, you shouldn’t sleep like that. It’s bad for your back and neck.”

Aizawa’s nonchalant tone was all it took to switch Katsuki’s shock to rage. “Where the hell did you go!?” Aizawa opened his mouth to answer, but Katsuki cut him off. He stood, turning his back to Aizawa with arms crossed. “No, I’m not gonna listen to you!”

“Aw, were you worried?” Aizawa baited. Katsuki noticeably twitched at his words. “I was called out for hero stuff,” Aizawa honestly answered. “I thought I’d be back before you even woke up.”
“I wasn’t worried! And I don’t care if you come back or not!” Katsuki shouted, facing Aizawa again. His face was flushed. “You can get hit by a bus for all I care!”

With Katsuki now facing him, Aizawa could more clearly see how upset Katsuki. It was already clear the kid was angry with him, but that wasn’t all. Unable to control his emotions, Katsuki’s eyes watered with tears building up. The boy’s eyes were red. Aizawa didn’t pay much attention to Katsuki’s face before, but he wished he did so he’d know if his eyes were red from before or were only turning red now. Were these new tears or was Katsuki crying when Aizawa left without a word?

Aizawa sighed. Katsuki had every right to be mad at him. He was a real asshole making such an asshole move.

Instinctively, Aizawa reached out his hand to ruffle Katsuki’s hair to comfort him. Katsuki pulled away before he was touched. Well. Aizawa figured that would happen. Still hurt a bit though, not that he was allowed to complain.

Aizawa pulled his arm back. “Alright, I’m sorry,” he legitimately apologized, voice still fairly monotonous though. “I didn’t mean to make you scared—”

“I wasn’t scared!”

“—or leave without saying anything. Again.” Aizawa let out another sigh, muttering under his breath, “Guess I should fix that…” Katsuki managed to hear him. However, it did make the kid drop his tense shoulders. “From now on, I’ll let you know if I have to leave because of hero stuff or anything.”

Katsuki dropped his crossed arms. “Promise…?”

Aizawa reached out again to ruffle Katsuki’s hair. The boy let him this time. “Promise.”

Katsuki couldn’t help but quietly let out a childish giggle when getting his hair ruffled. And the laughter was contagious, making Aizawa crack a small smile.

Aizawa pulled back his arm again. He placed his other hand on his shoulder, holding it as he rotated his arm. It was still tense from fighting before. “Hey, Katsuki, mind starting the bath?”

Katsuki made a face, back to his bratty self. “Why do I have to do everything?” he whined. Despite his whining, he still trotted over to the bathroom.

“Because you’re living here rent free,” Aizawa answered without really meaning it. He stood and took the finished dishes over to the sink. He then noticed Katsuki pop his head out the bathroom door in the corner of his eye. When Aizawa turned to see what was up, Katsuki stuck his tongue out a him. After delivering his message, the boy popped back inside the bathroom. Aizawa only rolled his eyes.

It didn’t take long for Katsuki to pop back out the bathroom again, calling, “It’s done!”

Aizawa was just finishing up the dishes himself. “Thanks.”

Aizawa was finally able to relax his tense muscles and relax in general. Even with Katsuki in the bath with him and bothering him with questions. Well, not really bothering with the questions, but Aizawa did prefer silence.

“So, did you win?” Katsuki asked.

“You must’ve won. Heroes always win! That’s why they’re so cool! Those bad guys ran away like bugs, huh?”

Katsuki went on and on about why he thought heroes were the coolest. At four years old, Katsuki idolized heroes and saw no faults with them. Aizawa interestingly nodded along, listening. A part of him was amazed at how the child viewed heroism. And who was he to burst that innocent idolizing with the harsh truth and reality?

Chapter End Notes

for those who were confused about the piggybank, i was referencing these lil guys, my lil stereotypical asian ass grew up with all sorts of different versions of them. which do you think the lil guy’d have??~~~ also, 7500 yen about $66.30.

comments are always loved! or talk to me on tumblr @arcs-and-blah! or see you at chapter 4!!! thank you!!!
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

It's the end of summer break for Aizawa, which means it's time for him to go back to teaching. That also means it's time for Katsuki's first day of nursery school.

Chapter Notes

thank you all so much!!!! like aahhhh!! every last one of you are absolute sweeties that deserve the world!! okay! official schedule announcement. because of everyone's super nice comments, my confidence in this got a huge boost and i can confidently say that updates will be on mondays and thursdays. i hope that's good with everyone hehehe
don't forget to thank @robogill for editing!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had been about a month since that fateful night at the ports. Katsuki had been living with Aizawa during all that time. No longer was the apartment living space bare and minimalist, but filled with kiddie essentials and other childish things here and there. There were more clear signs that a child was living with Aizawa. Among those 'signs' was a little backpack.

Beep! Beep! Beep!

Aizawa groaned, drowsily reaching for his phone. He had set an alarm for early morning. The first day of the new term for Yuuei was that day, which meant Aizawa was back to waking up before 10 A.M. He had to wake up at seven in the morning; in contrast to waking up at 7:45 like he used to do for work. Now with Katsuki in the picture, Aizawa had to make sure to get the kid ready for nursery school. Extra morning responsibilities meant less sleep.

Aizawa finally picked himself up after turning his alarm off. He patted to his side where Katsuki was usually curled up asleep. “Wake up. Time for school.” Aizawa continued patting, trying to find Katsuki. Finally using his eyes, Aizawa glanced over. Katsuki was actually curled up in his own futon, the covers pulled over his head. Aizawa didn’t think much of it until he felt something damp.

Brows furrowed in confusion, Aizawa pulled back his sheets. Doing so revealed a wet little dark circle on his futon. Aizawa staggered back with a yelp, “What?” His confusion grew even more until Katsuki finally popped out from under the kid’s covers.

“It’s sweat!” Katsuki exclaimed. His shoulders were tense and his cheeks were burning red.

Aizawa silently stared back at Katsuki. When noticing the boy’s tense shoulders and furious blushing, he calmed back down with a sigh. Aizawa wasn’t going to call out Katsuki or anything; he could see that the boy was already distressed by his accidental actions. “Right, just sweat.”

“It is sweat!”
“I’m saying it is too, little brat.”

Katsuki began fidgeting even more, avoiding eye contact. Even though Katsuki wasn’t looking at Aizawa, Aizawa could still see Katsuki perfectly fine. The pro hero could see the angry pout on the kid’s face.

Aizawa really wasn’t upset. To show Katsuki everything was fine, Aizawa stood and calmly said, “All we need to do is wash the covers. No big deal.”

Katsuki still didn’t look Aizawa in the eye. However, even while still pouting, he nodded his head.

Since washing the futon was a bigger job, Aizawa did it on his own. That had taken up time meant for getting ready, but Katsuki stepped up as well. The boy took it upon himself to make their breakfast after getting himself ready for the day. Katsuki was cooking more and more bit by bit ever since that night Aizawa wordlessly left him alone. By the time Aizawa finished hanging the futon to dry out on the balcony as well as getting ready, Katsuki had finished eating breakfast. Aizawa’s share was still sitting on the table top.

As Aizawa was eating, he watched Katsuki mess around more in the kitchen. The boy had out the bento box they bought him back when they went shopping for school supplies as well as a second one Aizawa knew was his but forgot he had. Katsuki had packed the same thing they had for breakfast along with a few things from the fridge. Aizawa liked kids who were independent and all, but even this was a bit much.

Katsuki had just capped the bento when Aizawa finished eating. Aizawa stood to put his dishes in the sink. Katsuki waited beside him, holding out Aizawa’s bento with one hand while the other held his own. The boy still wasn’t looking Aizawa in the eye.

Aizawa took the bento. “Is this lunch?”

Katsuki nodded his head before running to get his backpack. He put his bento in the backpack before returning to Aizawa’s side. Aizawa had done the same with his bento and bag. And finally, they were off. On schedule as well.

It was silent between Aizawa and Katsuki on their walk to Katsuki’s nursery school. That was normal, but what wasn’t was Katsuki’s gaze at his feet. Aizawa looked down at the kid every once in a while. He had a feeling Katsuki’s downward stare wasn’t all because of what happened that morning.

“So, first day of school,” Aizawa said. He felt Katsuki’s grip on his hand tighten a bit. “I’m guessing you’ve never been to nursery school?”

Silence. No answer.

“Right…” Aizawa mumbled. He didn’t understand why we was getting worked up. Silence was good. Silence was wanted. Yet Aizawa couldn’t shake the weird, guilty feeling in his gut. He groaned, inwardly swearing at himself. Fine. The things this kid made him feel and do…

Aizawa stopped walking and let go of Katsuki’s hand. Confused at the stop and release, Katsuki turned upwards to Aizawa. Aizawa had only taken a step back, picking up Katsuki from behind.

“Eh!” Katsuki yelped, but the next thing he knew it, he was sitting atop of Aizawa’s shoulders. Aizawa had begun walking, startling Katsuki into making the boy hold on.

“Your brooding’s making us slow,” Aizawa claimed. “Relax, kid. There’s nothing scary about
nursery school.”

Katsuki was still silent, but began to ease up. “I wasn’t brooding… And I’m not scared…” he muttered.

“Yeah, sure.”

“I’m not!”

Aizawa smiled. There’s the usual bratty Katsuki.

The rest of the walk, Aizawa could sense Katsuki falling into ease. When the nursery building was in view, Katsuki was even struggling to make Aizawa put him down. Aizawa did put Katsuki down before the two of them fell over. Irritated, Aizawa had asked what the hell that was all about. Katsuki only claimed with his usual awfulness that he didn’t want to be seen being embarrassingly carried by him. Katsuki marched with his nose in the air the rest of the way in front of Aizawa as if leading the pro hero. Well, Aizawa was following behind. However, by the time they reached the building, Katsuki noticeably grew irritably uneasy again. Katsuki slowed to a stop in front of the gate to the courtyard. Aizawa stopped with him, patiently waiting for the kid, surprisingly.

At the front of the gate stood a nice nursery school teacher greeting the kids and parents coming in. She perked up when spotting Katsuki and Aizawa standing a bit away. She didn’t recognize the two, so she reasoned they were the new family she read about joining the school. Being the kindhearted teacher she was, she went up to the two.

“Good morning,” the young teacher called when nearing the two.

Aizawa noticed her and gave a measly hand rise as a greeting. Katsuki instinctively got closer to Aizawa, clutching onto his pant leg.

“You must be Aizawa-san,” the teacher said, standing before the two. “I’m Shimizu Hitomi, one of the caretakers here.” Shimizu kneeled down to Katsuki’s height, smiling kindly. “And you must be Katsuki-kun.”

Katsuki shot her a glare, hiding by scooting a bit behind Aizawa.

“Oi, don’t be a brat,” Aizawa said down to Katsuki.

Katsuki looked back up at Aizawa incredulously, sticking his tongue out immediately after.

Shimizu let out an uneasy laugh. “You two must be close.” She stood up again.

Shimizu quickly went through some nursery school basics with Aizawa, such as what activities they would be doing, as well as some little things they usually taught that may or may not have been new to Katsuki. Aizawa only nodded along, only half paying attention. When Shimizu was done speaking with Aizawa, she directed her attention back to Katsuki.

“Alright, Katsuki-kun. Ready to meet the others?”

Katsuki was still quiet and glaring, but came out of partial hiding. Shimizu held out her hand for him, but the boy only continued holding onto his backpack straps. This made the teacher awkwardly take it back.

Only taking a few steps forward, Katsuki glanced back at Aizawa again. Aizawa recognized the look on his face. Katsuki wanted to say something, but his pride wouldn’t let him. Just like that first
Aizawa sighed. He then reached out to Katsuki, ruffling the boy’s hair like he usually did. Katsuki let out a little whine at this, but that didn’t stop Aizawa. “I thought you weren’t worried or scared,” he teased.

“I’m not!” Katsuki fumed.

“Good. Because there’s no need to be.” Aizawa finally pulled back his hand. “I’m not gonna leave you here forever.”

Katsuki face wasn’t glaring or angry. He only looked up at Aizawa with his large eyes. “… Promise?”

“Promise.”

Katsuki finally cracked a smile. Now that he was reassured, he was no longer overly anxious. Shimizu was finally able to take Katsuki inside. This time when Katsuki turned back to Aizawa, it was to wave goodbye.

Aizawa rose his hand once again, this time as a goodbye. He waited until Katsuki was inside before leaving. He checked the time on his phone. Somewhat behind on time, but Aizawa knew he’d make it to his class on time. Besides, wasn’t like much happened during homeroom anyway other than some chaos and a growing headache… Maybe it was alright to come in late…

Nope. Aizawa still made it on time to homeroom. Even if he did walk slower than usual. Yep. Left one bratty kid only to come to 19 more.

Upon entering the classroom, Class 1-A eased some of their talking. Aizawa stepped up to the board and began writing out that day’s lesson. It was a pretty usual class day. They went over what they’d be doing during their hero class and how it was necessary to becoming heroes. They talked about some basics, had some discussions, and then somehow began slacking off into a debate on if a person owned a piece of land, would they own it all the way to the center of the earth; or if a doctor suddenly died while doing surgery, would the other doctors work on the doctor or the patient. By that time, Aizawa quit trying to get the class back on track and opted to sleep in his sleeping bag in the corner.

“Everyone! We need to move on from these absurd topics!” cried Iida, standing in front of the class. It was his job as the class representative to stop everyone from slacking off. “We are here to learn! We cannot continuously get distract—!”

Ring! Ring! Ring!

Dead silence with only the ringing of someone’s phone.

Iida grew more distraught. “Alright, whose is it? Phones are meant to be off and tucked away during class!”

No one said anything. They knew it wasn’t their ringtone. But it still belonged to someone. That someone just wasn’t one of the students.

Aizawa pulled out his phone. It was from the nursery school. He stood from his spot in the corner, making his way out. “I need to take this.”

Iida made an incredulous look as if personally offended that a teacher would ignore the no cellphone
rule. “Sensei!”

Aizawa closed the door behind him.

Finally alone in the quiet hallway, Aizawa answered his phone. “Hello?”

“A-Aizawa-san!”

It was Shimizu.

“I’m so sorry to bother you, b-b-but there’s some, uh, some difficulties here at the nursery. I-involving Katsuki.”

Behind Shimizu’s panicked voice, Aizawa was able to pick up some screams and yelling. He was having a serious case of déjà vu.

“I’m so sorry! You entrusted Katsuki in our care—!”

Crash!

“Sir! Can you please come in!? Right now!?”

Aizawa groaned. Seriously? He left Katsuki with other people for two hours!

“Yeah, be there in 10.”

“Thank you!”

Crash! Crash! Bang!

“…5?”

Aizawa hung up. Serious case of déjà vu.

Aizawa let out another groan. He then turned to open the classroom door, poking his head through the crack. Seeing him, the class quieted and turned their attention to him. “Self-study. I’ll be back.” Before anyone could question him, Aizawa shut the door behind him. Now he was trading 19 kids for his one. Though, he’d rather have the 19 at the moment over whatever trouble Katsuki was causing now.

Before Aizawa could leave the campus, he had to call for some assistance. God how he hated asking for help… Even so, he pulled out his phone again as he hastily made his way. He dialed for a certain someone. It didn’t take long before the other picked up. “Hey, Mic,” a sigh, “is your offer on… assisting with Katsuki still standing?”

Aizawa didn’t say much to Present Mic on the situation. The help he needed didn’t pertain to Katsuki, actually. He just needed Present Mic to cover his class until he got back. Which should not be too long considering Aizawa made it to the nursery school in no time.

As Aizawa was making his way to the building, he noticed all the kids playing outside. Some were on the play set, some running around the courtyard. Katsuki was nowhere to be seen amongst the kids. Aizawa soon figured out why when he went inside. A part of the classroom was pretty much a wreck. Aizawa could safely assume that was where whatever happened with Katsuki occurred.

Aizawa then turned to another part of the classroom, spotting Katsuki covered in scratches and some bandages.
Aizawa walked up to Katsuki. The kid was glaring out the window before he turned to the pro hero. Aizawa wasn’t making much of a face, but Katsuki could tell he wasn’t happy. “What the hell happened to you?”

Katsuki avoided eye contact again. He muttered smugly more to himself with a matching smirk, “You should see the other guys…”

Aizawa managed to pick up Katsuki’s words. He held down a groan, bringing his hand up to pinch the bridge of his nose instead. “Katsuki,” Aizawa sternly said, making the boy go rigid. The little brat knew he was in trouble.

“Aizawa-san.”

Aizawa turned away from Katsuki, meeting face to face with Shimizu and another, older woman. Shimizu had a very concerned look on her face while the older woman’s was more stern.

“We’d like to discuss the incident with you once the other three boys’ mothers arrive.”

Aizawa paused for a moment. He turned down to Katsuki. “Three?”

Katsuki still kept his glaring gaze out the window.

Aizawa and Katsuki were now waiting for the three mothers to appear. While waiting, Aizawa was first brought aside by Shimizu and the old woman he learned was the director. Shimizu did most of the talking, explaining how their nursery didn’t have much toleration for destructive behavior. Aizawa nodded along. Shimizu didn’t say it outright, but Aizawa knew he and Katsuki wouldn’t be coming back for a long while.

It didn’t take long for all three mothers to arrive. The other three boys were brought in as well and Aizawa was able to observe the damage. They were definitely more banged up than Katsuki.

Finally, Aizawa was told what happened by Shimizu and the boys involved. Katsuki included. Apparently, the argument started over a childish thing since the four boys were only children. However, Katsuki and his sharp-ass tongue said some things that resulted in one of the boys shoving him. Knowing Katsuki’s temperament and behavior, Aizawa didn’t even need to be told what happened next. It only took one of the teachers to break up the fight, but they needed two more to keep Katsuki at bay. Hence, the craziness in the background of Aizawa’s call.

After everything was explained, the boys were free to go while the adults finished things up. The three boys went back outside to play. Katsuki went back to his window spot. Instantly, the mothers began verbally attacking Aizawa about Katsuki. It didn’t matter that the boy was still in the room. Shimizu tried to calm the mothers down, but mothers were mothers, overprotective of their children. Aizawa had been a high school teacher for years at Yuuei. A couple of housewives insulting him was nothing, so he just nodded along. It had mostly been about how he ‘raised’ Katsuki, which Aizawa just continued to take in. It’s not like they knew their situation. But when the mothers started verbally attacking Katsuki, that was when the line was crossed.

“If he hurt our sons that badly without a Quirk, imagine what he’d do once his does comes in!”

“That behavior of his is so villain-like, I wouldn’t be surprised if he ended up one when he gets older!”

“That’s exactly right!”

Katsuki noticeably twitched overhearing the moms. His fist balled up, refusing to take what was said.
He instantly stood to defend himself, but Aizawa beat him to it.

“Now hold the hell up,” Aizawa finally spoke up. He may have seemed fairly calm, but he was clearly hella pissed by the claims. “This kid is four and still clearly growing. Who are you to label him as a villain? Also, not once did he deny anything he did and he honestly owned up to it. Does that sound villain-like to you? I don’t know what you three do for a living that trained you how to judge character, but I teach students how to become heroes for a living, and that little brat over there could easily be one of those raw talents in 10 years. If I were you, I’d watch your own little monsters gang up on a kid 3-to-1 before villainizing some other kid.”

Katsuki’s eyes widened at the words Aizawa spoke about him. He had defended him, even going far enough to say he could be a hero. He couldn’t stop looking up at Aizawa in awe. Until a loud slap resonated through the air and Katsuki turned away with a wince. One of the mothers, clearly insultingly offended, slapped Aizawa across the face. Katsuki had been on the receiving end of hundreds of those; he knew full well they weren’t fun.

Throughout the yelling amongst the parents, Shimizu had desperately tried to calm everything down. Even after a brief moment of shock after the slap, she tried to get everything under control. The mothers weren’t hearing it though, all leaving to grab their sons and leave. Aizawa on the other hand calmly thanked Shimizu for her work, apologized for the trouble, and finally went over to Katsuki.

Katsuki, already standing, didn’t say a word when Aizawa approached him.

“Grab your stuff, kid,” Aizawa calmly said. “We’re heading out.”

Silently, Katsuki nodded his head. He quickly went to grab his backpack from the closets before running back to Aizawa. He took his hand and they were on their way.

The two passed by Shimizu on their way out. Aizawa nodded his head at her as they passed. They took a few more steps forward before Katsuki let Aizawa’s hand go. He turned, meeting eyes with Shimizu. He briefly bowed at her before quickly turning back and taking Aizawa’s hand again. Both adults could tell that it was Katsuki’s way of apologizing. And finally, they were out of the building and exited the gates.

Walking in silence, Aizawa thought about their next course of action. That had been the closest nursery school to the apartment and Yuuei, though there were other schools. But Aizawa didn’t want a repeat of what happened that day. What happened was a wake-up call for him on how he handled the whole ‘put Katsuki in school’ situation. Katsuki was still new to being in a non-closed off world; he should be eased in and watched rather than thrown in and hope for the best.

Still thinking about what to do next, Aizawa took Katsuki to a nearby park. Katsuki could keep himself entertained with the empty playground while Aizawa continued to think on the park bench. However, when Aizawa told Katsuki to go play, the boy continued to stay by his side. The boy plopped down onto the bench next to him. Well, if Katsuki didn’t want to play, fine.

Even with Katsuki beside him, Aizawa still expected silence. Silence was what they did. However, Katsuki spoke up.

“Your face is red…”

Aizawa looked down at Katsuki. The boy had his trying-not-to-look-worried face on. He must’ve been thinking about when Aizawa was slapped earlier. Though, Katsuki really shouldn’t. To express that, Aizawa ruffled his hair. “Don’t worry about it. See this?” Aizawa pointed to the scar under his eye. “I got this when my face was smashed in by a villain. That was nothing and neither was that
Katsuki gaped. His prior anxiousness was quickly changing to awe. He turned his whole body towards Aizawa, now sitting on his knees. Eagerly shaking Aizawa’s arm, Katsuki asked, “What happened?”

“A bunch of idiot villains thought they could mess with the school,” Aizawa nonchalantly answered. Despite Aizawa being unenthusiastic, Katsuki was jumping with excitement. So, Aizawa told him what happened at USJ. He even talked about how his students kept their heads up, even after what should’ve been a very traumatic experience.

“They’re still a bunch of immature brats like you, but they hold up,” Aizawa finished. But after his finishing statement, an idea about what to do next came to mind.

“Quit calling me a brat!” Katsuki fumed.

Aizawa ignored Katsuki and stood. “Come on.” He began walking off.

“Wait up!” Katsuki yelled, jumping off the bench and running to take Aizawa’s hand by his side. “Where are we going?”

“School,” Aizawa merely answered.

“Another one?”

“Yeah, but this time, I guarantee the brats there can handle anything you throw at them.”

Katsuki tilted his head in confusion, but Aizawa didn’t think much of it. They only continued on until they reached the school Aizawa was talking about.

Katsuki was once again gaping. Though this time, at the giant walls of the top hero academy in the world.

“Welcome to Yuuei, kid.”

Chapter End Notes

uh quick question for everyone: do people write the school out as Yuuei or U.A.? so. for chapter 5. and i’m really excited for you all to see what goes on for it (/w/) stuff in chapter 5 was originally going to be in this chapter, but things got long so yeah had to split chapter. hope you’ll all stay until next monday for chapter 5!! thank you!!!

feel free to also talk KD or mha in general with me @arcs-and-blah!
Katsuki could barely believe his eyes walking the halls of Yuuei. An actual hero academy. And the best one in the world! At least, that was what the secretary at the front office said when he and Aizawa went to get a visitor’s pass. But still.

“Everything’s so big,” Katsuki breathed, still taking in his surroundings.

“Not really. You’re just small,” Aizawa said. Katsuki’s head instantly snapped towards him with a glare and pout. Aizawa was glad to see Katsuki back to his normal self. He ruffled the boy’s hair. “Come on. You’ve seen enough.”

The two continued through the hallway, the sign for Class 1-A coming up a few doors ahead. “Just stay in the corner and ignore everything,” Aizawa said, siding the door open. “I’m sure that won’t be a problem for you.” Katsuki gave him a curt nod as he and Aizawa went in.

The first thing Katsuki saw inside the classroom was Present Mic at the front. The pro hero turned to him and Aizawa when they opened the door. Present Mic’s eyes widened when he saw Katsuki. “Mic-ji-san,” Katsuki called excitedly, running up to Present Mic.

Present Mic kneeled a bit to Katsuki’s height. “Hey, kid! What’re you doing here?”

“School,” the boy answered nonchalantly before making his way over to the front corner like Aizawa had told him to do a second ago. He left before Present Mic could question him.

Because Present Mic missed his chance to question Katsuki, he turned to Aizawa instead. The bewildered look on his face was a clear indicator that he wanted an explanation. However, Aizawa only pointed his thumb behind him to the door.

“You can go now.”

Present Mic’s face went blank. “Is there something you’d like to say?” he tried.
“Sure. Get out.”

Present Mic grumbled in annoyance, but complied. Still, he shot back as he walked out the door, “Don’t think you’re getting off on this that easy, Eraserhead!” With that, he was gone.

Aizawa payed Present Mic’s last words no mind. He simply opened his lesson planner that was on the front desk. “Alright, today’s lesson…”

Aizawa looked up from his lesson plans, prepared to speak. However, the looks from his students stopped him. “What?”

“Isn’t there something you want to explain to us, Sensei?” asked a bob-haired girl. Jirou.

“I’m trying to get to the lesson, but you all are making weird faces,” Aizawa answered.

Scraping from the legs of a chair sounded through the air. It was from the seat beside Jirou. “Aizawa-sensei? Who’s the kid?” Kaminari asked, getting straight to the point.

“Yeah, yeah! He’s so cute!” the pink girl beside Kaminari squealed. Ashido. Boy, was the second row causing a ruckus at the moment.

“He’s nobody,” Aizawa answered nonchalantly. He looked back down at his lesson plans. “Now—”

“Is he your son?” another student interrupted. Kirishima.

“He doesn’t really look like Sensei,” came from the back row. Satou.

“Sensei!? You have a wife!?” squawked another. Mineta.

“That isn’t right…” mumbled from the boy in front of Mineta. Midoriya. “Aizawa-sensei should still be single.”

“Well, it shouldn’t be surprising for Aizawa-sensei to be in a relationship,” said the ponytailed girl in the back. Yaoyorozu. “He is a grown man.”

“I can’t see it,” deadpanned the boy beside her. Todoroki.

“Silence, everyone!” bellowed Iida from his desk, up on his feet. “I’m sure Aizawa-sensei will clearly explain as to why there is a child in the classroom! Sensei?”

Everyone’s attention was back on Aizawa. Only, he took the chance to continue where he left off. The class wasn’t having it.

“Sensei! You can’t just leave for 90 minutes then come back with a kid!”

“How come you never mentioned a son!?”

“Introductions! We need introductions!”

The classroom was in chaos, yet Aizawa didn’t do much to calm everything down yet. He only glanced to the corner at Katsuki. Katsuki was happily doing as told and ignoring everything. The boy was laying on his stomach, coloring with the supplies in his backpack. Aizawa narrowed his eyes at him. He knew Katsuki hated loud craziness as much as he did. The little twerp was enjoying Aizawa’s pain. Well, two could play at that game.

Aizawa turned back to the class. “Alright, you all win.” This shut everyone up. As well as made
them wary because this was still Aizawa. “Since you all want to know him so bad.”

Aizawa walked over to Katsuki. The boy didn’t have the chance to say anything before the pro hero picked him up by the back of his shirt.

“Oh! Let go, you old fart!” Katsuki yelled, struggling in Aizawa’s hold. Aizawa ignored him, dropping him onto the front table.

“Your problem now,” Aizawa called, heading back to his sleeping bag. It was unknown whether that was for Katsuki or the class.

“Damn old man…” Katsuki grumbled before turning to the class. All eyes were on him. Great. He had to reintroduce himself like that morning at the nursery. He hated it then and he was hating it now. And it was clear how he hated it with his gaze now to the ground.

“Aw, you guys are scaring him!” scorned the floating uniform. Hagakure. The invisible girl stood from her desk and went over to Katsuki. “Hi, sweetie! What’s your name? Mine is Hagakure Tooru.”

Katsuki’s nervous uncertainty instantly changed to confusion. He looked at Hagakure with a questioning look as he examined her. “What the hell?”

Hagakure was taken aback a bit.

Ashido came to Hagakure’s aid, popping up beside her. “She’s just invisible. That’s her Quirk! Like how mine is that I can melt things with acid. Do you have a Quirk? I’m Ashido Mina by the way!”

“I don’t, but when I do, I know it’ll be hella cool!” Katsuki exclaimed.

Kirishima let out a laugh, coming up to the table as well. “That’s the attitude, Sensei Jr!”

“Ew, don’t call me that,” Katsuki said in disgust, scrunching up his face. “It’s Katsuki.”

“We have a name!” Ashido shot out cheerfully. She turned to the rest of the class. “Katsuki! It’s Katsuki!” Ashido quickly turned back around. “How old are you?”

“4.”

Another twirl. “He’s 4!”

“We can hear him,” Kaminari called back with a laugh.

“Well, barely,” Sero said. “You’re all crowding him.”

“I wanna see him!” called from the furthest row. Uraraka. She was skipping over from her seat. Many other students took her lead. Soon, Katsuki was swallowed up in a giant crowd of first years.

Not wanting to get drowned in the swarm, Midoriya quickly moved from his desk. He joined the very few students who didn’t jump at the chance to meet Katsuki. It was him, Jirou, Todoroki, Iida, Asui, and Tokoyami.

“I don’t think we’ll be doing any hero lessons today,” Midoriya sheepishly said with a matching laugh. He could see Aizawa passed out asleep in the corner.

“Not that anyone seems to mind,” Tokoyami said, watching the class coo over their little distraction.
“I mind!” Iida responded. “School is meant for learning. It’s no daycare. We should all get back to the lesson Sensei was planning and back on track. We’ve already slacked off plenty today!”

“Why don’t you split that up then?” Jiro suggested, pointing to the mass. She was only joking, but Iida took it to heart.

“You’re right.”

Iida charged up a bit before bolting to the crowd. He was trying to get everyone to stop, but sadly ended up pulled into the inescapable mass.

“He didn’t stand a chance kero,” Asui said. The others agreed with her, nodding pitifully.

“Do you think he’s alright in there?” Midoriya asked. He was asking about Katsuki. “He’s only a little kid.”

“Definitely not,” Todoroki bluntly answered. Midoriya frowned more at this.

“Here, let me see,” Jirou said. She used one of her earphone jacks to plug into the ground. She listened in on what was going on. “Sounds like he’s calling for some guy named Shouta. He’s really quiet about it though.”

Midoriya perked up. “That’s Aizawa-sensei’s name.” He turned to the mass, worried. “We need to get him out of there.”

Jumping into action, Midoriya quickly came up with a plan with the others. The plan to rescue Katsuki from their fellow classmates only required Tokoyami and Asui’s Quirks. First, Tokoyami would send Dark Shadow over by having it slip through from under everyone’s feet. Dark Shadow would then pop up and startle everyone, giving Asui a brief window to grab Katsuki with her tongue. With little Katsuki in her grasp, Asui pulled him back. When Asui let go, Midoriya was there to safely catch Katsuki.

“I got him!” Midoriya called as Katsuki landed into his arms. He fell back from the impact though, but was kept upright when Todoroki made a little ice wall to fall back on. “Thanks, Todoroki-kun,” Midoriya said before looking down at the child he was holding.

Katsuki’s eyes were clenched shut and his body was curled up. Dark Shadow’s appearance must’ve startled him as well. Then to be suddenly grabbed and yanked away only to be suddenly falling, even if it was for a second. Yeesh…

Midoriya finally spoke reassuringly to Katsuki. “It’s alright. You’re okay now.”

Hesitantly, Katsuki opened one eye. Seeing that he was no longer in the horde of crazy teenagers, he uncurled himself. He finally noticed Midoriya, looking up at the freckled boy with both childish eyes open.

Midoriya sweetly smiled. “You’re fine now. I mean, it wasn’t like any of them would ever hurt you though! They’re all good people! I swear, Kacchan!”

Katsuki’s brows furrowed minutely. Kacchan?

“Aww, you just wanted him for yourself, huh, Midoriya-kun?” Uraraka pouted, gaining Midoriya’s attention.

“N-no! That’s not it!” Midoriya stuttered. He started explaining his actions, though his voice was
tapering as he spoke. His cheeks turned red. “H-he just looked… like… he needed help…”

Katsuki’s brows furrowed more at this, crossed this time. He punched Midoriya right in the chest, successfully freeing himself when Midoriya fumbled. Sadly, Katsuki only got two steps away before he was picked up by the back of his shirt again.

“Oi, you little brat,” Todoroki started. “Is that how you thank the person who saved you?”

“T-Todoroki-kun, it’s alright. I’m alright,” Midoriya carefully said, attempting to calm Todoroki down. And to hopefully get him to put Katsuki down.

Todoroki did not let go. For the second time that day, Katsuki was struggling to get free of someone’s grasp on the back of his shirt. “Let me go, damn half-n-half!”

Todoroki did not appreciate Katsuki’s tone or words. Todoroki began using his ice Quirk, but Midoriya quickly intervened.

“Todoroki-kun!”

Midoriya yanked Katsuki out of Todoroki’s grasp, the little boy once again in Midoriya’s arms. However, a part of his shirt was frozen. That didn’t stop Katsuki from sticking his tongue out at Todoroki.

“Maybe we should start everything over,” Midoriya exhaustedly suggested. Though, he was still supporting his sweet smile.

With everything calm again, the class started their introduction reset. They pushed away the desks so that there was an open space to sit on the ground. As they were pushing around the desks, some tried to get close to Katsuki again. However, Katsuki would shoot a glare and hiss, clearly unwelcoming. Plus, he was suspiciously close to Midoriya.

Once the space opened up, everyone sat on the ground in a circle. Everyone but Katsuki. The boy simply refused to, calling it all stupid and a waste of time. That didn’t stop Ashido from cheerfully picking him up, screaming and kicking, and plopping him right down in the circle. He was right between Midoriya, since Katsuki seemed to be attached, and Kirishima.

“Don’t worry, little man,” Kirishima started with a bright smile, “if any of these guys are bothering you, just let me know. I’ll help you out.”

Katsuki stared blankly at Kirishima. “Hey, hair-for-brains.”

“Hmm?”

Sero beside Kirishima mumbled, “Dude, you answered back too fast,” at how he instantly responded to the rude nickname.

Katsuki turned away, deadpanning, “You’re bothering me.”

“Pfft!” Kaminari held back his laughter as did some other classmates.

“Alright, everyone!” Iida called out from where he was in the circle. “Now that we are all organized,” he cleared his voice and held out a piece of paper, “I have put together a list of the questions you were all wanting to ask Katsuki-kun!” Even Iida accepted the turn of events and guided the class through that.
“What’s with four-eyes?” Katsuki asked.

“He just likes things nice and organized,” Midoriya answered, though did give a sheepish smile.

“Now—!”

“I’ll read them!” Uraraka cut Iida off, snatching the list from him. She skipped back to the other girls.

“Oi!”

“First question!” Uraraka started. She began reading as if she was a gameshow host. “What is the relationship between you and Aizawa-sensei?”

“He’s my butler.”

Silence.

“O-okay, we’ll come back to that!” Uraraka uneasily said. She read the next question. “What do you do for fun?”

“Call Satan.”

More silence.

“What do you want to be when you grow up?”

“An alcoholic.”

“Kacchan!” Ashido whined. “This won’t mean anything if you don’t answer for real!”

“Don’t call me Kacchan!” Katsuki yelled back.

“But Midoriya did it!” Ashido continued to whine, crossly puffing out her cheeks. Katsuki grew red at this. He then glanced over at Midoriya when the older boy began speaking.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t realize you didn’t like it,” he said with an apologetic smile.

“I mean… whatever…” Katsuki grumbled. “Do whatever you want…”

“So, Kacchan!?” Ashido called.

“Not you!”

“Moving on!” Uraraka called to stop any conflict that was arising. “And for real this time please, Katsuki-kun.”

Katsuki grumbled more, but didn’t say anything.

“Okay. What’s your favorite book?”

“Don’t have one.”

“Favorite food?”

“Curry.”
“What are you the best at?”

“Everything.”

That answer got some snickering.

“What?” Katsuki asked, eyes narrowing.

“You can’t be good at everything, kid,” Kaminari answered.

“Yeah-huh!”

“You couldn’t even get out of being held by the back of your shirt,” Todoroki said.

“Why don’t you wait a few years and we’ll see who can’t get out of that,” Katsuki threatened.

“Todoroki-san, could you please not pick fights with children?” Yaoyorozu asked.

“Okay, Katsuki-kun,” Uraraka started up again. “What do you want to be when you grow up?”

“Number one hero!” Katsuki answered very proudly. He was even up on his feet, one finger up in the air to signify being number one.

The girls cooed at the cuteness.

“Number one, huh?” Kirishima asked. “Just like All Might?”

“I’m gonna be even better than All Might!” Katsuki answered excitedly. The class finally got him happily smiling.

“You should wait until your Quirk comes in before declaring that, kid,” Sero teased.

“Well, when it does, it’ll be super cool and strong,” Katsuki said. “I know it will. It’s my Quirk!”

“Wouldn’t it be just like Aizawa-sensei’s kero?” Asui asked. “Typically, you inherit your parents’ Quirks.”

“Shouta’s not my dad,” Katsuki casually answered, bringing his arm back down.

“Shouta?” Kaminari repeated in confusion.

“That’s Sensei, numskull,” Jirou said. “Keep up.”

Katsuki laughed a bit at Kaminari’s abuse. “Yeah, we just live together. That’s it.”

“So you’re not related to Aizawa-sensei whatsoever?” Yaoyorozu asked.

Katsuki shook his head.

“Then how did you end up together?”

Katsuki didn’t answer. Instead, he started fidgeting with the hems of his shirt. He didn’t want to think about everything before Aizawa took him in. His fists balled up at the thought still and he was prepared to snap back, but Kirishima quickly intervened.

“Don’t worry about it, Katsuki,” Kirishima said with his usual smile, the younger boy turning to him. He had sensed Katsuki’s distress and came to the rescue. He went back to the subject Katsuki was
the most lively about. “Since you wanna be a hero, that means you gotta have a favorite, right?”

Katsuki nodded enthusiastically, forgetting his dreary past with the thought of something bright. “All Might!”

“Oh hell yeah!” Kirishima cheered at the enthusiasm.

“I thought you wanted to beat All Might,” Uraraka curiously recalled.

“His goal is who he looks up to kero,” Asui said.

Katsuki nodded in agreement. “What frog-girl said.”

Ojiro laughed before saying, “Well, I’m sure you’ll be getting a big surprise sometime soon. Also, Midoriya here is a giant fan of All Might too.”

“I-I wouldn’t say giant,” Midoriya said awkwardly, avoiding everyone’s eyes.

“Oh please,” Kaminari waved off. “We’ve seen your room at the dorms. It’s like a merch museum!”

“His Quirk is like All Might’s too!” Mineta added.

“No, it’s not!” Midoriya peeped.

“He’s our very own Class 1-A All Might: Midoriya Izuku!” Aoyama flamboyantly announced. The class laughed at the joke while Midoriya hid his blushing face in his arms.

“It’s nothing to be ashamed of, Midoriya-kun,” Iida reassured. “You have a very powerful Quirk.”

Midoriya peeked out from hiding in his arms, thanking Iida for the reassurance. Doing so allowed him to see Katsuki staring intensely at him. He jumped.

“Your Quirk’s like All Might’s?” Katsuki asked.

“W-well, not exactly—”

“Prove it. Show me,” Katsuki bade, cutting Midoriya off.

“Right now!?!”

The little boy nodded.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea, Kacchan,” Midoriya said with a nervous laugh.

“But you fixed that side effect of you getting injured every time you activate your Quirk, didn’t you?” Shouji asked.

Katsuki looked at Midoriya with disdain. “You end up hurting yourself?”

“I mean, I used to,” Midoriya answered, shrinking a bit under Katsuki’s gaze.

“Wow,” Katsuki deadpanned. “Are you sure your name isn’t Deku?”

“Eh!?” Midoriya squawked.

“Must be some Quirk, Deku,” Katsuki finished, turning away from Midoriya. Midoriya could feel Katsuki shunning him.
“What about the rest of you?” Katsuki asked. “I mean, they gotta be something good if you all are in Shouta’s class.”

One by one, each student shared their Quirk. Some even demonstrated if they could for Katsuki. However, the boy kept his face indifferent. They had been very enthusiastic at first, but with Katsuki’s lack of excitement, the enthusiasm tapered.

“I don’t think I like this kid,” Sero whispered to Ojiro during Ashido’s demonstration. The other only shrugged.

“So, what’d ya think!?” Ashido asked generally about the overall Quirks in the class. She had been the last one. “Pretty cool, huh!?”

“Well, they weren’t terrible,” Katsuki answered. The class was unsure of how to interpret that answer. Good thing they had a translator.

“You should all take that as a compliment,” Aizawa called from the corner. He was sitting up, though still in his sleeping bag.

“Shouta,” Katsuki called, trotting over to Aizawa. He shook the pro hero’s shoulder. “You know you shouldn’t be asleep longer than you are awake.”

“And you shouldn’t be picking fights with kids 12 years older than you,” Aizawa shot back, knowing full well what had gone on.

Aizawa finally stood, slipping out of his sleeping bag. He went up to the front, standing before the class of students also standing. They had gotten up off the ground when seeing their teacher awake. “Alright. You’ve all been acquainted with Katsuki. Because of reasons, he’s going to be with us for a while.”

“Sensei!” Iida called with his hand flying up. “Are you sure it’s a good idea to let a child be exposed to a hero class!? It may be dangerous for him! Also, he’s already served as a distraction! I find it ill-advised if he causes more distractions!”

“And I find it ill-advised for you to question this,” Aizawa responded. Katsuki was behind him, sticking his tongue out at Iida. “Katsuki will be right at my side during any physical lessons we have, so I will be guaranteeing his safety. If he does get hurt, it’ll be his own fault. As for distractions, he’ll only be a distraction if you let yourself be distracted by him. So, he can serve as a test to see how well you can concentrate. And knowing Katsuki, he’s not going to actively try to distract you. If you get distracted, it’s your own fault. Just think of him as a class pet.” Katsuki turned up to Aizawa with an incredulous look. Aizawa didn’t acknowledge him. “Do I make myself clear?”

A mixed sound of confirmation came from the class.

“Good. After you move all the desks back, class dismissed.”

After Aizawa’s little announcement, the class went straight to straightening up the desks. Aizawa didn’t wait for them to be done before leaving, so he went right out the door. Katsuki followed behind him, taking his hand. The hallways were getting busy now that classes were over.

“So, this is my new school?” Katsuki asked. “No more nursery school?”

Aizawa looked down at Katsuki. He knew kids like Katsuki should be exposed to other kids their age, but this was the route they were taking. One, it would be safer for other kids Katsuki’s age. Two, Katsuki would be able to get some socializing since the students of 1-A wouldn’t be shying
away from him. And three, Aizawa could keep an eye on him.

Aizawa ruffled Katsuki’s hair. “Yeah, no more nursery school. Congrats. You’re now the 20th student in Yuuei’s Department of Heroes, Class 1-A.”

Katsuki couldn’t help his childish giggling as his hair was ruffled. When Aizawa pulled his hand back, Katsuki turned up to him with an innocent smile bright on his face. He had a good feeling he’d like it here.

Chapter End Notes

eeeee!! lil baby in high school!!! <3 <3 <3 i promise, more of those antics next chapter haha! see you then!!

say hi to me on tumblr @arcs-and-blah!
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

School is boring. It's getting to be the same everyday for Katsuki when the only thing he can do is sit there and draw. Good thing Yaoyorozu has an idea. And it's about time for Katsuki's life to have some explosions.

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for your comments again!!! idc about sounding repetitive; you all deserve thank you's!!

Also and always thanks you's to @robogill for editing!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Days had passed since Katsuki’s first day of school. Within those past days, Katsuki had made a name for himself. Not that he needed to do anything to be known; the fact that he was Aizawa’s rumored child was enough. A rumor that nearly all the staff believed was just a rumor. Until Aizawa showed up in the teachers’ office with Katsuki on the boy’s second day. Bets were made, apparently. Money was being passed around behind backs. A vast majority of the staff ended up paying their principal their losses. Aizawa didn’t want to think about how their boss knew that he had a kid.

The staff were brooding about their losses with the bet, but it was short lived. All it took was watching little Katsu follow Aizawa like a little duckling. It’d been a cute sight. Aizawa was not impressed and neither was Katsuki. The boy had glared at everyone who tried to coo at him, refusing to acknowledge any adult who spoke with him. Just as he had been doing everyday with the students of 1-A. Even if the heroes-in-training were trying to change that.

“You know, having the little guy in class, I thought it’d be more fun!” Ashido said with a pout. Class was out and she was spending time with the other girls in the dorm’s commons area.

“I know Aizawa-sensei said to think of him as a pet, but he’s still a kid,” Jirou said.

“But kids are supposed to be all fun and cute and jumping off the walls!” Ashido continued to whine.

Uraraka giggled. “You just described yourself.” She turned to Hagakure. “You sit behind Katsuki-kun, Tooru; what does he do?”

Hagakure started thinking back to that morning as well as the past few mornings. “He draws. But sometimes he sorta just… sits there. I haven’t seen him do anything else.”

“Aizawa-sensei did say Katsuki-chan wouldn’t distract kero,” Asui said.

“Do you think he’s bored?” Uraraka asked. It really wasn’t like little Katsuki could run around and
play like he’d be able to in a nursery school. He had to sit still and be quiet because the rest of them were in class.

“I mean, it wouldn’t be a surprise if he was,” Jirou agreed with Uraraka’s suggestion. All the girls did.

“Oh, oh!” Ashido suddenly called enthusiastically. “Speaking of surprises!”

Ashido began going on and on about the new subject she was reminded of. The rest of the girls joined in, listening as well as adding to the talk. The Katsuki topic had quickly moved out of all their minds, except for one.

Yaoyorozu was quiet as the girls were discussing their new topic. She wasn’t listening much either. It wasn’t to be rude or that the topic was boring or anything, but she couldn’t stop thinking about what the others had said about Katsuki being bored in class. How he spent all his time drawing or simply sitting and waiting. If it was her waiting for hours, Yaoyorozu would probably start and finish a book.

The young scion paused her thoughts. Katsuki was four. He probably couldn’t read. He probably couldn’t write either. Or do math. Or anything scholastic.

Yaoyorozu gasped quietly, her eyes widening at the realization. An idea quickly followed. “I’ve got it!” she more confidently said.

“Really!? You know how many bath bombs we should use for a sudsy explosion!?” Hagakure asked in response to Yaoyorozu’s exclamation.

Yaoyorozu only made a confused and, frankly, concerned face. “What?” Where had the conversation gone while she was in thought?

Yaoyorozu quickly shook her head clear. Now was not the time to worry about suds explosions. Even though, really, it should be. But Yaoyorozu was too hyped on her own ideas.

“Sorry, everyone,” Yaoyorozu apologized as she stood from her spot on the couch. “I’m going to my room, there’s something I need to do.”

The girls looked confusedly at Yaoyorozu, but didn’t question the young scion. They simply said their goodbyes, watching Yaoyorozu rush off. When she was no longer able to be seen, the group went back to their conversation. They had no clue as to what Yaoyorozu was doing, but that mystery would soon be coming to light the following day.

And that following day came in like a flash.

Because class started at a set time and everyone was living together at the dorms, it was a given that the classroom would fill up by groups of students coming in together compared to before when they trickled in. Among those who came in a little earlier than when the starting bell rang were Aizawa and Katsuki. Since Katsuki started coming to class, Aizawa had been showing up at reasonable times. The boy made sure of it. So, when Yaoyorozu came into the classroom, the little boy was already sitting at his front corner desk with his crayons out.

Seeing Katsuki made Yaoyorozu grow a bit nervous about her plans. She tightened her hold on her book bag for a moment before pulling something out. With a deep breath, she headed over to the 4-year-old, kneeling to his sitting height. Katsuki turned to her with his usual harsh stare.

Yaoyorozu cleared her throat. “Good morning, Katsuki-kun.”
No response. Unsurprising.

“So, a little bird mentioned to me that you might be bored while waiting for Sensei.”

Katsuki turned back to his drawing, coloring his picture. “Maybe that little bird should keep its beak shut and mind its own business.”

Yaoyorozu’s prior smile turned somewhat strained. No, she knew Katsuki was like this. Everyone did. She was not going to think too seriously on his words. “Well, if you were bored, I came up with some things that you could do if you wanted.”

This caught Katsuki’s attention. Especially when Yaoyorozu carefully placed her little pile of packets on his desk beside his drawing. She went through a bit of each packet, letting Katsuki know what to do with each subject such as basic addition and writing hiragana practice. By the time Yaoyorozu finished explaining, homeroom was about to begin.

“Just do as much as you can,” Yaoyorozu sweetly said. She stood from her kneeling position. “If you don’t understand anything, let me know. I’ll be glad to help.”

Katsuki still didn’t respond, his stare still on the packets. Since she wasn’t going to get a response from the young boy, Yaoyorozu started heading back to her desk. Even though she managed to pass on the packets she made, the uneasy feeling had yet to subside. Until she glanced back when nearing her desk, eyes widening a bit.

Katsuki was fishing around his backpack and pulled out his rarely seen pencil box. From the pencil box, his pencil.

Yaoyorozu’s uneasiness was quickly replaced with delight. Little, grumpy, standoffish Katsuki was going to do her packets. A smile was back on Yaoyorozu’s face when she finally sat at her desk. It stayed on her face throughout the start of homeroom, which weirded out her desk neighbor.

“You’re smiling a lot,” Todoroki said. Homeroom was about over and the class was waiting for the time to make it official.

Yaoyorozu turned to Todoroki. She tilted her head. “Hm?”

“What’s got you so cheery?”

Yaoyorozu turned back forward to try and bashfully hide her clearly growing smile. “It’s nothing. I just wrote up a little class packet for Katsuki-kun to do. Some math questions, some writing practice, no big deal. But he was interested enough to actually do them.”

Todoroki hummed in acknowledgement. He then looked forward towards Katsuki, though still asking Yaoyorozu, “How many questions did you make?”

“Not too many, but enough to keep him occupied,” Yaoyorozu answered. “Why?”

“Because he’s been coloring again for a while.”

Yaoyorozu’s eyes widened once again. “Eh?” She peeked over, straining to get a glance at Katsuki where she was. It was harder for her since she sat in the same row compared to Todoroki, who was one over. However, she did manage to spot the crayon in Katsuki’s hand. Seemed he ditched the pencil and worksheets fairing early according to Todoroki.

Yaoyorozu groaned in defeat. Well, it wasn’t like she said Katsuki had to do it, and she wasn’t going
to force Katsuki or anything. It was ultimately his decision if he wanted to do them or not. Yaoyorozu was just disappointed in herself for her undeserved excitement. She was no longer smiling triumphantly for the rest of homeroom, which then ended.

The bell for the end of homeroom rang. It was time for their first class, which meant Aizawa was swapping with another teacher. Katsuki would be following him as he always did. However, he took a little detour that day.

Before Katsuki went to join Aizawa, he made his way to the back of the room. This wasn’t unnoticed considering the usual routine. Though many were already conversing amongst themselves during their break, a few curiously watched Katsuki. Of the few was Yaoyorozu. She was surprised to see Katsuki nearing her. Her shock grew when she noticed the packets in Katsuki’s arms.

Wordlessly, Katsuki placed the packets on Yaoyorozu’s desk as she did to his at the start of homeroom. The first page was all done correctly. And when Yaoyorozu would look more in depth at the rest later, she would find the other answered all correct as well.

Yaoyorozu, eyes agape, turned to Katsuki after skimming through the pages. He was still standing beside her desk, undisturbed.

“Babies could do those,” Katsuki finally spoke. “Give me more harder stuff.”

It took a moment for Yaoyorozu to quickly recollect herself. She had her smile back. “Yes, of course. I’ll see what I can come up with.”

A toothy smile grew on Katsuki’s face briefly before he scurried away. Aizawa had called for him. Yaoyorozu watched him run off. She was growing giddy herself at how Katsuki was happily smiling. And she wasn’t going to let that smile be a one-time thing.

Each passing day, Yaoyorozu made more and more little work packets for Katsuki. He had completed each and every one of them. At first, the boy would fly through them because they were too easy for him. It wasn’t a big deal to Yaoyorozu though. It allowed her to find the approximate learning level Katsuki was at. When the right placement was found, things weren’t as easy for Katsuki. It no longer took only homeroom hours to finish the packets.

Now, Katsuki wasn’t one for stopping partway and coming back. He had to finish all the questions he understood straight through. So when Aizawa called for him to leave at the end of homeroom, Katsuki stubbornly stayed. Though, there wasn’t much of an argument between Katsuki and Aizawa about the boy staying. Aizawa let him be, but only under the conditions that Katsuki had to stay quiet and not bother the other teachers who came in to teach. Keeping quiet wasn’t a problem before and it wouldn’t be afterwards either. Also, Katsuki had to stop when Aizawa took the class for hero training and stay by his side as usual. That wasn’t a hard condition for Katsuki either.

And so, Katsuki stayed with Class 1-A throughout many of their classes every day. The students didn’t mind and neither did the other teachers. They all enjoyed Katsuki’s presence, even if he only kept quiet and occasionally emitted his harsh aura when stuck on one of Yaoyorozu’s questions. And the harshness wouldn’t even stay for long. When lunchtime rolled around, Katsuki would instantly be by Yaoyorozu’s side, demanding explanations. Yaoyorozu was always happy to help teach the boy.

“You’re hogging him, Yaomomo!” Ashido pouted one day during lunch. She and some others were at the back with Yaoyorozu.

“Really, how did you come up with that idea?” Uraraka asked about the worksheets.
“Well, he is at a critical learning age,” Yaoyorozu answered.

“He seems like a smart little cookie,” Asui said.

Yaoyorozu giggled. “He is a smart little cookie.”

“And speak of the baby devil,” Ashido pointed out.

Katsuki came up to Yaoyorozu, packets in hand. He placed them on her table. He didn’t even acknowledge the others. “Momo-nee-chan, these ones are done.”

Ashido and Uraraka let out a high pitch squeal because of both how cute Katsuki sounded calling Yaoyorozu ‘nee-chan,’ and partial jealousy of not being called ‘nee-chan.’ Heck, Katsuki didn’t even call them by name. He didn’t call anybody by name. It was only Yaoyorozu, whose surname was hard to say for little Katsuki, and who also preferred for her given name to be used over ‘ponytail.’

“Wonderful. I’ll take a look at these ones later after class, okay? And you understand now the questions that were incorrect yesterday, right?”

“Yeah…” Katsuki grumbled. He hated when he got answers wrong, but also managed to pick up what was wrong.

Yaoyorozu smiled. Katsuki’s honesty about his ‘schoolwork’ was something she really favored. Along with how eager the boy was to be taught by her when asking for assistance with given assignments.

“That’s great to hear,” Yaoyorozu said. “Is there anything you want me to look at now?”

Katsuki opened his mouth to speak, but another booming voice cut into him.

“Yaoyorozu-kun!” Iida called from the door. “We are needed for the student council meeting with the other class representatives and vice-representatives!”

Yaoyorozu, along with the rest of the class, turned to Iida. “Be right there,” she responded. Before she went to follow Iida, Yaoyorozu turned back to Katsuki. “I’m sorry. I’ll help you when I get back if we still have time.”

“’Kay,” Katsuki answered plainly. He started heading back to his desk, grumbling under his breath, “Loudmouthed four-eyes…”

The girls let out an uneasy laugh, but didn’t press on it.

Yaoyorozu had gone to her meeting and Katsuki was on his own with the math problems she assigned him. Or, more math problem.

Katsuki sat at his desk, tapping the eraser end of his pencil on the surface. He stared down at the one question he had yet to answer. He grew irritable. It wasn’t like he didn’t understand the concepts, it was just the process of applying it to that one problem. Yaoyorozu always put in a question or two that took more effort to solve. This was to show Katsuki that even the harder questions were solvable when one understood the basics. That didn’t mean that the questions didn’t make Katsuki irritable. His irritability was enough to make the palm of his hands feel weird and sweaty. That had been happening more and more lately. Katsuki assumed it was from his desire to overcome a challenge like the harder questions because that was when his hands started feeling all weird the most. Not that it mattered much to him. Katsuki’s focus was always more on trying to answer the problems like the
one he was staring at now. His stare was intense enough for him to unknowingly make a face. That
didn’t go unnoticed either.

Seeing Katsuki’s expression made Kirishima grow curious of what he was looking at. He knew it
was Yaoyorozu’s study packets—the whole class knew about those—but didn’t know what was in
it. However, Katsuki seemed to be having trouble. And even though Katsuki was having trouble, the
questions still had to be somewhat simple. Katsuki was still 4. The questions shouldn’t be hard for
Kirishima. With that logic, he went right over to Katsuki.

“Hey, little man,” Kirishima greeted.

Katsuki directed his intense stare at Kirishima.

“You having trouble there? I could help look at it.”

Katsuki turned back down to his paper. “I don’t need help from you. Momo-nee-chan’s the one who
looks over these.”

Kirishima laughed cheerfully. “Well, I know I’m not as smart as Yaoyorozu, but I think I can
manage to help you with this just as well as her.”

Kirishima glanced over at Katsuki’s problem. The color drained from his face. There was a long list
of multi-digit numbers that had to be both added and subtracted all together for the solution. Man,
this was what calculators were for! Kirishima could barely remember the time he had to do math
without being allowed calculators. And he was expecting things like 4+8 with Katsuki’s problems…

“Oh…” This was not something Kirishima could do completely in his head without butchering
something up.

“I just needed to know if I was on the right track,” Katsuki monotonously answered. Kirishima could
feel his disappointed stare.

But it seemed Kirishima wouldn’t be the only one on the receiving end much longer.

Midoriya had made his way over to Katsuki and Kirishima when noticing the older of two’s distress.
“Hello, Kirishima-kun, Kacchan. Is something wrong?”

Kirishima brought up Katsuki’s math problem before the younger boy could say anything. “I came
up with a different answer than his,” Kirishima whispered to Midoriya.

Midoriya’s face scrunched up in thought. He carefully looked at the problem. “Well, he had the right
idea rearranging the numbers,” he whispered back.

Still sitting below the two teens was little Katsuki. He was growing more and more irritable as the
two continued whispering about his work. All he could do was wait until they gave him back the
packet. Or he could just snatch it back. That’s what he’d usually do, but he was a bit more distracted
at the moment. The irritability caused by the two teens made Katsuki’s palms more tingly, weird, and
sweaty.

Katsuki rubbed his fingers together to try and rub away the weird feeling. It didn’t work. Katsuki
then rubbed his palms on his pants to wipe off some of the sweat. That didn’t make much of a
difference either. The boy stared hard at his palms, confused. He had no idea why his hands were
acting up. Until a little crackle popped from his palms.

Katsuki jumped a bit. His eyes widened, only to quickly narrow once again in a concentrated stare.
Whatever his hands did, he was trying to do it again. ‘*Come on…’*

*Poof!*

Another reaction. This time, there was a warm little ball of light. Though, it instantly diminished. The only thing letting Katsuki know it did happen was the smoke it left behind. That was still enough to make Katsuki’s excitement grow.

Katsuki tried again. And again. And again.

*Pop! Pop! Pop!*

Little explosions… His hands were making little explosions! Katsuki couldn’t help the giant smile growing on his face. He kept going with the explosions, staring at the smoke they left. “Woah…” Katsuki watched the smoke fade from his hands. When they successfully faded, Katsuki was about to make another explosion. Except, a thin line of smoke had yet to disappear.

Katsuki’s eyes followed the smoke. It led to a slightly singed piece of cloth. His explosions. Could they leave burns? Curiously testing out his theory, Katsuki brought his hands to the cloth. He wasn’t thinking much about consequences; he just wanted to see what he could do. So, he sparked another explosion. The singe and smoke were more apparent. Katsuki practically shook with excitement. He was doing that!

For once, Katsuki wasn’t noticed when he was freaking out to himself. The two who were the most likely to notice him were too deep in thought over finding math solutions.

“Shouldn’t that be a 3?” Midoriya asked.

“No, 5’s right,” Kirishima corrected. “You forgot the 2 that’s from there.”

“Oh yeah.”

Midoriya and Kirishima were still doing the math mentally and coming up with different answers that were only a few digits off.

“I’m gonna grab my calculator,” Midoriya said, heading back to his desk.

“That’s what I was thinking!” Kirishima said, following beside Midoriya. “For these big list of number problems, you use calculators!”

“But Kacchan needs to learn how to add and subtract without one first,” Midoriya responded. He pulled out his calculator, putting in the numbers.

“I guess—” Midsentence, Kirishima got distracted. His eyes widened. “Midoriya, is your jacket smoking?”

Midoriya looked up. “Huh?”

“Midoriya! Your jacket’s on fire!” shouted a third voice. It was Mineta, who had a front row seat to the flames before scrambling away.

Finally feeling the heat, Midoriya’s head shot to where the burn on his blazer was. “Eh!?”

“Oh my god!” someone else screamed. By now, everyone in the classroom was panicking.

Being on fire, Midoriya couldn’t really think straight. “What do I do!? What do I do!?”
“Stop, drop, and roll! Stop, drop, and roll!” Ojiro shouted.

“There’s no room for him!” Kaminari cried as the flames only grew.

“What do I do!?” Midoriya continued to cry hysterically.

“Someone grab a fire extinguisher!” Uraraka shrieked.

“Midoriya, give me your jacket!” Kirishima yelled.

Quickly, Midoriya shed his blazer. Panicky, he tossed it to Kirishima.

Kirishima caught it with ease only to fling it to the floor. Soon after, he threw himself on to the burning blazer, using his body to muffle the flames. With his hardening Quirk, Kirishima was able to muffle out the flames while keeping himself from getting burned. The plan worked. Everyone finally calmed down.

“What. Was that?” Jirou asked aloud.

Slowly, everyone turned to Todoroki, who was up on his feet like everyone else. He was the only one in the class with a fire related Quirk.

Todoroki put his hands up in mock surrender. “Don’t look at me.” He was offended his classmates would assume it was him.

There was silence in the room with everyone wondering what happened, but it was soon filled with laughter. All eyes turned to the source: Katsuki.

Katsuki was hopping excitedly beside his desk. His hands were out in front of him. Explosions were popping from his palms. Though they were small, only big enough to fit in Katsuki’s hand, they were a lot bigger than when he was starting up.

“I did that!” Katsuki unabashedly shouted. He held his hands out higher for the older kids to see. “Look it!”

*Boom! Boom! Boom!*

The teens were stunned.

Kirishima was the first to react, running over to Katsuki and picking him right up. “It’s your Quirk! Your Quirk came in!”

Katsuki wasn’t even upset about being carried by Kirishima. He was too happy about his Quirk. And about the attention from everyone rushing over to see his Quirk. Everyone was ecstatic for Katsuki. The fire incident was completely forgotten.

“Woah! You make little explosions!” Kaminari stated the obvious.

“That’s definitely one strong Quirk,” Tokoyami complimented.

“I’m so happy for you, Katsuki-kun!” Uraraka cheered.

“It does explain the jacket,” Todoroki deadpanned, staring down at Midoriya’s burnt blazer.

“It’s alright,” Midoriya said to Todoroki. “That can be replaced. I’m sure Kacchan just wanted to try out his Quirk.”
“On your jacket?”

Midoriya brushed the whole thing off. He went more into the mini-crowd. “Congratulations, Kacchan! How do you make your explosions like that?”

Katsuki looked back at his palms again. “I don’t know. It’s just like,” another explosion. Katsuki cracked another giant smile.

“What’s going on in here?” asked a sudden voice.

Everyone turned. Aizawa was at the door with Aoyama. Seemed the latter had run and gotten a teacher during the fire incident.

“Why is Katsuki being held up?”

“Look it! Look it!” Katsuki yelled. He easily squirmed out of Kirishima’s hold, effortlessly landing on the ground. Everyone parted ways for him to sprint over to Aizawa. “It’s my Quirk!”

Aizawa watched as Katsuki demonstrated his Quirk. “Huh. That really is some Quirk you got there.” He ruffled Katsuki’s hair.

The boy giggled, looking up at Aizawa. “I know right! Just look how awesome it is! I’m definitely gonna be the number one hero, Dad!”

Aizawa went stiff. Did Katsuki just… He just called him Dad. But it didn’t look like Katsuki even noticed, too preoccupied with making explosions. And before Aizawa knew it, the boy was running off again when Yaoyorozu and Iida appeared from the other door.

“Momo-nee! Momo-nee! Look!”

Aizawa watched as Katsuki continued with his excitement. It carried onto both the class representatives as well. This was the silent kid Aizawa took in months ago. That same hateful kid who was now celebrating with a little crowd about his Quirk. That same silent kid who just called him Dad.

Aizawa sighed. He really wasn’t one to enjoy being called dad. But, if it came from Katsuki, maybe it wasn’t all that bad.

*Ding! Ding! Ding!*

The bell went off. Lunch was over.

“Alright, party’s over,” Aizawa called out. “Get back to your seats before your next teacher gets here.”

Everyone did as told. Even Katsuki ran back to his seat, but only to grab his things. He headed back to Aizawa afterwards, taking his hand.

“Tagging along with me?”

Katsuki nodded his head, still smiling.

“Alright.” Aizawa began heading back to the faculty office. “You better not be planning to blow up my hand.”

“I’m not,” Katsuki childishly drawled. “Can we show Mic-ji-san my Quirk, Shouta?”
Aizawa reacted briefly to his name. Katsuki didn’t seem to notice. Just like how he didn’t seem to notice calling him Dad before. It really was a mere slip of the tongue.

Aizawa glanced down at Katsuki. “If he’s still at the faculty office, go ahead.”

At Aizawa’s approval, Katsuki’s giant smile appeared once again. Aizawa couldn’t help but return it by cracking his own small smile.

Well, he didn’t need Katsuki to call him Dad or anything. The fact that Katsuki even made that slip up was probably because the boy did see him somewhat as a dad. And, well, that was alright to Aizawa.

Chapter End Notes

The Quirk reveal! Aaahhhh!! And Dad! Aaaaaahhhhhhh! sorta. Hahaha! Either way, hope you all enjoyed it!! Was really excited to post this chapter too after my dear editor’s comments while reading through it first (Q)/w(Q)

As usual, you can say hi to me @arcs-and-blah!
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

An awful start of the day can flip like a switch when the Number One Hero appears.

Chapter Notes

aahhh! thank you everyone for (as of 11/13) almost 50 comments threads, almost 200 kudos, over 25 bookmarks, and over 1500 hits!! you are all totally amazing!!! and for that! a special someone’s popping up and stuff--

chapter once again edited by dear @robogill!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As a young child, willingness to behave and listen varied. Some days, Katsuki would have no trouble following directions and requests. Others, Katsuki would be a little monster and throw tantrums or brood. Aizawa could usually tell how Katsuki was going to be that day by how their mornings went. It was not a good morning that day. That meant a bad day.

“Katsuki, it’s normal,” Aizawa said for the umpteenth time that day. “Let it go.”

“But it wasn’t wiggling before she touched it!” Katsuki growled.

Aizawa grumbled at Katsuki’s refusal to listen. He did not want to deal with Katsuki’s kid-problems en route to the faculty office.

Upon reaching the faculty office, Aizawa slid the door open, guiding Katsuki inside. The boy’s eyes had been down as his focus was on playing with his loose tooth with his tongue. When Aizawa stepped in, he was greeted by a familiar voice.

“Aizawa-kun, you’re back from the dentist.”

It was All Might, though in his scraggily true form.

“How was it?”

All Might’s question triggered Aizawa’s best forgotten memories of that morning. It was Katsuki’s first trip to the dentist with Aizawa. Though they knew the appointment was coming up, it was still unsettling for the both of them. And Katsuki having another ‘sweat’ incident the night before did not help their desire to go to the dentist. It made Katsuki unwilling to do anything Aizawa said, so that made it trickier to go. Once at the dentist, things got worse.

Aizawa barely managed to get Katsuki to follow the assistant to the back. When he finally did, Aizawa thought he could relax a bit. Nope. He started to feel more unsettled. All the bright colors and cutesy animal paintings on the walls, other children giddily playing with the waiting room toys while their parents sat around him. Aizawa was pretty out of place at the children’s dentist. And it
only got even worse when there was a muffled yell from the back room and Aizawa was called over.

The good news, when the dentist spoke to Aizawa about Katsuki, was that the boy was doing an excellent job taking care of his teeth and had no cavities. A given considering how much time Katsuki took with his dental hygiene. Aizawa had to try and get the boy to stop or at least speed up brushing his teeth on a number of occasions. Bad news, Katsuki bit one of the assistants as well as the dentist herself. Not that it was a major issue, but it was definitely a thing. Worse news, one of Katsuki’s front baby teeth had started to wiggle (due to biting the dentist). Now, that wasn’t much of a major issue either, but Katsuki thought differently.

Having taken very good care of his teeth, Katsuki believed everything about them should be perfectly fine. Learning that his tooth was wiggling and preparing to fall out, the boy threw a fit. The adults had tried to explain to him baby teeth were supposed to fall out and make room for adult teeth, but Katsuki was too stubborn to listen. All he heard was that his teeth were going to fall out. When the two of them finally left, Katsuki gained a new hatred for the dentist while Aizawa grew even more exhausted.

So, how was it?

“I highly recommend you get off my back. And out of my face. For the rest of the day.”

All Might kept his mouth closed and turned his attention back to his work. Yeesh. Someone was in a bad mood. All Might felt sorry for the hero class he and Aizawa were going to co-teach later that day. When Aizawa was in a… worse-than-his-usual-bad-mood mood, that meant tougher exercises and less pity. At least he knew to step up his encouragement game for the class ahead of time.

Too busy mentally wishing Class 1-A all the luck in the world, All Might failed to notice little Katsuki.

“What’re you?”

All Might twitched, turning down to the source of the harsh tone.

“You’re a teacher here?”

All Might and Aizawa both stared down at Katsuki. The boy was staring hard at All Might, face childishly scrunched up in confusion.

Despite Katsuki having been at Yuuei for quite some time now, not once had he and All Might crossed paths. Their schedules just happened to never line up. And it wasn’t like solid plans were actively being made for them to meet. Katsuki didn’t even know All Might was teaching at Yuuei, the class wanting to keep it a big surprise—a big surprise that was taking way too long to surface.

All Might, on the other hand, did know of Katsuki’s presence at the hero academy. He’d heard the rumors. He’d learned that those rumors were true. He’d seen photos other staff members snuck shots of. And a few times, All Might did try to ‘coincidentally’ stumble upon the (in)famous Katsuki with Aizawa. The encounter never came.

Little did everyone know, Aizawa was purposely keeping the two apart. He wanted to avoid the craziness that was bound to occur for as long as possible.

Sadly, the inevitable had come to be. Luckily for Aizawa, Katsuki didn’t recognize All Might in his true form. He got to keep his peace. For the time being…

“What kinda Quirk do you have?” Katsuki asked yet another question. Rather rudely as well.
At each question, All Might drew a blank. He should’ve had answers ready to throw out, but he was put on the spot. And he was already thrown off seeing Katsuki in person.

Once again, Aizawa intervened between Katsuki and a colleague.

“He’s just part of the office staff; no need to bother with him.”

All Might looked offended at Aizawa, but Katsuki seemed to buy it.

“Kay.”

Katsuki turned to leave the two adults. He was about to head over to an empty chair and table, but was distracted by one of the two.

“Oh, is that an All Might backpack you have there?” the hero himself asked aloud when noticing the young boy’s backpack.

Katsuki turned. He nodded his head. “Yeah, what of it?”

All Might paid no heed to Katsuki’s harsh tone this time around. “Nothing, nothing. I just found it interesting you have one, is all.”

Katsuki’s eyes narrowed. He turned his back once again, heading for the seat a second time. Meanwhile, All Might turned to Aizawa. A cheeky smile was clear on his face. In return, Aizawa stared, deadpan. He knew what that smile was all about. But instead of shooting down the idea that All Might’s smile gave away, Aizawa sighed. Well, Katsuki was all broody and having a bad day.

“Do whatever you want,” Aizawa grumbled to All Might. He turned his back to the number one hero when trudging for the door, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t aware of how the cheeky smile grew cheery. “Katsuki, we’re going to class.”

Katsuki whined, begrudgingly hopping off his seat. “I just sat down.”

“Yeah, well so did I at the dentist before someone bit an assistant.”

“He had it coming,” All Might heard Katsuki respond as the child-guardian duo exited the office. The last thing he heard was Katsuki’s dying voice down the hall saying, “Who thinks it’s okay to talk to someone while their mouth is being messed with?”

All Might couldn’t help but chuckle. He finally got to meet Katsuki. He was sure they’d be meeting more often. And sooner than later!

When Aizawa finally made an appearance in class, the first thing he said to the hero class was to get changed into their gym clothes. No greeting. No explanation on why he and Katsuki were away that morning. Just jumping straight into work. It wasn’t like Aizawa gave the class enough time to say anything anyway. After making his announcement to meet at one of the training grounds, he headed there himself. With Katsuki right behind him of course.

“This place looks like a dump,” Katsuki flat out said. The open training ground was a replica of a destroyed city. Crumbled and crumbling buildings, broken roads, the usual shebang.

“It’s supposed to be a dump,” Aizawa said. “Heroes have to learn how to work in rundown areas. You’ll see.”

It didn’t take long for all of Class 1-A to arrive at the training grounds. Aizawa wasted no time in
explaining their exercise that day.

“As you can clearly see, this training ground replicates that of a city after some disaster caused by villains. At this point, citizens would have evacuated.”

“This isn’t going to be like last time with the hide-and-seek exercise, is it?” Kirishima called out.

“We’re not gonna have another ‘surprise villain,’ are we?” Jirou added.

The class broke into groans at the memory.

“Shut up. And no,” Aizawa said. “That ‘surprise villain’ isn’t going to be here to act as a bad guy. He’s going to be here to co-moderate this exercise with me.”

As if on cue, a booming laugh sounded. The class grew excited right away, recognizing the distinct laugh.

From the sky above, All Might made his grand appearance. “I am here!”

“All Might!” the class cheered. No matter how many times All Might made an appearance during class, everyone was still filled with excitement. It definitely wasn’t the first time All Might taught their class, but that didn’t stop their enthusiasm.

All Might let out another strong laugh only to turn to Katsuki right afterwards. Katsuki was still right beside Aizawa. The boy was trying to keep in his own excitement, but was still shaking Aizawa’s hand with both his.

“Shouta! Shouta, Shouta!” Katsuki whisper shouted.

Aizawa looked down at Katsuki. “Yeah?”

Katsuki puffed out his cheeks in a childish pout. “Don’t ‘yeah?’ me!” He whined a bit more, brows slightly knitting together. This made Aizawa crack a smile.

Despite clearly trying to not show how excited he was, the class could still see Katsuki’s excitement. He was hopping little hops between his feet.

“He looks like a puppy,” Uraraka cooed.

“He looks more like he needs to use the bathroom,” Todoroki responded.

“Todoroki-kun,” Midoriya whined. Todoroki only shrugged at him. After sighing because of Todoroki’s comment, Midoriya turned his attention back to Katsuki. Seeing the puppy-like child brought his mood back. He went over to the boy.

Upon reaching Katsuki’s side, Midoriya kneeled to the younger boy’s height. “Why don’t you come out and say hi?”

Katsuki’s breath cut short. It went unnoticed. What was noticed was Katsuki scooting further behind Aizawa, clearly giving Midoriya a sharp look.

Aizawa wasn’t into being Katsuki’s social shield. He stepped aside, pushing the boy forward. “Don’t be a brat.”

Katsuki stumbled a bit from suddenly being pushed. He shot his glare at Aizawa this time, sticking his tongue out at the same time. And with a small huff, he turned forward again. Katsuki had to strain
his neck to look up at All Might because of their size difference, but then the pro hero kneeled just as Midoriya did.

“It’s nice to finally get to meet you, Katsuki my boy,” All Might said as if they hadn’t met before in the faculty office. Which to Katsuki, they really hadn’t.

The corners of Katsuki’s mouth curled upwards despite attempting to repress a smile. Katsuki was still trying—and failing—to seem chill and not childish, but Aizawa called him out.

“What’s got you smiling this time?”

Katsuki wasn’t even that mad at being called out, turning back to Aizawa. “He knows my name,” he happily mumbled.

All Might twitched while Aizawa suppressed a groan. Though, the look on his face still revealed how irked he was. Katsuki didn’t seem to notice the adults’ vexation. Just as how the adults failed to remember this was supposedly All Might’s and Katsuki’s first meeting, meaning Katsuki’s name should not be known yet. Luckily, Midoriya was still beside them to offer an explanation before Katsuki thought more on the predicament. The teen had caught on when he noticed the adults’ unease.

“Yes, I mentioned your name a few times to All Might, Kacchan,” Midoriya explained the excuse.

“You’ve talked to All Might before?” Katsuki asked in disbelief. However, his excited nature slowly changed.

It finally dawned on Katsuki. His expression shifted more into his usual huffy one. “Wait. You all see All Might all the time and never said anything to me?”

“We wanted it to be a surprise!” Kirishima called from the group.

“Didn’t think it’d take this long honestly,” Sero added.

Katsuki turned to Aizawa. “Your excuse?”

“You’d fanboy and cause a commotion,” Aizawa deadpanned. “And you did.”

“I didn’t fanboy!”

“Debatable, but this is a huge distraction from the lesson.” Aizawa looked up from Katsuki to the class and All Might. They all went tense at his gaze. “Great, now we can start.”

Aizawa went right on ahead and explained what they would be doing. The class was going to be broken up into six groups of three—one of the six a group of four—and scour the destroyed city. There were six robots hiding around that each group would have to destroy. When a group had destroyed their robot, they would then go find another group to help destroy theirs. It sounded like a simple exercise, however there was always a catch. Each time a robot was destroyed, the remaining robots would get significantly stronger and harder for them to get taken down. Finally, there was a time limit. If all six robots were down within 20 minutes, the whole class would pass. If time ran out, the whole class failed.

As Aizawa was finishing up his explanation, All Might glanced dismayingly at him. He was right about Aizawa toughening up the exercise. Yeesh…

“Just like how you all are pretty much working together, the robots will be too. Your robot will pick
up on your Quirks and send that information to the other robots. Any questions?”

No questions.

“Good.” Aizawa glanced down at his paper. “Here are the groups.”

Group 1: Tokoyami, Asui, Shouji

Group 2: Midoriya, Aoyama, Ashido

Group 3: Sero, Todoroki, Satou

Group 4: Mineta, Koda, Hagakure

Group 5: Kirishima, Kaminari, Uraraka

Group 6: Jirou, Yaoyorozu, Iida, Ojiro

“Okay, now that everyone’s in their groups, get ready.” Aizawa pulled out his stopwatch. “Your exercise starts now.”

The class was off without a second to waste. That left Aizawa, Katsuki, and All Might.

“I didn’t get to say a word.” All Might said, disappointed.

“We’re already behind on time,” Aizawa responded in his deadpan. He started walking away, Katsuki on his heels. “Come on. We still need to monitor everything.”

The three made their way to the control room. There, they would watch the groups on the many monitors. While the teachers watched to take note on how each student used their Quirk and how they worked with their teammates, Katsuki was watching in awe. How the hero course proceeded never ceased to amaze Katsuki. He couldn’t help but imagine getting to be able to do everything the others were doing too.

“Katsuki, sit back more,” Aizawa called over to the boy. “You’ll ruin your eyes like that.”

Wordlessly and eyes still on the screen, Katsuki complied.

Aizawa turned back to All Might to continue their work after making sure Katsuki did as he said. Doing so allowed him to see the knowing smirk on All Might’s face. Well, it was still All Might’s regular smile, but Aizawa knew what was really behind it. “What?”

“I never thought I’d see the day you’d be a father,” All Might answered.

“I’m not his father,” Aizawa responded, irked.

“Sure, sure.”

“Get back to observing.”

“Sure, sur—”

All Might was unable to finish his response, coughing up blood.

Aizawa was taken aback. “What the hell?” All Might hadn’t been in his hero form for that long. Aizawa didn’t understand how he could be reverting so soon—
“You did something this morning, didn’t you?”

All Might was silent. Aizawa took that as a yes.

Quickly, the adults turned to Katsuki. The boy was still absorbed in watching the class. They turned back to each other. They didn’t need to say anything before Aizawa was up on his feet. In an instant, he was by Katsuki’s side.

“Hey, wanna watch outside? You can see everything from one of the higher points?”

Katsuki turned to Aizawa. He then began contemplating whether to stay or go.

“You can hear the explosions and everything a lot better out there.”

“Let’s go.”

Katsuki hopped off his seat and followed Aizawa out. On their way out, Aizawa was sure to block Katsuki’s view of All Might. All Might was already beginning to look deflated.

Aizawa brought Katsuki to one of the highest areas of the training ground that was also in clear view for one of the surveillance cameras so he could keep an eye on him. However, Katsuki wasn’t happy about the spot. He was farther from the action and couldn’t see much. Even so, Aizawa made him stay put. At least the sounds of fighting and destruction were louder, as he said.

Katsuki sat on the ground, crisscrossed. He tried to count how many robots were left. When he was still in the control booth, only one had gone down. Yaoyorozu’s group. It looked like another just went down over by the giant ice wall. That now made two robots with Todoroki’s group.

Crash!

Abruptly, Katsuki moved from sitting to a crouch, ready to move any second. He was facing towards where the crash came from, seeing one of the robots. It was beat up, but still moving. Until Kaminari suddenly appeared over the ledge. He was high up in the air before suddenly falling onto the robot, electrocuting it with his electric shocks. The robot was unable to withstand the electricity, short-circuiting and going down. That made three.

“Alright!” Kaminari cheered. He then finally noticed Katsuki staring at him. Kaminari’s cheer turned to worry as he rushed over to Katsuki. “Woah, you okay there, Katsuki? I didn’t know you were there at all! You didn’t get hit or anything, did you?”

“I’m fine,” Katsuki answered with annoyance. He didn’t need to be babied.

Kaminari didn’t take offense to Katsuki’s tone. They’d all gotten used to it by now. “That’s great to hear.”

“Kaminari!” called a voice from over the ledge.

Kaminari and Katsuki headed to the ledge, glancing down over the edge. It was Kirishima with Uraraka trotting up to him.

“Hey, guys! Thanks for the lift!” Kaminari called back. He was only able to jump high enough to get over the ledge because of Uraraka’s Quirk and Kirishima’s extra lift throwing him up.

Kirishima gave a thumbs up, smiling back. His smile only grew when spotting Katsuki’s little head peeking over the ledge as well. “Katsuki! What’re you doing up there, lil’ man!?”
“Shouta told me to watch from here,” Katsuki answered.

“Awesome! You got to see the fight first hand and up close!”

“You guys,” Uraraka started, gaining Kaminari and Kirishima’s attention. “We still need to help the others. It was way harder when the first one was destroyed. The robots are probably way harder now that we took ours out. We need to help the others.”

“Yeah, yeah, we’re coming, we’re coming,” Kaminari nonchalantly said as he started climbing down.

“See you later, Katsuki!” Kirishima called from below. He was waving as he and the others ran off in search for their classmates.

Katsuki watched the teens run off until they were far and barely within sight. He pulled away from the ledge, making his way back to his prior spot. He continued watching the students attempting to take down the remaining robots. It was clear how much stronger the robots were with how the chaos grew as well. Even so, the class was able to stand their ground.

“Woah…” Katsuki breathed as one more robot went down. That left two. He was so drawn in by the fighting that he failed to pick up the static glitching sparking a bit away from him.

Bzzt! Bzzt bzzt!

Katsuki’s focus on the fighting began to falter.

Bzzzzt! Clunk! Clunk!

Brushing off any hesitance, Katsuki turned. His eyes widened.

Be-beep! Boop!

Chapter End Notes

OwO so. All Might. amiright? tell me what ya think about that special someone and stuff popping up in the comments or tumblr @arcs-and-blah! see you thursday!
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

It's Class 1-A vs robots.

Chapter Notes

SCHEDULING ANNOUNCEMENT!! Hey guys! First off, thank you everyone again for the wonderful comments and reading and everything!! despite everyone being so sweet, i'm sorry to say i'm gonna start posting once a week now on fridays. alright, gonna be completely honest here: Pokemon comes out tomorrow. that's gonna take all my attention for a while  

in the mean time, you all can say happy (early) bday to my dear editor @robogill! gettin' him Ultra Sun~ I get Ultra Moon

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Looks like another robot has been taken out, Aizawa-kun,” All Might said back in the control room as a light that signaled each robot’s condition went out. “That makes three left with eight remaining minutes.”

Aizawa’s narrowed stare watched the screens like a hawk. He was confused. “But there’s only two there.” He pointed to one of the screens. It showed two robots and the whole class attempting to take them down. He muttered under his breath, “Where’s the third one?”

A sudden flash from another screen caught Aizawa’s attention. He turned to the screen. He lunged for it upon seeing the display.

“Katsuki!”

There the third robot was. With Katsuki. On his own.

Aizawa wasted no time trying to shut the third robot down, but it didn’t respond. Aizawa cursed. The robot must’ve taken enough damage to screw with its systems somehow, yet not enough to go down.

Just as Aizawa wasted no time trying to shut the robot down, he wasted no time bolting out of the control room and to Katsuki. It didn’t even register to him that All Might was calling out something to him. All that was on his mind was the little boy no doubt trying to hold his ground.

And just as Aizawa predicted, Katsuki was doing all he could to fend for himself.

Only seconds after Katsuki saw the robot beside him, the robot had started to attack. Its raised metal arm bashed down at the boy. Luckily, Katsuki dodged in time, jumping away. He scrambled to dodge the robot’s next attack. He was barely keeping himself from getting hit.
In a matter of seconds, Katsuki was breathing heavily from a mix of sudden fast-paced dodging and from his panic.

His heart was racing.

Another hard swing.

Another close call.

Katsuki knew he had to do something, but wasn’t calm enough to think of what. Whenever he tried, his thoughts were quickly shoved away by his instinct to not get hurt or hit. It was like he had no control over his body. It was fight or flight. Fight or flight. Fight or flight.

And Katsuki was having enough of flight.

When the next attempt at a blow at him came, Katsuki stood his ground.

The metal arm swung at Katsuki.

Katsuki shoved his palm at the arm. Moments before the arm would’ve made contact with him, Katsuki activated his Quirk.

A loud explosion sounded.

A yelp followed soon after.

And the next thing Katsuki knew, he was staring up at blue skies.

The explosive force colliding with the force of the near blow was enough to send Katsuki flying over the ledge. He was unharmed, but that could change at any moment.

Katsuki’s mind was drawing a blank on what was going on. What he should do. What was gonna happen next. What—

“Katsuki!”

“Katsuki-kun!”

“Kacchan!”

It was the explosion that gathered all of Class 1-A’s attention to the higher grounds and away from the two robots together. Confusion arose upon seeing a third robot when there was thought to be only two remaining. It was short-lived the moment they saw Katsuki being forced away and falling. They all shouted his name, fearful, and tried bolting to catch the boy before he collided with the ground. Sadly, the two robots quickly got in their way.

“Go away!” Kirishima yelled as tried to punch one of the robots. It blocked him before going for its own attack. Kirishima hardened up and braced for the hit, but luckily Sero held back the robot’s arm with his tape.

Meanwhile, the second robot didn’t wait to be attacked. It attacked first, forcing many of the heroes in training to step back and further away.

“He’s gonna hit the ground!” Yaoyorozu cried.

Midoriya wasted no time, using his Quirk to leap over to Katsuki. He had to reach him. He was close
and getting closer. Hope was high with it clear that Midoriya would make it. If only he wasn’t stopped.

The first robot’s sensors quickly picked up on Midoriya’s movement. It wasn’t going to let him get away and to make sure of it, it yanked on Sero’s tape.

Sero was sent flying by the sudden yank. He collided with Midoriya, bringing the latter crashing down with him.

All Midoriya could do was watch Katsuki fall while he and the rest of his classmates were unable to help. Even so, he reached out his hand, screaming for the young child once more.

“Kacchan!”

Hearing his name desperately called for him snapped Katsuki out of his daze. Katsuki finally realized he was falling. He managed to turn his head towards the ground. It was so close and was only getting closer. Katsuki barely had any time to think. Instead, it was like as if his body acted on its own.

The palm of Katsuki’s hand set off another of his explosions. He let out a yelp when his body jerkily flew aside. His other hand set off another explosion, making his body jerk once more. Each time Katsuki set off his Quirk, it slowed his falling speed. Albeit rather gracelessly. Katsuki still had yet to master all his Quirk could do. Which was why when he landed, he landed with a thud on his side.

Katsuki groaned from the hard fall. With some effort, he picked himself up. He held his head and was about to calm himself, but something landed hard before him. Katsuki saw a metal base. His eyes drew upwards. From his spot on the ground, Katsuki was looking up at the janky third robot. It glitched and static flared.

The robot rose its arm high up. It prepared to attack Katsuki, moments away from swinging its metal arm down. Before it could, it was sent flying aside by a strong force.

Kirishima appeared before Katsuki, having punched the robot away with his hardened fist. He turned to the boy. “Katsuki, you’re alright, right!?”

Katsuki could barely respond with a head nod.

“Quick! Get going!” Kirishima shouted before he was thrown aside suddenly by another robot. Even with Satou and Shouji on it in an attempt to hold it down with Sero also trying to hold it back with his tape, it still easily attacked.

Katsuki only got a glance at the robot easily shoving Satou and Shouji off before a wall of ice separated him and the robot. He turned to the source, meeting eyes with Todoroki and Yaoyorozu.

“Katsuki-kun, please! Run!” Yaoyorozu cried.

Katsuki nodded his head, finally standing. He realized the others could take the robots down if they didn’t need to protect him at the same time. It was their initial task. Wordlessly, Katsuki ran towards the direction of the control room. However, he didn’t get far before the clunky robot was back to targeting him.

The most beat up of the three bots was back up. It was clear that it was locking down on the escaping boy. Though, its sensors were quickly blocked by Kirishima going for it once more.

Kirishima gave the robot another hardened punch. Before the robot could collect itself, Kirishima
shouted to his teammates, “Isn’t this the one we took out!? Why is it still here!?"

“Guess the shock wasn’t enough?” Kaminari sheepishly offered before dodging another robot’s attack.

“But why is it after Katsuki!?” Ashido asked.

“Kaminari-kun’s electricity must’ve damaged the circuits enough to reprogram its initial setup!” Midoriya reasoned. A dodge from an attack. “But it wasn’t enough to disrupt its connection to the other robots!”

“Whatever! Just take them down!” Jirou yelled.

Another stream of ice from Todoroki’s Quirk sped across the ground, successfully trapping one of the robots. His ice had grown onto the bot, freezing it in place.

Before the robot could force itself free as it had been doing, Midoriya jumped into action. He had prepared for Todoroki’s ice to freeze the robot in place, jumping high in the air with the help of Uraraka’s Quirk. When Uraraka’s Quirk released, Midoriya started falling above the robot, speed picking up. At the right moment, he activated his Quirk, smashing the bot into pieces.

“Yes,” Midoriya tiredly said after making sure the robot was down. He picked up on some quick cheers from his classmates as well.

“Just two to go!” Mineta cheered.

“But…” Tokoyami started after a thought came to mind. “This one being destroyed, doesn’t that make the other two even stronger?”

The few students around the fallen robot paused. Their attention was quickly captured by the shouting of their other classmates struggling even more with the remaining robots. Robot. There was only one in sight. The non-reprogrammed bot.

Midoriya and the few with him ran over to the rest of the class. “Where’s the broken one!?”

“It started glitching up a bunch before going after Katsuki again!” Ojiro answered Midoriya.

“This one’s keeping us from going after it!” Sero added.

“Where’d Katsuki run off to?” a sudden new voice asked.

The students turned, seeing Aizawa rushing in.

“Sensei!”

Hagakure quickly stepped up. Her gloved hand pointed towards the direction Katsuki and the mangled robot went. “He went that way!”

Aizawa nodded in affirmation. “Alright, you all keep focusing on this bot. I’ll take care of Katsuki.” Aizawa did not wait for a response from his students before taking off once more. However, doing so also made Aizawa not realize two of his students were following him until they were right beside him.

Aizawa nearly stumbled when seeing the two. “What did I just say back there?”

It was Midoriya and Kirishima.
“Sorry, Aizawa-sensei,” Kirishima started. “But a big part of why Katsuki’s in danger is my fault. That robot was my group’s and I should’ve checked to make sure it was down.”

Aizawa let out a huff. He turned to Midoriya. “What about you?”

“Kacchan’s only four years old. He can’t defend himself, and you can’t protect him and fight at the same time,” Midoriya said.

Aizawa held down his grumbles. “Fine.”

The three halted to a stop. There the robot was. The beat-up robot was banging its body against a pile of giant debris beside a ruined building. It was even scraping at the debris as if trying to drill through. The solid rubbish remained unscathed despite its efforts. Along with the unmoving debris keeping the robot away was All Might.

“All Might!” Midoriya called out as he and the others ran over.

“Where’s Katsuki!?” Kirishima urgently asked.

All Might hauled the robot away, sending it flying with a throw. It landed at a distance, but they all knew it wouldn’t be enough. The robot would soon be back on its feet and returning. Before the robot got up, All Might quickly answered Kirishima. “He’s in the rubble.”

“It collapsed on him!?”

“No, no, no!” All Might quickly reassured Kirishima. “He crawled through it and won’t come out.”

“He’s trapped in?” Midoriya asked, glancing back at the rubble.

“I doubt it,” Aizawa answered.

Before the four could say anything more, they heard the clanking of metal. The robot was charging back. It started attacking the four of them, the pro-heroes and students leaping to dodge the attacks. As the robot readied for its next attack, Aizawa called out a plan of action.

“Midoriya, Kirishima, you two get Katsuki out of here. All Might and I will handle this scrap of junk.”

Midoriya and Kirishima nodded. They then took off towards the rubble as the adults began forcing the robot back.

Aizawa forced the robot to the ground. It glitched and still managed to get up.

“Damn,” Aizawa cursed. “What kinda budget does this school have?” he asked despite pretty much knowing the answer. But still. For a robot to withstand this much.

“Young Kaminari’s electricity must’ve zapped it to its max level of intensity,” All Might said. He was still watching the cameras before to observe the class.

“Still.” A dodge. “How’re you holding up?” Aizawa asked about All Might’s condition.

“Don’t worry about me,” All Might answered. “I won’t be outlasted by some machine.” Despite saying that, All Might still coughed up blood. And he barely got hit.

Seeing All Might’s slight waver, Aizawa said, “Let’s make this quick. Before the kids over there see you.”
All Might nodded. He took a quick glance at Midoriya and Kirishima before turning his attention back to the robot. The students were struggling to get Katsuki out.

“Kacchan!” Midoriya called through a small opening. “Please come out! Kirishima-kun and I are here to take you to safety! All Might and Aizawa-sensei are keeping the robot back right now! You don’t need to worry!”

No response.

Kirishima jumped in. “Come on, little buddy!” He reached his arm through the opening and out for Katsuki. “We’re right here for y—Ow!”

“Are you okay!?” Midoriya asked, startled when Kirishima suddenly yanked his arm back. “What happened!?”

“It’s nothing,” Kirishima reassured. “He just used his Quirk on me.”

Kirishima went to try again. He prepared himself this time, hardening his arm before reaching once more. When he reached for Katsuki, the mini explosions burst one after another. Thanks to his Quirk, it didn’t feel like anything on Kirishima’s end. However, Katsuki’s end was a whole other situation.

Despite barely being old enough to be considered a child, Katsuki kept as calm as he could when first being targeted. He swallowed down any sense of terror even when running alone with a giant robot speeding after him.

When Katsuki heard the creaking of stiffly moving metal, he glanced back and saw an attack from the robot coming for him. Once more, he instinctively avoided the attack by using his Quirk. This time, Katsuki knew what was coming. Activating an explosion sent his little body flying away from the robot and its attack. Sadly, Katsuki still had no experience and no understanding on how to land safely. He landed harshly on the ground, skidding and tumbling on the surface to a stop.

After the harsh landing, Katsuki had no time to acknowledge any pain. He had to pull himself up to dodge another attack. He’d use his Quirk to boost speed, yet would still land harshly. The process would only repeat.

The last time Katsuki rolled to a stop, it was because he had tumbled into the large pile of debris. When he picked himself up, the quickly scanned the area for a route to run. There were no openings, and the robot quickly caught up to him.

With there being no escape route to take, Katsuki had to take another course of attack. He scanned the area once more, this time for an idea on what to do next. Doing so allowed him to notice a small opening in the pile of debris just big enough for him. Katsuki didn’t have time to consider the consequences when the robot finally showed up again. Without a second thought, Katsuki climbed the rubble and into the opening. He barely got through before the robot banged on the debris and tried to grab at him.

Breathing heavily, Katsuki crawled through the loud banging and rumbling until he reached the end of the little crawl space. It led to a dead end. He was trapped.

“What…?” Katsuki had breathed, feeling around the dead end. Still nothing. Yet the robot was still out where he entered.

Katsuki flinched at a particularly loud bang, instantly turning towards the opening. The robot was attempting to force its arms through the small opening, frantically trying to dig through to get to the
boy.

Katsuki quickly shifted back until he was against the dead-end wall. The booming banging. The violent rumbling. The constant switch between dark and light from the robot fumbling at the entrance. The tight, constricting space making it harder to breath.

Harder to breath.

Harder to breath…

He couldn’t breathe.

The panic Katsuki forced at bay finally spilt out. His wheezing restricted his breaths. His eyes clenched shut. His hands blocked his ears. His body curled up, making him smaller. He needed to be smaller. The walls. It was like they were closing in. It was like he was going to die by either the walls meant to keep him hidden or by the source of the mayhem. It was like…

It was like back then.

“Kacchan!”

Words were indistinguishable to him. Katsuki was too deep into his state of panic. Even the outreached arm coming to aid him was seen as a threaten.

In his state of delirium, Katsuki attacked to defend himself. He reached for the arm with both his hands. Without a second thought, Katsuki set off his explosions. The arm shot out and away only to return moments later.

Katsuki did just as before, setting off his explosions. Yet this time, it was ineffective. That only drove Katsuki further into panic. His explosions picked up pace.

*Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!*

Kirishima yanked his arm back. He cursed when seeing the remaining smoke emitting from his arm. It still didn’t hurt, but Katsuki was relentless. However, so was Kirishima when it came to trying to save Katsuki.

“Katsuki! It’s me! Kirishima! Hair-for-brains!? Deku’s here, too! The robot’s gone now! Please come out!”

Still nothing.

Kirishima turned his attention to Midoriya. “Should we just try to dig him out? Move all the debris aside?”

“That might be very dangerous for Kacchan,” Midoriya sadly answered. “Moving things around will make the debris shift and it might hurt him.”

“What’s going on?” a new voice asked.

The two students turned, seeing Aizawa again out of breath before them. Just as Kirishima said before, the robot was finally, *finally* gone thanks to the teachers. Aizawa and All Might had taken it down, the latter now taking the robot to be examined to see how the circuit frying triggered such an outcome. Plus, he needed to get out of there, about to revert to his true form any second.

“Where’s Katsuki?”
“He won’t come out,” Midoriya answered.

Aizawa cursed under his breath. He began reaching through the opening just as Kirishima had done before.

“Careful, Sensei!” Kirishima rushed to warn. “He uses—”

“Damn!”

“—his Quirk…”

Kirishima’s warning wasn’t quick enough. Katsuki had already used his mini explosion on Aizawa, making him pull out quickly.

“Little brat…” Aizawa muttered under his breath. Even so, he knelt down closer to the opening. “Katsuki, whatever it is that’s going on, snap out of it.” He began fiddling with the end of his scarf. He rolled it up to fit comfortably in his hand before reaching once more into the opening. Though, not for Katsuki exactly. Aizawa tossed the end of his scarf over to Katsuki. “You’re safe now. Nothing’s going to hurt you.”

Words were still blocked out by Katsuki. Nothing had changed for him. His breathing was still bare, his heartbeat was still rapid, his panic had yet to cease. Until a brief moment when something brushed against his arm.

Katsuki uncurled himself, patting the cramped space for what brushed him. When his fingers grazed over what he found, Katsuki began calming more.

Both hands were on what Katsuki learned was a thin piece of fabric. “Shouta…?”

“Katsuki!”

Katsuki snapped more back into himself. He wasn’t yet alright, but he recovered himself enough to hear the voices calling out to him.

Katsuki gripped tightly onto the fabric. Aizawa’s scarf. It felt more prominent. “Shouta?” Katsuki began crawling out, following the line of Aizawa’s scarf.

“Oh god, finally,” Aizawa breathed in relief when hearing Katsuki. He waited until the boy was in clear view and within reach to quickly pull him out. Katsuki instantly latched onto Aizawa the moment the boy was in his arms, hiding his face in the crook of his neck.

Midoriya and Kirishima also let out heavy breaths, just as relieved.

“Is he alright?” Kirishima still asked.

“I don’t think so, but he will b—”

“What’re you talking about?” Katsuki shot out as he pulled back from Aizawa, cutting him off. His sudden burst back to normal startled Midoriya and Kirishima, but not Aizawa. “I’m fine.”

Aizawa stared back at Katsuki’s intense eyes. “Really?” Aizawa could see right through him.

“Yeah,” Katsuki croaked.

“Then why are your eyes all red?”
“They are not!” Katsuki cried, tears also falling. “You all just took too long! How can you be heroes when you left a hic a four-year-old cornered!? You hic you big hic idiot! All of you!”

Katsuki wasn’t able to keep his voice steady throughout his insults and berating, hiccupping towards the end. He still wasn’t all out crying, but he couldn’t control his tears.

“You’re all big dumb idiots! You’re supposed to make sure whatever you kill is dead and stays dead!”

By the end of his yelling, Katsuki was bawling. He hid himself once again in the crook of Aizawa’s neck, holding just as tight as before. He didn’t want to, but everything was too much. The horror from before, the panic moments ago, and the anger now. He was angry at the class and he was angry at the robots. But most of all, he was angry at himself for not being able to do anything for himself.

Once again, Katsuki couldn’t calm himself down. But it wasn’t like Aizawa was going to blame the kid for it. He simply waited, silently comforting Katsuki. It took some time, but the cries slowly subsided.

“Aizawa-sensei…?” Midoriya started once Katsuki was quiet.

“He’s a tough kid. He’ll be alright,” Aizawa answered Midoriya’s unasked question. It seemed that after everything he’d been through, Katsuki had tuckered himself out. Again, Aizawa couldn’t blame him for being exhausted.

“Let the others know class is dismissed,” Aizawa said. “Sounds like they handled the last bot. For now, this exercise is void. You won’t be given a solid grade.”

“Yes, sir,” Midoriya and Kirishima said.

“And let them know Katsuki’s alright too,” Aizawa added before they went their separate ways. He still had to gather his and Katsuki’s things at the control room. Though, he knew he didn’t have to tell his two students to notify the others. They had all fought hard to protect Katsuki.

Aizawa carried Katsuki with him as Midoriya and Kirishima made their way back to the others. He took his time, careful as to not disturb Katsuki. When he made it back to the control booth, Aizawa found All Might waiting.

“Support is looking at the damages right now,” All Might said unsurely. He was back in his true form. “They’ll be making sure something like this won’t happen a second time.”

Aizawa hummed in acknowledgement, single-handedly gathering his things. He tossed his bag onto his free shoulder before picking up Katsuki’s backpack.

“It’s a relief Katsuki came out of this without serious injuries.”

Aizawa hummed once more. “Yeah, he’s a tough kid,” he repeated himself from before.

“Well, he’s sure to grow to be a strong hero one day.”

“Yeah…”

Aizawa thought for a moment before turning from Katsuki to All Might. “Hey, you mind doing a small thing for me?”
Drowsily, Katsuki’s eyes began to flutter open. “Hmm…?” he hummed, trying to figure out where he was. He was outside. He was moving, yet not on his own. And backwards? Finally waking up more, Katsuki found he was still being carried by Aizawa and they were on their way home.

Katsuki pulled back a bit. “Shouta…?”

Aizawa paused from walking. “Morning, sleeping beauty. How you holding up?”

Katsuki didn’t really answer. He rubbed his tired, red eyes. “I can walk…”

Aizawa was hesitant for a moment, but still put Katsuki down. Once on the ground, the boy held onto his hand. They continued their way home.

“You know, for a brat your age, you held up pretty well back there.”

Katsuki still didn’t answer. Instead, he turned up to Aizawa and gave him a small smile.

“Yep, even All Might was impressed. Said you have what it takes to be a hero.”

“Really?” Katsuki softly asked. He was still rather worn out.

Aizawa nodded. He then passed Katsuki his backpack. “Even signed your backpack.”

Katsuki’s eyes widened. He took his backpack with both hands, gaping at the front. There it was. All Might’s autograph. “Whoa…”

Aizawa watched as Katsuki swung on his backpack. The boy was letting out little giggles, holding onto his hand again as they continued on. “Glad to see you’re all better.”

Katsuki couldn’t help the toothy smile on his face.

Aizawa snorted with his own smile when seeing Katsuki’s. His tooth was missing. But Aizawa wasn’t going to point it out. Katsuki would find out eventually on his own. For now, the boy deserved his bliss.

Chapter End Notes

again, sorry about the updating schedule, but everything’ll be all right ¬( °ω° )¬ ! Pokemon right!? or feel free to yell at me @arcs-and-blah, (please don’t i’m sensative...) or talk Pokemon with me!! that’s nicer! see you next friday!!
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Katsuki may be a tough kid, but that doesn't make him invincible.

Chapter Notes

aahhh it's been a week! once again, sorry about the schedule change, but it actually works better for me xwx thank you for being patient. hope everyone is having a nice little break (if you're in the US and all)! if not, uhh... well here's chapter 9!

also, don't forgot @robogill's love! he is old now

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Ever since the event with the robot, Aizawa noticed a few changes in Katsuki. One of which was the boy’s sleeping habits.

At breakfast that morning, over the rim of his coffee mug, Aizawa silently watched Katsuki eat. The boy was quiet. Quiet in a way that was different from their norm. Aizawa could see the tired look in his eyes. It wasn’t an ‘ugh it’s Wednesday morning’ sort of tired either, and Katsuki was too young for this tired look in his eyes. And it didn’t take Aizawa a team of detectives to find out why Katsuki was so tired. The boy’s nights were simply restless.

Aizawa thought back to the night before. It was pretty much like every other night lately.

The two of them had just finished their usual night routines and Aizawa laid out their futons. Katsuki crept under his covers. Aizawa waited until he was situated before turning off the lights. That was when Katsuki’s restlessness surfaced.

Despite it still being dark, Aizawa could still clearly see Katsuki. The boy would always think he was already fast asleep, especially since Aizawa could pass out asleep at any given moment, but Aizawa never was.

Another change was how Katsuki began staying on his futon instead of scooting over to Aizawa’s. He would lay there and force his eyes shut as if trying to force his own sleep. Katsuki would also toss and turn, doing anything to get comfortable. He could never get himself comfortable. After failed efforts, his red eyes would pop open and he would glare at nothing in particular. On the surface, Katsuki just looked cranky and frustrated about not being able to fall asleep, but Aizawa was pretty much a pro at reading Katsuki now, and saw past the frustration.

Katsuki’s frustrated groaning sounded more upset than angry. The boy’s breathing would also be heavier. All of that would go on deep into the night before Katsuki was finally completely exhausted. But even then, Aizawa could tell it was not a sound sleep.

The next morning, Aizawa would always find Katsuki up first. Usually when that happened, the brat
would shake him awake to get the day started earlier. Not anymore. Now Katsuki would lay in his futon, pretending to sleep until the alarm went off. Just as he had done this morning.

Aizawa took a deep breath. Looked like he would have to initiate the talking again. “Hey, you doing alright?”

“What’s it to you?” Katsuki bluntly responded before taking a sip of his own drink. His tone of voice was a clear indicator he was still off.

“Just answer the question, kid.”

Katsuki narrowed his eyes at Aizawa over the rim of his cup. He set his cup back down onto the table a little more forceful than needed. “Fine. I’m fine. Why?”

Aizawa was growing irritable with Katsuki’s attitude. Sure, he was an adult and could handle loss of sleep—he was used to it, plus he had coffee—but that didn’t mean Aizawa was at his best either. “Because you’re starting to look like a dead fish.”

Katsuki was not happy with Aizawa’s comment, but it was too late to fix anything now. Especially with Katsuki’s harsher toned response.

“Huh, I bet you’d know, seeing one every time you look in mirror and all.”

Aizawa did not have the patience for this.

“Oi, watch your mouth, you little brat.”

“Why should I? It’s not like you do.”

Aizawa caught the next few words he was about to spew in his throat. Katsuki wasn’t wrong. And Aizawa—a grown adult—should have phrased his words better, and probably held back what he said in front of Katsuki. Probably. To some extent.

Aizawa took another deep breath to calm himself down. This also seemed to make Katsuki somewhat back off. “Alright. If you say you’re fine, fine.”

Aizawa stood from the low table. Since he finished first, he headed into the kitchen to pack their lunches. Katsuki stayed sitting, eyes falling down onto his breakfast. He glared at it before suddenly standing himself. He rushed to the kitchen, stopping before entering the space.

“Don’t touch anything; I’ll do it.”

Aizawa turned around to Katsuki. His brows knitted together in confusion. Katsuki didn’t seem to notice, the boy’s glaring eyes someplace else.

“Your cooking always tastes bad. And it’s easier for you to put the futons away.”

Aizawa held down his annoyance. He did not want to argue right now. As the saying goes: pick your battles.

“Fine.”

Aizawa turned back around to put the bento he was holding down on the counter. This gave Katsuki the chance to dash back to grab his breakfast. When the two of them passed by each other to swap places, Katsuki kept his body hunched over in attempt to hide his leftovers. It didn’t do much. Aizawa knew what he was doing.
Next on Katsuki’s behavioral change list: his appetite.

Over time, Katsuki was starting to have more and more leftovers. Aizawa noticed right away and had already spoken to Katsuki about needing to finish his meals. After that, the problem went away. For about a day. And it was more hidden than ‘went away.’ Aizawa had caught Katsuki trying to hide his leftovers and slip them into his bento box. As he was doing now. And once again, Aizawa let him be. Katsuki always came back with his bento empty, so at least he ate during lunch. Did the little brat really think he wouldn’t notice him sneak previous night’s leftover dinner and morning breakfast remains into his lunch bento while making Aizawa’s share? Really, how Katsuki had been shooing Aizawa out the kitchen was enough of an indicator.

Aizawa let out another sigh as he folded up the futons.

The two of them finished getting their things together and putting things away. They locked up before finally heading off to school. On the way, Katsuki kept his head down. His hold on Aizawa’s hand lacked its usual grip. Another change. It all unsettled Aizawa.

“Hey,” Aizawa started. Katsuki’s head only tilted a bit in a side glance. Aizawa continued. “I know you’re good and all, but if something ever did come up, you know you can let me know, right?”

Katsuki’s gaze went back down. He hummed in affirmation. Yet, Aizawa could tell it wasn’t really genuine.

The rest of the way to school was walked in pure silence, especially compared to when they entered their classroom. At least everyone else in Class 1-A was normal. They were all animatedly talking amongst themselves, even when Aizawa and Katsuki walked in. It wasn’t until Aizawa let out a loud, fake cough that the class uneventfully went back to their seats. Katsuki was at his as well, already looking over the usual packets Yaoyorozu left on his table.

Aizawa started homeroom, going over all he needed to. He touched briefly on the consideration of redoing the hero exercise they didn’t get to properly finish. And that was that. Homeroom wasn’t that long and Aizawa was going to head out now that the period was ending. Though, he waited at the door, looking over at Katsuki. The next thing on Katsuki’s list of changes.

Before, Katsuki would always hang back to do his packets. It had been a while since he followed Aizawa back to the faculty office. But now, the boy followed him every day.

Katsuki quickly packed his things into his backpack. He quickly shuffled his way to Aizawa, avoiding any of the older kids’ attention. Before any of the older kids could say anything to him, Katsuki would already be by Aizawa’s side like now, taking his hand. He had claimed it was starting to get too loud for him to work. Aizawa didn’t push it. With that, they left the class to wallow in confusion.

“Hey,” Kirishima started with his group of friends. “The little guy’s been acting weird, right?”

“Okay, good. I thought it was just me thinking that,” Sero said.

“Doesn’t he always just ignore us?” Kaminari asked.

“Not really like this,” Ashido answered. “Like, usually he’d yell at us or glare. Now he’s barely looking our way and always running to Aizawa-sensei.”

“You think he’s still pissed about the robot thing?” Kirishima worriedly asked. He was more worried about Katsuki’s sense of safety and wellbeing than the kid being mad at them. “I mean, this all started after that happened.”
“Nah, if he was pissed, he’d clearly show it,” Kaminari answered.

“I’m gonna ask Yaomomo what’s up,” Ashido offered, already turning in Yaoyorozu’s direction. “She spends the most time with the little guy.”

Ashido made her way to the back of the class where Yaoyorozu sat. The girl was just sitting and staring out the window beside her, waiting for the next class to start. When noticing Ashido come up to her, Yaoyorozu snapped out of her thoughts.

“Ashido-san.”

“Hey, Yaomomo!” Ashido greeted with her usual cheer. Only, it dampened after her greeting. “Just wondering, you wouldn’t happen to know what’s up with Katsuki, would you?”

Yaoyorozu shook her head. Judging by how the look on her face dropped, it could be safely assumed she knew what Ashido was talking about. “Sorry, I don’t. I did ask him a few times if he was alright, but he just said he was fine. But he wasn’t really been able to focus on his studies or learn things as effortlessly as before.”

Ashido’s face turned thoughtful. “Huh. Maybe we can ask Aizawa-sensei. He’s gotta know.”

All Yaoyorozu could offer was a hopeful smile, but it still wasn’t much. With Katsuki’s high sense of pride and not wanting help, she wasn’t sure if there was much Aizawa could do.

And she was right to be uncertain.

At the faulty office, Aizawa couldn’t pay much attention to his work. Just like Katsuki, it seemed. Watching the boy from a few desks away, Aizawa could see that Katsuki had zoned out.

Katsuki was resting with his elbow propping up his head on the table. He twiddled his pencil in his hand, watching with hollow eyes. Occasionally, he’d look back at his work and try a few questions, but he’d only go back to twiddling. If looked upon carefully, Katsuki’s eyes could be seen barely kept open.

Aizawa stood, walking over to Katsuki. The boy turned up to him when he reached him. “If you’re tired or anything, you can rest in the nurse’s office. I’m sure Recovery Girl won’t mind.”

Katsuki turned back to his worksheet. “I’m fine,” he grumbled for the umpteenth time.

Aizawa didn’t say anything back. He knew Katsuki wasn’t right, but still headed back to his own desk. At least Katsuki knew the option was there. Plus, it was also fairly quiet in the faculty office, so if Katsuki were to fall asleep at his desk, at least he wouldn’t be disturbed. Even so, Aizawa kept his eye on Katsuki.

As it turned out, Katsuki did not pass out at his desk. He managed to get through a good amount of his worksheet, stuffing the papers into his backpack to hand off to Yaoyorozu in a bit. He hopped off his seat, his little feet padding over to Aizawa. The pro hero watched him slow to a stop. “I’m going back to the classroom.”

“Allright. Need me to come with?” The hallways were still empty with classes not out yet, only a few more minutes left until lunch. And Katsuki had walked from the office to the classroom on his own many times before. Yet, Aizawa still felt he had to make sure.

“I can go by myself,” Katsuki huffed, offended. “I’m not a baby.”
“Debatable,” Aizawa responded, shifting his attention back to work he had yet to complete. “You going to eat with Yaoyorozu again?”

Katsuki nodded his head.

Aizawa glanced back at the boy, ruffling his hair. “Alright, get going.” He’d noticed the change in Katsuki’s social behavior, but at least he was still managing with Yaoyorozu.

Katsuki cracked a tiny smile when his hair was being ruffled. Aizawa caught it as he pulled back. But it quickly went away as Katsuki did, the boy now scurrying off. And just as he had tons of times before, he reached Class 1-A without any trouble.

Even though class was very close to being dismissed, it still wasn’t out. So he wouldn’t draw attention to himself, Katsuki stayed beside the door. He waited patiently on the ground, playing with the loose ends of his backpack straps. It didn’t take long for the door to slide open, the teacher walking out. Katsuki wasn’t noticed, but he didn’t care. He simply made his way back inside.

Being small and quiet—and with everyone already gathered together in their groups of friends—Katsuki successfully avoided drawing attention. He managed to stay out of sight as he made his way to the back where Yaoyorozu was. Yaoyorozu looked to be talking with Todoroki, but Katsuki didn’t care. “Momo-nee-chan.”

Both Yaoyorozu and Todoroki jumped, startled by the sudden soft voice. They turned to the source, immediately calming down.

Yaoyorozu kneeled to Katsuki’s height. “Hello, Katsuki-kun. Did you finish everything?”

Katsuki didn’t answer. Not even a nod or a shake of his head. He simply took his backpack off, swinging it around so he could grab his worksheets. He handed them off to Yaoyorozu before zipping up his backpack while she flipped through the worksheets.

Looking over some of the questions, a worried look faintly took over Yaoyorozu’s face. As Yaoyorozu said before to Ashido, Katsuki’s studies were starting to falter. She noticed more little mistakes than usual, and how Katsuki didn’t do her challenge questions.

Yaoyorozu turned back to Katsuki. “Do you want to go over…” her voice slowed when noticing something with Katsuki, “…these…?”

Katsuki shook his head, turning to leave. Only, Yaoyorozu stopped him. The older girl held onto his arm, turning him back.

Worried look growing more evident, Yaoyorozu placed her hand on Katsuki’s forehead. Katsuki tried to shake off her hand and pull away, but Yaoyorozu kept her grip. “Katsuki-kun, you’re burning up.”

“Nuh-uh.”

Katsuki fought back more, shaking his head. Doing so made his head spin.

Yaoyorozu briefly let Katsuki go to create a cold pack. However, moments after Yaoyorozu let go, Katsuki began to wobble more. The young boy nearly toppled over and would have fallen if Todoroki hadn’t acted quickly and caught him.

With Katsuki in his arms, Todoroki was able to get a sense of how warm the boy was as well. Not that he would say it aloud, but even he grew worried. When Yaoyorozu created the cold pack,
Todoroki took it and placed it on Katsuki’s forehead. The cold pack wasn’t exactly cold—Yaoorozu’s Quirk not regulating the temperature of what she created—so Todoroki used his Quirk when holding the pack to Katsuki’s head. Todoroki felt that Katsuki had to be feeling really bad, considering the boy wasn’t even fighting back while he laid limp in the teen’s arms.

Todoroki stood, still carrying Katsuki in his arms. “We need to take him to the nurse’s office.”

“Right,” Yaoorozu instantly agreed.

When the two of them turned to head for the door, they finally noticed all eyes on them and Katsuki. Kirishima was the first to rush over. Dread rushed through him upon seeing Katsuki’s labored breathing. Though, Kirishima only got a glance before Katsuki turned away, self-conscious. “What’s wrong with him?”

“He has a high fever,” Yaoorozu answered. “We’re taking him to Recovery Girl right now.”

“Can you get his backpack off?” Todoroki asked Kirishima. It was making holding Katsuki more difficult and uncomfortable.

“Yeah.”

Kirishima instantly went to help as Todoroki shifted for the backpack to be more easily removed. However, Katsuki was making it difficult for the both of them.

“Nooo,” Katsuki whined, keeping his arms in to prevent his backpack from being taken. He began squirming, wanting to escape from Todoroki’s hold. “I don’t wanna. I’m fine.”

“No, you’re not,” Todoroki argued, irked with the squirming. It made it hard for him to keep his hold. “You’re sick.”

“No, I’m not,” Katsuki continued denying.

“Kacchan, please calm down,” Midoriya, gently said after rushing over. “Todoroki-kun is just worried about you. We all are.”

Katsuki instantly stilled at Midoriya’s appearance. Their eyes met for a moment before Katsuki’s sheepishly went to the floor. He was noticeably more behaved. “I wanna get down…” Katsuki mumbled. “I can walk.”

Since Katsuki was seeming more compliant, Todoroki did as requested.

Upon being set down, Katsuki did manage to stand on his own two feet. Sadly, it wasn’t for very long. He began growing dizzy again, this time Kirishima helping him when he started leaning too far to one side.

Kirishima knelt down to Katsuki’s height when helping him stand. An apologetic smile graced his lips. “Sorry, buddy. I think it’s better if you let one of us carry you. Just this once. That alright?”

Katsuki kept his head down. However, he did nod his head hesitantly.

Katsuki removed his backpack, doing what the older teens were trying to do before. He handed it off to Midoriya, who was happy to hold onto it for him. With Katsuki now willing to be carried, Todoroki was about to pick him up again. Only, Katsuki hurried to Kirishima, arms around the teen’s neck since he was still at his height. If Katsuki allowed anyone to help and carry him, it’d only
be Kirishima.

Kirishima was surprised at first, but quickly disregarded it. He easily picked Katsuki up in a protective hold.

“Alright,” Kirishima started with a newfound sense of duty, “someone should go grab Aizawa-sensei, too.”

“Iida-kun is already on the way,” Midoriya said. He had already asked the bespectacled teen to do so before. “But I think they would be coming here instead of to the nurse’s office.”

“I’ll stay and wait for them,” Todoroki offered. “I’ll let Aizawa-sensei know to go to the nurse’s office.”

The group nodded with the new formed plan.

Kirishima, Yaoyorozu, and Midoriya were quick to rush to Recovery Girl. On their way there, Katsuki was getting more noticeably lethargic. Yaoyorozu tried offering words of encouragement to Katsuki, but the young child was already in a daze. By the time the four of them reached the nurse’s office, Katsuki was out.

The three teens quickly explained the situation to Recovery Girl. She had Kirishima lay Katsuki onto one of the spare beds while she grabbed a thermometer. By the time Recovery Girl finished taking Katsuki’s temperature, Aizawa finally appeared with Iida, Todoroki, and Present Mic—the latter being with Aizawa at the time Iida urgently appeared.

Aizawa moved quickly to Katsuki’s bed. The look on his face grew more upset seeing the boy unconscious and heavily breathing. “What happened?”

“Yaoyorozu-san noticed something was wrong with Kacchan,” Midoriya answered first.

“He was looking pale and felt too warm,” Yaoyorozu started explaining. “He could barely keep himself up.”

Recovery Girl stepped in. “His temperature is 103.4.” It was high. “How could you let it go this high? Didn’t he show signs?”

“He hasn’t been sleeping or eating well, but I didn’t think it was because he was sick,” Aizawa explained. “He kept saying he was fine. I assumed it was nightmares keeping him up, and he always came home with an empty bento.” Aizawa turned to his students. “He finishes his food, right?”

The teens glanced at each other, confused. When they turned back to Aizawa, all they could offer were shrugs.

Aizawa’s brows furrowed in his own confusion. “What do you mean you all don’t know? For the past week, he said he was eating with you, Yaoyorozu.”

Now the teens were even more bewildered. They all ate together and could all agree that they had no idea what their teacher was talking about.

“Sensei, Katsuki-kun hasn’t been eating with me,” Yaoyorozu anxiously explained.

Aizawa’s eyes widened. “What?”

“I meet him at the library after finishing lunch, but other than that, he’s not with us during our lunch
Aizawa instantly turned to Katsuki. If he wasn’t with Yaoyorozu, then where the hell was he going?

Aizawa wasn’t able to dwell much on the mystery, Present Mic placing his hand supportively on his shoulder. “Hey, you can question the little guy later. For now, you should probably get him home. You two walk every morning, don’t you? I’ll give you a lift.”

“Yeah. Thanks.”

Aizawa went to pick up Katsuki’s backpack, swinging it over his shoulder before going to pick Katsuki up. Before he and Present Mic went on their way, Aizawa turned to his students. “Clearly, I won’t be here for hero lessons. Mic here will be talking over.”

With the new arrangements, all the five students could offer were hesitant agreements. They were still clearly worried about Katsuki.

“Oi, toughen up,” Aizawa scolded. “It’s just a little fever.”

“A high fever, Sensei,” Kirishima argued.

“Still, he’ll get better.”

Aizawa glanced down at Katsuki. Though he said that, he was still very bothered himself. Sleeplessness, nightmares, lack of appetite, and now this? The kid was going through too much.

It was still the middle of lunch and Aizawa knew his students hadn’t had theirs yet. He sent them off while he and Present Mic headed out.

Outside the building, Present Mic ran to get his car while Aizawa waited with Katsuki. When the car pulled up, Aizawa opened the back door to buckle Katsuki in. He carefully put Katsuki down, but then glanced at his face. The boy was flushed and clearly distressed despite being asleep. Without a second thought, Aizawa shifted Katsuki so that he could sit in the back seat as well. He let Katsuki lay against him before giving Present Mic the okay to start driving.

They returned to Aizawa’s apartment much faster by driving than walking like usual. Once the car came to a stop, Aizawa climbed out with Katsuki once again in his hold. He closed the back door, but Present Mic still rolled down the passenger seat window. Aizawa peeked in, knowing Present Mic had something to say.

“I’ll come by later with some cold medicine,” Present Mic said. “You don’t have any for little kids, right?”

Aizawa shook his head. “No. Thanks.”

Present Mic offered a supportive smile. “You two hang in there until school’s out. I’ll be here in a flash.”

Aizawa nodded. He stepped back, making his way up the stairwell as Present Mic drove off. He reached his floor, his door, then finally entered as his arms were starting to get sore.

Once inside, Aizawa quickly and carefully laid Katsuki down. He pulled out the boy’s futon for him to rest in, moving him onto the comforter. Katsuki might’ve been lying on a comforter, but in no way was he comfortable. Aizawa’s look of worry returned. Unsure of what to do, he did the first thing anyone would do: he went to Google.
Many Google searches and doing as what the many pages said later, Present Mic finally walked through the door. Being a childless bachelor like Aizawa was this time last year, Present Mic had zero clue on what to get. He ended up buying more medicine than needed. One of them was bound to be what Katsuki needed.

“Thanks again,” Aizawa said softly at the entry way. He and Present Mic were staying quiet as to not disturb Katsuki.

“No problem,” Present Mic responded just as quietly. “Like I said, let me know if you need anything.”

“I’ve ended up calling you a lot more than I imagined I would…”

“Kids sure change a person, huh?”

Aizawa rolled his eyes.

Present Mic paid it no mind, already starting to head out. “Keep me posted on how the little guy’s doing.”

Aizawa hummed in affirmation.

“And I’m guessing you’re taking tomorrow off?”

Aizawa groaned. Most likely…

Present Mic laughed. “I’ll cover for you then, too. Jeez, maybe I should start having you owe me favors. Or at least treat me sometime.”

“Bye, Mic.”

Aizawa closed the door as Present Mic let out another laugh. Present Mic was now gone and Aizawa made his way back to the living space, finding Katsuki blinking his eyes. He rushed to his side.

Despite being conscious, Katsuki’s mind was still hazy. He turned a bit when noticing Aizawa going to sit by his side. “Shouta…? Where am I…?” The last he remembered was being carried by Kirishima through the hallways.

“Home,” Aizawa answered. He shifted to take off the washcloth he put on Katsuki before. It was no longer that cool. “Why didn’t you say anything before about being sick?”

“Because I’m not…”

“Yeah? Well a 103.4 degree fever says otherwise.”

Aizawa gave Katsuki a stern look, but it dropped when the young boy started letting out small, dry coughs. Aizawa stood to quickly grab Katsuki some water, helping him sit up to drink.

As Katsuki drank, Aizawa started speaking again. “Where have you been going during lunch? And don’t lie to me, kid. You haven’t been finishing your lunches either, have you?”

After his now empty cup was taken away, Katsuki glared at his hands on his lap. “Outside,” Katsuki admitted. His voice sounded better, but still wasn’t great. “I eat on the stairs to one of the side doors. What I can’t finish, I give to these two cats. They get food, I get you off my back. It was a win-win.”

Aizawa resisted the urge to let out another groan and be mad. “Katsuki, I told you, you can tell me if
you’re having problems—problems eating included.”

Katsuki pursed his lips, hesitant on responding. “You said to not have leftovers on my plate.”

“Well, I guess that wasn’t the right thing to say at the time…” Aizawa grumbled, inwardly referring back to the things he read online. “So, you can’t stomach everything right now. We just gotta find what you can stomach, alright?”

Katsuki didn’t look up, but he still nodded his head.

Aizawa let out a relieved sigh. There went that problem.

Now that Katsuki was up, Aizawa went to make something for him to eat. Rice porridge. Because that was what sick people usually ate. And Katsuki was able to eat more. It still wasn’t the amount he’d normally eat, but it was still more than the past few days.

Afterwards, Aizawa helped Katsuki with his bath. A quick bath, then it was into a comfortable change of pajamas before Katsuki was back into his futon. There, Aizawa gave Katsuki the right medicine Present Mic brought over. Katsuki was resistant at first, but finally gulped down the fake fruity-tasting syrup. The kid made a face of disgust, which picked up Aizawa’s mood. And finally, Katsuki was back to going asleep. Despite having been out for hours before and it still being fairly early for bed, the boy was exhausted. He was still sick and was still suffering from the multiple nights of sleeplessness.

“Aren’t you going to sleep?” Katsuki asked, looking at Aizawa beside him in his own futon. The pro hero was keeping his head propped up with his elbow. “That’s, like, the only thing you’re happy doing.”

“Maybe a little later. I’ll watch over you first,” Aizawa answered. “Make sure you can fall asleep without any problems.”

Embarrassed by the show of care, Katsuki pulled his blanket past his nose. It did a good job of covering his flushed face. And it wasn’t just flushed because of his fever. “That’s pretty creepy…”

“Ungrateful brat,” Aizawa grumbled, irked, as he roughly ruffled Katsuki’s hair. The boy only let out a childish giggle. Hearing the small laughter put Aizawa at ease.

Aizawa pulled back his hand. However, Katsuki followed it. The young boy scooted closer to Aizawa’s futon like before. He then got himself comfortable, mumbling, “Night…”

Aizawa hummed as a response.

The room grew quiet once more. Aizawa did as he said and watched over Katsuki. The boy was actually able to fall asleep. Sure, he tossed and turned a bit, but it didn’t take hours and hours for Katsuki to finally fall asleep. And it didn’t seem like it would be a distressful sleep either. Katsuki was barely moving an inch. It could’ve been the cold medicine that was helping, but Aizawa didn’t think too much of it. He was just glad Katsuki was finally getting well-deserved rest.

A while after dubbing Katsuki peacefully out like a light, Aizawa grabbed his phone. Present Mic told him to keep him posted, and he did. He let his colleague know that Katsuki was doing better despite the fever, tossing the phone aside before getting a response. Now that he was sure Katsuki was fast asleep, Aizawa finally went to sleep himself. He was sure everything would be better in the morning.

However, that still required getting through the night.
Chapter End Notes

they're both trying qwqb. say hi to me on tumblr @arcs-and-blah!
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Katsuki's fever gets worse and it's getting impossible for Aizawa to keep calm.

Chapter Notes

chapter 10!! can you believe it!? thank you everyone who stuck with me through all this *gestures to story* and left comments along the way! i haven't responded to last chapters' comments yet tho so i need to get to that xwx but more important i post this chapter before i forget like i honestly almost did XwX

thank you dear editor @robogill!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Sometime in the middle of the night, Aizawa was abruptly awoken by a loud bang. He started to feel Katsuki violently shifting. When Aizawa sat upright, eyes quickly readjusting, he saw Katsuki covered in sweat and breathing even heavier than before.

Aizawa was instantly on his feet and wide awake. He felt Katsuki’s forehead with the back of his hand. It was burning like the heat radiating off the palms of Katsuki’s hands from his Quirk. Katsuki’s explosive Quirk was going off. That dumbfounded Aizawa for a moment, but the pro-hero didn’t have time to question it.

Working quickly, first, Aizawa activated his Quirk on Katsuki. It halted the boy’s explosions while Aizawa did his best to grab some supplies, only able to see through his peripheral vision—a damp washcloth, a cooling pack, a thermometer, and his phone.

The next thing Aizawa did was wipe the sweat off Katsuki’s forehead before putting the cooling pack on it. He then tried to wake Katsuki up, pulling the boy gently up and into his arms. Judging by the look on Katsuki’s face, Aizawa figured he was having a nightmare. “Katsuki. Hey, get up. Katsuki!”

The boy showed no signs of waking.

Aizawa let out a worried and panicked sigh. He had no idea what to do. It was one thing to read a ton of articles online, but having to actually apply what he read in a real, dire situation was another. So, he did what any sane person would do woken up at some ungodly hour in the morning by a sick child and sped through his phone contacts for one name.

“Pick up, pick up, pick up…” Aizawa repeated testily, finally using the thermometer. Distracted by his urgency, he forgot about Katsuki’s Quirk. Aizawa turned away for a moment, cursing at the sudden explosion. He was already distraught; now he had to find a way to fix Katsuki’s Quirk without him needing to keep his eyes open for who knew how long, and his phone went to voicemail.
Aizawa cursed. He dialed the number again, holding his phone between his shoulder and his ear while he used his Quirk once more. At the same time, he grabbed another two cold washcloths and wrapped them around each of Katsuki’s hands. When Aizawa blinked and explosions didn’t go off, he considered that problem solved. For now. His minute sense of relief quickly died when he was directed to voicemail yet again.

“Come on,” Aizawa growled to his phone. He was so close to crushing it in his hands. What was keeping him from going off the walls was ironically the same thing freaking him out.

Aizawa turned to Katsuki once more upon hearing the thermometer go off, signaling it was done taking his temperature. Aizawa could see that the boy was still clearly distressed as he took back the thermometer. Just as he was reading the numbers, Aizawa’s call was finally answered.

“Aizawa-kun! Do you realize what ti—!

“104.2,” Aizawa read off the thermometer Katsuki’s temperature. “Recovery Girl, it went up.”

On the other end, Recovery Girl was silent. Aizawa’s tone may have still sounded even, albeit more forceful, but Recovery Girl could get a clear sense of his panic.

“He was doing alright earlier when he first woke up.”

“Okay,” Recovery Girl started. “How is he right now? What have you done?”

“I’ve wiped off his sweat and put a cooling pack on his forehead,” Aizawa started. “He’s just really warm, his breathing is weird—”

Bang!

Aizawa let out another curse and activated Erasure. “And his damn Quirk’s going off.”

“Aizawa-kun, you need to stay calm,” Recovery Girl said seriously. “As a pro hero, you know that in face of urgency you need to keep it together. Especially when others’ wellbeing need to be cared for.”

“This isn’t just some scared civilian we’re talking about here; this is my kid.”

With everything going on, Aizawa didn’t think about his choice of words.

On the other hand, Recovery Girl was taken aback. With a new resolution, she said, “Alright, I’ll be right there.”

Now it was Aizawa’s turn to be taken aback. “What?”

“Clearly you are overthinking matters and don’t know what to do. I swear, new parents.”

Aizawa was even more taken aback. “What? I’m not—”

“You’re paying for my taxi fare,” Recover Girl interrupted. From Aizawa’s end, it sounded like the older woman was starting to move around. Before anything else could be picked up, the line went dead.

It took Aizawa a second to process what Recovery Girl said. It didn’t take long for it to wrap around Aizawa’s head she was on her way over. Just as how it didn’t take long for Recovery Girl to show up.
When a knock came at the door, Aizawa quickly went to let Recovery Girl in. The moment Aizawa opened the door, the older woman brushed passed him. She didn’t entirely ignore him, though—she threw a large bag at him to carry.

“Where’s the boy?” Recovery Girl asked, though she didn’t seem to need to. It was a one room apartment. She found Katsuki on her own real fast.

Recovery Girl went straight to work. Her Quirk may have been more suited for physical injuries, but that didn’t mean she didn’t know about colds and fevers. She was a nurse and pretty much a grandmother. Yes, grandmother. Which meant Recovery Girl still smacked Aizawa around to do things and he could not do much about it.

To help Katsuki with his fever, they had done a handful of things. The balcony door was opened a crack to help circulate the air. It brought in fresh, cool air. Katsuki’s pajamas were changed once more, the ones he had had on damp from his sweat. His blanket was also changed to a thinner one as to prevent any more overheating. As for Katsuki’s Quirk, Aizawa and Recovery Girl learned that his sweat was a huge factor on why it was going off. They’d just have to keep the boy’s palms cool and wiped regularly until his body could regulate things itself. By the time everything was done, Katsuki was looking much better.

“Thank you,” Aizawa exhaustedly said aloud to Recovery Girl, though his eyes were down on Katsuki’s resting face. He was sitting beside him once more, relieved the boy was doing better.

“I hope you know how to handle this now,” Recovery Girl responded. Her eyes were on the many crayon drawings taped on the walls. Specifically, one with the words written in messy handwriting, ‘Happy Birthday.’ She turned back to Aizawa. “You’re all that child has.”

“I know,” Aizawa responded, pinching the bridge of his nose. He knew he did not handle things well. “He kept saying he was fine.”

“Children his age do not understand what ‘fine’ is for them!” Recovery Girl scolded. “Not all the time. There are times you will need to step in and guide him on what to do. By now, you’ve probably learned to read him; you should know when he’ll need guidance.”

Aizawa let out a deep breath. “Alright, well, what situations would require me to help him, compared to him as a kid needing to learn on his own? There’s not exactly a solid list of ‘when’ and ‘when not.’”

“Trust your parental instincts.”

Aizawa opened his mouth to deny being a parent, but ultimately dropped it.

“And these should help.”

Aizawa looked up. Recovery Girl was patting a small pile of parenting books she pulled from her bag.

“Read through these.”

Aizawa’s mouth tightened to a straight line. He wasn’t going to lie; he was not looking forward to looking through all that.

“You should be fine,” Recovery Girl finally reassured with a sweet smile. “Now,” she picked up her bag, heading for the door with Aizawa now up and following, “you still owe me fare for my ride.”
Aizawa cracked a smile as he grabbed his wallet. “Right.”

Aizawa passed on the amount of cash Recovery Girl needed. The older lady was soon out the door, but Aizawa suddenly stopped her with one last thing.

“Wait,” he called.

Recovery Girl turned back to him.

“Some nights, Katsuki, uh… has accidents still.”

“That’s normal,” Recovery Girl flat-out answered Aizawa’s hesitant question.

Aizawa made a baffled face. “Really?”

“Yes. It’s just not talked about often. Do you know what parents would face if their child found out they talk about something they’re ashamed about?” Recovery Girl let out a little laugh.

Aizawa completely understood what Recovery Girl was saying.

“Not that they need to be ashamed. Again, it’s normal. But,” the older woman’s tone changed, “the cause could also be physiological. From what you’ve mentioned to me before, Katsuki did not have an ideal upbringing before you took him in. Has he ever talked much about it?”

“No, and I didn’t want to bring it up. It’s a hard subject for him.”

“I understand. Well, he may come around and open up to you more. Just show that you’re there for him.”

Aizawa nodded.

With everything said and done, Recovery Girl finally took her leave. Aizawa closed the door behind her before letting out a big yawn. What a night this was.

Aizawa rounded the corner, back into the living space where Katsuki lay. He got back into his futon, still keeping his head up with his elbow to watch the boy like before. Then, after a short while, “You’re awake, aren’t you?”

There was silence before Katsuki finally moved. He turned to face Aizawa, large red eyes peaking over the end of his blanket. “Maybe…”

Aizawa cracked a smile, ruffling Katsuki’s hair again. The action brought him out a bit from hiding. “How’s the fever?”

Katsuki shrugged. “It’s not bad.”

“Good to hear.”

Another moment of silence.

Aizawa broke the built tension. “How much did you catch?”

Katsuki looked hesitant to answered. “Something about being something psychological?” he still answered, though unsurely. He didn’t entirely know what the big word meant or if he was even saying it right.
Aizawa hummed. So Katsuki did catch when they were talking about his previous life. How the boy scooted to his person pretty much confirmed it.

Aizawa rubbed Katsuki’s back. “You really don’t have to talk about it. You know it’s okay, right?”

Katsuki nodded his head. He pulled back a bit. “I keep getting nightmares from something that happened though.” He finally looked up at Aizawa. “You said I could say this stuff to you?”

Aizawa nodded his head. “Shoot.”

Katsuki’s eyes went elsewhere once more. “I really hate small places,” he started with. “I hate them because I had to hide in them a lot. Whenever we were out and something bad was happening, they put me somewhere and I couldn’t come out until someone got me. Sometimes it’d take forever before someone got me. One time, something really bad happened at the main house…”

It was hard to say what time it was that night, but it was definitely way past a barely 4-year-old child’s bedtime. Yet, Katsuki was still up and about in his room, flipping through the pages of one of his picture books. He couldn’t read the words yet. Part of him was hopeful that the man said to be his father would come in and read to him like he occasionally did. Most times, he did not, and it seemed that night would be one of those nights. Especially with what was about to unfold.

Boom!

A sudden loud explosion blared. The house violently shook. Katsuki was nearly shaken out of his bed.

Once the shaking stopped, Katsuki turned to his door. He could see shadows rushing back and forth underneath his door. The booming bang of the explosion might have dropped silent, but the ruckus from those outside his door took its place. They sounded just as loud to Katsuki’s ears.

Growing anxious, Katsuki was prepared to fling his blankets off and hop off his bed. Before he could, his bedroom door swung open.

“Lil boss!”

It was Nagashima. The mob boss’ right hand man. He rushed in, all but gently grabbing Katsuki’s arm.

“You need to get out! Now!”

Before Katsuki could get a word out, he was already being yanked out of his room. His little legs had a hard time keeping up with the grown man, especially with the uncomfortable hold.

Outside his room, the commotion was blaring louder in Katsuki’s ears. No matter where he was lead, there were loud bangs and crashes. There had to be dozens of enemy lackeys swarming his house. However, Katsuki knew there were a good number of his father’s own lackeys around the place. Hence, the fighting.

Katsuki had yet to see any fighting or Quirks going off. It was only the uproar that let the young boy
know about them. Until Nagashima halted the second he rounded a corner. The sudden stop made Katsuki crash into the man’s legs.

“Damn,” Nagashima cursed under his breath.

Katsuki only got a brief glance at what made Nagashima halt. He spotted five unfamiliar men facing towards them before being dragged along once again. Katsuki and Nagashima were rushing down the same hallway they had just run down before Nagashima stopped again. This time, to open one of the doors—the door to the study—and roughly shove Katsuki in.

Katsuki fell to the floor due to the brutal treatment. He turned back to Nagashima, shooting the older man a hateful glare.

The glare irritated Nagashima. Spitefully, he spat, “Spoiled brat. Hide now, and don’t you dare come out if you know what’s good for you.”

With that, Nagashima slammed the door shut, making Katsuki twitch. Katsuki was now alone to fend for himself during a raid. There wasn’t much he could do as a newly 4-year-old boy whose Quirk had yet to manifest. All he could do was hide. And he would have to quick, hasty footsteps growing louder towards the door.

Katsuki shot to his feet. He scanned the room for a place to hide, opting for the ottoman at the small sitting area. The piece of furniture was hollow with the top cushion removable. It was the perfect size for little Katsuki to hide in.

Katsuki barely hid himself in time before the door to the study was forced in. He had just capped the cushion seconds before he heard the hardwood door loudly colliding against the wall. Katsuki’s breathing went heavy, panic building as unknown footsteps came ever closer than before.

“Damn it!” cried the deep voice of some enemy grunt. The yelling sounded right beside Katsuki, and the sudden harsh shake of the ottoman confirmed that the unknown man was beside him. The man had given the ottoman a rage-filled kick. Katsuki had to keep down a yelp that threatened to slip.

Fearing being found, Katsuki ripped the fabric of the cover’s underside. He bit tears in the fabric to create holes that his fingers could slip through. They allowed Katsuki to have some sort of hold on the top cushion should the ottoman be kicked again. His hold would prevent the top from coming off, exposing him to the enemy.

The action was a good call on Katsuki’s part, whatever what was going on outside the walls of Katsuki’s leather box growing louder and chaotic. He had no idea what was going on, but could build guesses by ear.

“He had some kid with him, but then he was gone after he slammed this door shut!” the same man yelled. “That kid has to be in here!”

“And he’s probably Wispflash’s kid, too,” another voice said. “There’s no way some random gofer would have their kid around here.”

Wispflash.

The name his dad went by outside his group.

They knew he was his dad’s kid.
The idea of the situation Katsuki was in wasn’t anything new to him: the boy being targeted because he was his dad’s kid. He was ‘valuable property’ according to the trash working under his dad. ‘Valuable property’ that could be easily taken as ransom for a high price. Or worse, killed just because his dad was that hated by some. And worst of all, Katsuki wasn’t even sure if his dad would care enough to go after him or pay to get him back if he was taken. The idea wasn’t new, but actually being in the situation was, and it terrified young Katsuki to no end.

Katsuki flinched at the loud and hard bang against the outside of the ottoman. His heart pounded in fear of being found. Though it didn’t seem he was found—the top still unremoved—Katsuki’s fear was only growing. He wasn’t found that second, but he could be the next. Or the next. Or the next. The building anxiety was eating him alive, and it didn’t help that he was blind to what was going on.

“Damn it!”

Bam!

Katsuki gasped, letting out tearful whimpers as he curled up even more. He had just felt the hardest jolt yet, a kick from one of the three grunts he had counted by ear. He was glad the men were making enough noise to block out his heavy breaths and whimpers.

“There’s not even some secret passage here! Where the hell is that little brat!?”

“If it was easy to find, it wouldn’t be much of a secret, now would it?”

“Shut the hell up! We tore this room apart and nothing!”

“What ever; we’re wasting our time here. We got an actual job to do, remember?”

The voices outside the tiny, enclosed walls began to lower before a loud slam of a door look their place. Hesitantly, Katsuki unclenched his body and eyes, the latter he hadn’t even realized he had forced closed. He waited and waited for more yelling, more loud bangs, but there was nothing.

Still full of hesitance, Katsuki slowly pushed against the top of the ottoman. He peaked through the tiny crack he opened, eyes taking in the mess before him. Tables were overturned, books thrown haphazardly off every shelf, the few couches in the room were all shoved away from their initial spots. It was surprising the ottoman Katsuki was in hadn’t moved much at all from its initial spot.

Before Katsuki could even think of lifting the ottoman lid more and crawling out, a bright light flashed, along with the loudest explosion of the night going off. It caught the boy off-guard, knocking him over with the lid clamping him back into hiding. The explosion violently shook the entire house.

Katsuki’s body instinctively hunched, curling up tightly once more. He hated what was going on. He hated the groups that put him in these sorts of situations. He hated how he couldn’t stop his trembling, even when the shaking of the house had stopped ages ago. Even when the fighting was over. Even when he passed out from hyperventilating in fear.

“I don’t know who found me, but I woke up in another bed someplace else,” Katsuki said as he began to wrap up. “My new room and house. I started living somewhere else after all that. And no one ever talked about what those people wanted when I was around, so I don’t know why it
happened. I still really hate it though.”

“And you have every right to,” Aizawa responded. “A kid like you shouldn’t’ve needed to hide in some tiny place like that. But you know what? You still did well during all that.”

Katsuki tilted his head, confused.

“If other people were put in your position, I’m sure a lot of them would’ve freaked out and given away their position.”

Katsuki cracked a small smile, but it was very brief. The second it formed on his lips it went away. He didn’t feel all that special. He still felt bad, and he let Aizawa know when asked.

“Feeling any better?”

Katsuki shook his head.

Aizawa sighed. He racked his brain on how to help Katsuki. He had to do something. Anything. The typically cold kid shared something he clearly wanted to forget with him. Katsuki trusted him that much.

Aizawa mentally paused a moment. Katsuki trusted him. Him. And not just like the night they first met when the young boy followed him out the warehouse. To the degree of laughing and smiling. The degree of poking fun. To be able to be left waiting. To be told fears. To be told something now only he knew. To be looked at as a real parental figure.

Aizawa threw caution to the wind. He sat upright, causing some confusion to Katsuki. The young boy moved a bit himself to be somewhat upright as well. This allowed Aizawa to pick Katsuki up and gently place him on his lap. It might have been very, extremely awkward for him, but Aizawa still managed to comfortably hold little Katsuki. He waited for Katsuki to snipe some angry remark.

None came.

Katsuki sat silently in Aizawa’s lap. It didn’t take long for him to relax. Katsuki started leaning against Aizawa’s sturdy, protective built. This made Aizawa ease up as well.

The two shared a deep, relieving breath.

“Better now?”

Katsuki nodded his head, hair tickling Aizawa’s chin.

Aizawa ruffled Katsuki’s hair. “Good to hear.”

The room grew silent once more. Aizawa didn’t move from his position and continued to hold onto Katsuki. He was waiting for the boy to fall asleep comfortably. He could tell Katsuki was growing tired by the way the boy’s breathing was growing heavier, as well as by his heavy yawns and fluttering eyes. When Katsuki finally fell asleep, Aizawa carefully laid him back down and tucked him in. He then fell back onto his own futon, glad to be able to go back to sleep.

Seconds later, Aizawa felt Katsuki shift again. The boy scooted over to him, curled up beside him just as he usually did. Voice soft, Katsuki started speaking. “Good night… Dad…”

“…”

Aizawa instantly jolted upright again, looking down at Katsuki. The boy was already fast asleep,
probably from his cold and being just as exhausted as he was. That’s right. Exhausted. Maybe he was too tired and misspoke again. Or maybe Aizawa was exhausted enough to mishear.

“…”

No. The way Katsuki had spoken. He really did just call him ‘Dad’ and mean it.

Aizawa smiled down at Katsuki. He ruffled Katsuki’s hair again, watching a small smile form on the sleeping kid’s face.

Yeah, Katsuki calling him Dad, Aizawa was okay with it. He could be a dad.

Aizawa halted ruffling Katsuki’s hair, lying down again. Just like how Katsuki’s smile had yet to fade, Aizawa’s smile stayed on him as well as he drifted into his own slumber.

Things were only looking up for the newly identified father and son.

The following morning, Katsuki and Aizawa stayed home so the young boy could continue resting. That same following morning, Aizawa could also confirm that Katsuki had not misspoken the previous night. Katsuki continued to call him ‘Dad,’ and each time he did, a disgustingly warm and fuzzy feeling stirred inside Aizawa. Again, not that he minded. He continued hearing the word ‘dad’ even later into the afternoon when Katsuki started feeling better and said he wanted to go back to school.

And there they were, hand in hand as they walked the halls of Yuuei towards one of the exits. The halls were fairly empty with it still being lunch time for everyone else.

“You’re crazy to want to come back here when you’re barely better,” Aizawa said down to Katsuki. The boy made a face at him. Though Katsuki’s face was mostly covered by a mask to prevent getting anyone else sick, Aizawa could tell there was his usual huffy pout behind it.

“I’m fine,” Katsuki whined. “You said I could train like everyone else so I can get super strong, too!”

“Yeah, when you’re better.”

“I am better, Dad!”

And there went the weird feeling again. Aizawa tried to hold down his cracking smile this time, though it was useless. No matter how much he wanted to keep it from showing—like it had more consistently been doing—it seemed his face would not listen to his desires.

“Alright, fine. But don’t push yourself.”

Katsuki’s hidden pout clearly changed to a smile as he nodded his head. He began pulling his dad along, quickening their pace as he led them down a hall to one of the side doors. The one that led to where Katsuki had been eating by himself before. But now, it was going to be their little place to share lunch—and not just between the two of them.

Katsuki opened the door. The sun shined brightly, revealing two adult cats.
Aizawa stared down at the two tabbies Katsuki now sat between. The two cats stared back, eyes differing in intent from one another. Though both were cautious, the brown one was only watchful while the cream one was ready to kill. They were both clearly protective of Katsuki.

Aizawa remained speechless. Instead, he gestured towards the cats for an explanation.

“These are the cats I told you about,” Katsuki answered. “This one’s Mitsuki, and that’s Masaru,” he introduced, first the cream-colored cat, then the brown.

“They came with names?” Aizawa asked, still bewildered.

“No. I named them.” Katsuki began giggling as Mitsuki brushed up against him, though still glaring daggers at Aizawa. “Can we keep them?”

Aizawa sat himself down on the stairs. He got a better look at the cats when he became more leveled with them. They didn’t seem to have collars. Strays perhaps. Even so. “Katsuki, our apartment doesn’t allow pets.” And he should know. He himself found one too many cats and brought them back. Enough that if he did so again, the two of them might be finding themselves with the cats on the streets.

“But, Dad,” Katsuki began whining once more, “you took me in.”

Aizawa had to clench his eyes and take a deep breath. Katsuki’s words hurt more than they should’ve. “We can’t take them home, but you’re free to take care of them if they’re around here,” he said. “Besides, they could be living fine wandering around.”

“Fine…” Katsuki huffed, though quickly cheered back up by his two cats comforting him. It seemed they adopted him instead of the other way around, just as it seemed that Aizawa was going to have to face some custody issues with two overprotective cats. However, things weren’t all too worrisome. Katsuki would gladly choose to stay with his dad.

Chapter End Notes

♫ i did not leave out Mitsuki and Masaru~ ♫ and no one can say Masaru’s a bad guy
nooow ~ ♫

eh hehehehe~~ cats~ and dad! gosh even i felt that emotional rollercoaster and i wrote this XwX jkkjk!! i hope you all liked it!! THIS ISN’T THE END THERE’S MORE! sorry, just in case it seemed that way idk

talk more with me @arcs-and-blah!
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Aizawa has to go out of town for a conference, but he doesn't have a babysitter for Katsuki. He has 19.

Chapter Notes

you all need to super thank @robogill bc he edited this last minute even when he had homework xwx and this is the longest chapter so far.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Dad! The bath is ready!” little Katsuki called out from the bathroom door.

“Yeah, alright,” Aizawa called over his shoulder, quickly turning his attention away again.

Katsuki pouted, irked about being ignored. “It’s gonna get cold!”

“Katsuki, I am on the phone,” Aizawa responded, somewhat irked himself. Though, it was more at who he was talking to than Katsuki.

However, that didn’t make Katsuki any less huffy. He stuck his tongue out at his dad before closing the door on him.

Aizawa sighed. Well, it seemed the bath wasn’t going to be only thing turning cold on him. And it was all because of the stupid caller; some guy with the national board of education. “As you can probably hear, I have a kid. You need to call someone else for this job.”

“Aizawa-san, this is an important conference,” persisted the man on the other end. “With the rise of villains after students nowadays, you know as well as I do this isn’t something you should skip.”

Aizawa grumbled in annoyance.

As his answer to stay and not go to the conference continued to repeatedly be denied, Aizawa’s irritability grew. Six months ago, he would’ve just gone with it by this point. It was his job and it was for the safety of the students; he wouldn’t have argued as much. But now Aizawa had Katsuki to think about, and this conference required him to be away for some time, cities away. It wasn’t like a call for hero work where he could leave the boy for a few hours and be back the same night. There was zero chance Katsuki would be alright alone for 12 hours, let alone a couple of days.

“You do understand it’s just me taking care of my son, right?”

“Oh, single father? Then that must mean you have someone you usually ask to look after your son at times, right?”

Aizawa calmed himself with another deep breath. No, he’d never asked anyone to babysit Katsuki
before. He would have called up Present Mic again, but, apparently, he was going to attend the conference as well. Recovery Girl? No, she has done enough for everybody and didn’t need more work. Principal Nedzu? Weirdly enough, Katsuki seemed fond of him when they first met… No. Who knew what weird influences Nedzu may transfer to Katsuki. Midnight…? No! Well, there was Thirteen…

Aizawa groaned. “I’ll think of something…”

“Great! So you’ll go!”

Before Aizawa could change his mind again, the man on the other end quickly debriefed the plans. He let Aizawa know he’d be getting more detailed information via email before saying his goodbyes and hanging up. Aizawa rubbed his temples. A bath sounded nice right about then to melt away his newfound stress.

Aizawa tossed his phone aside and finally made his way to the bathroom. He knocked, letting Katsuki know he was going in before opening the door. When he stepped in, Katsuki wasn’t in his immediate line of sight. “…Katsuki?”

A moment later, Katsuki popped his head out of the water. “Hi, Dad!”

Aizawa flinched, though not from shock. More from the water splashing out. “Oi, don’t waste the warm water, little brat,” Aizawa halfheartedly scolded. However, the smile he cracked only made Katsuki laugh more.

Instead of relaxing with a quiet bath, Aizawa found himself relaxing from nonstop, childish talking. Katsuki was going on and on about school that day when he and Aizawa weren’t together. Something about a book Yaoyorozu introduced to him. And the subject continued on even when they were getting out the bath.

“Like, I didn’t know it was a book before,” Katsuki said as Aizawa dried his hair with a towel. It fluffed up just as it always did when he removed the towel. “I only watched the movie like a bajillion times.”

Aizawa hummed, letting Katsuki know he was listening as he pulled the boy’s pajama top down over his head. He had already dried off and dressed himself. “You and Yaoyorozu get along well.”

“Mmhmm!” Katsuki hummed himself in affirmation, struggling at the same time to get his head through the neck hole. Aizawa moved to unbutton the top button, Katsuki finally pulling his head through with a poof. Aizawa went to button up the shirt again as Katsuki added, “Momo-nee’s the best!”

“Glad to hear you’re finally getting along with Yaoyorozu and the others.”

Katsuki made a face. “Just Momo-nee-chan. Everyone else is just meh.”

“Sure,” Aizawa went along, finishing up helping Katsuki get dressed.

Katsuki made another face, huffy this time. “They are! Like how nosy raccoon eyes is, or stuffy four-eyes is, or overly happy hair-for-brains is for no reason, and don’t get me started on Deku.”

Aizawa listened to Katsuki go on and on. He noticed that the boy was starting to talk a lot more than before. Though little Katsuki seemed to be complaining and badmouthing every one of his students, Aizawa heard it more as friendly bantering. Katsuki’s own way of showing how he warmed up to everyone. The boy’s words may have sounded negative, but Aizawa knew better. And because of
this, an idea came to Aizawa’s mind.

“Sounds like you’ve really taken a liking to everyone,” Aizawa said when it seemed like Katsuki was done ranting. “Some more than others.”

Katsuki gave him a blank stare. “Did you not hear a word I said?”

Aizawa brushed Katsuki off as he got out their futons. “I heard. I heard. And that’s why I said it.” He turned and laid them out. He picked up some incoherent grumbling as Katsuki flopped down onto the futons.

Aizawa shook his head, though without any ill meaning. He then nonchalantly tossed Katsuki’s blanket over him, the boy fumbling with it before he popped his head out with an ‘oi’!

Aizawa got comfortable in his own futon, letting Katsuki scoot over next to him. Despite the boy allowing himself to curl up beside Aizawa, Katsuki kept his back towards his dad. He was still huffy.

“Come on. It’s not a bad thing to make friends.”

“I didn’t say they were my friends!”

“You didn’t say they weren’t.”

“Fine. They aren’t my friends.”

“Don’t lie to your father.”

Katsuki shot Aizawa a glare from over his shoulder.

Aizawa brushed it off with a small laugh.

Upset about being laughed at, Katsuki turned away once again. He curled up into a little ball, tightly wrapping himself up in his blanket with a ‘humph!’

Aizawa propped himself up on his elbows. “Katsuki,” he drawled, lightly tugging on said boy’s blanket. Katsuki wouldn’t budge. “Fine. Guess you’d rather stay with old Recovery Girl. She could probably use a little assistant.”

Perplexed, Katsuki uncurled himself and turned back to Aizawa. His eyebrow was arched. “What are you talking about?”

And there they were, days later after explanations and a bit of unwillingness on Katsuki’s end, standing in the dorm’s commons with a bag of kiddie essentials and Katsuki’s futon.

“Wait, so you want us,” Kaminari gestured to himself and the handful of students around at the time, “to babysit Katsuki?”

“Yeah, just for a few days,” Aizawa answered. He already explained to his students the situation of him being away for a teacher’s conference. They were going to have a few days off school because of the conference as well. “He’s already good on his own, so there shouldn’t be too much of a problem with him. Make sure he’s in bed by nine. And he takes too long sometimes with brushing his teeth. If that happens, just tell him the time. He’ll hurry up himself.”

“Dad…” Katsuki whined softly in embarrassment. That got a lot of the older teens smiling. They had freaked out when they first heard him call Aizawa ‘dad,’ and even now they still couldn’t help but react.
Aizawa wasn’t bothered by any of that. “He still has trouble washing and drying his hair, so one of you will need to help with that. What else… Oh, number one thing: he can’t sleep by himself yet.”

“Dad.”

“So, Midoriya, is it alright he stays in your room?”

Midoriya twitched. He pointed to himself in disbelief. “Me?”

“Dad, no! Not Deku!” Katsuki angrily whined. He then rushed over to Yaoyorozu, taking her hand. “I’ll stay with Momo-nee if I have to stay with someone!”

Yaoyorozu smiled sweetly, feeling rather touched.

Though, Aizawa wasn’t allowing that stay to happen. He attempted to pull Katsuki back. “No, you’re staying on the boys’ side.”

Katsuki only stayed put. “No!”

“Oh, well, Sensei, I really don’t mind,” Yaoyorozu said.

Aizawa continued to tug harder, though still not hard enough to hurt Katsuki or Yaoyorozu. “That’s swell, but doesn’t change anything.” His eyes were narrowing as Katsuki continued resisting.

“I don’t wanna stay with Deku!”

“Fine, then pick someone else.”

“No!”

“Hey, Aizawa-sensei,” Kirishima started, grabbing Aizawa’s attention. “I mean, I know you just said the little guy can’t sleep on his own, but maybe he can try right now? There are some extra rooms and all.”

Aizawa paused, needing to consider the idea. He knew in his gut that Katsuki could not handle being alone, and especially during the night.

“Yeah, I’d rather do that,” Katsuki chimed in, gaining Aizawa’s attention this time.

Even with Katsuki on-board, Aizawa was still hesitant. However, perhaps Katsuki’s dislike for social interaction overrode his dislike for being by himself at night.

Aizawa sighed. He let Katsuki go. “Alright. Honestly, I still think you should stay with one of the boys, but if you think you can handle it, then okay.”

“Yes!” Katsuki cheered, happy about getting his way.

Aizawa turned back to his students. “But if things change, he’ll need to stay with one of you boys. Midoriya?”

“I’m perfectly fine with that!” Midoriya yelped. However, his face showed his clear uneasiness. “But I don’t think Kacchan really likes me. Kirishima-kun would probably the better choice.”

Aizawa quirked his eyebrow. “What are you talking about? He talks non-stop about you at home.”

Katsuki froze his happy cheering. “Nu-uh!”
“I’m pretty sure you’re his favorite.”

Eyes were wide amongst the students surrounding Aizawa and Katsuki. Thoughts were getting jumbled. But one thing was certain: Katsuki wasn’t all that happy anymore.

“Dad, stop! I do not talk non-stop about Deku!”

Despite Katsuki’s denial, the damage had already been done.

“Man, I thought you were his favorite,” Kaminari said to Kirishima.

“Same,” Ashido agreed. “I mean, second to Yaomomo. Well, I guess that makes third after Midoriya now.”

“You guys!” Kirishima huffed, his friends laughing at his reaction.

Those who weren’t teasing Kirishima were teasing Midoriya instead.

“Congratulations, Midoriya-kun,” Iida said.

Midoriya’s head whipped around towards Iida. “Eh?”

Uraraka let out her own giggles. “They do say that if a little boy picks on someone, it means they like them.”

Midoriya quickly turned to her. “Eh!?”

“I don’t like Deku!” Katsuki yelled, despite being madly flushed. “Or hair-for-brains either!” he added. “I don’t like any of you!”

“Yeah, yeah, sure,” Aizawa said, brushing everything off. “Just keep saying that and one day they’ll finally think you’re telling the truth.”

More giggles and laughter arose within the group. This only fueled Katsuki’s pouty tantrum. At least one of the teens came to the boy’s aid: Yaoyorozu, who offered to bring him aside to read a book she promised to share with him. Katsuki gladly followed. It was clear Yaoyorozu had Katsuki’s favoritism for a reason.

“Things will sure be a lot more interesting with him around here,” Todoroki said after Katsuki followed Yaoyorozu away. A handful of the teens trailed behind as well, now leaving very few still with Aizawa. After all, the pro hero still had more to go over about Katsuki’s stay.

“Only if you want it to be,” Aizawa responded. “If you leave him alone, he’ll be quiet like during class.” Though, Aizawa had a good feeling some of his students wouldn’t be leaving Katsuki alone. Even so, he continued explaining how to take care of his son. “Anyways, just double check to see if he’s alright sleeping on his own. What else… Oh, he likes to make his own dinner, so let him help with whatever whoever is making. And—”

“Don’t worry, Sensei,” Kirishima cut Aizawa off. “You can trust us with Katsuki.”

Aizawa still looked hesitant. “Yeah, alright.” He pulled out a notepad and pen. “Here is the number of the hotel I’ll be staying at in case something comes up.” He teared out the paper, handing it to Iida. Aizawa then pulled something else out from his pocket. “And if you all go out or something, here.” Once again, he handed an envelope of cash to the trusted class rep. “Iida, you and Yaoyorozu are in charge of this. This is strictly for Katsuki. Don’t waste it. Keep all the receipts. And if any of you
guys spend this on something other than Katsuki, *I will know.* If somehow this runs out—which it shouldn’t—and he still needs something, you can use your own cash and I’ll reimburse.”

“Yes, sir,” Iida responded. “I will guard this with my life.”

Aizawa made a slight face. Iida didn’t have to go that far, but then again this was Iida. “Right… So, food, sleep, baths, what else…”

“I’m sure you’ve covered everything, Aizawa-sensei,” Midoriya reassured. “And we have your number if anything does come up.”

Aizawa was still hesitant, but still let go and let out a sigh. “Alright, fine. But don’t make a habit of calling it. I already ran things by Katsuki, so he really shouldn’t be any more a hassle than usual.”

Aizawa prepared to leave as his students continually reassured him that everything was going to be alright. It was only a sleepover. What was the worst that could happen?

…

Aizawa decided not to dwell on the what-ifs concerning his son and his students. He’d already read online the worries of overprotective parents when it came to sleepovers and he did not want to be one of those parents.

“Just a couple of days.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Bed by 9.”

“Yes, sir.”

“No poker.”

“Yes—”

The students paused. Poker?

“You hear me, Katsuki? I’m serious.”

The little group turned to Katsuki. The young boy was clearly pouty with Yaoyorozu trying to cheer him up. Seemed the other students were shooed away, Yaoyorozu the only one with Katsuki currently.

“It looks like your dad is about to go now,” Yaoyorozu said to Katsuki. “Why don’t we go wish him a nice trip?”

Katsuki seemed hesitant at first. Still, he hopped off the couch and started running over to his dad, Yaoyorozu right behind him. He ran straight into Aizawa with enough force to make the pro hero have to brace himself to stay balanced.

“Oi, watch that tackle of yours,” Aizawa halfheartedly scolded.

Katsuki looked up at his dad from his hug. “Make sure you don’t fall apart without me around.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Aizawa played along, ruffling Katsuki’s hair with a smile.
“And you promise you’ll be back, right?”

“I promise. Who knows what you’ll do to these guys if I leave you here.”

Katsuki returned the smile with his own bright, toothy one at the joke. He released his dad, hopping over to Yaoyorozu. “Bye, Dad!”

Aizawa waved before heading out the door.

After watching Aizawa walk through the door, Katsuki couldn’t help but head over to the window. He stood on his toes to look through the glass. From the distance he’d walked outside, Aizawa turned back and spotted Katsuki. Aizawa gave one last little wave before continuing on out of sight. Katsuki had waved back as well, now moving away from the window and back to Yaoyorozu. They were in the middle of a book.

“Don’t worry, Katsuki-kun,” Yaoyorozu reassured Katsuki as they headed back to the couch. “The days will fly by and he’ll be back before you know it.”

Katsuki didn’t respond, only keeping his gaze down on their book after sitting down again. Yaoyorozu could tell he was rather bummed about being left at the dorms, even if it was temporary.

“Here, why don’t I read the next part?” Yaoyorozu offered sweetly. “We can take turns after reading a few paragraphs.”

Katsuki nodded his head, mumbling a soft ‘okay.’

Yaoyorozu started up the book the two of them were reading. A favorite from when she was Katsuki’s age. She read line after line until Katsuki cheered up more and wanted to take over. He then read line after line, only stopped after growing somewhat frustrated with his limited reading skills. Then Yaoyorozu took over once more. It was how they read, and a clever way Yaoyorozu found to teach Katsuki to read and practice reading. At least, for a majority of the time.

“‘I was staring at it and wishing it to tip and then my eyes went all hot and funny and—’” Yaoyorozu continued reading intensely. She was so immersed in the children’s book that it was as if everything around her was nonexistent. It wasn’t until an accidental nudge on the shoulder snapped her out of her deep focus.

“Huh?”

“Oh, sorry.”

Yaoyorozu turned, meeting mismatched eyes—Todoroki. Holding out a light blanket?

“People usually get cold when they’re asleep, right?”

Yaoyorozu tilted her head as her expression turned puzzled. It was then that Todoroki pointed to what he was referring to: little Katsuki curled up asleep beside her. Not only was Katsuki asleep, the young boy was even using Yaoyorozu’s lap as a pillow.

“Oh!” Yaoyorozu yelped, her free hand flying to her chest. The hand that wasn’t holding the book instead nestled on Katsuki’s hair. She also finally noticed her prior actions: stroking him like a little kitten.

“How—how long was he asleep?” Yaoyorozu stuttered.
Todoroki thought about his answer for a moment. “Maybe 20 minutes?”

“Oh my gosh… Really?” Yaoyorozu tried not to think about how—for 20 minutes—she read aloud to herself while treating Katsuki like a cat.

Todoroki helped Yaoyorozu out, offering a distraction. “Should we let him sleep out here or do you want to bring him to his room?” Katsuki was already assigned a room, he and the others bringing the boy’s things there.

“Let’s bring him to his room,” Yaoyorozu answered. “I think he’d prefer that than being left in the open where others may see him.”

Todoroki agreed.

Carefully, Yaoyorozu scooted out from beneath Katsuki’s head. She then helped Todoroki carefully pick up the sleeping boy. Once again, Todoroki found himself having to carry Katsuki. Not that he minded.

Continuing with their steady and careful actions, the two students headed up with Katsuki. Up three flights of stairs, past two doors to the third one. There they laid Katsuki on his temporary bed, where he could peacefully rest until one of them grabbed him for dinner.

At least, that was the plan.

Katsuki was never one to stick with other people’s plans.

Instead of someone needing to fetch him, little Katsuki woke up himself. His closed eyes scrunched a bit as he turned onto his side. Drowsiness beginning to wear away to consciousness, Katsuki’s eyes fluttered open. Only, he saw nothing.

Katsuki shot upright. His eyes slowly adjusted to the dark room, but he still didn’t know where he was. Where was he?

A new sense of urgency kicked in and Katsuki flung his blanket off. He moved to get up, falling onto the hardwood floor soon after. It finally registered that he was sleeping on a bed instead of his futon like usual. New unfamiliar bed, new unfamiliar room.

Katsuki sprung to his feet once more. “Dad…” He pulled apart the curtains, only managing to see the top of trees over the solid balcony railing.

Katsuki turned, running to the first of two doors. “Dad?” he called once more, swinging the door open. An empty little bathroom.

Katsuki’s breathing turned heavier. He slammed the door shut before turning to the other. He lunged for that doorknob, flinging the door open. “Dad!”?

The sudden light temporarily blinded Katsuki, but that didn’t stop him from running out. He managed a few quick strides before colliding against something and falling to the floor once again.

“Woah! Katsuki! You alright!?” yelled a panicked voice--Kirishima, now down on his knees beside Katsuki. He was what—or, more, who—the young boy collided against.

Katsuki finally began to calm down. His sight was beginning to come back as well. Slowly and with some help, Katsuki sat upright again. He also finally realized Kirishima was with him, giving him a worried look. Right. He was at the school dorms. His dad was away.
“You alright, little man?” Kirishima worriedly asked once again.

Katsuki toughened up. He stood, patting the dirt off his clothes. “I’m fine.”

The look on Kirishima’s face showed he clearly wasn’t convinced. Even so, he didn’t want to overstep. Instead, he hoped to cheer little Katsuki up. “Come on. We’re making dinner. A few of us make enough for everybody and take turns. We haven’t made much yet, so is there anything you want? You said you like curry, right?”

Katsuki didn’t respond much to Kirishima. Or, more accurately, didn’t respond at all. However, he did show he was listening. His eyes went back and forth between Kirishima and looking forward to watch where he was going. Kirishima had offered his hand, but Katsuki brushed him off. At least they were walking side by side, heading down to the kitchen.

“And here we are!” Kirishima announced upon entering the kitchen.

“Kirishima! Who the hell said you could leave!?” Kaminari yelled. “No getting out of kitchen duty!”

“Kaminari! Language!” Ashido yelled over to Kaminari from the rice cooker.

“I’m pretty sure the little guy’s heard and said worse,” Sero defended his scolded friend. He paused from his job of cooking vegetables. “Have a nice nap?” he asked Katsuki with a friendly smile.

Katsuki glared and scooted behind Kirishima. With his dad not with him, he’d have to settle.

“Aw, come on, little guy.” Kirishima attempted to push Katsuki forward. “You know Sero and them.”

“We’re making your favorite~” Ashido called in singsong. This did get Katsuki’s attention.

“How far’re you all?” Kirishima asked. He headed back to his initial task of working with the meat. Katsuki stayed with him, standing on his toes once more to watch the older teen work. It seemed to be simmering in the pot. Kirishima had gone to grab Katsuki while waiting for it to heat up.

“Veggies ready,” Sero answered, preparing to throw said vegetables into the pot as well. Kirishima stepped aside to let him to do. Kaminari then came up behind them to add in water.

Excited, Kirishima couldn’t help but hop in place. “It’s gonna be good! I can already taste it!”

“All that’s left is the curry powder!” Ashido added. She went up to Katsuki, kneeling to his height. “You wanna add in the curry powder? It’s the most important part.”

Ashido held out the curry packet for Katsuki to take. When the packet was in his hold, Katsuki began crushing the insides, loosening up the mix.

“There you go!” Ashido cheered. “Workin’ straight away like a lil pro!”

Katsuki couldn’t help but crack a small, proud smile.

After waiting a short time for the pot to simmer, Katsuki got to do his role. Kirishima carried him onto the clean counter, where little Katsuki could sit and look over the pot. Finally, Katsuki evenly dumped the curry powder into the pot. He even grabbed the wooden spoon the older teens had been using to stir everything until the powder melted. It wasn’t like Ashido was far off when she called Katsuki a pro; he and his dad did make curry a lot.

“How’s it taste?” Kirishima asked after Katsuki took the first try of the sauce.
Katsuki nonchalantly shrugged. “It’s alright.”

Everyone quickly had their own tastes. They thought differently than the young boy, all thinking their hard work tasted great.

Katsuki still made an indifferent face.

Katsuki then scooched over to the spice cupboard, having noticed it when Sero was putting spices away. He scanned the spices after opening the cupboard, grabbing one he recognized.

Before anyone questioned him, Katsuki hopped off the counter top. Once again, he brushed off Kirishima when the team tried to catch and safely carry him down. Instead, he began opening the lower cupboards and drawers until he located another smaller pot and spoon. He placed both items on the counter. This time, Katsuki allowed Kirishima to help him back onto the counter top.

Kirishima and the others watched in silence at whatever Katsuki was doing. They tried asking him on multiple occasions, but the boy ignored them. They watched Katsuki scoop some of the curry pot into his small pot. They then spotted the seasoning the 4-year-old had in hand, screaming as he began shaking generous amounts of its contents into his separate batch.

“Katsuki, wait!”

“Those are chili flakes!”

“Stop!”

“I can’t look!”

Before anyone could stop him, Katsuki tasted his cauldron of lava.

More screams.

But none from Katsuki.

Instead, a disgruntled look that silenced the four teenagers.

And more chili flakes.

Another taste.

A wee bit more.

Taste test.

“Good.”

Finally, Katsuki acknowledged the presence of the four teenagers. Somewhat. He completely ignored the looks on their faces and loss of color all around. “Can we eat now?”

Kirishima was first to snap back. “Uh, yeah! Right!” He quickly helped Katsuki down once more before grabbing a deep plate. He scooped some of the ready rice onto the plate, holding it down to Katsuki to see if it was enough. After given the okay, Kirishima headed to Katsuki’s lava batch.

Looking into the pot, Kirishima made a face. “Hey, wait.” He turned to Katsuki. “There aren’t any vegetables in here.”
Katsuki instantly avoided eye contact, making his own childishly pouty face. “Nuh-uh… There’re potatoes…”

“Nope. Not having it.”

Kirishima went straight to the main pot, ignoring Katsuki’s childish complaints as he scooped the vegetables into the lava pot.

Meanwhile, while Kirishima was busy with Katsuki, the remaining three ended up unsupervised.

Kaminari, Ashido, and Sero curiously loomed over Katsuki’s pot while Kirishima was helping said little boy with his rice. Katsuki didn’t respond much at all to trying the separate curry batch. Maybe it wasn’t actually all that spicy.

With that thought in mind, Kaminari wordlessly tried a taste.

Fire.

It tasted like fire.

No, his mouth was on fire.

Tears pouring like waterfalls and face turning red, Kaminari was in absolute panic and pain. And so were Ashido and Sero, terrified for their friend.

Thinking quickly with a simultaneous idea, Ashido ran to grab a cup while Sero ran to the fridge for milk. They poured a large glass for Kaminari, nearly splashing and spilling the milk. Somehow, the milk stayed contained, but it didn’t seem to matter.

The second Ashido and Sero appeared with milk, Kaminari grabbed the jug instead of the glass, dowsing the fire in his mouth. It took the whole thing to cool the spiciness and save what was left of his taste buds.

“Oh, are we out of milk?”

Kaminari, Ashido, and Sero all turned. There Kirishima and Katsuki still were, oblivious to the near death of one of them. Though, all three of them died a little more on the inside upon seeing Katsuki holding a plate of his curry from hell. The little demon…

“Make sure to write it on the shopping list,” Kirishima said as he guided Katsuki to the mess hall with his own plate.

On their way to the table, Kirishima called to those in the commons about dinner being ready. Those in the commons then passed the message to those in their rooms, and soon everybody was rushing to get their food first. Just as quickly as they came for food, they quickly left with it to resume their own business.

“You guys don’t eat together?” Katsuki curiously asked after watched more and more of 1-A pass by. He and Aizawa always ate together. Granted, they just had the one room, but still.

“Oh, well, I mean, we usually all have our own things to be doing or something,” Kirishima answered, unsure.

Katsuki hummed, but didn’t question it much further. He simply continued eating.

Katsuki’s question didn’t sit well with Kirishima. Instead of continuing to eat like Katsuki, Kirishima
watched for the next few passersby. He spotted Shouji and Tokoyami with their meals, grunting to grab their attention. The two halted, confusedly staring back at Kirishima. Kirishima then hinted to some of the chairs with an odd look, which went unnoticed by Katsuki.

Shouji and Tokoyami were still somewhat confused. Even so, they understood what Kirishima was hinting at and took their seats.

After Shouji and Tokoyami came Asui and Hagakure, followed by Yaoyorozu, and soon more and more of the class came on their own to sit at the table. The silent dining room turned into a fun area full of talking and laughter.

“Hey, why’s there a separate pot?” Jirou called, heading over to the table from the kitchen.

“Don’t eat it!” screamed Kaminari, Ashido, and Sero. Jirou almost flipped her plate.

“It’s Katsuki’s own curry,” Kirishima answered.

“No wonder his looks a little different,” Uraraka said. She let out a little giggle. “Too spicy for you?” Katsuki put up a misleadingly sweet smile. “You wanna try it?” He held out his spoon.

“Don’t do it!” Ashido screamed once more.

“You little monster, wanted everyone here to pull that stunt, huh!?” Kaminari accused.

Katsuki neither confirmed nor denied Kaminari’s claim, taking his spoon back. He simply went back to finishing his dinner.

“Yeah, I think the little guy dumped half the bottle of chili flakes into his pot,” Kirishima sheepishly admitted.

“No wonder the can was so light,” Ojiro said.

“And his curry so red,” Hagakure added.

Katsuki simply ate another large spoonful, knowing full well how it started unsettling a number of the teenagers. He still remembered the look on his dad’s face when he first started adding more and more spice to his food, why he had to start separating his share. Then he remembered his Uncle Mic trying his spicy share as well. That got Katsuki snickering again.

“What’s got you laughing?” Kirishima questioned, breaking out his own smile as well.

Katsuki instantly stopped, turning away from Kirishima with his nose in the air.

Kirishima laughed more. “Aw, come on, buddy.”

Katsuki turned more, resulting in more laughter from the surrounding teens.

Even Yaoyorozu couldn’t help her giggles. “Alright, that’s enough,” she said, helping wipe Katsuki’s face with a napkin. She was sitting on Katsuki’s other side. Surprising enough, Katsuki didn’t bite back or anything of the like. Then again, it was Yaoyorozu.

“You’re like his mother, Yaoyorozu-chan,” Asui said what was on everyone’s minds.

Yaoyorozu took back her hand. “Eh?”
“Yeah! We even saw him asleep beside you,” Hagakure cooed.

“Lucky brat…” Mineta breathed in envy.

“Mineta-kun…” Midoriya said, though couldn’t offer much sympathy.

“More like Kirishima’s his mother with how he’s taking care of him,” Sero teased.

“Excuse you, we’re bros,” Kirishima corrected.

Kaminari laughed. “Still bitter about not being his fav?” He laughed more at the face Kirishima made.

“Shut up!” Katsuki shouted, embarrassed about all the growing teasing.

Refusing to take all the teasing, Katsuki claimed he was finished eating and went to put his plate in the sink. A few of the others followed suit, having finished their dinners as well. They let Katsuki know he didn’t have to worry about dishes like how he and Aizawa did at home since they all took turns. Instead, Katsuki was sent with a few of the boys to the bath.

The bath at the dorm was a lot bigger than the one Katsuki had at home. He took the chance to play and splash around. Playful splashing soon turned into an all-out wave war with all the guys until one of the girls shouted through the doorway about the noise and how long they were all taking. By then, it was late and Katsuki was already looking drowsy again.

“You guys don’t need to follow me,” Katsuki said on his way to his room. He was being followed by a few who wanted to make sure he was alright. If Aizawa was cautious about Katsuki sleeping alone, then clearly they should be too.


“I don’t sleep with a nightlight,” Katsuki responded, offended by the offer. He opened the door to his room, heading in while the others stayed at the threshold.

“Well, don’t hesitate to wake someone up if you do need something,” Kirishima said. “I’m next door and Shouji is down the hall.”

“I’m fine,” Katsuki drawled, clearly annoyed. He plopped down onto his bed, pulling his blanket over his head. “Night.”

“Okay, one last thing,” Midoriya started.

Katsuki groaned.

Midoriya carefully walked in as if a wrong step would trigger a sports day landmine. “Here’s a layout of everyone rooms just in case. I’ll leave it right on the desk.”

“Night,” Katsuki repeated louder for emphasis.

Midoriya jumped a bit, hurrying out.

“Goodnight!” the rest of the little group called back in teasing singsong.

Katsuki let out one last annoyed groan before the light switched off and the door was closed shut. Finally, he was alone.
Katsuki pulled down his blanket then, staring at the ceiling. When his eyes adjusted to the lack of light, he turned and scanned the empty room. Yep. All alone again. Sleeping on his own again. He'd done it all the time before, even some very few times having to go to bed on his own when his dad left for hero work. But he always knew that his dad would come back to his side. And he would in the end; just not tonight.

Katsuki sat up from his bed. He hopped off and allowed his little feet to take him to the window. He opened the curtains a crack, peeking outside. The view was different from the balcony at home. Unlike the solid wall railing, at home the railings were fenced and allowed some light to filter through from the distant buildings and streets during the night. This view didn’t offer much of any light, but Katsuki still let it shine through the crack like those nights he went to bed alone.

Katsuki scampered back to his bed, re-tucking himself back in. He stared at the light shining on the unfamiliar floor for a moment before clenching his eyes shut. It seemed he was going to have to try to fall asleep again, compared to those effortless nights Katsuki grew so used to.

Chapter End Notes

lil babu finally have fun again! but needs sleep... xwx why i do this to him. i changed up a lot of this chapter compared to what i had in mind initially. if you're curious about them chances, feel free to ask on tumblr @arcs-and-blah bc this is fun and interaction!
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Day two is a fun day out; something nice after a bumpy morning.

Chapter Notes

ahhh sorry about the late post! this is the chapter for last week. however, i don't think i'll be getting this week's chapter done on time for tomorrow now since yeah i had been working on this chapter. Xwx scheduling is a mess. it's that time of year, sorry! thank you for your patience!!

thank you @robogill for editing!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki did not sleep that night.

Or, at least he didn’t sleep well.

Katsuki hated how sleep always seemed to bother him every time something was wrong. Not that sleeping by himself felt wrong or anything. He was a big kid who did not have problems sleeping by himself! However, no matter what he told himself, Katsuki was still crankily tired that morning as he rolled out of bed and into the bathroom for his morning routine.

After finishing his morning routine, Katsuki headed out of his room. He peeked out first, looking left and right down the halls. It was empty and quiet. Katsuki didn’t question it. He continued heading out, closing the door behind him as he made his way downstairs.

The commons were just as empty as the hallways upstairs. Seemed that everyone was still asleep. Just as it seemed Katsuki was going to have to help himself with breakfast.

Katsuki grumpily grabbed a chair and pulled it over to the stove. He then grabbed a pan from where he knew he found it yesterday, using the chair to boost himself and setting the pan onto the now turned-on stove. Waiting for the pan to heat, Katsuki quickly went to do other things. By the time the iron heated, Katsuki had bread in the toaster and beat eggs to scramble. Not long after that, he was finished making his breakfast. And the others were still asleep.

Katsuki took a breath. Everything felt too quiet. He liked quiet, yet with the large open space that was filled with noise last night now silently empty, it didn’t feel right. Nothing felt right about being at the dorms.

“Stupid conference thing,” Katsuki grumbled, pushing around his half-eaten breakfast. He’d rather be home with his dad.

“Nya!”
Katsuki looked up from his plate, turning to the window by the main entrance. His mood instantly brightened seeing who his dad jokingly called Katsuki’s other parents. “Kitties!”

There Mitsuki and Masaru were, scratching at the window.

Katsuki was up on his feet by the time the two cats meowed again. He quickly grabbed his plate of half-eaten breakfast, scarfing down the rest of his toast while bringing his leftover scrambled eggs to the door.

Upon opening the door, a cold gust of wind blew in. Katsuki quickly closed the door again, shuddering at the cold. Before heading out again, he grabbed a spare blanket that was left out on the common’s couch and wrapped himself up. With his new protection from the winter wind, Katsuki headed out with his stray cats’ breakfast.

“Mitsuki! Masaru!” Katsuki called after coming outside. He found the cats now a few feet away.

Mitsuki let out another meow. She and Masaru then started heading off again, looking back once in a while to see if Katsuki was following. The young boy was.

Katsuki followed the cats a bit away from the dorm towards the more tree-covered area of campus. After shuffling through the bushes, Katsuki found the cats patiently waiting for him by a patch of grass under one of the many trees.

“This where you two run off to all the time?” Katsuki asked, setting the plate down before the cats. He sat down himself beside the cats, tightening the blanket wrapped around himself.

Masaru meowed as if understanding the boy before joining Mitsuki in their meal.

Katsuki began petting Masaru as the cat ate. “You two are more fun to be around then everyone else.”

Mitsuki happily purred while Masaru forcefully nudged him out the way to get to Katsuki’s hand. When Katsuki started petting her, she began purring as well. Seemed breakfast was finished.

Katsuki pulled back his hand, yet Mitsuki still came up to him and brushed up against him. This got Katsuki giggling. It was the complete opposite of how she treated Aizawa.

“Is it just Dad you get hissy with or do you just not like people?” Katsuki asked Mitsuki despite knowing how she couldn’t understand him.

Mitsuki continued brushing against him and purring. Katsuki started petting her again alongside Masaru, who was now curled up on Katsuki’s other side.

“I guess it’s the other one since you sometimes pick on Masaru, too,” Katsuki said with another giggle. “Don’t worry, I get it. People are… Bleh.”

Mitsuki looked up at Katsuki. She meowed.

“Well, I guess not all people. Some are more bleh then others.”

Katsuki began chatting with his cats. He felt more at peace with them around. They weren’t loud or felt too much in his space. Katsuki relaxed around the two cats, going as far as to grow drowsy once again. It was the lack of sleep plus the cats’ soft, warm fur. Before he knew it, Katsuki had curled up once again, finally getting some rest.
Noticing their human’s resting state, Mitsuki and Masaru curled up with Katsuki right beside him to keep him warm. It wasn’t until sometime later did they try waking him up.

Masaru was the first one up. He stretched his kitty body before his ears twitched at a faraway sound. The brown tabby headed off to where the sound came from, leaving Katsuki with Mitsuki for the time being. He headed up towards the first-year dorms again, noticing some commotion through the window. Masaru then quickly headed back to Mitsuki and Katsuki.

Upon returning, Masaru shared a look with Mitsuki. This got Mitsuki up.

Mitsuki turned to their sleeping human. “Nya!” she meowed. She nudged her head against Katsuki’s sleeping face.

Katsuki began to stir. It wasn’t until Mitsuki nudged him once more with another meow did Katsuki finally start to wake up.

Katsuki let out a soft whine. “Dad…?” He blinked open his eyes, but his dad still wasn’t there. Just the two cats who began brushing against him again. “Oh, yeah…”

Katsuki pet Mitsuki and Masaru again before letting out a yawn. He stretched his arms over his head, his blanket falling off his shoulders.

Masaru stepped forward, letting out a meow. This got Katsuki’s attention. Masaru and Mitsuki stood, beginning to run off towards the dorms again. They looked back to make sure Katsuki was following. When the boy noticed they wanted him to follow, he got up, resituated the blanket wrapped around him, grabbed the empty plate, and finally followed.

Upon following the two cats, Katsuki stumbled back to the dorm building. Just as Masaru noticed the commotion through the window, so did Katsuki. Or more, the boy could hear the commotion. Seemed this was why the cats wanted to bring him back. After noticing Mitsuki and Masaru had run off, Katsuki went back inside. He opened the front entrance and the prior muffled noise spilled out.

“Everyone, check your rooms again!” Iida had yelled. “He has to be somewhere!”

“We’ve all checked our rooms twice already,” Jirou said. “There’s no way he can somehow slip under our noses into one of our rooms.”

“I’m gonna check the baths again,” Ojiro said, rushing on his way.

“Are you sure he wasn’t in his room?” Uraraka asked Kirishima.

“I’m positive!” Kirishima answered, panicked. “It was completely empty!”

Click!

All eyes turned to the closed door. There the source of their uproar stood: their now no longer missing Katsuki.

“What’re you all staring at?” Katsuki asked with a disgruntled face as he headed for the kitchen.

“Young man, where have you been!?” Kirishima asked back, hands on his hips.

“Nowhere,” Katsuki answered as he put the plate in the sink. He turned to hop off the chair he used, but met face to face with many mixed emotion looks. “What?”

“You can’t go disappearing without telling anyone, kid,” Todoroki scolded.
Katsuki was not going to take being scolded by a bunch of teenagers. “Oh, yeah, like any of you were awake.”

“That doesn’t mean you get to wander off on your own.”

“I know my way around this place.”

“That is not the point.”

“I’m here and fine, aren’t I?”

“You weren’t and we didn’t know if you were fine or not.”

“Not my fault your lazy butt wasn’t awake!”

Things were clearly getting heated with Katsuki’s yelling and Todoroki’s loss of patience.

“Do you make it a life goal to get on everyone’s nerves?”

“I like to return the favor.”

Before the back and forth could get any worse, a few of the students quickly intervened and got between Katsuki and Todoroki.

“I think this is enough,” Midoriya said, trying to calm Todoroki down.

Todoroki turned away, done trying to reason with the four-year-old.

Meanwhile, Yaoyorozu did her best with Katsuki. She knelt to his height. “Katsuki-kun, we were just worried—”

“Don’t touch me!” Katsuki spat, swatting Yaoyorozu’s hand away when she tried reaching out to him.

Yaoyorozu pulled her hand back with a hurt look.

Katsuki tensed up at the look Yaoyorozu made. He lowered his gaze, hunching over and fiddling with his hands.

Before anyone had a chance to break the rising tension, Katsuki ran off to his room. He ignored the others calling out to him. He rushed up the stairs and upon entering his room, slammed the door shut. Stupid teenagers. Katsuki didn’t want to be around anybody. He’d rather stay locked in his temporary room until his dad came to get him. He didn’t need anybody looking after him.

“Stupid conference,” Katsuki repeated, heading for the bed. He was about to plop down on top of it when he heard scratching on glass. Katsuki turned to the balcony, spotting Mitsuki and Masaru.

“What the…?”

Katsuki scurried to the sliding door, opening the door to let in the cats. Mitsuki strolled on in. “How the hell did you two get up here?”

Mitsuki stared up at Katsuki. She meowed, attempting to brush up against him.

Katsuki stepped back, glared down. “No! It’s your fault I’m in this mess!”

Mitsuki stepped back at Katsuki’s angry voice. She glared herself.
This got Katsuki to keep himself in check. “No, wait—”

Mitsuki hissed when Katsuki tried to reach for her. He pulled his hand back, crossed.

“Fine! Who needs you!”

Katsuki got back into bed, curling up and sulking. That was when Masaru finally came in, hopping onto the boy’s bed. The cat meowed, nudging Katsuki’s shoulder. Katsuki didn’t move. Masaru curled up against his back, shooting a look at Mitsuki from over the edge.

Mitsuki turned her nose away.

If cats could sigh, Masaru definitely would have. Instead, he laid his head against the mattress, offering comfort with just his presence. Until moments later when sensing someone coming.

Both Mitsuki and Masaru stood, staring at the door.

Katsuki sat up as well when noticing Masaru’s movements. “What is it?”

A knock on the door came.

Mitsuki began hissing as Masaru hopped onto the ground beside her.

The door opened. “Kacchan?”

“It’s just Deku,” Katsuki groaned.

Midoriya stepped in. His eyes widened at the two cats. He was speechless as Mitsuki stepped towards him threateningly. Masaru stopped her though, meowing and signaling towards the balcony door. Masaru headed out, waiting for Mitsuki as she gave one last glare to Midoriya before following. They hopped from the balcony ledge to Kirishima’s balcony and were quickly out of sight.

Before Midoriya could ask about the cats, Katsuki hissed, “What do you want?”

“We’re all planning on going out. Would you like to come with?”

Katsuki turned away, arms crossed. A clear no without the need to say.

Midoriya stepped in more, sitting beside Katsuki on the bed. “We’re really sorry about earlier. We got scared when we couldn’t find you.”

Katsuki turned more.

“Well, so we don’t have this happen again, what time do you usually get up? I’ll be sure to get up with you.”

Katsuki paused his huffiness. He finally turned to Midoriya, seeing his sweet smile. Katsuki finally uncrossed his arms. “I don’t know. Whenever I guess.”

“Alright, then I’ll just set an alarm for 8 o’clock,” Midoriya said. “That way, I’ll for sure be up whenever you are.”

Katsuki turned away, looking at his fumbling hands on his lap. His cheeks were tinted pink. Deku was weird to him. Even so, Katsuki responded, “You don’t have to. I won’t go out by myself anymore.”
“B-but you’d still be by yourself in the mornings,” Midoriya stuttered. He knew how he and the others tend to sleep in on non-school days. Or at least stay in their rooms until noon. The life of a teenager. But Katsuki was still a kid who apparently got up earlier. Midoriya didn’t want him up and waiting by himself. “We can wait together for everyone to wake up. What do you usually do with Aizawa-sensei at home?”

Katsuki answered with the first thing that came to mind. “Play cards. But Dad said no poker…” he grumbled the last part.

“Well, maybe we could keep that a secret between us?” Midoriya suggested. Katsuki turned to him with wide eyes. “But you might have to teach me a bit. I’m not exactly sure which sets are better than other sets,” he sheepishly added. “I have a deck of cards in my room I could grab if you don’t have any on you.”

“No, you said you guys were going out, weren’t you? What’re you doing?”

Midoriya was taken aback by Katsuki’s words. Was Katsuki asking about tagging along with them? His cheeks were pink once again and his eyes were elsewhere. It made Midoriya let out a small laugh. “Kirishima-kun was talking about going to the arcade at the mall. You ever been to one?”

This got Katsuki’s eyes back on Midoriya. “No."

Midoriya laughed again. “We couldn’t picture Aizawa-sensei ever bringing you there. Why don’t you change out of your pajamas and meet me downstairs with the others? I’ll let them know you’re in.”

Katsuki nodding his head, hopping off the bed to his backpack. He unzipped the bag, but paused and turned back to Midoriya when the older teen was getting up himself. “For a Deku, you’re not that bad.”

Midoriya let out a sheepish laugh as he headed out and as Katsuki went back to grabbing his things. He guessed he should take the boy’s words as a compliment.

After closing the door behind him, Midoriya went straight downstairs. He let everyone know the ‘Take Katsuki Out to Have Fun’ plan was a go. It was a giveaway that Midoriya would be able to calm the foul-tempered child down—why everyone decided to send him to check on Katsuki.

With the plan a go, everyone went to get ready. Some got ready quicker than others. When Katsuki came down, there was only a handful of the teens already prepared. He waited with them as the others began coming back down. Of those coming down was Yaoyorozu.

Yaoyorozu headed up to Katsuki and greeted him sweetly, though somewhat hesitantly. However, her hesitance was quickly thrown out when little Katsuki took her hand with his. He stood close beside her. He wouldn’t let go or leave her side even when more and more of the class came back down and noticed. Yaoyorozu could tell it was Katsuki’s way of apologizing and she couldn’t help but smile more.

“Alright, is that everybody?” Kirishima asked upon spotting most of his classmates. He did a headcount anyway. “Nope. We’re missing one.”

“Did you count yourself?” Sero asked.

“Yes, I counted myself,” Kirishima huffed.

“I’m here!” Midoriya called right on time. “Sorry, I was double-checking something.”
At Midoriya’s appearance, Uraraka began cheekily giggling. “Double-checking to see if you had the same shirt?”

Midoriya made a puzzled face.

Uraraka first pointed to Midoriya’s All Might hoodie before pointing to Katsuki, who indeed was wearing the exact same one only child sized.

Midoriya froze.

Katsuki’s eyes narrowed.

Everyone joined Uraraka’s laughter.

“I’m changing,” Katsuki deadpanned.

Ashido stopped him, grabbing his shoulder. “No! No! No! It’s cute!”

“I-I’ll go change them,” Midoriya sheepishly said, only to be stopped again.

“No, it’s cute!” Uraraka huffed like Ashido.

“Midoriya, is that, like, an extra-large child sweater?” Tokoyami questioned.

Midoriya turned redder in embarrassment. “No no no! T-there was just a large size range!”

“Makes sense,” Shouji said. All things considered, with different Quirks resulting in many different sizes of buyers, plus All Might’s popularity. However, of all the All Might merch in Japan... Then again, both Katsuki and Midoriya were big All Might fanboys.

Still, Katsuki was not having it. He tried to run off back to his room again, but was stopped once more by Kirishima. He claimed they were wasted day light and they were soon off to the mall.

“Don’t worry, Kacchan. I can keep my jacket zipped the whole time,” Midoriya reassured Katsuki as they were heading into the arcade. With his extra jacket, no one would be able to tell they had the same hoodie.

Katsuki only grumbled bitterly under his breath. He tried to walk away from Midoriya, but couldn’t get far while still holding hands with Yaoyorozu. Once inside, Katsuki’s grumpiness changed to awe.

Inside the arcade was huge, bright, and loud. It was overwhelming for little Katsuki. However, that wouldn’t stop him from checking things out.

“Play whatever you want, kid,” Kaminari said to Katsuki. “I’m a platinum member here.” He pulled out his arcade card and handed it to Katsuki.

Katsuki stared at the card for a second before pulling Yaoyorozu along with him to something he thought looked interesting. A few others followed while some went on their way to play themselves.

Iida was just about to follow Katsuki’s group, not being one for arcade games, when Kaminari grabbed his wrist.

“How much Sensei give you again?”

Iida gave him a look.
The first game Katsuki spotted was some shooter with zombies. Though, he was too small to really see the screen. To solve the issue, Yaoyorozu effortlessly picked up the little boy. Photos were taken by some of their friends, but Katsuki didn’t seem to notice. He was too busy shooting zombies with a bit of Yaoyorozu’s help calling out some he didn’t notice. And his score was pretty high for a newbie kid. Who knew those random shooting tips from those old subordinates would came in handy.

Katsuki went from one game to another. He went from shooters to rhythm games to classic arcade fighters. With the fighters, Katsuki was playing against the older teens. At first, they were being nice and going easy on Katsuki, but soon found out they didn’t need to. Katsuki’s natural talent for things kicked in and they were forced to try for their prides.

“I win again!” Katsuki claimed after another victory. He smiled triumphantly as Sero collapsed onto his knees. Katsuki’s latest victim joined the line of the defeated: Midoriya, Mineta, Uraraka, and Kaminari, just to name a few.

“L-let’s try a different game,” Midoriya sheepishly suggested to save his friends, picking himself back up. He and Yaoyorozu—who wholeheartedly agreed on Midoriya’s suggestion—guided Katsuki away from the fighter game.

“Why not the UFO catchers?” Kirishima put forward. “I can be considered a pro when it comes to these.”

“Really?” Katsuki deadpanned, not buying Kirishima’s claim.

“Yeah! Pick a plush! Any plush!”

Despite his skepticism, Katsuki circled the UFO catcher machines until he spotted one that held kitty plush. Specifically, one with a grumpy looking black cat with an unamused stare. Katsuki pointed to it. “That one.”

The three teens walked up to it. They shared bewildered looks.

“That one?” Kirishima asked.

Katsuki nodded his head. He turned to the grumpy cat, a childish giggle slipping out.

Kirishima smiled at Katsuki’s giggle. With a newfound determination, he rolled up his sleeves. “Alright, black cat! Come to papa!”

Kirishima did not get the black cat.

Not on the first try.

Nor the second.

Nor the third.

By try six, Kaminari had dashed over to stop Kirishima.

“Come on! Just one more!”

“Dude! You know it’s always a hit or miss with these when you do them! This is a miss!”

Katsuki shook his head at the sight of Kaminari holding Kirishima back while all Midoriya and Yaoyorozu could offer were sympathetic smiles. It all changed when Todoroki came up.
Todoroki swiped the card from Kirishima’s hand, putting some cash in its place to pay back Kaminari. He then stepped up to the machine, sizing up the plush placement.

The mini group watched as Todoroki did his first attempt. What he did was different from Kirishima’s prior attempts. The plush did not fall, but it did shift so that when he tried again, the plush would successfully fall. After trial two, the black cat was in Todoroki’s hands.

Todoroki awkwardly held out the cat plush for Katsuki.

Katsuki was hesitant and receiving the plush from Todoroki. However, Yaoyorozu nudged him forward. “Go on.”

Katsuki glanced up at Todoroki for a moment before taking the black cat.

“What do we say?” Yaoyorozu asked, playing peacemaker.

“Thanks…”

“Yeah, don’t mention it…”

Staring at the grumpy-looking cat got Katsuki smiling again. “You can be Shoucchan.”

Kirishima and Kaminari couldn’t help snickering.

Yaoyorozu and Todoroki shot them looks.

Katsuki didn’t seem to notice, happy with his cat.

The mini group circled the many UFO catcher machines, looking for any other plush in winnable positions. But before they could find one, Iida came trotting up to them about dinner. They then noticed the time and that they were in fact hungry.

After collecting everyone at the arcade, the regrouped group headed off to find someplace to eat. They were too exhausted to go back to the dorms to make their own dinner, so eating out at some cheap place was a unanimous agreement. They also let Katsuki choose where to eat.

Katsuki scanned the area. Looking around the different restaurants reminded him of when he and Aizawa first went out. His dad shot down every place he picked until they eventually went to an okonomiyaki place. The same okonomiyaki place he decided to go into now.

Inside the restaurant, the large group split evenly into four groups of 5. With Katsuki, they were finally an even number!

“I’ve never had these kinds of pancakes before,” Yaoyorozu said after eating partway through her share of food.

“Neither have I,” Todoroki related, taking another bite.

“You two and your fancy lives,” Kirishima mused.

“This is a great place you chose, Kacchan,” Midoriya said to Katsuki.

Katsuki smiled proudly. “Yeah, this was the first place Dad ever took me to eat.” Katsuki’s smile shrunk a bit. No one seemed to notice, save for Midoriya.

Midoriya grew somewhat worried, then did his best to make things cheery again for the young boy.
He brought up the idea of grabbing ice cream on their way back to the dorms. Not only did ice cream pick up Katsuki’s mood, it got everyone excited as well.

After dinner, the large group headed down the street for ice cream as Midoriya suggested. They took their dessert to go, finishing their ice cream by the time they reached the dorms. Also by the time they returned, it was time for Katsuki to prepare for bed. So, a few of the boys went on and helped their youngest classmate with his bath, then it was off to bed.

“You all tucked in in there?” Kirishima asked from the door. It was him and the same group as the night before waiting at Katsuki’s door.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” Katsuki grumbled, pulling his blanket over his shoulders and Shoucchan. Everything was like the night before. “Night.”

“Night!” the teens responded before turning off the lights and closing the door.

Yes, all the same. Just like Midoriya’s uncertainty about Katsuki’s wellbeing when it came to sleeping on his own.

Last night, Midoriya didn’t feel right when it came to Katsuki declaring he was fine on his own. He didn’t feel this night was any better either. When they were in the baths, Katsuki was growing less and less active. It may have been possibly the young boy growing tired, but Midoriya thought differently. “Hey, do you all really think he’s fine?”

“What do you mean?” Yaoyorozu questioned.

Midoriya shook his head. Perhaps he was overthinking things. “Never mind. I think I’m going to go to bed, too. I said I’d wake up early with Kacchan tomorrow morning. That way, he won’t be by himself.”

“God, good luck with that,” Kirishima said, laughing.

When the group hit the stairs, they split with Midoriya heading for his room while the rest of them continued to the commons.

Entering his room, Midoriya didn’t bother turning on his light. He carefully shuffled through the dark, plopping down onto his bed once finding it. He pulled out his phone, setting an early alarm as he plugged it in to charge. Now all he had to do was fall asleep so he could be fully rested in the morning.

Sadly, Midoriya could not fall asleep.

Midoriya’s body seemed to want to do the exact opposite of what he told himself to do, deciding to stay up past even when he usually fell asleep. He tossed and turned, unable to help but worry over little Katsuki.

‘Come on, Izuku, go to sleep,’ he inwardly reprimanded himself. ‘No, don’t look at your phone—no! Stop! Okay, and we’re looking…’

Midoriya groaned when he turned on his phone for the time. He groaned even more at what the time read. Really? 1:13 A.M.? Everyone had to have been passed out by now, yet there Midoriya was, awake and not falling asleep any time soon. Awake and with a sudden need for water. Awake and getting up to get water.

Midoriya let out a big sigh as he headed downstairs. It wasn’t like he wasn’t tired or anything. He
just couldn’t sleep.

Once on the commons floor, Midoriya patted the walls for the light switch. His eyes were mostly closed, which was why he didn’t realize the lights were already on until he felt the light switch was already up. Confused, he opened his heavy-lidded eyes, heart jumping when meeting dead eyes of a grumpy black cat staring back at him. Beside the dead eyes was Katsuki, looking just as confused as Midoriya. Midoriya was very awake now.

“Kacchan!? What’re you doing up so late?”

Katsuki narrowed his eyes. “What’re you doing up?”

It took a moment for Midoriya to process Katsuki talking back to him. He sighed, heading for the cupboard for a cup. “I just needed some water.” Upon nearing Katsuki after grabbing his cup, Midoriya noticed something. “Is that Kaminari-kun’s pudding cup?”

Katsuki took a spoonful of chocolate pudding. “It was.”

Midoriya didn’t question it further, filling his cup and taking a seat across from Katsuki.

Midoriya finished his cup of water.

Katsuki finished his cup of pudding.

They both sat in silence at 1:20 in the morning.

Katsuki was the first to break the silence. He hopped off his chair. “Goodnight.”

“W-wait!” Midoriya called after him.

Katsuki paused. He turned back with a narrow-eyed look.

Midoriya cleared his throat, pushing back any hesitance. “Were you not able to sleep?”

Katsuki didn’t answer at first. It took a moment before he said, “I’m fine.”

“But… you don’t really seem fine.”

“I said I’m fine.”

“Kacchan,” Midoriya said sternly. “You don’t need to keep things to yourself. If something’s wrong, you tell someone so that they can help.”

“I don’t need any help.”

Midoriya still wasn’t convinced and Katsuki could tell.

Katsuki did his best to avoid Midoriya’s worried gaze. He looked down at Shoucchan in his arms, hugging the plush even more. However, the effects of Midoriya’s worriedness already affected Katsuki.

Filled with reluctance, Katsuki finally admitted what was bothering him. “I don’t like sleeping by myself…” he admitted basically what Aizawa said the day before, ashamed.

Midoriya softened up even more than he already was. “Kacchan, it’s alright—”
“No, it’s not!” Katsuki interrupted, more clearly upset. “I said I could, but I can’t, but—!”

“Kacchan! Kacchan, it’s alright.”

Midoriya rushed over to Katsuki, kneeling onto his knees to be more at the young boy’s height. “It’s okay that you can’t sleep on your own yet. The fact that you tried shows enough of how grown up you are.”

Katsuki couldn’t help but sniffle. He hated appearing weak. And now especially in front of Deku. But… “I used to be okay being by myself, but… but then I started sleeping next to Dad and… I don’t know…”

“You don’t like the feeling of being by yourself again?” Midoriya offered.

Katsuki shook his head. “Not when Dad’s usually with me… I know he’ll be back, but still.”

“I get it,” Midoriya said. “It’s not easy being away from your parents for the first time since they’ve always been with you. You know, I felt the exact same thing you’re feeling right now when I first moved into the dorms. I don’t think I’d ever spent the night away from home and away from my mom.”

“Not even for sleepovers?” Katsuki asked.

Midoriya felt a stab at his childhood and pre-teen years. “I was never a popular kid, Kacchan…” He recollected himself with a deep breath. “But yeah, never’d really been away from home and my mom. And I’m sure if you asked anybody else here, they’ll tell you the same thing about it not feeling right the first few nights.”

“Well, then, what did you do about it?”

“Well, our first night was pretty tense, but we decided to have fun. Do things that cheer us up, just like we did today.”

Katsuki nodded his head, somewhat understanding what Midoriya was saying.

“And if anything else was wrong, we’d usually tell a friend. Sometimes there isn’t much they can do, but lending an ear and getting things off your chest can be very helpful. Like what we’re doing right now, right?”

Katsuki nodded more confidently.

Midoriya smiled. “Right… Do you want to try going to bed now? It’s way past both our bed times. But if you need anything else, don’t be afraid to come to me, okay?”

Katsuki nodded once again.

Midoriya’s smile grew.

Finally, the two headed back up. Midoriya offered his hand to Katsuki, who took it despite some hesitance. They went straight to Katsuki’s room, where Midoriya watched the younger boy re-tuck himself back in. He turned off the lights once more and then was off to his own room for some shut eye.

Midoriya let out a giant yawn upon reaching his room. He opened the door, once again ignoring his light switch and heading straight for his bed. He collapsed onto his mattress, curling up with his
pillow. Finally, some sleep. Except for the banging on his door.

*Bang! Bang! Bang!*

Midoriya’s eyes flew open. He practically tripped out of bed when scrambling to his feet to get the door. Opening it made his heart jump again, meeting face to face with the dead eyes of Shoucchan. Shoucchan was on top of a blanket and pillow. When Midoriya turned his gaze downwards, he spotted little Katsuki. The boy had carried his comforters over his head and all the way to Midoriya’s room. Seemed the map he made came to be of use.

“You said I could go to you…” Katsuki mumbled. Despite it being dark, his tinted cheeks were still clear as day.

Midoriya couldn’t help but smile again. He opened the door and let Katsuki right on in.

After closing the door, Midoriya turned and spotted Katsuki preparing to sleep. On the floor. “Wait! Kacchan!”

Katsuki gave him a look. “What?”

“You, uh, you can sleep on my bed. I’ll take the floor.”

Katsuki’s look didn’t change much.

Midoriya headed over and grabbed his comforters, tossing it onto the floor. “Yeah, don’t worry about it.”

Katsuki still didn’t seem convinced. From the floor, he turned to the bed. Then to Midoriya. Back to the bed. Then to Midoriya again. “I guess we can both fit.”

Midoriya was taken aback. “Eh?”

Katsuki stood, throwing everything onto Midoriya’s bed again. “I mean. I’m still just a kid and you’re all scrawny.”

Midoriya's face made a blank smile at Katsuki’s claim.

Katsuki hopped into bed. “Yeah, it'll probably be fine.” He scooted closer to the wall. “Night, Deku.”

Midoriya was speechlessly frozen. It took a moment for him to register what was going on before finally let out an accepting sigh and hopped into bed himself. It wasn’t too snug; a nice fit.

Katsuki’s back was to Midoriya, though he turned to say over his shoulder, “Not a word about this to anybody.”

“Yes, yes,” Midoriya responded with another blank smile.

Katsuki turned back.

Midoriya did not fall asleep right away, opting to wait and make sure that Katsuki was alright. The younger boy didn’t so much as stir, his breathing also even. Midoriya reasoned that Katsuki did finally fall asleep and finally closed his eyes himself. Until he felt Katsuki shift once again.

Midoriya opened his eyes, finding Shoucchan yet again with Katsuki hugging the plush and curled up right against him. Midoriya’s eyes opened wider. The sight was too cute.
Katsuki began shifting again to get more comfortable, getting close to Midoriya.

Midoriya stayed perfectly still, not wanting to move and accidentally wake Katsuki up. Or accidentally roll over and squish the little boy. Or roll the other way, landing with a loud thud and waking Katsuki. Or…

It was going to be a long night for Midoriya Izuku.

Chapter End Notes

if u google 'japanese cat plush' u will see the exact plush i'm referring to in this chapter hehehe~ or click here (where u can also reblog this chapter~)! cute fluff! and kacchan finally gets sleep! at the cost of deku's sleep hehehe... say hi to my on tumblr @arcs-and-blah! there's where i'd post about delay in chapter posting. or you can follow the tag 'Katsuki Drop'. or not. whichever you want~ <3
Midoriya did not sleep that night.

Or, at least he didn’t sleep well—

No. He did not sleep. The worry of disrupting little Katsuki’s sleep was too overbearing, but at least Midoriya knew for sure the boy was able to sleep. All the way until morning.

When morning came, Katsuki began to stir. Midoriya instantly pretended to be asleep, clenching his eyes shut. Despite not being able to see, Midoriya could still feel Katsuki sit up and could hear the little yawn he let out.

Katsuki rubbed his still drowsy eyes. His eyes quickly adjusted to the light and widened upon scanning Midoriya’s room. With the room lit, he could clearly see all the All Might merchandise that decorated Midoriya’s room. “Whoa.”

Midoriya pretended to wake up, sitting up and stretching himself. He then turned to Katsuki. “Oh, you’re up, too. Good morning, Kacchan.”

“You have a lot of All Might stuff,” Katsuki responded in lieu of greeting Midoriya back. He wasn’t going to admit it, but he was beginning to feel envious of the other teen.

Midoriya only gave a sheepish laugh, unsure what to say about his extensive collection. Instead, he offered an idea. “How about breakfast?”

To start off their morning, Katsuki and Midoriya split from one another to do their morning routines. Midoriya stayed in his room to use his bathroom while Katsuki went back to his room where his things were. Afterwards, they met up again in the commons for pancakes. The whole time, Midoriya couldn’t help but keep yawning.

“Jeez, you’re more tired than Dad on a normal day,” Katsuki commented, taking another bite of his breakfast.

“I’m just up earlier than I’m used to,” Midoriya said. He wasn’t lying. “I’m okay. Don’t worry.”
“I’m not.”

Midoriya sighed, though he still sported a smile. “Right.” He directed Katsuki’s attention to something else. “Weren’t you going to show me how to play poker? I have my cards.”

Katsuki took the deck Midoriya slipped over to him. They were All Might-themed. “God, Deku, how can you not know how to play poker?”

Katsuki first shuffled the cards. He dealt it so that they each had their cards, but scooted closer to Midoriya to see his deck. Since Katsuki was showing Midoriya the ropes, the first few rounds were going to be practice rounds.

“I would say I’d go easy on you, but it’s all still luck,” Katsuki said when they finally started a real game.

“Yes, yes,” Midoriya responded. He had an idea of which hands were better than others now, having fairly good memory.

However, that meant nothing. Katsuki won most if not all the rounds. Midoriya now understood why Aizawa said no poker. It was a good thing they were only playing for fun.

“Deku, you suck.”

“Can’t you go a little easy on me?” Midoriya asked pitifully. “You can lighten up on fakes and mind games.”

“What are you talking about?” Katsuki casually asked back. He discarded some cards, pulling from the deck. “It’s all luck.”

Midoriya grumbled a bit under his breath, supporting a pout. His hand was bad anyway, so he threw the match and opted for his phone. He pulled up the daily hero news, as he’d always done, jolting upright at the headlines.

‘Hero Conference Attack Update: 8 Still Hospitalized.’

“What?” Katsuki asked, despite his demeanor being still disinterested, starting to shuffle again. Midoriya did throw that round.

Midoriya looked back and forth from Katsuki to his phone. “Uh…” He put down his phone again, screen facing down. “I-it’s nothing. Just some, uh, old email stuff. A coupon I forgot to use expired.”

Katsuki made a face, but shrugged Midoriya’s answer off.

Midoriya was glad Katsuki bought the lie. He didn’t want to scare Katsuki. Plus, Midoriya wasn’t even sure if Aizawa was one of the eight or if the conference was even the same one Aizawa was attending. But Midoriya needed to know.

“Hey, so those cats yesterday,” Midoriya brought up, having quickly come up with a plan of distraction. “Do you feed them or anything like that?”

Katsuki looked up from his new hand, already dealing a new game. He gave Midoriya a pointed stare. “Why?”

“Well, I just thought you’d want to feed them breakfast is all.”

Katsuki continued staring, making Midoriya grow nervous.
After a moment, Katsuki finally put his cards down. “Yeah… Dad and I usually give them lunch…”

Katsuki hopped out of his seat, heading for the fridge to find anything cat-friendly for his stray cats. Aizawa taught him a lot on cat care since he introduced him to the cats.

Meanwhile, Midoriya quickly pulled up the article on his phone again, absorbing as much as he could before Katsuki could notice something was up.

‘Last night at approximately 8:20 P.M., a bomb releasing toxic gas went off at the XXX Hotel, where a hero academic conference was being held. Following the gas, rogue villains came rushing in.’

Midoriya quickly skimmed the article line by line. He clicked on other articles with the same story. They all said similar things. Midoriya found that the attack conference was indeed the one their teachers were attending, yet not a single article released any names of those hospitalized. Only the conditions. Two were stable, three still unconscious, one was undergoing surgery, and two were in critical conditions. The fact that the attack occurred and they hadn’t received a call from Aizawa yet worried Midoriya deeply.

“I’m going out.”

“What hospital!?” Midoriya screamed when Katsuki came up to him suddenly. He nearly toppled out of his chair and struggled to catch the phone he threw up in fright. All while Katsuki gave him a very odd look.

“What?”

“Wha—what? I didn’t say—uh—”

Katsuki brushed Midoriya off again, apathetically making his way to the door with a plate of food for his cats. “Whatever. I’m going.”

“O-okay! Don’t go too far, okay? Come back right away when you’re done.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Katsuki called over his shoulder before closing the door behind him.

Midoriya let out a giant sigh, slumping back into his chair. He pulled out his phone again, trying once more to find names. Still, none came up. He decided calling Aizawa himself would probably be the best course of action. All he had to do was wait for Iida to wake up and come down so he could ask for the number their teacher gave them.

It took some time for Katsuki to return to the dorms, enjoying his time with the two stray cats. In the meantime, the other dorm dwellers slowly trickled down. Seemed they wanted to be up to make sure Katsuki wasn’t by himself either. When his fellow classmates came down, Midoriya took the chance to tell them about the attack before Katsuki returned. They all shared the same worried feeling and agreed to keep the attack from Katsuki until their teacher could be reached.

“I guess that means we shouldn’t go out,” Sero said. “In case the news popped up some place or if some stranger started talking about it.”

Midoriya nodded, agreeing with the idea. He then turned to Iida, who was just coming off the phone. “Any luck?”

“No, sorry,” Iida answered, pocketing his phone. “No answer. We’ll try again later.”
“Are we sure we shouldn’t tell him?” Jirou asked. “I mean, Aizawa-sensei is his dad and everything.”

“He’s still only four,” Yaoyorozu said, worried. “We should at least wait until we have more facts on Sensei’s whereabouts and condition before we tell him.”

“I second that,” Kirishima agreed. Many of the others did as well.

“So, it’s decided,” Midoriya started, “we stay in and keep Kacchan busy. No talk about what happened in front of him. Iida-kun, you keep calling every so often. If there’s an update in the news, we let each other know about it and decide as a majority group whether it’s a good idea to tell him or not yet. Good idea?”

No disagreements.

Midoriya smiled. “Great.”

“Shouldn’t we be keeping an eye on him now?” Asui asked. “What if he runs into another student or staff member outside?”

The room fell silent.

Midoriya suddenly bolted out the door.

“Kacchan!?” Midoriya called.

From the short distance, Katsuki poked his head out of the bushes. “What!”

“Y-you wanna come in now!” Midoriya asked. “Almost everyone’s awake!”

Katsuki went back to what he was doing. “No.”

“Yaoyorozu-san’s awake!”

“I’m coming.”

Midoriya waited for Katsuki to say goodbye to his cats. He held the door open for the younger boy, the little guy walking right under his arm.

Katsuki trotted right up to Yaoyorozu, taking her hand. “Momo-nee!”

Yaoyorozu showed a sweet smile as she greeted Katsuki. “Good morning, Katsuki-kun. Did you sleep well?”

Katsuki nodded his head. “Mmhmm!”

The rest of the class had a good feeling they wouldn’t need to do much to keep Katsuki busy. He and Yaoyorozu were practically in their own impenetrable world.

“Would you like to continue reading that book we were reading the other day?” Yaoyorozu asked.

Katsuki nodded once again. There was how they were going to keep him busy and distracted.

Katsuki followed Yaoyorozu up to her room, where they read for hours until lunch time came around. They finished their book right as Yaoyorozu got a text about lunch being ready along with update news. Or, more lack of updates. Half past noon and still no word on Aizawa.
For lunch, the whole class opted for classic pizza. The whole class also got to witness Katsuki’s obsessive use of chili flakes first hand. They were just unsettled as Kaminari and the others when the boy calmly took his first bite. Then added more. They were going to need to stock up on the chili flakes on their next grocery run.

“So, anything you wanna do, little man?” Kirishima asked Katsuki.

Katsuki only shrugged as he continued drinking his cup of water.

“What do you do at home?” Ashido asked next.

Another shrug. “I usually leave the news on or something and draw.”

Everyone flinched.

Katsuki didn’t notice, more focused on his pizza. “It’s cool listening to all the hero stuff.”

“Don’t you watch stuff like cartoons? I mean, that’s what I did when I was 4,” Sero said.

Katsuki made a face, thinking back to what else he usually watched. A third shrug.

“Movies?” Kirishima suggested.

Katsuki did have an answer for this. “Nope.”

Kirishima gaped. “What!?"

“I mean, I guess I used to re-watch Winnie the Pooh and Spirited Away over and over again.”

“That’s it? Dude, only 4 and already missing out,” Kaminari pitifully said. Katsuki glared at him.

“Then why don’t we do that?” Kirishima suggested. “Movie marathon!”

“And we can make forts to watch in!” Hagakure excitedly added.

“Oh my god, yes!” Ashido agreed along with the others.

“We got a plan!” Kirishima just as enthusiastically called. “Everyone, grab all your pillows and blankets! Katsuki, you made a list of everything you want to see and haven’t seen yet.”

“I’ll help you with that,” Yaoyorozu said to Katsuki. Katsuki smiled up at her.

“I guess we’ll handle popcorn and snacks,” Satou said about him and his group. They were on food duty that day.

“Who’s got Netflix!?"

“I do!”

“Pssh, we can just stream off the internet anything not on it.”

“That’s illegal!”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever.”

“Alright, let’s roll!” Kirishima cheered, starting a chain reaction of cheers.
Everyone without a special task ran straight to their rooms to grab all their comforters along with some tape and clips just in case. When they returned, before diving right into making their fort nests, a few of the class rearranged the commons furniture for maximum fort-age.

In the kitchen, the microwave was in nonstop use for a near dozen bags of popcorn. There were also many bowls of other snacks and treats. It was a wonder how they had so much at one time.

“Okay, I had pudding in the fridge,” Kaminari yelled from the fridge, annoyed. He closed it before heading to the forts. “I did not eat it; where’d it go?”

No one noticed the devilish smirk on Katsuki’s face. They were more focused on Yaoyorozu beside him with the movie list. The list was more Yaoyorozu’s movie suggestions than movies Katsuki wanted to see. He wasn’t all that bothered with movies.

“What!? How have you not seen Ponyo!?” Uraraka shouted when Yaoyorozu went to pull up the first movie.

“You’d be surprised with what he hasn’t seen,” Yaoyorozu sheepishly said as Katsuki stuck his tongue out.

“I haven’t seen it either,” Todoroki said. Everyone gave him looks, which he didn’t seem to notice.

“Hey, lemme see the list real fast,” Jirou said. Yaoyorozu handed her the list. Jirou passed it right onto Todoroki. “Humor me; how many of these have you seen?”

Todoroki skimmed through the list. “Five.”

Silence.

“Let’s start the movie,” Midoriya sheepishly suggested to break the tension.

Yaoyorozu nodded, playing play and full screen. She quickly headed back to her spot on the floor beside Katsuki under a plush blanket. The blinds were pulled, the lights shut off, the room dark save for the opening scene of the movie.

Katsuki watched in awe throughout the movie. He barely touched his popcorn, being that into the film. Just as he was with the next one, and the next. Though, when they got into the Disney musicals, it got harder for Katsuki to completely pay attention. His older classmates never hesitated to belt along with each and every song.

With each movie, it was clear who favored which film more than others—or at least watched way more than the normal person. Like with Princess and the Frog, Ashido and Asui were going as far as acting out the scenes with the main princess and her friend. This influenced others to do the same. Kirishima and Kaminari were being silly as a pompous hunter and his lackey, Jirou sang as an evil lion, Uraraka portrayed a long-lost princess stuck in a tower, and everyone sang along as they prepared for war against the Huns.

“You all suck!” Katsuki poked fun between his laughter. Tears were falling. And his cheery, childish laughter was contagious. It fueled the rest of the class’ laughter along with how they were already laughing at themselves at their rendition of ‘Be a Man.’

“Please~ We were amazing,” Aoyama flamboyantly claimed.

“I’m tagging you all online!” Hagakure called, holding her sparkly phone up.
“You better!” Kirishima encouraged excitedly.

“Oh gosh, I’m out of breath,” Uraraka said, out of breath. She stood with her empty glass. “Who needs drink refills?”

Chimes of ‘me!’ and ‘I do!’ came from a majority of the class. Since there were so many who needed refills—and not just with drinks, but snacks as well—they decided to pause the movie for the time being. After many hours of sitting, it was about time they stretched their legs somewhat.

“But I wanna see what happens next,” Katsuki childishly whined.

“Just give up 30 seconds!” Ashido called from the kitchen.

“Or a little longer,” Satou said. “We’re making sundaes!”

Excitement erupted. Not even Katsuki could complain.

“Katsuki, why don’t you come over and decorate your sundae?” Sero suggested. “Put whatever you want on it.”

Katsuki was up on his feet in a matter of seconds. He did his best to maneuver through the fort quickly, sadly stepping on something and falling over.

“Kacchan!” Midoriya yelped, rushing over to help Katsuki up. By the time he made it, the younger boy was already picking himself up.

Midoriya knelt down to Katsuki’s height. He noticed something the boy picked up. What Katsuki tripped over: the TV remote.

“We are still waiting on word about those still hospitalized after the attack at the hero academic conference.”

Midoriya froze.

The others as well.

A pin drop could be heard if it weren’t for the news still playing on the TV.

Midoriya turned to the TV for a fraction of a second before turning to Katsuki. Katsuki had slowly stood, staring at the news footage. On screen where the heroes injured during bomb attack and hospitalized. Aizawa was one of those heroes.

“Kacchan, wait!” Midoriya reached for the remote, but Katsuki held it away.

Katsuki gave a hostile, side-eye stare. “I will blow this up.”

Midoriya attempted once more. “Kacchan, please?”

Katsuki activated his Quirk this time, though not on the remote as threatened. Towards Midoriya, forcing the teen to keep away.

The news continued on. Katsuki’s eyes were back on the screen. “Dad’s in the hospital…”

“Kacchan—”

Katsuki’s hostile eyes turned desperate as he faced Midoriya once more. “Did you know about this?”
“I—”

“You did!?” Panic flooded the child. Katsuki glanced at the others, noticing their worried looks as well. “You all did!? And none of you told me!?”

“Katsuki-kun, please—” Yaoyorozu attempted, rushing to Katsuki’s side as well, but was cut off by the boy’s cries.

“I want my dad!”

“Katsuki-kun, we need to be patient—”

“I wanna be with Dad right now!”

“Katsu—”

More tears fell from Katsuki’s eyes. He couldn’t control them. All he wanted was to see Aizawa. To be safely by his dad’s side. Yet Katsuki didn’t even know if his dad was in a safe condition. If he didn’t have Aizawa with him, Katsuki didn’t know what he’d do.

“I’ll take him,” a voice called above the group crying.

Katsuki tried to calm himself down, wiping the tears from his eyes to see Iida stepping up.

“I have some extra allowance. We’ll take the bullet train to see Aizawa-sensei immediately.”

Katsuki couldn’t help but keep sniffling. “Re-hic-really?”

Iida nodded with a determined look. He knew what it was like to have a loved one in the hospital, the feeling of horror not knowing if a loved one would be alright or not. For Iida, it was his brother. Katsuki, his dad.

Iida knelt to Katsuki’s height. “I need to grab my wallet, but the second I come back down, we’ll head out, alright?”

Katsuki sniffled once more, nodding his head.

“I’m coming, too,” Yaoyorozu said. She needed to make sure Katsuki was alright on the trip towns over. And if something was dire at the hospital, she wanted to be there for Katsuki.

“I’ll—” Midoriya cut himself off from saying he was going as well. He pulled out his wallet, checking his funds. There was no way he had enough for a bullet train. He frowned, distraught. Midoriya didn’t doubt that Yaoyorozu and Iida could take care of Katsuki, but still…

“Hey, Midoriya?”

Midoriya looked up, seeing Kirishima holding out a handful of cash for him.

“You should go,” Kirishima said.

Midoriya gaped. “N-no, that’s too much! I mean, Yaoyorozu-san and Iida-kun can—”

“It’s a group pitch in,” Todoroki interrupted Midoriya.

Midoriya turned to the rest of the class. They all shared the same look and were in agreement about having him go.
“For Katsuki,” Kirishima said, offering a smile.

Midoriya nodded his head. He took the cash. “For Kacchan.”

“Are we ready to go?” Iida asked, having returned from sprinting to and from his room.

“Yeah, let’s hurry,” Midoriya answered. He turned to Katsuki, saddened by how upset the younger boy was. Katsuki was still crying, Yaoyorozu trying to calm him down.

Midoriya headed over to Katsuki, kneeling to the young boy’s height. “Don’t worry, Kacchan. We’ll be there before you know it.”

Katsuki calmed somewhat. He rubbed his still falling tears, though managed to nod.

And just like that, they were out the door.

The small group of four rushed as quickly as they could to the train station. Midoriya had Katsuki on his back as they ran. When the station was within sight, Iida sprinted ahead to grab tickets. While the class paid for Midoriya’s ticket, Iida and Yaoyorozu split the costs for Katsuki’s while paying for their own. By the time Katsuki, Midoriya, and Yaoyorozu reached the station, Iida had their tickets in hand. They did not wait long on the platform before boarding the bullet train. Another short time later, they were on their way.

“Still no answer?” Midoriya asked Iida sometime after the train started. They decided to try calling again.

Iida shook his head, pocketing his phone. “No.”

Katsuki shrunk more hearing the answer. His hold on Shoucchan tightened. He had stopped crying, but that didn’t mean he felt any better.

From her seat beside Katsuki, Yaoyorozu did her best to comfort the young boy. She ran her hand up and down his back. He didn’t relax.

“Hey?” Yaoyorozu started softly. “Do you want to rest a bit before we get to the other station? I’ll wake you up when we get there.”

Katsuki didn’t meet Yaoyorozu’s gaze, but he did wordlessly comply. He resituated himself, moving to lay his head comfortably on Yaoyorozu’s lap. He let out a deep breath as he rested his eyes. Yaoyorozu created a blanket to keep him warm with. In a matter of minutes, Katsuki was out like a light.

Despite it not being long since they left, Midoriya pulled out his phone to check the time. It was nearing Katsuki’s usual bedtime, so it was no wonder the younger boy fell asleep so fast. That, and the emotional drain tuckering him out.

“The news said which hospital the victims were being treated at was, right?” Midoriya asked, gulping when his voice began straining at the word ‘victim.’ He didn’t want to envision the worst when it came to their teacher.

“Yes. I already pulled it up on my map app,” Iida answered. “It’s not too far from the station. A 10-minute walk.” Which they’d no doubt cut in half running.

“That’s good to hear,” Yaoyorozu said as she ran her fingers through Katsuki’s hair. It was relieving to see that the young boy could get some rest.
“I’m sure Aizawa-sensei is alright,” Midoriya blurted before heavy silence could befall on them. “I mean, he came right back to school after the USJ attack at his best even though he was wrapped up like a mummy.”

“But the calls,” Iida brought up.

“It’s to his hotel, right?” Midoriya responded. “Maybe he just hasn’t been back.”

“Then where would he have gone to?” Yaoyorozu asked.

“The hospital visiting other injured heroes?” Midoriya tried. “Or maybe he was helping the police with reports and finding any stray attacker villains.”

“But wouldn’t he have called us?” Iida refuted. “He’d know the attack would be on the news. He’d have called to reassure us that he was alright.”

“S-Sensei isn’t one for words?” Midoriya stuttered, but it was clear he couldn’t answer. Instead of trying to prevent heavy silence from befalling, it seemed he made it worse. Silence still fell and the atmosphere was as heavy as could be for the rest of the trip.

When the bullet train finally reached their destination, Yaoyorozu went and quickly woke Katsuki up.

“Katsuki-kun?” she softly said, lightly shaking the boy’s shoulder.

Katsuki stirred, blinking is eyes open. “Dad?”

Yaoyorozu bit her inner lip. She mustered up a smile. “We’re here.”

Katsuki blinked more. When he started waking up more, he shot up in his seat. “Dad.”

“We’re really close to the hospital,” Midoriya said as they all stood and quickly got off the train.

Iida began leading the way with his phone. “Let’s hurry.”

The group swiftly maneuvered through the crowds and rushed to the hospital. Katsuki ran on his own two feet, refusing to be carried this time with them being so close. It really only took a few minutes before all four of them came bursting through the hospital doors, rushing just as fast to the front receptionist.

“Where’s my dad!?” Katsuki shouted, jumping and holding onto the ledge of the front counter to see over it. The receptionist nearly toppled out of his seat from Katsuki’s sudden appearance.

“I-I’m sorry?”

“Kacchan!” Midoriya yelped, quickly scrambling to get Katsuki down. He turned to the receptionist, trying to manage Katsuki throwing a fit in his arms. “I’m sorry. We’re looking for—”

“Dad!”

Seeing Katsuki struggling, the receptionist reassured Midoriya he was alright and had the teen put the boy down. With Katsuki finally on the ground, the receptionist stood to see him over the counter.

“May I ask your name, sport?”
Without missing a beat, Katsuki answered, “Aizawa Katsuki. I’m looking for my dad. Is he here?”

The receptionist went to his computer, searching for Aizawa’s information. “Aizawa Shouta?” The receptionist’s eyes went wide. He stood again, gaping at Katsuki “Eraserhead’s son?”

“Dad!” Katsuki yelled again. Now that he for sure knew his dad was in the hospital, Katsuki demanded to see him.

“Right.” The receptionist went straight back to his computer. “He’s in the west wing of the building. Floor 5, room 24.” He pulled out a notepad, writing down the information. He handed Midoriya the information. “You’ll take the elevators on the left.”

Katsuki and the others quickly signed in for visitor passes before rushing to the elevators. It felt like years before the doors opened and they could go up. It was clear how impatient Katsuki was on their way up. They neglected to ask about Aizawa’s wellbeing at the front desk.

“Almost there, Kacchan,” Midoriya reassured.

“Would you like your cat back?” Iida asked, awkwardly holding out Shoucchan like a robot. Katsuki had thrown it at him before nearly leaping over the front desk counter before.

Katsuki took back Shoucchan. He held tightly onto his plush until the elevator doors opened again. The second they opened, Katsuki did not hesitate a second before dashing out.

“Kacchan, wait!”

“Katsuki-kun, slow down! Don’t run!”

Katsuki ignored Midoriya and Yaoyorozu’s heeding. He quickly followed the signs, counting the numbers beside each door until he could see 24.

“18… 19… 20…” Katsuki read under his breath before the room came into view. “24.”

Katsuki ran faster than ever, barging through the already opened door. “Dad!?"

“Aizawa?” Aizawa yelled, shooting to an upward seated position the second he saw his son, jaw-gapingly surprised.

Just as surprised, Present Mic—also in the room—fell out of his chair with a loud crash.

Katsuki paid no mind to anything, leaping onto the bed. “Dad!”

Aizawa grunted at the sudden weight that plopped onto his person. He groaned a bit, pulling Katsuki up to sit on his lap. “Katsuki, what are you doing here? How did you get here?”

“Aizawa!?”

His students. Of course.

“Katsuki-kun, you should not run in hospitals,” Iida scolded.

Katsuki stuck his tongue out at Iida before going limp and leaning against his dad. He was feeling a lot better now in his dad’s arms.

“What is going on?” Aizawa asked his students.
“We heard about the attack,” Yaoyoroizu answered. “And when we couldn’t reach you, we got worried.”

“We tried to keep it from Kacchan, but the truth accidentally came out,” Midoriya added.

Aizawa looked down at Katsuki. His son didn’t move, continuing to hug some weird looking cat plush. He sighed. “And coming here?”

“Katsuki-kun wanted to be sure you were alright,” Iida answered.

Aizawa turned to Katsuki once more. “Is that true?”

Katsuki fumbled with his hands. “The news said you got hurt. You didn’t call or anything to say you were fine.”

“Alright, yeah, I can see why that’s worrisome,” Aizawa said. “Sorry. The doctors wouldn’t let me leave even though I wasn’t that hurt.”

From where Present Mic stood after picking himself up, his face changed minutely.

“I just happened to be knocked out first after my head hit the table. Mic pulled me aside before anything big even happened. No big deal. I didn’t even know there was an attack going on. I just woke up to a bunch of doctors hounding me.”

Hearing Aizawa’s story, Katsuki began cracking up. “Really, Dad? That’s so lame!”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” Aizawa grumbled as his son continued laughing. “And yet, the doctors made a big deal out of a little bruise on my head.”

“Hey, you can never be too sure,” Present Mic added in. He then started heading for the door. “Well, I’m gonna go grab some takeout for dinner since you’ve been complaining about hospital food since morning. Why don’t you three come with? I got you all covered.”

With that, Present Mic began heading out with Midoriya, Yaoyoroizu, and Iida. He took once last glance in at Katsuki and Aizawa. Katsuki was still poking fun at Aizawa’s claim about being barely hurt. Seemed the boy was falling for his lie. Not that Present Mic could blame Aizawa for fibbing after how much he really went through. They were lucky Recovery Girl treated his major injuries and that he finally woke up barely even an hour before Katsuki came sprinting through the door.

Neither Katsuki and Aizawa were doing so hot, but their hardships were instantly forgotten now that the battle and worry were over, and lighthearted stories from their few separated days took its place.

Chapter End Notes

final day of the little sleepover at the dorms! haha baby's first real introduction to the world of disney and ghibli! you know he's gonna make aizawa watch what he didn't get to on the list with him >w< jkjkj!

talk to me on my tumblr @arcs-and-blah! or if you rather just track Katsuki Drop on there, that's fine too! i post announcements on there about delays and stuff, but it's all chill ^w^
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

A Katsuki Drop Christmas Special! Katsuki's first real Christmas and with Aizawa.

Chapter Notes

Happy New Year, everyone!! a chapter a little off schedule for Christmas! okay i know i'm reaaally late with this, but i was sworta swamped during actual christmas time and then some other stuff, so i hope you don't mind over a week late christmas fluff! i was really hesitant about even posting this, but @robogill said it was still in season, so you can either thank or blame him that this was posted (jkjkjk don't blame him he's wonderful human, wall, and editor)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The holiday spirit was in the air and, just like every other little kid in the world, Katsuki was filled to the brim with it along with cheer and excitement. Christmas was just around the corner. Katsuki’s first Christmas with Aizawa. Katsuki’s first Christmas celebrating with family like on all those TV shows he’d seen. Which was why he and Aizawa were in an overflowing mall just two days before the big day. Ah, the joys of last-minute Christmas shopping.

“Come on, Dad!” Katsuki whined, pulling Aizawa along. “We have to find something Mic-ji-san will like!”

“Why didn’t you ask him what he wanted when you guys went out the other day?” Aizawa asked, accidentally bumping into strangers. Again.

“Why don’t you know what he’d like when you’ve known each other since forever?” Katsuki shot back.

“We’re adults. We don’t get each other gifts. Just treat each other to food.”

“Dad!” Katsuki huffed.

Aizawa couldn’t help but let out a small laugh at Katsuki’s pouty face. “Come on. The gift’s gonna be from you, so you’re gonna have to look for something for him.”

“Okay…” Katsuki grumbled. He turned up to his dad again. “What do adults even want and like?”

“Food.”

“Besides that!”

Aizawa shrugged. “Heated slippers.”

“Dad, that’s what you want.”
“And I’m an adult.”
Katsuki rolled his eyes.

Without a real idea for a gift, Katsuiki and Aizawa popped into a handful of different interesting shops. They ended up with built-in headphone earmuffs, a ‘World’s #1 Uncle’ mug, and a coffee blend they grabbed at a coffee shop that Aizawa knew was Present Mic’s favorite. Along with Present Mic’s gifts, Katsuki picked out a handful of other small things for the rest of the staff: therapeutic scented candles for Recovery Girl, a fireball bath bomb for Midnight, an intricate 3D puzzle for Principal Nedzu, and a flashy tie for All Might.

“Is this everything?” Aizawa asked as they took a break in the coffee shop at which they grabbed Present Mic’s gift. Aizawa bought a coffee for himself and for Katsuki a kid sized hot chocolate.

Katsuki paused from blowing to cool down his drink. “Not yet. I wanna get something for Momo-neee, too. What do teenage girls even like?”

“You’re asking to the wrong person, kid,” Aizawa responded.

Katsuki pouted once more, irked about the lack of help. “Do you think Mic-ji-san would know?”

Aizawa shrugged as he took another swig of his coffee. Then again, Present Mic seemed to know youth culture, being a late-night radio DJ and all.

Aizawa pulled out his phone, handing it to Katsuki. “Here, why don’t you call him?”

Katsuki took the phone, pressing the speed dial number belonging to Present Mic. He held the phone to his ear, waiting for the other to pick up. “…Hello? Mic-ji-san, what do teenage girls like?” There was a pause before Katsuki held the phone up to Aizawa. “He wants to talk to you.”

Aizawa made a face, though he still took back the phone. “Mic, answer his question.”

“Geez, happy holidays to you, too,” Present Mic said back. “Why is Katsuki asking about teenage girls?”

“He wants to get something for Yaoyorozu.”

“Oh, okay, that makes sense. But, uh, I don’t think I have answers to that.”

Aizawa sighed. There went his plan.

“I heard that sigh,” Present Mic said. “Why not make a card or something? Or cookies! Everyone likes cookies!”

“That… is actually not a bad idea,” Aizawa responded.

“What isn’t a bad idea?” Katsuki asked, only hearing part of the conversation.

“Alright! You actually admitted my idea was good!” Present Mic cheered.

“I didn’t say it was good,” Aizawa deadpanned, smiling a bit at Katsuki’s pouty face. His son wasn’t happy about being ignored. He ruffled Katsuki’s hair to make up for it. “I said not bad.”

“Same thing when it comes from you,” Present Mic jeered. “So, cookies?”

Aizawa held the phone away to speak to Katsuki. “How about making cookies?”
Katsuki perked up at the idea.

“Alright, cookies it is.”

Aizawa hung up his phone as he and Katsuki prepared to head out. They finished up their drinks, tossing the empty cups out as they exited the café.

With the temperature dropping, Katsuki and Aizawa quickened their pace home. They wanted to be out of the cold and into the warmth of their apartment.

Upon reaching their apartment, Aizawa set Katsuki’s gifts for the Yuuei staff aside as Katsuki went straight for the laptop. Katsuki opened it up, waiting for Aizawa to help look for cookie recipes. He wanted to make his own, compared to his dad’s idea of grabbing ready-made dough at the store. Katsuki decided on sugar cookies after getting inspired by all the fun decorations. Aizawa could already picture the mess that was going to unfold with decorating.

“It says we’ll need butter, sugar, eggs, vanilla extract, baking powder, and flour.” Aizawa turned to Katsuki after reading the ingredients. “We only have half of those.”

“Does that mean we have to go outside again?” Katsuki asked, clearly not wanting to go out in the cold again.

Aizawa shared Katsuki’s desire to stay inside and out of the winter cold. Instead of answering yes, Aizawa pulled out his phone again, dialing the same number as before. “I have a better idea. Go hide the presents.”

Katsuki quickly did as told, giggling when hearing his dad talking on the phone.

“Hey, Mic, mind grabbing something?”

One phone call and 20 minutes later, one irritated-with-the-cold man came barging through the door.

“This was not what I had in mind when saying I’d help out with things!” Present Mic yelled, loudly shutting the door. He came shuffling in, dropping a shopping bag full of baking necessities before turning and finding Aizawa huddled warmly under a kotatsu.

“How’s the weather out there?” Aizawa jeered.

Present Mic only glared at his so-called friend. Instead of taking the teasing bait, he rushed over to the heated furniture. “Move over. I need this more than you.”

“Debatable,” Aizawa responded, though didn’t fight back. He only watched as Present Mic buried himself under the heated table.

“I went out in the cold for Katsuki, not you,” Present Mic reminded. He pulled himself out from under the kotatsu for a moment. “Where is the little guy by the way?”

“Right here,” Katsuki answered, popping out from underneath the table as well, scaring his uncle.

Aizawa wasn’t deterred. “Katsuki, what did I say about going completely under there?”

“I wasn’t completely under the table.” Katsuki scooted back to how he was, only his face free while the blanket still covering the top of his head. “My face is still out.” Covered with a heated blanket and already dressed in his pjs, Katsuki was in pure, comfy bliss.

“I don’t want you overheating.”
“How can I overheat when I’m freezing to death?”

“Kid makes a point,” Present Mic said, mimicking Katsuki’s position.

Aizawa sighed. “Fine, but come out of there when you start feeling too warm.”

“Yes, Dad,” both Katsuki and Present Mic replied.

“What’re you guys watching anyways?” Present Mic asked, scooting out a bit so catch the TV.

“A Charlie Brown Christmas,” Aizawa answered. Katsuki was too busy watching now that the commercials had passed.

Present Mic raised a brow. “Really?”

“Katsuki really likes it,” Aizawa said. “All he wants to do recently is watch all these Christmas specials together. I can’t even go to the bathroom without getting glaring eyes and the cold shoulder.”

“Huh, usually he’s not all that into TV shows and stuff,” Present Mic responded.

“Yeah, but ’tis the season to do things as a family,” Aizawa explained. Having watched Christmas special after Christmas special, he picked up on the messages that appeared throughout each one: doing things together with loved ones and holiday traditions.

Being an influential young child, Katsuki wanted to do what he thought families do during the holidays. Katsuki finally had someone he considered family to share the holidays with. On a similar note, so did Aizawa, who usually spent the holidays alone.

“’Tis the season,” Present Mic repeated, though less enthusiastically. ‘Twas the season, yet he couldn’t help but look about the same, empty apartment. He supposed the apartment was too small for any decorating, but still.

“Charlie Brown is just like Deku,” Katsuki spat out of nowhere, gaining the adults’ attention. Seemed he got too warm, now sitting upright at the kotatsu table as he peeled a satsuma.

“Oi oi, careful what you say,” Present Mic said teasingly. “Don’t wanna be on Santa Claus’ naughty list last minute.”

Katsuki froze, dropping his satsuma.

The look on Katsuki’s face instantly made Present Mic reel back the teasing. “I’m kidding! Since you’ve mainly been a good boy, I’m sure Santa will drop off your gift!”

Aizawa kept his mouth shut. Though, honestly, he was surprised Katsuki believed in Santa Claus. His son never brought up the fictional figure, and with what Aizawa learned about Katsuki’s upbringing, a lot of the ‘childhood wonders’ seemed to blow past him. However, with Katsuki’s next words, Aizawa learned how one ‘childhood wonder’ still managed to be retained.

“Santa always dropped my present off at the bar because he never knows where I am! What if he still doesn’t know!?”

Both Aizawa’s and Present Mic’s eyes widened. They side glanced each other, unsure of what to say. Though, the moment Katsuki began growing more upset, the two adults sprang into action.

“Katsuki, calm down, it’s okay,” Aizawa said. “I’m sure since you’re not really in hiding anymore,
Santa Claus knows exactly where you are and will finally be able to give you your gifts directly.”

Katsuki still wasn’t convinced.

“I’ll call him!” Present Mic claimed, jumping to his feet. Aizawa gave him a disbelieving look. However, Present Mic’s claim seemed to be the starting point to Katsuki calming back down.

Katsuki looked up at his uncle with his big, innocent eyes. “Really?”

“Yeah! I’ll do it right now!”

Present Mic exaggeratedly pulled out his smartphone. He tapped on the screen a bunch before holding it by his ear. The room fell silent save for the piano jazz from *A Charlie Brown Christmas* in the background until, finally, Present Mic spoke.

“Hello? Santa Claus?”

Katsuki’s eyes widened even more as Aizawa face-palmed with a headshake, which Katsuki didn’t notice.

“Yo! So, I know you’re busy and all with Christmas just around the corner and everything, but I just wanted to give you a little update on one of the good little boys who you should know since he’s definitely on the nice list; like, the very very top of it. You know, little Katsuki?” A pause. “Yes, that little Katsuki! Well, I wanted to let you know that he’s living with good ol’ Eraserhead now, so when you drop of his gift—” Another pause. “Oh! You already know! That’s fantastic!” Present Mic gave Katsuki a thumbs-up, smiling widely when spotting Katsuki’s own giant smile as well as the look Aizawa gave him. “Whelp, sorry to bother you when you’re so busy. Hope everything runs smoothly Christmas Eve. Alright, bye-bye!”

“So, he really knows?” Katsuki asked, still awestruck, as Present Mic pocketed his smartphone.

“Yep! Sounded like he was happy that you were finally on his radar,” Present Mic said.

“See, nothing to worry about,” Aizawa added, handing Katsuki the satsuma he’d dropped moments ago. “We good?”

Katsuki nodded, giddy. Now he really couldn’t wait for Christmas.

Cutting into his giddiness, another thought came to Katsuki. “Wait, how do you know Santa Claus?”

“Oh, me and him go way back,” Present Mic answered. “Running a nightly radio show has its perks.”

“Whoa,” Katsuki breathed, still amazed.

Meanwhile, Aizawa was still wondering how Katsuki would grow skeptical once he grew older after this elaborate scheme. Well, they’d get there when they got there, he supposed.

By the time the Santa fiasco was resolved, the Christmas special they were watching wrapped up. It was also growing late and Present Mic had to go to his other work, so the DJ hero took his leave. It was also too late to start baking cookies, so Katsuki was going to have to hold off on making his present for Yaoyorozu. Instead, Katsuki and Aizawa moved the kotatsu aside to make room for their futons. Aizawa let Katsuki fall asleep to *The Polar Express*.

When morning came along the following day, Aizawa was woken up by the usual means of Katsuki
shaking him awake.

“Dad! We gotta make cookies!”

Aizawa groaned, rolling way from Katsuki and pulling his blanket higher past his shoulders. “Dad’s not at the phone right now. Leave a message after the beep. Beep.”

“Fine, I’ll start by myself then.”

That got Aizawa’s attention.

Aizawa finally sat up, though not without another groan. “Alright, I’m up, I’m up.”

Before they started baking, Aizawa went to do his morning routine. He then pulled out his laptop again, pulling up the recipe they bookmarked the previous day. Easy sugar cookies in less than 12 minutes. However, Aizawa had a hunch it was going to take more than 12 minutes.

The directions seemed easy enough, yet little mishaps kept occurring one after another. First, they accidentally added too much baking powder to the bowl of flour, so they had to increase the amount of ingredients to even things out. Another mishap included needing to fish out egg shells from the mix. When they tried rolling out the dough, flour got everywhere. They also rolled out the dough too thin the first time, the first batch ending up burnt. It was a good thing they had to increase the ingredients earlier, but even then, they ended up with a little over three dozen holiday shaped cookies.

“Katsuki, open the siding door,” Aizawa coughed, fanning smoke from the latest batch.

Katsuki kept his nose and mouth covered with his shirt as he rushed to the balcony door. He slid it open, letting the fumes escape. “God, Sweet-Tooth always made baking look so easy,” he said about Satou. “His always turn out fine too.”

“Well, most of these look fine to me,” Aizawa said, looking over their handiwork.

Katsuki trotted back to the kitchen. Aizawa picked him up so he could more easily look over all the cookies as well. Boy, were there a lot. “I don’t think Momo-nee can eat all of these.”

“Then give some to the other kids,” Aizawa proposed.

Katsuki turned to his dad with a disgruntled look.

“Well, what else should we do with all these?”

“I’ll eat them.”

“Oh, no you don’t.” The two turned to the cookies. “Not all of them you don’t.”

“Can we decorate them now?” Katsuki asked, growing more excited with that part. Present Mic grabbed some nifty piping bags and nibs along with food coloring pens. All they had to do was make the icing with powdered sugar and such. And wait until the cookies were completely cool.

“You’re going to decorate all of these?” Aizawa asked, setting Katsuki down to get started on the icing.

Overconfident, Katsuki answered, “Hell yeah! Of course I can do all of them!”

Well, they did have all day. Still, Aizawa let out a sigh. It was going to be a long day.
By the time they finished making a bunch of icing in Christmas colors, the first few batches of cookies were completely cool. Aizawa started by covering the top layer of the sugar cookies with the white icing since it was a harder job for little kids. Since it was rather thick, it set quickly for Katsuki to decorate with the food coloring pens. If Aizawa didn’t research icing set times beforehand, they would’ve had to wait for hours. Aizawa knew his son would’ve gotten very feisty with impatience.

Hours later and only halfway through with the cookies, Katsuki and Aizawa grew hungry. With the kitchen full of cookies, they decided to go out for lunch. And with that logic, Aizawa figured they’d grab convenience store food for dinner as well.

Katsuki and Aizawa went out, had their meal, and immediately returned to finish the cookies. However, they were clearly less enthusiastic. Aizawa’s hands were getting sore with icing and Katsuki was getting bored with tedious decorating. Three-fourths of the way through, the father-son duo gave up, running to the store to grab sprinkles. When they came back from their second time out, Aizawa thinned the icing so it could be quickly brushed on with spoon and let the sprinkles stick after dumping them onto the cookies.

“I do not want to see another cookie for the rest of the year,” Aizawa groaned, plopping onto the floor in the living room.

“That’s okay. I’ll pack the cookies,” Katsuki said. He pulled out the festive treat bags and ties from the shopping bag. After grabbing the little bags, he stepped onto his stepstool and began wrapping the cookies. He let his dad sleep; Aizawa really deserved a nap. Upon wrapping the cookies, Katsuki also wrote the names of each of his classmates on their cookie gifts.

In the middle of wrapping bag six, Katsuki realized he hadn’t actually tried his cookies yet. With that mindset, he took a bite of the cookie in hand. Innocent eyes marveled at the sweet taste. They were perfect, if he did say so himself. Katsuki made sure to set aside a bunch of the nicer cookies for himself and his dad. Oh, and Santa Claus when he came later that night.

When Katsuki finished wrapping the cookies, Aizawa was still asleep. He took it upon himself to clean up the kitchen as best as he could. By the time his dad woke up, Katsuki was just about to hop onto the newly cleared counter to do the dishes.

“You could’ve woken me up to help clean,” Aizawa yawned. “There was a lot to clean up.”

Katsuki shrugged. “It wasn’t that bad.”

“Well, since you did your share, why don’t you take your break while I do the rest?”

Katsuki didn’t hesitate on Aizawa’s offer. He hopped off his stepstool. “‘Kay.”

Aizawa shook his head, albeit still smiling. He went on to start the dishes. “Not a bad job with wrapping the cookies. Are you just going to give them to everyone next year?”

No answer came from Katsuki. The apartment was silent, save for the running water.

Growing worried, Aizawa turned around to Katsuki. “Katsuki?”

“Dad!” was all Katsuki whined.

Aizawa sighed. “You want them to have them now?”

“It’s Christmas Eve! Dad! We have to go out and give it to Momo-nee-chan!”
“Katsuki—”

“Dad!”

Aizawa let out another, deeper, sigh. “Alright, alright. Why don’t you go get started with cleaning yourself up? I’ll join you when I’m finished. We’ll go after, okay?”

Katsuki nodded before rushing straight to the bathroom to do as told.

After all the cleaning up was done, Aizawa helped Katsuki get warmly dressed for going out in the winter night. Katsuki had on his puffy jacket along with a fluffy scarf and matching gloves. Aizawa settled with just his winter coat. With 19 festively wrapped cookie-presents ready to go, Katsuki and Aizawa headed out.

The first student they headed to was Yaoyorozu, since she was the main reason for all the cookies. Having been to Yaoyorozu’s home before when going around to talk to all his students’ parents, Aizawa knew what to expect. Katsuki, on the other hand, stared wide-eyed at the giant home.

“I’ve never seen a house as big as my old one before,” Katsuki said in awe.

The size of Yaoyorozu’s home didn’t faze Aizawa, but Katsuki’s comment sure did. It was Aizawa’s turn to stare wide-eyed at his son. Meanwhile, Katsuki trotted up to the door.

Katsuki stood on his toes to press the doorbell.

Instead of the door opening, a buzz sounded, followed by an unfamiliar voice. “Yaoyorozu residence.”

“Momo-nee-chan!?!” Katsuki yelled back

“I-I’m sorry, may I ask who’s speaking?”

“Katsuki!”

Aizawa quickly came to his son’s aid. “Excuse me, sorry to bother you on Christmas Eve. This is Aizawa Shouta from Yuuei. I’m here with my son who wanted to pass on a gift.”

“Oh! Aizawa-sensei! Yes, yes, I’ll call Momo-chan right down. Momo-chan!” The voice in the intercom cut. It didn’t take long after that for the front door to open.

Yaoyorozu opened the door. Behind her was her mother, who wanted to see the child on the other end of the intercom. “Katsuki-kun?”

“Momo-nee-chan!” Katsuki excitedly called, going to Yaoyorozu for a hug. She gladly returned it, picking him up at the same time. “Merry Christmas!”

“Merry Christmas to you too, Katsuki-kun,” Yaoyorozu said with a giggle.

“So, you’re the famous Katsuki-kun Momo-chan has been telling me about,” Yaoyorozu’s mother said.

Katsuki gave a toothy smile.

“Excuse us for disturbing your time on Christmas Eve,” Aizawa said, stepping up.

Yaoyorozu’s mother brushed him off. “Oh, you won’t have to worry one bit about that. I think it’s
very sweet that Katsuki-kun wanted to come all this way to drop off a gift.” She turned to Katsuki. “Isn’t that right?”

Katsuki nodded this head. He had Yaoyorozu put him down so he could grab her gift. It was the best of the batches. “I made it myself! I mean, Dad kinda helped too.”

“These looks so cute and delicious,” Yaoyorozu complimented, marveling at the cookies through the transparent, festive bag. “I can’t wait to try them. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome!” Katsuki responded, growing even more cheery.

“Would you two like to come inside?” Yaoyorozu offered. “It’s really cold out there.”

“Oh yes! Come in!” Yaoyorozu’s mother insisted. “We just finished making some hot apple cider.”

“Thank you, but we should be going,” Aizawa answered.

“What?” Katsuki whined.

“You have 18 more people to drop off gifts for,” Aizawa reminded.

Katsuki grumbled under his breath, but didn’t talk back. His dad had a point.

“That’s too bad, but I’m sure everyone will be just as happy as I am about receiving their gifts,” Yaoyorozu said. She then perked up. “Oh!”

Yaoyorozu pulled back her sleeve. In an instant, a red knitted beanie with kitty ears was created just for little Katsuki. “It’s sorta handmade?” she sheepishly joked. She carefully put the beanie on Katsuki. “Sorry. But Merry Christmas! I hope it’ll keep you warm tonight.”

Katsuki patted his head at the knit beanie, pulling it a little more over his ears. His eyes widened in awe.

“What do we say?” Aizawa asked.

“Thank you!” Katsuki said.

Yaoyorozu giggled. “You’re welcome.”

Katsuki and Aizawa said their goodbyes to Yaoyorozu and her mother, needing to go on their way to drop off the rest of the cookies. Next was Iida, followed by Todoroki since their houses were the closest. Afterwards were Shouji and Aoyama, then Asui and Kirishima. Aizawa got a good look at each cookie bag as they were given out by Katsuki to his students. It was clear that some were more nicely made than others, and it was clear to Aizawa who Katsuki favored more by the quality of the cookies. Despite all that, Aizawa kept his mouth shut. What he didn’t keep his mouth shut about was the weather.

“Let’s hurry home,” Aizawa said. They had just dropped off their last cookie bag at Midoriya’s house. “It’s freezing out here.”

Katsuki nodded his head. At that point in the night, nearly his whole face was covered by his scarf and new hat. All that could be seen were his eyes. He hated the cold just as much as his dad.

The father-son duo quickened their steps. However, Katsuki stopped all of a sudden.

Aizawa turned down to his son. “What?”
With his free hand—the other holding his dad’s—Katsuki pointed up to the sky. “It’s snowing.”

“What?” Aizawa repeated under his breath. When he did look around, he noticed the white flakes beginning to flutter. “It’s snowing…”


Aizawa started walking again, Katsuki following suit. “Let’s get home before it really starts to pile on.”

“But, Dad! Snow! I’ve never seen real snow before.”

Aizawa paused, looking down at Katsuki again. The little boy was looking around, awestruck. Aizawa sighed. “Alright.”

With the snow falling, Katsuki and Aizawa took their time, heading home at a leisurely pace. The snow actually stuck to the ground instead of immediately melting, so it was just like walking in a winter wonderland for Katsuki. Especially with the streets empty since it was Christmas Eve. Though, after some time, Katsuki grew sleepy and hopped onto his dad’s back for a piggyback ride. Aizawa went on and hurried home.

Upon reaching their apartment, Aizawa made hot chocolate for Katsuki and himself to warm themselves up. Katsuki changed into warm pajamas. By the time he was changed, the hot chocolate was ready to be drunk. Though, Katsuki only managed to finish half before falling asleep. So, Aizawa tucked Katsuki in, ate the cookies Katsuki left out for Santa—which he had to admit were pretty good—pulled out the gift from him and ‘Santa’ to put in place of the cookies, then finally headed for bed himself. It was a long day and they both deserved a well-rested night.

Early the next morning, Aizawa was awoken yet again by his son shaking him.

“Dad! Dad! It’s Christmas!”

Aizawa groaned, rolling away from Katsuki. “Christmas doesn’t start for another hour. Maybe two. Let’s make it three to be safe.”

“Dad,” Katsuki whined.

Aizawa sighed, giving in. The things he did for his son.

After giving into his son’s demands of waking up, Aizawa sat up. He then noticed the box on Katsuki’s lap all wrapped up with a bow. It wasn’t his gift for Katsuki, nor Santa’s. “What’s this?”

“Merry Christmas, Dad.”

“Where—”

Aizawa cut himself off, spotting Katsuki’s backpack off to the side where it laid, suspiciously opened.

“When—”
He cut himself off again. Katsuki did go out with Present Mic by himself awhile back.

“Open it!” Katsuki said, holding the gift out to Aizawa before his dad could try to ask anything more.

“What about yours?”

“They’re over there. Yours is right here. Come on, Dad! Just open it!”

Aizawa let a laugh slip. He ruffled Katsuki’s fluffy bedhead. “Yeah, alright.”

Aizawa tore at the wrapping paper as Katsuki watched with anticipation. Amidst the torn wrapping paper on Aizawa’s lap was a pair of black electric heated slippers and a hand-drawn card.

“They’re rechargeable!”

Aizawa was genuinely speechless. Instead of saying anything, Aizawa pulled Katsuki into his lap, ruffling his hair even more. “Come here, you.”

“Dad!” Katsuki squealed, erupting into laughs and giggles. Katsuki’s childish laughter was contagious, Aizawa soon finding himself laughing a bit too.

After calming down, Katsuki asked up to Aizawa, “So, you like them?”

“Yeah, they’re great, kid. Thanks.”

Katsuki’s smile grew when seeing Aizawa’s.

“Alright, since I’ve opened my gift, why don’t you open yours?” Aizawa suggested.

Katsuki jumped up out of his dad’s lap. “Yeah!”

Katsuki was just about to grab his two gifts when knock came at the door. Curious, Katsuki went to the door instead. He opened it, finding his uncle Present Mic.

“Ho ho ho! Merry Christmas!”

“Mic-ji!” Katsuki trotted back to Aizawa after letting Present Mic in. “Dad, it’s Mic-ji-san!”

Aizawa stood, putting aside his new slippers for a moment. “Mic, what the hell are you doing here?”

“Well, right now I’m Present Mic!” Present Mic said with a toothy grin.

“Get the hell out of my apartment.”

“No, no, wait! I have actual presents!”

Katsuki held his hand out, stopping Aizawa. “Wait, Dad. Let him talk.” Seemed he didn’t appreciate the word play either.

“Geez, tough crowd,” Present Mic grumbled before bringing into the living space a sack of presents. “Here you go, little buddy!”

Katsuki’s eyes went so wide that Aizawa was sure they’d fall out his head. “All those are for me?”

“Yeah!” Present Mic answered, helping Katsuki take out all the gifts. He even pulled out a little wimpy tree just like the one in the Christmas Special they watched a few days ago.
“Mic, what is all of this?” Aizawa asked as Katsuki dug right into his first present.

“They’re from all the staff,” Present Mic casually answered, filming Katsuki on his phone. “Katsuki, look, show the camera what you got!”

“It’s a skateboard from Miss Midnight!”

“Huh, guess she and Cementoss should’ve double-checked their gifts with each other…”

Katsuki tilted his head in confusion.

Present Mic simply nudged his head around the corner.

Katsuki scampered off to where his uncle hinted to.

Meanwhile, Aizawa went up to Present Mic. “Mic, what is all of this?”

“What? Like I said, they’re gifts for Katsuki. Jealous you didn’t get any?”

“Didn’t I tell you guys not to spoil him?”

“Lighten up, Eraser. He’s the only kid in all our lives for the time being. Besides, we’ve all got spare cash to splurge.” Which was why all the staff members got Katsuki at least two gifts each: one out of love, the other partly out of love and partly to mess with Aizawa.

Aizawa pinched the bridge of his nose, but Katsuki snapped him out of being annoyed towards his colleagues.

“It’s a bike!” Katsuki yelled, rolling in his new bicycle. It had its own festive bow stuck on the handlebars.

“Yeah it is!” Present Mic celebrated with Katsuki. “Why not hop on it?”

“I don’t know how to ride one yet though,” Katsuki admitted. He turned back to his dad. “Can you teach me, Dad?”

Aizawa finally managed to smile again at his son’s request. “Maybe after the snow clears.”

“Oh, god yeah,” Present Mic agreed. “I had a hard time driving all that here.”

“Okay,” Katsuki responded. He kicked out the leg holding the bike up so he could rush back to his dad and uncle.

Katsuki continued opening his presents. Present Mic filmed each and every one of the unwrappings to show to the gift senders. Katsuki received many things ranging from all sorts of toys to some new clothes and books and even more autographed merch from All Might himself. Aizawa had a feeling they were going to need a new storage unit to put stuff in for Katsuki.

“What’s this?” Katsuki asked, opening one of his last gifts from the sack. It was from Present Mic.

“It’s a harmonica,” Present Mic answered. “Though it’s a beginner’s one. It’s an instrument like pianos and guitars. Blow into this end.”

Katsuki did as instructed, a cacophony coming out from the little instrument. It startled Katsuki a bit, but he was soon smiling once again. “Whoa!”
“That’s your spite gift, isn’t it?” Aizawa accused Present Mic. He only received finger-guns from his so-called friend. Aizawa held down a groan, shoving away the thought of future headaches for the time being. “Is that everything?”

“No, I saved the best for last,” Katsuki answered. He stood, doing his best not to trip over any gifts, boxes, or wrapping paper to get to his gift from Santa Claus and his dad. He came back to his spot. He first opened the Santa gift.

“What’d you get?” Aizawa asked as if he hadn’t already known.

“The new All Might action figure!” Katsuki answered.

Yep, Aizawa had a fun time picking that one out… But seeing Katsuki try to open it right away made him feel better. He went over and helped his son out. Before Aizawa could, though, Katsuki stopped him.

“Wait! Best for last!”

Katsuki held up his gift from his dad. The way he hopped to his seat showed how excited he was. This made Aizawa somewhat worried. He hoped his gift would live up to Katsuki’s expectations. And after all the other gifts his colleagues gave his son. Gosh, he should’ve just had Katsuki open his first.

Katsuki tore away at the wrapping paper. On his lap sat a Studio Ghibli collection with 21 movies. Katsuki had been talking nonstop about the movies he watched when he stayed at the dorms, so Aizawa figured why not?

And Aizawa was glad he went with it.

Katsuki jumped to his feet. “This is the coolest thing ever! Can we watch one right now!? This is just so cool! Thanks, Dad! It’s so cool!” Katsuki repeated over and over. He collapsed onto his dad’s lap, erupting into fits of giggles. Once again, it was contagious, both Aizawa and Present Mic laughing.

“Sure, kid,” Aizawa answered. “Which one do you wanna watch first?”

“Princess Mononoke! I’ve been dying to see it since Momo-nee told me a bit about it!”

Aizawa and Present Mic shared surprised looks after hearing the title, not that Katsuki noticed. Neither of them had seen the movie either, so why not? Though, boy, would they be in for a treat.

Katsuki popped the disc in while Aizawa quickly made breakfast. Present Mic also helped by cleaning up all the wrapping paper.

As snow continued to fall outside, the little family stayed in that morning watching Katsuki’s soon-to-be favorite movie with breakfast. Afterwards, Katsuki would go out and play in the snow for the first time with his dad and uncle. It was by far Katsuki’s favorite Christmas. And it’d only get better when the new year rolled around, school going back into session with his classmates passing onto him more late presents.

Chapter End Notes

I really liked how all the fluff turned out in this qwq
say hi to me on tumblr @arcs-and-blah!
The start of the new year had quickly gone by, which meant everyday routine was back to normal. No one enjoyed leaving the holidays and coming back to work—Aizawa being a prime example of someone already tired from the same routine. But, there was nothing he could do about it. At least homeroom was over for the day, leaving only the hero class needing to be taught later that day.

Aizawa went through his lesson plan for his later class. However, one of the pages was missing. Quirking a brow, Aizawa shuffled through the pages in his folder. The missing page wasn’t there. He looked under his desk, thinking it could’ve just slipped from his grip. Wasn’t there either. Aizawa checked his bag. Not there either. The only other place the page could’ve been was in the classroom. Aizawa groaned. Great, extra effort.

Aizawa went to double check the time before leaving. It was still lunch time, so he wouldn’t be disrupting anything to go grab the page. With that, he stood and quickly made his way to the classroom.

It didn’t take long to reach the classroom. Aizawa was just about to step in front of the opened door when one word coming from a familiar childish voice made him hesitate.

“Fuck!”

Katsuki hissed in pain after letting out his yell. He hopped on one foot with the other held in pain after a hard, accidental kick of one of the desk legs. He didn’t seem to notice the silence that befell. Though, Aizawa did when he came to the door.
When Aizawa came to the door, he gave a hard stare at all his students in the room. They were all sharing similar, gaping looks and paling even more than they already were when spotting Aizawa.

“Who said it first?” Aizawa lowly asked his students.

Panic and dread filled all the students. They were all positive they had never cursed in front of Katsuki.

Kirishima was the first to snap out of being frozen with fear. Now he was just fearful and heading over to Katsuki. “H-Hey, lil man. You alright there? Sounded like a painful kick.”

“My toes hurt like fucking hell,” Katsuki spat.

Kirishima flinched, feeling his teacher’s stare hardening behind his back. “I, uh, I bet.”

“It’s like I wasn’t even wearing shoes.”

“Yeah, that, uh, really stinks,” Kirishima sheepishly said before hesitantly getting to what everyone had on their minds. “So, just wondering, where’d you learn that word from?”

Katsuki gave him a perplexed look. “What word?”

“You know, the, uh, word you just said?”

“…Shoes?”

“No,” Kirishima responded, pitch of his voice rising. “I was, uh, more thinking the other one?”

The look on Katsuki’s face didn’t change, though his head did tilt in even more confusion.

Aizawa sighed. He couldn’t watch any more, stepping in. He did what he figured was the best course of action: pretend the word never happened or existed. For now.

Aizawa kneeled to his son’s height. “Do you need to get some ice?”

Katsuki looked down at his foot, curling his toes inside his shoe. “No, I think it's okay.”

“Alright, just be careful next time.”

“Yes, Dad.”

Aizawa ruffled Katsuki’s hair, picking up his son’s mood again. With everything alright, Aizawa went to pick up his stray paper. He said bye to Katsuki and gave one last warning look to his students before leaving again.

Katsuki waved as he said bye to his dad. After Aizawa walked out the door, Katsuki went back to what he was doing: grabbing his classwork and scampering off to Yaoyorozu.

Meanwhile, Kirishima went back to his friend group.

“Did you guys…?” Kirishima questioned his friends.

“I definitely did not,” Ashido defended herself.

Sero held his hands up. “Don’t look at me.”

The three then turned to Kaminari.
Kaminari looked offended. “I didn’t either!”

“Are you sure?” Kirishima questioned.

Kaminari narrowed his eyes. “Dude.”

“Well it doesn’t matter right now, because whether we swore in front of Katsuki or not, Aizawa-sensei’s still gonna chew our heads off with our next test,” Ashido said. “Seriously! Why do we need these tests!?”

“Aizawa-sensei’s not even our history teacher and he’ll still kill us for failing!” Kaminari yelled in frustration.

“Heroes can’t be falling behind in grades he said,” Kirishima recalled, already dying inside.

“But do we really need to know who the Greek Gods are for hero work?” Kaminari accused. “Aphrodite, Athena, Nike, what the hell kinda gods are these and why!?”

“Aphrodite is the goddess of love and beauty; Athena is the goddess of wisdom and war; and Nike is the goddess of victory.”

Kaminari and his friends froze. It took them a moment to turn to their source of their answers: little Katsuki.

Katsuki scoffed at them, turning back to his own work with Yaoyorozu. “Dumb dumbs.”

“Katsuki!” screamed the prior frozen four, making said 4-year-old jump. They rushed to Katsuki’s side.

“You know this stuff!?” Sero asked.

“Maybe,” Katsuki skeptically answered. He had been sitting in class with them nearly every day.

“How!?” Kirishima asked, amazed.

“It’s not hard,” Katsuki said as if memorizing Greek Gods was nothing. “Like Nike for victory and Nike the sport clothes company. Aphrodite’s other name is Venus, like the planet girls come from, and girls are all about love and looking pretty. If you really had a hard time with Athena, then all of you must be dumber than you look.”

He remembered the names of foreign gods and what gods they were in a little over a week, yet never bothered really learning anyone’s names for months.

“How?” Kaminari repeated Kirishima. His question was more geared towards how a 4-year-old could remember such things and they couldn’t.

“Katsuki, you need to help us!” Ashido begged.

Katsuki turned his nose away again. “No, I don’t.”

“Come on, lil man!” Kirishima encouraged.

“I’d actually rather he not help us either,” Kaminari cut in. “Being outsmarted by a kid is already embarrassing enough; I don’t wanna be tutored by one.”

“Good, because I’m not gonna,” Katsuki said.
Ashido didn’t let up. “Why not?”

Katsuki turned things around on her. “Well, why should I?”

“Because we need help,” Kirishima honestly answered.

The plain look on Katsuki’s face didn’t change. “My problem because…?”

“Aw, why not, Katsuki-kun?” Yaoyorozu jumped in. “Maybe it’ll be fun. I mean, I have fun when I teach you.”

Katsuki’s firm stance began to falter with a purse of his lips.

“I’ll even help you out,” Yaoyorozu offered. “We can co-teach.”

And a few hours later, Katsuki found himself back at the dorm commons to teach his four older classmates.

After class ended, Katsuki had asked his dad if he could go and tutor Kirishima and the others. Aizawa quirked a brow, but allowed his son to go. He needed to catch up on extra work anyways.

“Wait! Slow down!” Kirishima yelled, doing his best to write down everything Katsuki was saying.

“Maybe that’s why your grades are bad,” Sero said.

“Oi, your class rank is lower than mine,” Kirishima huffed back.

“If you take too long to write, then draw pictures,” Katsuki scolded. He pulled out old worksheets from his backpack that had been returned. In the margins, there were little doodles of different gods. And around the gods, drawings of what the gods were known for.

“That’s actually a really good idea,” Yaoyorozu said. “Pictures tend to stick in people’s heads more than words.”

“But you still have to use your brains to remember which drawing goes with who,” Katsuki reminded.

“We’re never gonna get this!” Kaminari cried in frustration.

“Wait, wait, wait! I think I got it!” Ashido cut in. She was finishing up a drawing, holding it up proudly, “Bam!” It was a poorly drawn drunk looking dinosaur wearing a grape costume labeled Dionysus. It took everyone a second to take in the drawing before all the boys broke down into tears, laughing. Ashido joined in soon after. “Get it!? DINO-nyus!? God of wine and grapes!?”

“That’s… actually right,” Katsuki said. He turned to the guys, pointing a thumb to Ashido. “Do what raccoon-eyes did.”

“Ha!” Ashido rubbed in her victory. Though, the guys didn’t seem to mind, still giggling at Dino-nyus.

Kirishima grabbed a piece of paper and pencil. “Hey, lemme try!” He looked at the list of gods and brainstormed what to poke fun with. When an idea came to mind, he started drawing an astronaut in a spaceship singing Dr. Seuss rhymes with the sun outside the window. “Ha!”

Ashido and the others started laughing at the drawing, but it was Katsuki who named the god. “Apollo.”
Kirishima faked ringing a bell. “Ding! Ding! Ding!”

“How!?” Kaminari asked before laughing.

“Like the Apollo space missions!” Kirishima pointed to the rhymes with music notes “Music and poetry? And the sun?”

“Oh my god,” Sero breathed, calming down. “How do you even know about space missions?”

“Space is cool!” Ashido answered for Kirishima.

Yaoyorozu giggled along with all the fun, but then her phone went off. She picked it off, the group quieting down to let her hear. “Hello? … Oh, thank you! I’ll be sure to pick it up… Yes, you too. Goodbye.”

“Who’s that?” Katsuki asked after Yaoyorozu put her phone away.

“The bookstore,” she answered. “I ordered a book there and it just came in. I’ll go grab it later.”

“You can go grab it now if you want,” Kirishima said.

“Oh no, no! We’re in the middle of studying!”

“Don’t worry about it, Yaomomo,” Ashido reassured. “I think we’re getting things now. And we have Katsuki!”

Yaoyorozu looked unsure. “I don’t know.”

“Go on!” the mini group pushed. They all knew how much Yaoyorozu loved her books.

“We’ll be here when you get back,” Sero said.

Not entirely convinced, Yaoyorozu finally turned to Katsuki.

“I’m okay,” Katsuki said. “You can go.”

Yaoyorozu smiled. “Alright.” She stood and grabbed her things. “I’ll try not to take too long. See you later!”

The group said their goodbyes to Yaoyorozu as the girl trotted out the door. They slumped back, looking down at their dumb drawings.

“How about a break first?” Kirishima suggested.

“That sounds good,” Kaminari seconded it, resting his head on the table top.

Katsuki didn’t seemed convinced on taking a break. “You guys barely got anything done.”

“We got two gods down!” Ashido claimed.

“More like 5,” Kirishima said. “I remembered the ones Katsuki explained earlier at the end of lunch.”

Sero had a shocked look. “Really? How?”

Kirishima shrugged. “I don’t know. Guess it just stuck since the little guy said it.” He laughed, ruffling Katsuki’s hair.
Katsuki did his best to swat Kirishima’s hand away. However, Kirishima didn’t let up. He continued laughing along with the others while Katsuki kept pulling away. “Knock it off, hair-for-brain—shit!”

Katsuki nearly fell out of the chair, lucky that Kirishima caught him.

Meanwhile, a collection of gasps arose.

“Katsuki! No! That is a bad word!” Ashido was the first the scold.

Katsuki’s face scrunched up in confusion after resituating himself from nearly falling. “What? Shit?”

“Katsuki! No!” Kaminari scolded this time.

The youngest boy rolled his eyes. “Oh, fuck that shit. Whatever.”

Kirishima screamed. “Stop! That’s bad!”

A devilish grin formed on Katsuki’s face. “I don’t give a rat’s ass about how bad these fucking words are.”

“Guys! You’re giving it power!” Sero yelled, trying to stop his friends. No wonder their teacher didn’t say anything before; Aizawa knew this would happen.

“How do you even know these fucking words?” Kaminari asked.

“Kaminari!” Kirishima scolded on his friend on his language.

“What? He already knows it!”

“And how I know this shit is none of your goddamn fucking business,” Katsuki answered, earning a glare from Kaminari and distressed look from Kirishima.

“Aizawa-sensei’s gonna kill us,” Sero said, hiding his face in his hands.

The four continued to do their best to stop Katsuki’s colorful language, but their efforts did the opposite. Katsuki’s colorful vocabulary only revealed itself to be much worse. And it wasn’t going anywhere anytime soon. Even if a certain adult came to pick him up.

The front door to the dorms opened, four pairs of teenage eyes darting towards it in horror. Someone was coming and they hadn’t been able to get Katsuki to stop cursing yet. And their eyes widened at who came through the door.

“Katsuki? You ready to go yet?”

Aizawa.

“Yeah, Dad! Let me pack up my shit first.”

Silence fell with the teenagers opting to keep their shrieks inward.

It took Aizawa a moment to register what Katsuki just said. After quickly coming in terms with what Katsuki did in fact say, Aizawa took a deep breath. When his son came up to him, Aizawa said in a stern tone, “Katsuki.”

Katsuki wasn’t fazed. “What?”
“That word you just said.”

“What about it?”

Aizawa crossed his arms, though was still composed. “We both know it’s not something you should be saying.”

“It’s just a fucking word.”

“Katsuki,” Aizawa more sternly said.

Katsuki winced this time, now turning down.

Aizawa took another deep breath. He knelt down to Katsuki’s height so they could talk more face to face. However, Katsuki still wouldn’t meet his gaze. His son preferred staring at the ground. Even so, Aizawa spoke. “Listen, I actually don’t really care. You’re right; they’re just words. But, remember those moms at nursery school?”

Katsuki winced again, his shoulders hunching over.

“Right… So, maybe hold off on those words until you’re older. Or at least not outside, alright? If it accidentally slips, that’s okay. It’s not a big deal. Just be careful. Do you understand me?”

Katsuki nodded his head. “Yes, Dad…”

Aizawa ruffled Katsuki’s hair. “Great.”

Katsuki finally met his dad’s eyes, seeing a gentle smile on his face. This in turn made Katsuki’s smile again, easing up again.

Aizawa stood back up as the father-son duo prepared to leave. He gave one last stern look to his students, daring them to curse in front of Katsuki or teach him anything new, before heading out.

Kirishima and the others were amazed they came out of everything alive. They were sure to be careful not to push their luck around their teacher for the rest of the year.

Chapter End Notes

OuO little kacchan heard lots of cursing when he was littler hehehe~~ there were a lot of giggles when writing this chapter ( ^/)w(^)

another narcissistic self-promo to my tumblr @arcs-and-blah where i also live-blog my out of town trips (\(\wedge\wedge\)\)/) or see you when i get back!
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

With spring rolling in, Katsuki's getting ready to go off on his own and head back to school again.

Chapter Notes

I have wifi! This whole chapter was written while on the plane, so hopefully I'll another full chapter on the plane ride back -^w^- Thank you everyone's who's left sweet comments, kudos, and bookmarks! There's just so much love eeee!!

@robogill had nothing but good and funny things to say when editing, so hope you'll enjoy as well!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Dad! Hurry up!” Katsuki called from his short distance ahead. “You walk so slow!”

“I’m walking average speed, but because you said that, I’m gonna walk slower,” Aizawa responded teasingly.

“Dad!” Katsuki huffed, running back to his dad. He took his dad’s hand, attempting to pull him along faster.

Once again, Katsuki and Aizawa found themselves headed to the shopping center. They’d gone many times in the last year, but this time they’d be going for back-to-school sales. In a few weeks, Katsuki would be going to kindergarten. After watching his son develop social skills and learn how to behave properly in social settings, Aizawa felt comfortable enough to let Katsuki go on his own for school and not wreak havoc. How confident Katsuki was about going to kindergarten also helped a lot. Which was why the young boy was trying to rush Aizawa along.

“We’re gonna get there and all the stuff’s gonna be gone because you’re so slow,” Katsuki childishly whined.

“I highly doubt that, but if you’re right, then feel free to blame me,” Aizawa responded.

Upon reaching the shopping center, Katsuki and Aizawa went straight to the stationery store. Aizawa was very much right about there still being plenty of supplies left. They grabbed new pencils, crayons, scissors; everything a new kindergartner would be needing.

Aizawa watched as Katsuki picked out his things. A majority of the supplies were All Might-themed, making Aizawa wonder if they’d be able to get a discount through the man himself. Themed items tended to cost extra. After the leather backpack they had to get because primary schools required them, it was best to save a bit where they could. Gosh, kids were expensive… Not that Aizawa was complaining too much. He had zero regrets about having Katsuki in his life.
“Katsuki, I’m about to pay now,” Aizawa said. “Are you ready?”

Katsuki stopped looking through some of the hero-themed merchandise. He had an irked look on his face as he trudged over to his dad. “Yeah…”

Aizawa quirked a brow. “Something bothering you?” he asked his son as they headed to checkout.

“Nothing…” Katsuki muttered, holding onto the fabric of his dad’s pants as Aizawa paid. Afterwards, he switched to holding onto Aizawa’s hand. It wasn’t until they were out of the store that Katsuki asked, “How come there isn’t any Eraserhead stuff?”

Aizawa nearly stumbled. “Excuse me?”

“There’s stuff for All Might and some stuff for Mic-ji-san, but I didn’t see anything for you.”

Aizawa froze, staring down at his son. He didn’t know what to say. There was always the honest answer of him not wanting to deal with branding, contracts and companies, all the hassle. But instead of answering, Aizawa chose to rummage through their shopping bag.

Katsuki tilted his head in confusion as he watched his dad pull out a plain eraser and a Sharpie. His dad opened them both, taking out the pen as well as removing the paper around the eraser. Aizawa then began scribbling something onto the eraser. When he was done, he passed it right on to Katsuki.

Katsuki took the eraser curiously. Seeing what his dad did, Katsuki cracked up.

On one side of the eraser, Aizawa drew on his signature scarf and a pair of dead looking eyes. On the other side was a word simply written: HEAD

“There you go,” Aizawa said, smiling as he watched his son laugh. “Your very own, one of a kind Eraserhead eraser.”

Katsuki proudly held up his one-of-a-kind eraser. “This is amazing!”

“Yeah, be sure to show that off when you start school next week,” Aizawa joked, starting to lead them to the next store. Katsuki needed new shoes with his old sneakers falling apart. His son was growing out of his old pair anyway. And some of his clothes as well, even if they were initially a size larger. Aizawa couldn’t help but think about how fast Katsuki was growing, and it hadn’t even been a year since they went on that first shopping trip together. “Time really flew by,” Aizawa found himself thinking aloud.

Katsuki turned up to his dad. “Huh?”

Aizawa turned down to his son. Instead of offering an explanation, he simply ruffled Katsuki’s hair with a smile. “Nothing.”

The rest of the shopping trip flew right by. It didn’t take long for Katsuki to pick out some new shirts and pants along with his new sneakers.

On the way home, Katsuki and Aizawa happened to pass by a park. Aizawa noticed how Katsuki was slowing down as they passed, his son staring at the playground and the handful of kids his age playing.

“You wanna go play?” Aizawa asked.

Katsuki turned back to his dad. A smile grew on his face as he nodded his head.
Aizawa shooed Katsuki along, the boy scurrying off. Aizawa headed to a free bench himself, watching as Katsuki headed up to the other kids. They welcomed him with open arms, which was a big relief to Aizawa considering Katsuki’s first time with kids his own age. However, it was unsettling how fast it took for Katsuki to seemingly become the head of the little group. Aizawa shrugged it off. Better than the alternative.

“You really met All Might!?” one of the little boys asked in awe.

Katsuki nodded with a smug smile on his face. “Mmhm! My dad works with him at Yuuei. He even said I’m gonna be the awesomest hero when I grow up!”

“What’s your Quirk?” another boy asked.

“Explosions.” Katsuki held his hands out, triggering a small explosion in each hand. More ‘oohs’ and ‘aahs’ from the little group. “How about you guys?”

“My spit makes things melt!” a girl cheerfully yelled. She spat on the ground, the dirt smoking a bit from the acidic saliva.

“I can mess with computers and electronic stuff like that!” another boy said just as enthusiastically.

The boy who asked about Katsuki’s Quirk answered, “I can make vines.”

Lastly, the first boy yelled, hyped up, “I can turn into any metal I touch!”

“Huh, not bad Quirks,” Katsuki said. “But come talk to me when you get into Yuuei.”

The metal boy gasped, Katsuki’s somewhat belittling suggestion flying right over his head. “Yeah! That’s what we should all do! Let’s all get into Yuuei together!”

“Yes!” the girl instantly agreed. “Come on! Come on! Let’s all make a pact! Hands in! hands in!”

The little group quickly threw their hands together, the metal boy needing to take Katsuki’s hand to have it in as well.

The metal boy cleared his throat, speaking for the group. “We all’ll meet for sure when we get bigger and go to Yuuei. Now cross your hearts and hope to die. If you lie, you’ll stick a needle in your eye.” At the needle thought, the kids shuddered, but their pact was made. “Awesome!”

“Now it’s beetle hunting time!” the spit-fire girl yelled what they were talking about before.

And with that, Katsuki joined the little group into the more wooded area of the park.

A few hours later, Aizawa called Katsuki to head home. Katsuki said his goodbyes to his playmates before running back. His dad asked about when he huddled up with the others, but Katsuki wouldn’t tell him. ‘Just some dumb stuff,’ he had said. But Katsuki did share everything else he did. Aizawa listened with open ears, glad that the social test run was a success.

The following week, the new school year started right on up. Aizawa was now the homeroom teacher of Class 2-A. However, instead of 20 students, it was back down to 19. And those 19
instantly noticed when their 20th classmate was missing.

“Alright, class, now that you’re a year older, I hope you all will act more—”

“Sensei! Where’s Katsuki!?”

“He’s not sick, is he!?”

“Is he at the nurse’s office!?”

Not even one sentence and Aizawa was already getting interrupted. Year older, who was he kidding? Teenage brats were still teenage brats.

“He’s at kindergarten. Now—”

Aizawa was interrupted once more with his class gasping in disbelief and such. At least he got one sentence out…

“He’s not gonna be in class with us anymore!?”

“No! I’m gonna miss him training with us during hero class…”

“Wait! I missed my lil bro’s first day of kindergarten!? Sensei, you better have photos!”

“Oh my god, kindergarten… He’s growing up too fast!”

Aizawa took a deep breath, willing his headache to spare him. He already had one left from the morning from Present Mic pretty much acting the same when they dropped Katsuki off. Though, before the headache, everything went by smoothly. When the three of them arrived at the kindergarten, Aizawa talked a bit to the teacher while Katsuki put his things away in his own desk and cubby. And just like at the park, Katsuki instantly fit in with the other kids. When Aizawa had to go, Katsuki gave one last hug, said ‘see you later, Dad!’, and quickly headed back. Aizawa was full of pride for Katsuki while Present Mic was a bit more sentimental.

“He’ll be here for hero class,” Aizawa said above his class. Katsuki’s kindergarten got out right before their extra period for hero courses started. This got everyone quiet again. “Maybe. I’ll pick him up and bring him back here, but he might rather stay in the staff room to do homework or something, I don’t know.”

Kirishima let out a small laugh. “Knowing him, he’d rather train up with his hero goal and everything.”

“Oh! If we stay in here for stuff, he can come here and work like usual!” Ashido added.

Aizawa shrugged. “Anyway, enough distractions. We have actual things to be doing.”

Aizawa ran homeroom like usual. When it ended, he went on his own to the staff room like usual. His students may be new to not having Katsuki around, but Aizawa was fairly used to his son not being by his side during school hours with Katsuki choosing to stay in the classroom a majority of the time. It wasn’t until lunch rolled around did Aizawa notice the difference.

During lunch, Aizawa pulled out his bento like usual. Katsuki still made their lunches in the morning. Because of that, Aizawa didn’t realize he’d stuck a sticky note on the lip before wrapping the bento up until lunch rolled around. On the sticky, a pair of childishly drawn cats with a just as childishy drawn self-portrait. And on top:
Finally, Aizawa felt the effects of Katsuki being away. Stupid, he knew, since they’d only been apart for a few hours and he would be picking up his son in a few more. However, that didn’t stop the jabbing feeling in his chest. Despite that, Aizawa laughed it off. He grabbed his lunch and headed out. He had some cats to feed. And maybe give them a little more than usual. He had a good feeling Mitsuki and Masaru were going to be upset without Katsuki visiting.

And Aizawa was right. Even though he brought the cats lunch from the hidden bag of cat food he and Katsuki not-so-secretly stored in the back of his desk drawer, the two wouldn’t eat. At first. Masaru looked dejected while Mitsuki kept on hissing and meowing.

“I know, I know, you’re upset Katsuki’s not here,” Aizawa said. “You should start a club. There’s 20 other people you can probably get to join.”

Mitsuki hissed again.

Aizawa went back inside before any damage could be done. He knew Mitsuki would not hesitate to jump him.

Finally, at the end of the school day for Katsuki, Aizawa went straight to pick him up. He arrived and waited along with the parents or whoever came to pick up their kindergartner. It didn’t take Katsuki long to spot him and come running. Aizawa easily caught him when he jumped at him.

“Dad!”

“That was fast,” Aizawa said. “Couldn’t wait to leave?”

“No, come here!”

Katsuki pulled Aizawa along towards a handful of other kids. Meanwhile, Aizawa held off on telling his son they had to go back so he could teach his class. He could spare a minute or so.

“Dad, tell them you’re a real hero! Show them your Quirk!”

The ‘quirk’ Aizawa showed was a quirk of a brow. “What?”

“Wait wait wait!” Katsuki started making mini explosions. “Okay, go.”

“Katsuki, you know Quirks are not allowed to be used outside hero work.”

“Dad,” Katsuki whined, irked. His nudged his heads towards the other expecting kids.

Aizawa sighed, activating Erasure on Katsuki. Katsuki’s explosion stopped.

Katsuki turned to the other kids with a smug smile. “See!”

“You just stopped using your Quirk!” one of the girls accused.

“Nu-uh! You,” Katsuki pointed to another kid. “Do your rain thing.”
The boy Katsuki pointed to instantly create a little rain cloud.

Katsuki turned back to Aizawa with an expectant look.

Aizawa stared blankly at his son for a moment before giving in and using Erasure again. “Fine, but this is the last time.”

The kid’s rain cloud swiveled up.

The little group of kids erupted with amazement.

“I swear I didn’t just stop or anything!”

“That’s so cool!”

“Kacchan’s dad really is a hero!”

“I told you!” Katsuki arrogantly said. “And he teaches me about how to be a hero, too!”

Before his son’s ego could grow any more, Aizawa began guiding him along. “Come on, Katsuki. You know I still have to teach.”

“See!”

And he made it grow…

“Katsuki,” Aizawa sternly said.

Katsuki took the hint. “Yes, Dad.” He said his goodbyes and then they were on their way.

“So, I’m guessing you had a good first day,” Aizawa said as they headed back to Yuuei.

Katsuki nodded his head, smiling.

“And no trouble.”

Katsuki paused at this.

Aizawa noticed. “What happened?”

“Nothing,” Katsuki answering, trying to downplay. “Just a few of the other boys were making fun of me because I knew a bunch of easy stuff since Momo-nee taught me stuff already.”

“And?”

“I beat them up.”

Aizawa groaned. “Katsuki, again?”

“It wasn’t that bad,” Katsuki defended himself.

“Katsuki, no.”

“They’re my lackeys now.”

“Katsuki, no.”
Katsuki only shrugged, smile coming back.

Aizawa sighed. “Fine. But why was I brought up?”

“Oh, we were talking about how our Quirks are either like our mom’s Quirk or our dad’s Quirk, or something of both,” Katsuki answered. “Pssh, as if we don’t already know that. Aoi-sensei then asked us whose Quirk we had or if it was a combination of both. I just said I had my mom’s.”

Aizawa paused. This was the first time Katsuki had ever brought up his mom. “Do you?”

Katsuki shrugged. “It’s more mixed probably. Meh. I don’t know. I’ve never met her. But I for sure don’t have yours.”

Oh, the answer was just to keep from explaining his situation. At least Aizawa knew that he should probably explain adoption and all that to Katsuki. And speaking of adoption…

“Did you feed the cats?” Katsuki asked as the school was coming in view. He was looking all around to see if he could spot his cats considering they wandered around a lot.

“Yeah, but they didn’t eat right away,” Aizawa said. “They were upset you weren’t there.”

Katsuki looked as though his whole world came crumbling down.

“How about we make it a thing to visit them every day after school?” Aizawa quickly suggested.

Katsuki calmed down a bit. “Yeah. For sure.”

Aizawa chuckled. “They weren’t the only ones wondering where you were. The whole class wouldn’t stop talking about how you were gone. And some of the staff. You’re a real celebrity.”

Katsuki’s giant smile came back. “Practice for when I become the number 1 hero.”

Aizawa smirked, ruffling his son’s hair. “Don’t go getting too big of an ego there, kid.”

Katsuki laughed.

Since they were already running low on time, Katsuki and Aizawa had to hurry their pace to class. Katsuki wasn’t even able to say hi to the staff, but he made do with his old classmates.

Upon entering the classroom, Katsuki hadn’t even said hello before 2-A came at him with questions on how his first day of school went, if he made new friends, if he missed them, and so on. All Katsuki could manage to say was ‘it was good’ before his dad cut the chatter and got straight into their lesson. They already had their daily ruckus earlier that morning.

Katsuki went straight back to his old desk. Sitting in it now compared to his desk at school, Katsuki realized just how big it was. Or, perhaps, how small he was. No, the desk was just big. Whatever. It still worked fine for doing homework. Though, his homework was more like review. Yaoyorozu already taught him a lot of writing and reading. And math. They flew through math. Maybe he could just skip all the way to third grade or something. Well, there was now one question his teacher could answer about something Katsuki didn’t know.

After quickly finishing his homework, Katsuki tuned into his dad’s hero lesson. He was glad that he could still sit-in during the lectures, as well as take part in some of the bare, basic training lessons even if he did start going to actual school again. He may be missing out on all the other subjects, but Katsuki didn’t care. All that mattered to him was the hero stuff and getting to be in his dad’s class.
Chapter End Notes

Today's my last day of my trip, but I got good amount of writing done! drawing... not as much as i'd like Xwx. Keep an eye out for those if you'd be interested as well!

Say hi to me on tumblr @arcs-and-blah!
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

It's been almost two years since Aizawa had taken Katsuki in. Aizawa may now be a protective father, but at least he knows to let Katsuki do stuff on his own. The boy's 6 and in the first grade! However, Katsuki's 19 third year older siblings seem to disagree.

Chapter Notes

I know I just had little Kacchan enter kindergarten and now jumped a full year ahead into first grade, but I have reasons!... Anyways! Thank you everyone always for showing so much love for this! We're almost at 150 comment threads (as of 1/19), but already over 500 kudos, and 100 subscriptions, and just thank you!

Okay, enough of stuff you can just look right up there to see, onto the chapter! my dear editor @robogill really liked it so i hope you all will too!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Over a year had passed, and the second anniversary of Aizawa taking in Katsuki was now just shy of three months. Katsuki was now a 6-year-old in first grade, living a normal 6-year-old life. Or, at least as normal a life as he could with a pro-hero dad who also taught his 19 older sibling-figures in the top hero school, which he also went to regularly after full days of first grade instruction. But, yes, finally a normal life.

“Katsuki, you wanna come look for snakes with us at the park?” one of Katsuki’s classmates asked him.

“No, I have hero class,” Katsuki answered as he finished packing up, swinging on his backpack.

“You always have hero class,” another classmate said as they all headed out. School was over for the day. At least, elementary school was.

“Because it’s every day,” Katsuki said matter-of-factly. He said his goodbyes to his classmates and teacher before heading on his way to Yuuei like usual. Only, he stopped upon seeing a familiar redhead figure standing at the front gate.

“Katsuki!” Kirishima called, waving his arms. He really stood out and caught everyone’s attention. Katsuki’s teacher included.

“Oh, is that your brother, Katsuki-kun?” Katsuki’s teacher asked sweetly, waving back to Kirishima even though he was waving at Katsuki and not her.

Katsuki grumbled something incoherent under his breath. He didn’t answer his teacher, opting to hurry over to Kirishima to stop the now third-year high schooler.
“What are you doing here?” Katsuki hissed.

“I’m here to pick you up,” Kirishima answered cheerfully.

Katsuki looked even more disgruntled. “What?” He’d been walking back to Yuuei on his own after school since the start of first grade. His dad said he was old enough to, he knew the route, and his elementary school wasn’t that far away from the high school. Katsuki shared all that with Kirishima, but the older boy wasn’t convinced.

“No, you’re still too little,” Kirishima said. He then began sharing what he and a majority of the class discussed.

It took some time for the class to finally realize that Aizawa had stopped picking Katsuki up and that the young boy was walking to Yuuei on his own. It was Asui that first spoke up about it earlier that day.

“Sensei, do you no longer pick up Katsuki-chan?” Asui asked curiously between classes. This caught a lot of people’s attentions.

“No, he’s old enough to walk on his own,” Aizawa explained.

“Wait, wait, wait!” Kirishima cut into the conversation. “The lil guy’s walking here on his own!? He’s barely 6!”

“He knows to come straight here,” Aizawa said. “And here from the elementary school isn’t that far.”

“But, Sensei!” Ashido jumped in as well. “What about all the villains who target the school!?”

“Katsuki knows to look out for anything shady.” With Katsuki’s background, it was the first thing Aizawa was sure to teach Katsuki to be wary of. “We already went over how to be street smart.”

“That doesn’t mean he’ll be able to fend for himself though!” Hagakure said.

“He’s still so little,” Uraraka agreed.

“He’s fine. He has a loud Quirk—wait, why am I having this conversation with you all?” Aizawa questioned more to himself. “Katsuki’s fine, and he’s been fine since the start of the year.”

“Sensei, do you just not want to keep walking back and forth?” Tokoyami asked.

Before Aizawa could answer, Kirishima spoke up. “If you don’t wanna, I’ll do it!”

Aizawa gave Kirishima a look. “What? You’ll end up late every day to hero class.”

“I’ll take turns with Kirishima-kun,” Midoriya volunteered. “So he won’t consistently miss the start of class.”

“Wait, I wanna pick him up, too,” Kaminari said.

“You just wanna get out of class,” Sero accurately accused.

“Iida-kun, you look like you wanna say something,” Uraraka noticed.

“It’s… not good… to be late for class… But… for young Katsuki-kun… to walk on his own… But Sensei said…”
Uraraka offered a sheepish smile. Iida looked to be short-circuiting.

“Why don’t we all take turns?” Yaoyorozu suggested. Even she was worried over little Katsuki.
“We’ll draw from a hat with name of whomever would like to pick up Katsuki-kun. If that’s alright
with you, Aizawa-sensei?”

And that was how Kirishima ended up being the lucky first boy to come and pick up Katsuki despite
Aizawa constantly saying little Katsuki was fine.

To Katsuki’s ears, it sounded like the class’ constant badgering finally wore his dad down and now
they were his problem. Great…

“I’m not a baby! I can get here by myself!” Katsuki fumed as he and Kirishima headed inside the
building.

“No one doubts you can get back here on your own,” Kirishima started. “I mean, you’ve gotten here
by yourself for the past few weeks, but you never know!”

“My classmates go home by themselves,” Katsuki said.

“Yeah, home; not here.”

“Didn’t you walk by yourself when you were 6?”

“I actually walked home with friends.”

“I would save yourself the effort if I were you,” Aizawa cut into Katsuki and Kirishima’s
conversation as the two boys arrived late to class. “I already tried to stick up for you, kid.”

Katsuki groaned. His dad ruffled his hair as he passed by him to get to his seat. The next day Katsuki
knew he was going to get asked nosy questions. Or, at least talked to about stuff he didn’t want to
talk about. Everyone knew the Yuuei uniform.

“No wonder you go there every day,” one of Katsuki’s classmates said to him after school the
following day. “Your dad works there and your older brother goes there.”

“Hair-for-brain’s not my older brother,” Katsuki hissed, irritably throwing his backpack over his
shoulder.

“How about him?” another asked as the kids started headed out.

Katsuki turned to where the other boy pointed to, seeing Kaminari.

“Yo,” the electrical teen greeted.

“He looks a lot more like you than your other brother.”

“They’re not my brothers!”

“What’re you talking about?” Kaminari cut in. He teasingly ruffling Katsuki’s fluffy hair. “Is that any
way to speak to your onii-chan?” He pulled his hand back before Katsuki could bite him.
“First hair-for-brains, and now you?” Katsuki asked as he stomped off. “Why? And who’s coming tomorrow?”

Kaminari shrugged. “It’s completely random. Don’t worry, since Kirishima and I already had our names drawn, that means you tragically won’t be seeing us here for a while.”

“Yeah, tragic,” Katsuki deadpanned his sarcasm.

“So, you wanna do anything? Grab a bite? Scenic route?”

“Go to class.”

Kaminari pursed his lips childishly. “Aw come on, little guy. No need to be a stick in the mud so early in life. Really, you’re wasting your freedom with all this extra class stuff.” He stopped Katsuki, spinning him around and locking his hold onto his shoulders. “Enjoy your freedom!”

Katsuki put his hand over one of Kaminari’s, not hesitating to set off one of his explosions. His dad did say to use his Quirk if a weirdo tried to touch him or anything.

“Yeah, you can go ahead and do all that if you want,” Katsuki started after Kaminari finally let him go. The older teen was trying to wave off the sting from the explosion as Katsuki went on his way again. “I’m going to class, and you’re not making me any later than I already am.”

“Katsuki!”

Katsuki hoped whoever came the next day wouldn’t be so into cutting class.

“Katsuki-kun, hop on!” Iida said, already crouched on the ground for Katsuki to hop onto his back. “We may be able to get to class before missing any important part of the lesson.”

Katsuki took back what he said the day before.

Katsuki pressed the palms of his hands together, holding them up to his face as he took a deep breath. “No. No, I will not.”

“But—”

Katsuki ignored anything else Iida had to say, already on his way.

Iida frowned, but still followed. It didn’t take long for him to catch up to the boy.

The following day, Katsuki first poked his head out the door to see who was there. The world seemed to finally give him a break, the one standing waiting for him finally being normal.

“Hey, man,” Jirou greeted when Katsuki came up to her. She pocketed her phone. “Ready to go?”

Katsuki nodded his head, happily following beside Jirou. The smile on his face wasn’t unseen.
“What’s got you smiling?” Jirou asked.

“You’re normal,” Katsuki answered flat out.

Jirou stumbled a bit. “Uh, thanks?” Normal was not something people usually described her as. Not with the rocker vibe she prided herself on, which wasn’t unnoticed either.

“What’re you listening to?” Katsuki asked, his face scrunched a bit. He could hear a bit of whatever Jirou was listening to through her headphones. She had the tendency to listen to her music somewhat louder than necessary.

“Just some band,” Jirou answered, taking off her headphones. “I don’t think you’d know them. Wanna hear though?” She already unplugged her headphones before Katsuki answered.

Jirou was right about Katsuki not knowing the band—he didn’t even know the song—but that didn’t mean he didn’t like it. As the song played, Katsuki started to have an extra hop in his step.

Jirou let out a laugh. “Like it, huh? How about this one?” She chose another song as the current one ended. Katsuki seemed to like it even more, the extra hop in his step turning more into a swaying dance. Jirou encouraged him even more. “Ey, get it, boy!”

The rest of the way to Yuuei they rocked on to more and more songs. Katsuki danced while Jirou belted the lyrics to her songs. They ended up the latest thus far, but neither cared. Katsuki was promised Jirou’s old mp3 player while Jirou smugly got a name upgrade from bobby to Kyou-nee.

After seeing Katsuki have a grand time with Jirou, a handful of the class were hesitant on being the follow-up. At least the chance of being the follow-up was 1 in 15. But someone had to be the 1.

Katsuki walked out of the building like usual, looking up from at his feet to see who was standing waiting for him this time.

At the gate was Todoroki. He stood from talking to some little girls who went up to him for some reason upon making eye contact with Katsuki. The two stared at each other for a while before Katsuki made a 180 and headed right back inside.

Todoroki quickly made his way to Katsuki, stopping him by grabbing the back of his shirt collar. “Oh no you don’t.”

“Let go of me, half-n-half!” Katsuki yelled, struggling as Todoroki hauled him over his shoulder.

“Do you promise to walk back calmly?” Todoroki asked, waving to the little girls he was talking to earlier as he walked by.

“No!”

“Then, sorry, no. If I don’t come back with you, then I won’t hear the end of it from everyone else.”

“I don’t care!”

“I know.”

Despite getting some odd looks, Todoroki managed to get Katsuki to Yuuei in a timely fashion.
The following Monday, Katsuki almost forgot about 3-A deciding to come and pick him up from school. It slipped his mind until he found Asui waving to him at the gate.

“Great, now you, Kermit?” Katsuki grumbled.

Asui took no heed of Katsuki’s tone as she nodded her head. “Yep.”

Katsuki was about to head out, but stopped in his tracks when noticing something. Or someone. “Who the hell’s this?” he asked, gesturing to the little girl standing beside him.

“This is Satsuki, my little sister,” Asui answered. “You two go to the same school kero. She’s two years older than you though.” She turned to her sister to introduce Katsuki. “Satsuki, this is Katsuki-chan.”

“Hello,” Satsuki greeted.

Katsuki didn’t say anything back, only continuing to make his incredulous face.

“Aizawa-sensei said I could bring her to class today. You two be friends, alright?”

Satsuki happily nodded her head.

Katsuki just groaned. He started walking off on his own, the froggy sisters following right behind.

Katsuki stepped out of the building and for once didn’t see anyone from Yuuei there.

Katsuki hesitated at the door. He looked around the courtyard, but there was still no familiar gray uniform in sight. Did… did they finally decide to leave him alone?

“Oh, no brother or sister here today?” Katsuki’s teacher asked.

A big smile grew on Katsuki’s face. “Nope!”

Katsuki said his goodbyes to his teacher before scurrying off. He was finally free—

“Boo!”

“Fuck!”

Katsuki screamed as Hagakure jumped out at him from behind the gate.

Hagakure gasped. “Katsuki! That’s a bad word!”

Katsuki stared back at the invisible girl, eye twitching.

Hagakure won the record for getting Katsuki to school the fastest, the boy chasing after her with his backpack as she tried to get away without getting hit.
Katsuki started to dread the end of the school day just because he was never sure who was coming for him at the gate. If he had a heads-up, maybe he would feel differently. Sadly, it was all random chance. At least he knew who wasn’t coming. But who was left again?

With Katsuki so deep in thought, he walked right passed the most flamboyant of the class.

“Hello, little Katsuki! You have been graced to be picked up by the sparkling moi~”

Even when posing gracefully, Katsuki didn’t notice Aoyama.

“I know I haven’t seen raccoon-eyes or soy sauce face… I guess sweet-tooth hasn’t come either… Dolittle shouldn’t be all that bad if he came…”

No matter how many times Aoyama came up to Katsuki, the boy always brushed passed the poor teen. It wasn’t until they reached Yuuei did Katsuki snap out of his thoughts and finally realize that there was someone with him.

“Oh, hey, french-fry,” Katsuki said.

“Yes! It is I!” Aoyama declared with another flashy pose.

Katsuki purposely ignored Aoyama this time, heading right into class and to his seat.

“Katsuki!” called a hyper voice through the door of Katsuki’s classroom.

Katsuki dropped his notebook, not needing to turn around to figure out who came for him. He groaned, going to pick up his notebook. He packed his things even faster so he could rush and get out before getting more embarrassed. Sadly, he wasn’t fast enough.

“Ready to go?” Ashido asked, walking right on in. “Wow, your desk is so small! Actually, everything’s really small here. It makes me feel like Godzilla. Like, ROAR!”

Katsuki grabbed Ashido’s arm, practically sprinting out of his classroom. He didn’t stop until they were past the gate.

After running for a block or so, Katsuki finally stopped and let go of Ashido. “Why!?”

“What, isn’t that how everyone’s been picking you up?” Ashido asked, happy-go-lucky.

“No!”

“Oh, Whoops!”

Katsuki let out another irked groaned. “How’d you even find my class?”

“Pssh, there’re only so many first-grade classes,” Ashido answered as if that were the most basic of questions. “I just poked my head into all the classrooms that started with a 1.”

“Well, don’t do that anymore. Just wait by the gate like everyone else.”
“What? That’s no fun,” Ashido whined. She went on to ask for compromises, but Katsuki wasn’t hearing it. He continued to ignore the girl until they reached the high school.

“I am never picking this kid up again!” Mineta cried the moment he opened the door back to the classroom.

“Good. No one wants you to,” Katsuki spat back as he went to his desk.

“Katsuki, what did you do?” Kirishima sternly asked.

Katsuki gave an offended look, insulted with the accusation. “I didn’t do anything! Grape head’s just short.”

“One of the staff thought I was an elementary schooler!” Mineta yelled, still tearful. “Me! She scolded me for not being in class and when I said I was 17, I got scolded more for lying! But I wasn’t!”

“That why it took so long to get here?” Jirou jeeringly asked.

“We would’ve gotten here sooner, but,” Mineta pointed an accusing finger at Katsuki, “he wouldn’t vouch for me! He just kept walking!”

“Fight your own battles, grape head.”

Mineta only seethed more, continuing to cry in frustration. It made Katsuki feel somewhat better about the whole pick-up ordeal.

Two weeks and half of Katsuki’s old classmates down, another two weeks and the other half to go. Katsuki hated to admit it, but he had grown used to getting picked up. Still didn’t mean he liked getting picked up. Well, at least some of the older teens were less blatant than others. For example, Sero, Ojiro, and Kouda, who came to pick Katsuki up on back-to-back-to-back days. When they headed back to the school, there may have been some light conversation—from Sero and Ojiro; Kouda was silent the whole way through—but it wasn’t anything awful. Katsuki could appreciate that at least.

But then there were those who stood out even when they weren’t trying: Shouji’s large build and unique Quirk, and Tokoyami’s Dark Shadow. Both boys also came back-to-back after Ojiro. Well, at least Katsuki had some fun with them on their way back. Katsuki rode on Shouji’s shoulders and got to see everything from new heights. It made him hope to be as tall as Shouji when he got older. With Tokoyami, he said he liked the skull on Katsuki’s shirt, and Katsuki had fun playing a bit with Dark Shadow. They got along well.

Worst of the remaining group were those who really shouldn’t have stood out, but went out of their way to do so: Uraraka and Satou. With Uraraka, her bubbly and cheerful personality showed through when she was hopping up and down at the gate, waving her arms like a madman. It was hard to ignore and Katsuki was filled with embarrassment yet again. With Satou, he somehow managed to bring in treats for Katsuki’s class. Katsuki didn’t mind the cookies, but would rather his
classmates not hound him about when’s the next time his ‘baking brother’ would come to pick him up.

17 down, 2 to go. There was a 50-50 chance that the person picking Katsuki up would be his clear favorite in the class, or—

“Kacchan!”

Deku.

Katsuki let out a soft whine as he approached Midoriya. “I was hoping Momo-nee was gonna come.”

Midoriya smiled, though his eyes were blank. Katsuki’s words weren’t surprising and Midoriya had a hunch it was coming. They all knew *no one* could beat Yaoyorozu when it came to Katsuki. “Don’t worry; she’ll for sure be here tomorrow.”

Katsuki nodded, continuing on. He only stopped when a few of his classmates came up to him.

“Katsuki, who came to pick you up today?”

“It’s just Deku,” Katsuki answered as Midoriya waved to the other little boys.

“He looks so dull. Your other brothers looked so much cooler.”

Today was just not Midoriya’s day for his self-esteem. Well. Kids. They tend to say the darnedest things. And speaking of kids who say darned things.

“Don’t go calling Deku dull when your face is like that.”

Midoriya’s eyes widened. “Kacchan, no—”

The other boys started laughing as the boy Katsuki mocked pouted.

“Hey!”

“Katsuki’s right, though, Aki!”

“If I’m dull, then you’re ugly!”

Despite the one boy stopping laughing, the others only laughed more.

“Now, now,” Midoriya started, attempting to calm things down before a fight escalated.

Katsuki cut in before Midoriya could do anything more. “Whatever, I’m going to hero class. Weren’t you guys gonna play in the creek or something?”

One of Katsuki’s classmates’ laughter died down. “Oh, yeah. See you tomorrow, Katsuki!”

The rest of them said their goodbyes as well before darting off to the direction of the park. Katsuki didn’t bother waving back, opting to start heading for the high school again. Midoriya followed.

“Uh, thanks, Kacchan.”

Katsuki turned up to Midoriya with a confused look. “For what? I didn’t do anything.”

“When, uh, your friend said I was dull—”
“They’re not my friends,” Katsuki jumped in, cutting Midoriya off. “And I didn’t defend you or anything. Aki’s just duller than you. Really, I can’t believe there is someone duller than you are, Deku.”

Midoriya only smiled more. He had a feeling if he pointed out Katsuki’s huffiness turning into flushed mutters, he’d be blasted to the next town.

Katsuki swore he’d never packed up faster than he did today, but he couldn’t help but be excited. He for sure knew who was coming for him that day. He wasted no time throwing on his backpack and heading out. “Momo-nee-chan!”

“Hello, Katsuki-kun,” Yaoyorozu said with a laugh. She effortlessly caught him when he jumped to give her a hug.

Despite his cheer, Katsuki smiled quickly turned to a pout. “Momo-nee, what took so long!?”

Yaoyorozu’s laugh turned sheepish. “I’m sorry. I didn’t realize I didn’t write my own name to put in the drawing box when writing everyone else’s. But my name is for sure in there now for when we start redrawing.”

“Momo-nee!”

“I’m sorry!” Yaoyorozu apologized again through another laugh. “Alright, I am almost positive I won’t be the last one pulled next time. Do you want me to do that math?”

Katsuki shook his head. “That’s okay. But you be, like, first five.”

Yaoyorozu nodded her head. “For sure.”

They both shared serious looks, but quickly dropped into more giggle fits. Yaoyorozu let Katsuki go, but still took his hand as she suggested heading off. However, Katsuki wanted to stay back just for a moment longer.

Katsuki lead Yaoyorozu to a handful of his classmates waiting for him. He went on and introduced Yaoyorozu. “This is Momo-nee! She’s super cool and I’m pretty sure she’ll be number one until I get bigger and take over.” He turned back to Yaoyorozu. “Sorry, Momo-nee.”

Yaoyorozu had to hold herself back from cooing at Katsuki’s words. “That’s okay, but I won’t make it easy for you to take over that number one spot, Katsuki-kun.”

A giant smile grew on Katsuki’s face. “You better not!”

Chapter End Notes

sorry if this felt filler-y or anything! but i had a lot of fun and sat on all these silly antics for a looong time, so i’m glad to finally get it shared! also, sorry i didn’t do 19/19; i ran out of steam Xwx hope you all still liked it!
say hi to me on tumblr @arcs-and-blah!
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Aizawa is back on the case pertaining to a certain drug operating group slowly back on the rise. Meanwhile, little Katsuki’s excited about his part in his class play.

Chapter Notes

ANOTHER SCHEDULING ANNOUNCEMENT!! alright, so there was more i wanted to add in this chapter, but if i did keep writing for that, i wasn't sure how much longer i'd need to write it all and how long it'd take to finish, and i was already pushing on my weekly deadline. now that we're kinda in a plot arc again, i feel that that is may happen more than i want it to. because of this, i decided for the sake of quality of the chapters, peace of mind, and trying not to force robogill to constantly edit last minute, updates will now be biweekly. i'm sorry that'll mean more waiting between each chapter, but i hope the lengthy quality will make up for it! thank you for your understanding!

big thank you's to my beloved editor @robogill!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa skimmed through the files sitting before him for the umpteenth time that afternoon. He’d read through everything over and over again, but still came up blank on why things were happening. It was the underground drug operation, specifically the one Aizawa busted two years ago. Since Aizawa was on the team during the bust, the police wanted him on the case again. Apparently, business seemingly coming from that group had been slowly on the rise in the last few months. It deeply baffled Aizawa, especially with one of the files in front of him depicting the drug lord still in prison with no chance of being let out any time soon.

“Dad, maybe you should stop,” Katsuki suggested from the main living space after witnessing Aizawa let out another deep sigh from the kitchen. “What’s all that stuff anyways?”

“It’s nothing,” Aizawa responded, not wanting to say anything about the ordeal to Katsuki. “Why don’t you go practice your harmonica out on the terrace?”

Katsuki’s brows knitted together in suspicion. He didn’t bother his dad about it earlier when he saw him come in with a thick folder, but now he felt he should.

Katsuki stood up from sitting and drawing on the table like usual. His dad didn’t notice him. Katsuki wasn’t noticed stepping closer and closer to his dad either. Not until he swiped one of the files from the kitchen counter.

“Katsuki!” Aizawa yelled, reaching out to grab back the file. Out of all the files, why’d it had to be the prison files? “You give that back right now!”
Katsuki didn’t listen, scurrying back to the living room. He was already skimming through the files when his dad came after him. Despite his eyes still on the paper, Katsuki effortlessly dodged when his dad attempted to grab the paper back. “What’s the big deal? It’s just some dude.”

Aizawa halted for a moment. “You… You don’t know who that is?”

“No. Why?”

Aizawa was unsure when he answered, “He’s… your birth dad?” He prepared for whatever Katsuki’s response would be, but had no way of anticipating his son’s actual response.

Katsuki made a disgruntled face. “No, he’s not,” he responded disdainfully.

Aizawa’s hesitance dropped instantly. “What?”

“I mean, I guess he sorta looks like him,” Katsuki started, tilting his head a bit and taking a second look at the photo of the man on the paper. “But he doesn’t have the smoky ball behind his ear.” He pointed to the back of his left ear.

Aizawa was speechless as Katsuki nonchalantly handed him back the files. “Great prank, Dad,” he sarcastically said before going to do as suggested earlier, grabbing his harmonica and heading for the terrace.

Just as wordlessly, Aizawa brought the file up to his face. It wasn’t like he got a good look of the guy two years ago. And it was two years; perhaps Katsuki’s memories were just as hazy. But. Smoky ball? A tattoo behind the ear?

Aizawa waited until Katsuki closed the sliding door behind him and started playing before grabbing his phone. He dialed for the detective in charge of the case right away.

“Hello? Eraserhead?”

“Pull the drug lord out for questioning,” Aizawa said, diving right in. “I have some suspicions this isn’t our guy. Check for a smoky ball tattoo behind his left ear.”

“Smoky ball? Could you elaborate more on that if you can?”

Aizawa turned outside to Katsuki. His son looked off in his own world, staring off into space as he played. Aizawa didn’t have to hear to know that Katsuki had gotten a lot better than when he first started playing.

“Sorry, I can’t,” Aizawa answered. He couldn’t bring Katsuki back into this.

“That’s alright. We’ll check for that tattoo. I’ll keep you posted.”

“Thanks,” Aizawa said through sign. “I really hope I’m wrong though.”

“Don’t worry, Eraserhead. We’ll get to the bottom of all this.”

Aizawa and the detective on the other end both said their goodbyes and hung up just as Katsuki was sliding open the door. His son had noticed him on the phone.

“Who were you talking with?” Katsuki asked, sticking his head in.

“Mic,” Aizawa fibbed. “Double checking if he’s still driving us to your class performance later.”
Katsuki came in, closing the door behind him. “Is he?”

“Yeah. Should be here soon,” Aizawa answered, referring back to a text he got a little earlier. “Shouldn’t you get ready for that?”

A smile grew on Katsuki’s face as he nodded his head. He quickly ran to grab the clothes he already had prepared for later that day, heading for the bathroom to change. Meanwhile, Aizawa contacted Present Mic for real. Seemed his colleague was just a block away.

When Katsuki came out the bathroom, he and Aizawa went on and headed out. They waited at the bottom of the stairway until they spotted Present Mic’s car. After hopping in, they were off to Katsuki’s elementary school.

Upon arriving at the elementary school, Katsuki went in first while Aizawa and Present Mic stayed in the car. The event wasn’t going to start for another half hour, but Katsuki needed to be there early with the rest of his class. So, the two adults waited in the car. There, Aizawa also explained what was going on to Present Mic.

“What do you mean Katsuki said it wasn’t him!??” Present Mic yelled, gaping.

Aizawa saw this coming, already covering his ears. Afterwards, he brought his hands back down. “Just that. He said there’s supposed be a tattoo behind his ear that wasn’t in the mugshots.”

“Maybe he got the wrong ear? Or or or the little guy just remembered wrong? I mean, it’s been two years.”

“I don’t think this is something Katsuki would forget easily,” Aizawa said. “Even if it wasn’t for the tattoo, I think Katsuki would know if it was him or not… right?”

This time it was Present Mic letting out a sigh. “Well, let’s just hope Katsuki’s wrong this time.”

Aizawa slumped against his seat, agreeing with Present Mic. He then noticed something in the distance. “What the hell?”

Present Mic quirked a brow before turning to where Aizawa was looking out the windshield. He grew even more confused. He followed Aizawa out when his friend exited the car.

“What the hell are you all doing here?” Aizawa asked once he reached the crowd of his 19 students.

“Katsuki’s class has a performance,” Todoroki answered.

“He invited all of you?” Present Mic asked, baffled himself.

“Well,” chorused the class with similarly high pitches, thinking back to earlier that hour.

Yaoyorozu had come down to the commons nicely dressed, clearly going out as shown by her lack of pajama pants. “Aren’t you all getting ready, too?” she asked the few sitting around.

“For what?” Jirou asked back.

“Yeah, what’s got you dressed so pretty?” Kaminari chimed in.

“Katsuki-kun’s play,” Yaoyorozu answered.

The room fell silent.
“Excuse me; his what now?” Kirishima asked.

“He has a play?” Yaoyorozu unsurely began. “At his school?” She checked her phone. “Do I have the right day…?”

“Yeah, you do,” Todoroki nonchalantly answered for her, not turning away from the TV.

“You knew about this, too!” Midoriya bewilderedly asked.

Todoroki slowly looked over at his friends, growing confused himself. “Did you… not know? His teacher told me when I picked him up last week.”

“Katsuki-kun told me about it himself,” Yaoyorozu said.

No one was surprised Yaoyorozu was the only one Katsuki personally invited to the event, but that didn’t mean they didn’t want to check it out either. And so, they passed on the news to everyone else in the building. Whoever wanted to go had to get ready quickly. No longer than 15 minutes later, they were off as a class to Katsuki’s elementary school where they ran into their two teachers in the parking lot.

“You think there’ll be enough space for everybody?” Present Mic asked.

Aizawa didn’t even bother thinking about that, sparing himself the headache. Instead, he started heading into the building. His students were following right behind him.

It didn’t take long to find the gym where the play was taking place. Sure enough, there was enough space for all 21 of them, though they took up three rows of seven chairs. Good thing they went inside early. It let them grab seats close to each other.

“I think Katsuki’s the only one with this many people coming for him,” Sero said his thoughts aloud, looking around at the other families filling in. The gym was now really filling in and the most he saw was family of eight.

“Which mean he’ll get the loudest applause!” Ashido responded.

“Actually, we should probably be careful about that,” Ojirou said. “He might not like all the attention coming from us.” Katsuki did keep himself from saying anything about the play to the majority of them.

“Pssh, I’m sure it’ll be fine,” Hagakure brushed off. “He does like being the best!”

“And our little guy is the best,” Uraraka added with a laugh.

“Everyone, hush!” Iida shushed his classmates. “The show will be starting soon!”

Everyone quieted as one of the teachers came up onto the front of the audience. She gave an introduction about the performance the kids had in store for their friends and family: an adaption of Momotarou.

“Does anybody know who Katsuki’s gonna play?” Satou whispered.

“No one even knew there was a play in the first place, remember?” Jirou whispered back.

“Children, behave,” Present Mic scolded, steadily holding his camera to film as the play began.

The class waited in anticipation for when Katsuki came in. There was first a little boy and girl who
came in as Momotarou’s parents. Neither of them were Katsuki. Another pair of kids came in to wheel in a cardboard peach. Again, no Katsuki. However, when the reveal of Momotarou came, everyone held their breath. It had to be Katsuki; the little guy was all about being the hero. Sadly, it was another random boy.

“Maybe he’s the dog?” Shouji suggested. “Or the monkey?”

“Could be the bird?” Tokoyami added.

“He’s right over there,” Asui pointed out.

Everyone turned to where Asui was pointing, some somewhat cringing in their own way after realizing Katsuki’s part.

“He’s the sound effects kid?” Kaminari questioned though clearly didn’t need a verbal answer when Katsuki started banging on a little drum.

“Working backstage and as the sound effects person is just as important a role as acting,” Iida immediately went to defend Katsuki.

“You had those roles growing up, didn’t you, Iida-kun?” Uraraka asked.

“Did you know about this?” Midoriya asked Yaoyorozu.

All Yaoyorozu could really offer was a sheepish smile. “No, not really. But he was really excited about everything when he told me about it, so I suppose he likes it.”

“I emptied out my memory card for our boy just to be working backstage?” Present Mic muttered to Aizawa, holding his camera away so it wouldn’t pick up his words.

Aizawa shrugged. “He’s not exactly backstage. He’s right here.”

Present Mic gave Aizawa a deadpan look. Randomly banging things around next to the piano girl wasn’t exactly an upfront role either.

Aizawa only shrugged again, turning back to the stage. He then noticed a familiar little case beside his son. He let out a little snort when watching Katsuki pull out his harmonica to play some travel jingle with the piano girl. No wonder he’d been playing that thing nonstop lately. Aizawa could see Katsuki’s excitement and pride, pulling out a unique talent.

Throughout the play, along with his role as the sound effects boy, Katsuki got to play his harmonica during certain parts of the play. Not even the piano girl stuck throughout the whole thing, rotating with other kids who knew how to play. And whenever the music would end, there were 21 people there proudly applauding and cheering. Loudly. Some going so far as giving a standing ovation before Aizawa threated to kick them out.

“Mic, I swear, one more time and I will pull you out by the ear,” Aizawa hissed.

“Lighten up, Eraser,” Present Mic brushed off. “Look at the little guy’s smile. Besides, I taught him all that!”

“His teacher gave him the notes to the songs.”

“Well, I taught him how to read them.”

Aizawa rolled his eyes. Well, the play would be ending soon anyway. The next time an applause
would be needed would be for the end.

A few lines in from when Aizawa tuned back into the play, his phone vibrator went off and stole his attention. When he pulled it out, the screen read the number of the detective. With a deep breath, Aizawa sent it to voicemail. He could just call back later. However, when a text alert came, he couldn’t help but take a glance. What he read got Aizawa immediately ready to step out.

‘You were right. Call me ASAP.’

“Hey, where are you going?” Present Mic whispered as he watched Aizawa stand. “Momotarou is starting to make friends with the demons.”

“It’s the detective. I need to take this.”

“Can’t it wait like 5 minutes?”

“I was right, Mic. This is important.”

Present Mic looked as though he wanted to say more, but kept his mouth shut. “Alright, fine. But hurry back.”

“It’s gonna end soon anyways. And you’re filming.”

“Hurry back,” Present Mic repeated more sternly.

“Yeah, yeah,” Aizawa responded, hurrying out.

As Aizawa rushed out, he tapped away at his phone to call the detective back. His called was quickly answered.

“You were right,” the detective repeated the words of his text. “Somehow the drug lord swapped places with someone who was supposed to be released ages ago. We tried questioning him, but he’s keeping his mouth shut.”

“When exactly was he supposed to be released?” Aizawa asked.

“March 15.”

Three months ago. About the same time the group’s activity started rising again.

“Do you want to come in to try talking to this guy?”

“Yeah, I’ll be there.” The case was now more personal to Aizawa. Who knew what was going on and if the drug lord’s group would target Katsuki or not. That was something Aizawa couldn’t risk.

Aizawa and the detective continued exchanging a few more words before ultimately deciding to talk more in person when Aizawa came in later. They would go over more of the case then as well. So, Aizawa hung up his phone and made his way back inside. When he came in, all the lights to the gym were on and all the little kids were with their families. The play had ended.

“Where were you!?!” Katsuki demanded to know the moment Aizawa came back. Frustration was clear on his face and his balled-up hands.

“Katsuki, I told you, your dad had an important call,” Present Mic answered. He was doing his best to save his friend’s neck.
“Yeah, sorry,” Aizawa apologized. “You did great though.”

Katsuki wasn’t having any of it. “I was the sound effects kid. That was nothing! My main thing didn’t come until the end, and you missed it!”

“What main thing? What’d you do?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know!”

“Sensei, he had a harmonica solo,” Midoriya nervously answered for his teacher.

Aizawa was taken aback. “You did?”

“Hell yeah I did! And you missed it!”

“Katsuki, I already said I was sorry. Mic filmed it, didn’t he? I’ll watch it later.”

“It’s not the same!”

“Then play it again later.”

“It’s not the same!”

With Katsuki rising voice, more eyes were beginning to turn their way. Aizawa rather not be the center of attention of judgmental gazes. “Katsuki, I’m sorry. It was an important call.”

“More important than your own kid?”

“Katsuki.”

Katsuki flinched at his dad’s steely tone. His bottom lip began to quiver. He ran to hide his trembling emotions, running to Kirishima. Katsuki peeked out from his spot behind Kirishima, yelling, “You’re not my dad anymore! Hair-for-brains is now!”

“Katsuki, you get your little butt back here—”

“Sensei, don’t you dare speak to my son like that,” Kirishima cut in, already carrying Katsuki protectively. Katsuki wasn’t the only one not keen on the idea of Aizawa stepping out even for a moment.

“Kirishima—” Aizawa paused, needing to take a breath to calm himself. “Know, what? Alright.”

Present Mic and his students all gave matching disbelieving looks at Aizawa. Kirishima even felt Katsuki minutely flinch once more, but the younger boy locked his emotions even more. Katsuki wouldn’t look at Aizawa.

In attempts to console Katsuki and maybe fix the mess, Kirishima and the others took Katsuki aside. They all spoke soft and gently, but Katsuki wouldn’t budge.

Back with Aizawa, Present Mic attempted to smack some sense into his friend. “Boy, what is wrong with you?”

Level-headed again, Aizawa began explaining himself. “Look, it’s a better idea right now that Katsuki stays with Kirishima and the others at the dorm right now. I was right and you-know-who is out there. With how tight Yuuei’s security is, it’s safer. And this way, he won’t question why.”
At Aizawa’s explanation, Present Mic let out odd grunts and noises of frustration. “That plan didn’t have to happen through these means! He’s really upset right now and probably thinks you’re just giving him up.”

“He’ll calm down.”

Present Mic continued letting out his frustration, even swinging his arms about as if preparing to fight his friend. “Oh my god, if we weren’t surrounded by a bunch of first graders and their families, I would smack you so hard right now.”

“No, you wouldn’t.”

Present Mic’s eyes widened in anger, daring Aizawa question him again.

“Um, Aizawa-sensei?” Midoriya came in between the two pro heroes. “So, Kacchan’s really upset right now…”

“I know, but could you all watch over him for a while?” Aizawa asked.

Midoriya’s hesitance dropped as disbelief took its place. Seemed Present Mic wasn’t the only one questioning Aizawa’s thought process.

“Something came up and I need you guys to look out for Katsuki, alright?”

“A… Alright?” Midoriya questionably answered. “What’s going on?”

“I can’t say, and Katsuki doesn’t know about this stuff either, so don’t say anything about this to him. And keep him inside. Other than for school, just… don’t let him go out unnecessarily by himself. And I’m going to need you all to take him to school. I won’t mark your attendance as tardy or anything. And go in groups of at least maybe four or five.”

Midoriya looked even more anxious. “Sensei, you’re scaring me.”

“Don’t worry about it; just do as I say. Please.”

Midoriya nodded. He wanted to ask more questions, but knew his teacher wouldn’t be answering any of them. It made him grow even more worried over Katsuki. Even so, he went back to his friends lacking any answers or explanations.

The evening ended odder than planned. Aizawa tried again to fix things with Katsuki, but Katsuki was too stubborn to listen. Without another word, Katsuki went with Class 3-A to the dorms while Aizawa headed back to their apartment with Present Mic.

Back at the apartment, Aizawa went and packed necessities for Katsuki’s over-night stays at the dorms. Afterwards, Present Mic drove him again to the dorms to drop everything off. Once again, Aizawa tried to talk with his son, but Katsuki still wouldn’t listen. Aizawa had to settle for apologizing to his students about the intrusion and having to look over Katsuki while he was upset. They reassured him that everything was alright and would be alright with Katsuki. They had taken care of Katsuki on multiple occasions.

“Little guy still not talking to you?” Present Mic asked the second Aizawa got back into the car.

“Just drive,” Aizawa responded. It was enough to let Present Mic know the answer.

“I’ll email you the video later.”
“Did you know he had a solo? Was that why you told me to wait?”

“I had no idea. I swear.”

Aizawa sighed, glancing at a father and son pair walking down the street as they drove by.

“It’ll be alright,” Present Mic reassured Aizawa. “Just call the dorm once in a while to check in on his mood. I’m sure he’ll mellow out by Sunday.”

“Yeah, and hopefully the case will sort itself out by Sunday, too. I’d rather he not stay at the dorms for too long.”

“I could always come over and watch him.”

“Aren’t you on the case, too? We’ll both be called out if something comes up, so you can’t look after Katsuki. It’s not like the usual missions where it’s only a few hours; what if we were called in for something, but it was only so Katsuki would be left by himself and taken?”

Present Mic was speechless. He hadn’t seen his friend this worried since the first time Katsuki got sick. “You’re really worked up about this, aren’t you?”

“This guy somehow got out of one of the most heavily guarded and secured prisons in Japan. Who know what he’s capable of?”

Present Mic couldn’t argue with Aizawa’s point. He let out his own sigh, leaving the air between him and Aizawa in silence for the rest of the ride. They were headed to meet with the detective Aizawa spoke with before.

Chapter End Notes

say hi to my on tumblr @arcs-and-blah! I’ll see you in two weeks!
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Aizawa learns what he can from the swapped prison mate, which sadly isn't much. Meanwhile, Katsuki skips out on hero class for the first time.

Chapter Notes

"You're a real monster..." ~ @robogill, editor, 2018

"If I have to suffer, then so does everyone else." ~ me and my depressed-ass self somehow getting this chapter done. I felt guilty that I already made this now biweekly and would be making you guys wait even more.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Upon arriving at the prison, Aizawa and Present Mic wasted no time in meeting with the detective in charge of the operation. They were led to one of the questioning rooms by a guard. There stood the detective looking in from a one-way mirrored window.

“Eraserhead. Present Mic,” greeted the detective.

“Abe,” Aizawa greeted back.

“So, this the switch-a-roo guy?” Present Mic asked, looking through the window as well.

“Yeah, he’s keeping quiet though,” detective Abe answered.

“He can’t keep quiet forever,” Aizawa grumbled, headed in.

Hearing the door open, the criminal shifted to sit up. How wary he was was clear in his eyes. Though they were red, Aizawa could tell they weren’t the same hue as Katsuki’s.

Aizawa pulled up a seat. “So, mind telling me your name?”

“If I didn’t say jack shit to all those other guys, why the hell do you think I’d say anything to you?” the man hissed.

“All I asked was a name, but I appreciate how to the point you are.”

The criminal grew warier of Aizawa.

“So, Fujimoto—”

“Why ask when you already knew it?”

“I like to give people chances. Anyways, I’m not gonna ask why the switch since you’ve been asked
Fujimoto looked as though he wanted to answer, but still didn’t say anything.

“You’re supposed to be out doing god knows what. You can still, but until we have answers, you’re gonna be stuck here for who knows how much longer. You can either keep your mouth shut and stay longer in here even if we catch our guy, or be let out sooner for cooperating with us. It’s your choice.”

Fujimoto balled his hands in frustration.

“Don’t you have people waiting for you? Wondering what happened?”

“Why do you think I’m still in here!?” Fujimoto yelled, banging his fists on the table.

Aizawa didn’t so much as flinch.

Fujimoto continued his yelling. “That’s the fucking thing! No one knows what this guy can do, but there’s a reason why we know of him. He has all this power to do whatever, and can do things without anyone knowing what he did. Just that it was him. Sorta. It’s weird.”

“What are you talking about?”

“It’s confusing, but,” Fujimoto looked directly in Aizawa’s eyes, “if I say what I know, you gotta swear protection for me and my family. I got two kids, man.”

“…How old?”

“The younger one is 4, and the older one just turned 7. I was supposed to be there for his birthday.”

Katsuki came to Aizawa’s mind for a moment. “We’ll see what we can do.”

“Catch this guy and make sure this shit never happens to another guy.”

“That I can swear on.”

“Okay… He goes by Wispflash. That is the only solid thing I can give you. Other than that, no one knows a thing about this guy.”

Aizawa didn’t look convinced.

“I’m serious. He’s really like a ghost. No one knows his real name or what he looks like or even recalls ever meeting him. His group might be well known to us folk, but other than that he’s like a myth or something. One of the most powerful underground men in Japan, and no one’s even sure he’s real. Until now.”

“But we know he is and what he looks like. And you’ve seen him if you’ve swapped with him.”

“Do you? Do you really? And honest to god I don’t! It’s weird and everything’s jumbled up, but I really can’t remember what his face really looks like or that whole mess of shit. I just know that he’ll do something to my girl and kids if I didn’t do what he said.”

Looking at Fujimoto’s face, Aizawa could tell he wasn’t lying. However, that meant they were basically back to where they started. They were practically leadless if it weren’t for the name.
“Alright, thank you. Rest assured, we’ll catch him and make sure this won’t happen again. You have my word.”

Aizawa stood and headed out. Present Mic and Abe were still outside waiting, the latter of the two finishing jotting down notes after overhearing everything.

“Wispflash, huh?” Present Mic thoughtfully repeated.

“The ‘wisp’ part’s gotta be because of his elusiveness and how much of a ‘myth’ he’s like,” Abe said, using the words Fujimoto used. “Explains the whole ‘smoky ball’ tattoo you talked about, Eraserhead. Will-o’-the-wisp. But flash…?”

Aizawa thought back to Katsuki’s Quirk as well as something his son mentioned about his Quirk ages ago.

‘It’s more a mix probably.’

“It’s gotta be related to explosions,” Aizawa said. “Maybe. Something like that.”

Present Mic’s eyes were wide while Abe just wrote down what Aizawa said.

“Alright, it isn’t much, but it’s a start,” Abe said as he put his notepad away. “Thank you for coming in and questioning Fujimoto. I’ll talk to the others about what we can do to protect his family.”

Aizawa nodded his head.

With their time done at the prison, Aizawa and Present Mic headed back out and to home. In the car ride back, Aizawa pulled out his phone. He went ahead and called the dorms to check on Katsuki. He hoped Katsuki had cooled down and would be willing to talk.

Aizawa was wrong.

“Katsuki-kun, it’s your dad,” Yaoyorozu gently called from the door. She was in Katsuki’s dorm room trying to console him when Iida came to the door with Aizawa on the phone. She went back to her spot beside Katsuki laying on the bed, softly shaking his shoulder. “Do you want to speak to him?”

“Uh-uh!” Katsuki denied, pulling his blanket over his head.

Yaoyorozu turned back to Iida with a sad look.

Iida took a few steps away from the door. “Sorry, Aizawa-sensei. Katsuki won’t uncurl himself.”

“That’s alright,” Aizawa said through a sigh. “I’ll call back in the morning. If he does want to talk later, don’t hesitate to call me back.”

“Yes, sir.”

When Iida and Aizawa hung up, Iida noticed one of his classmates coming down the hall.

“He didn’t talk?” Kirishima asked.

Iida shook his head. “No.”

Kirishima let out his own sigh. He then poked his head into Katsuki’s head. “Hey, lil man.”
Katsuki didn’t move.

“Satou made shortcake. Want me to bring you a slice? We’re scooping ice cream with it.”

Not even a budge.

“A- alright, we’ll just keep it aside until you want some. Come down whenever you feel like it.”

Kirishima and Iida headed back downstairs while Yaoyorozu stayed back so Katsuki wasn’t alone. When they met up with their classmates again, questions were asked.

“How is he?” Ashido asked. “Did he want ice cream?”

“No,” Kirishima sadly answered. “I don’t think he’s moved an inch since curling up in bed.”

“Is it really that big a deal?” Sero asked. “I’m pretty sure my dad only went to like three of my school performances as a kid.”

“Really? My dad went to all of mine,” Kaminari said.

“What about your mom?”

“Hey, we’re talking dads here.”

“Both mine went to all my stuff,” Jirou spoke up.

“My dad barely went to anything,” Todoroki said. “When he did, I wished he didn’t.”

“My dad always went to my stuff!” Hagakure called out.

“Okay, let’s not play the ‘who had daddy issues’ game right now,” Kirishima cut into everything. His wording was inadvertently successful in shutting everyone up. “The little guy’s really upset right now. I wanna cheer him up.”

“He won’t even come down for ice cream and Satou’s cake,” Ojiro said. “If he won’t come down for that, it’s hard to say what will.”

“Maybe he just needs a break today,” Uraraka added. “We could think of something tomorrow?”

Kirishima let out another sigh. “I guess you’re right. Maybe we could take him to the park or something.”

Midoriya perked up. “Actually, Kirishima-kun, Aizawa-sensei said to keep Kacchan inside.”

Kirishima gave Midoriya a confused looked. “What? What do you mean?”

Everyone turned to Midoriya as well, just as puzzled.

“Well,” Midoriya started high pitched. It went back to normal as he continued to explain. “I don’t really know why. Sensei just said so. And he looked really worried saying so, too. He didn’t let me ask why.”

“Even for school?” Tokoyami asked.

“That’s fine, but we have to take him and pick him up in groups of four or five. Aizawa-sensei said he wouldn’t count us tardy. And we can’t tell Kacchan about this either.”
Midoriya could tell by the looks on his classmates’ faces that they were just as baffled as when Aizawa first told Midoriya everything earlier that evening. However, they decided to trust their teacher on the matter, even if they questioned him on how he was parenting at the moment.

The following morning, everyone went and checked on Katsuki. He was still upset, spending his day silently drawing in his room. He didn’t come to the phone when Aizawa called again either. No matter what anybody said to him, he wouldn’t say anything back. It went on throughout the whole weekend and even on the way back from school the following Monday.

“I don’t wanna go to class!” Katsuki shouted as he and those who were picking him up neared the school: Kirishima, Kaminari, Ashido, and Sero.

“Come on, lil man,” Kirishima started. “It’s only for an hour. Don’t you miss your dad? I’m sure he misses you, too.”

Katsuki turned away, arms crossed. “He doesn’t care.”

“Hey, now, we both know that’s not true,” Ashido gently denied. “He called nonstop over the weekend, remember?”

Katsuki spun back around. “Then why’d he leave me?” His voice cracked. “Did I ask for too much…?” The question left the teenagers speechless.

“No, you didn’t, Katsuki,” Kaminari answered. “Sensei was just being dumb stepping out like that.”

“Yeah, parents can be really dumb a lot of the time,” Sero added.

Katsuki still wasn’t convinced. He turned to the ground to hide his face as he sniffled, wiping his dampening eyes with his sleeve.

Seeing Katsuki so upset, Sero turned to his friends. “I think we should just take him to the dorms.”

“Yeah, I was thinking the same thing,” Ashido agreed, as did Kirishima and Kaminari subsequently.

Giving in, the teenagers started heading for the dorms instead of the main building. Katsuki wordlessly followed, taking Kirishima’s hand when he offered it.

When they arrived at the dorms, Katsuki released Kirishima’s hand and prepared to head up to his room like usual. However, Kirishima stopped him. He didn’t want Katsuki moping on his own, so he quickly brought down his laptop and connected it to the TV in the commons. He put on a kids’ movie to stream for Katsuki to watch. By the time the movie finished, they should be done with class.

“If you want to watch anything else, feel free to look through the library,” Kirishima said as he started the movie.

“If you’re hungry, you know where all the snacks are,” Kaminari added.

“We’ll be right back after class ends,” Ashido also said.
Katsuki didn’t respond. He wrapped himself tightly with his blanket as the opening of the movie played.

“Alright, let’s go, guys,” Sero said. “The detour is already making us later than usual.”

“Are you sure that movie’s okay for Katsuki to watch?” Kaminari asked Kirishima as they all made their way to their school building.

“Why not?” Kirishima asked back.

“It’s, like, very family centered. You think it’ll upset him more?”

“It should be alright. It’s a cartoon,” Sero defended Kirishima’s movie choice.

Kaminari shrugged, opening the door to the classroom for his friends. When they headed inside, Katsuki not being with them was instantly noticed.


“He’s at the dorms,” Kirishima answered.

“He wouldn’t come with us here,” Ashido pitifully said. “Sorry, Aizawa-sensei.”

“It’s alright,” Aizawa breathed. “It can’t be helped. Go take your seats.”

As his students took their seats, Aizawa thought back to how Katsuki never wanted to miss hero class before. Aizawa had to admit he messed up big time to make Katsuki skip now. He let out another sigh. After class, he would for sure talk to Katsuki at the dorms. He hoped whatever Katsuki was doing at the dorms put him in a forgiving mood.

The movie Katsuki was watching did no such thing.

Partway through, Katsuki found he couldn’t pay much attention to the screen. The film wasn’t enough to distract Katsuki from his troubled thoughts. Instead of watching the movie, Katsuki grabbed his backpack. He let the movie play, though with the volume lowered, as he started to do his homework. Best get that done anyway. And it successfully kept Katsuki’s thoughts occupied. His homework did so well at keeping him distracted, Katsuki didn’t even notice the pair of preying eyes watching him.

Outside the dorm building in the trees were the eyes of a hawk. It could see Katsuki clearly through the window, just as it’d been clearly watching the boy for days, waiting for the right time to strike. Katsuki finally being alone was the perfect time. But how to get the boy out and following it?

“Nya!”

The hawk turned, spotting two cats in the distance. The same two cats he always saw with Katsuki. Perfect.

With a plan ready to be put in play, the unordinary hawk morphed quickly into a condor. It swooped down upon the two cats, claws bared to attack.

Sensing the condor, Mitsuki and Masaru turned towards it. They agilely jumped out of the way as the condor swooped and flew back up. They stood their ground, preparing for the second attack.

The condor dived down once again, this time successfully hurting and shoving Masaru aside.
Mitsuki hissed, leaping to attack.

The condor easily dodged. Knowing that it had gotten the cats to attack, it led the two cats closer to the dorm building. It continued to taunt the cats, creating a loud commotion. Loud enough to reach the ears of Katsuki.

“Nya!”

“Caw!”

Hiss!

Katsuki looked up from his worksheet to the window. “Mitsuki? Masaru?” He stood, trotting over to the window. What he saw made him dash out.

“Get away from them, you stupid bird!” Katsuki yelled upon rushing out. He began trying to chase the condor away, but the large bird wouldn’t budge. The large bird kept trying to get at the cats, but Katsuki was protectively shielding them from it.

“Caw! Caw! Caw!”

“Ow! Stop!”

When the condor began attacking Katsuki, Mitsuki saw red. The tabby cat lunged for the condor with her claws bared. She successfully clawed its face, the condor letting out a painful squawk.

With the condor distracted, Katsuki scooped up Masaru. He noticed his cat’s wincing, a cut beneath his brown fur. They’d have to worry about it later, but for now Katsuki called back to his other cat. “Mitsuki! Come on!”

Katsuki darted back to the dorm with Masaru in his arms and Mitsuki following behind. He hoped to be free of the giant bird’s clutches, but the condor seemed to recover from Mitsuki’s attacks quickly. It swiftly flew and grabbed the back of Katsuki’s shirt collar with its claws, yanking the boy back.

“Oi! Let go!” Katsuki yelled, struggling to keep his footing. When Masaru began meowing, Katsuki realized that his struggling was agitating his cat’s wound. He had to break free and fast.

Acting fast, Katsuki reached one hand behind him to the condor’s feet holding onto him. He instantly activated his Quirk. The condor let out another painful squawk, letting Katsuki go.

Katsuki stumbled forward. Finding himself free, he couldn’t help but turn back to the condor. The condor was still flapping its wings, but had its leg outwards to inspect the damage. Noticing Katsuki’s gaze, it looked up to him as well. It looked…alarmed. Its gaping eyes allowed Katsuki to notice that they were a dark violet shade; not that of a normal bird.

Before Katsuki could process the violet shade, the condor’s eyes shifted to fury. It dived towards Katsuki, but flew right past the boy when he ducked. Instead of going for Katsuki, the condor grabbed Mitsuki before swooping back into the air.

“Mitsuki!” Katsuki screamed as Mitsuki let out an ear-piercing screech. He hesitated as he watched the condor fly off with Mitsuki, the cat still doing her best to put up a fight. Katsuki turned down to Masaru, his other cat fearful for his wife.

Katsuki quickly ran to the front steps of the dorm. He set Masaru down. “You stay inside.”
Masaru let out a panicked screech, but Katsuki didn’t look back. He took off after the condor and Mitsuki.

“Give her back, bird brain!” Katsuki screamed.

The condor glanced back, but didn’t stop. It continued to fly even past the front gate. When it saw Katsuki do the same, it smiled triumphantly. Not that it could be seen up in the sky. All Katsuki could see was it flying faster.

“Stupid bird!” Katsuki continued screaming as he chased after the condor. He could barely keep an eye on where he was running, needing to watch the bird so he wouldn’t lose it. He didn’t even know how far he ran. All the strange twists and turns didn’t register to Katsuki either. Not until he reached some alley far from any busy street.

The condor finally landed at the end of a dead-end alley. Noticing the end of their chase, Katsuki slowed to a stop. He barely noticed his heavy breathing when something else was deemed more important than Katsuki’s exhaustion. The condor. It morphed into a human man. And not just any man, but into a familiar face.

“Fucking cat,” the man hissed, still holding Mitsuki by the scruff of her neck. He didn’t appreciate the stinging cut she scratched on his face. “This is why you all are the worst.”

“You…”

The man turned to Katsuki, smiling at the young boy trembling. He took a step forward, making Katsuki take a step back. “Glad you remember me, ki—”

Mitsuki let out another screech, cutting the man off. She began trying to claw at his face again, making him fumble and curse.

With the man distracted, Katsuki turned and tried to run. Sadly, he couldn’t escape. Another familiar face came up. Katsuki’s legs gave out as he froze in total fear.

“Just dump the cat, Nagashima.”

“S-Sir…”

The new man looked down at Katsuki. The same fiery red eyes. The same light hair slicked back. The same father Katsuki thought he’d never seen again.

Katsuki’s birthfather smiled down at him. “Hello, son.”

“Nya!” Masaru screeched as he sprinted down the halls of Yuuei. He ignored the pain from his cut, needing to make do with running on three legs.

Having never been inside the building before, Masaru was running aimlessly. His constant loud meows attracted all sorts of attention, but not of the one who he was searching for. By the time he found who he was looking for, his meows became raspy.

“Nya!” Masaru shrieked, diving into the classroom.
Aizawa jumped from the startling shriek. “What the hell? Masaru?”

Masaru continued shrieking. His sense of terror was clear to everyone in the room.

Aizawa tried to pick up the cat, noticing the nasty cut, but Masaru avoided his hand. The cat ran back to the door, turning back to see if Aizawa was following. He wasn’t. Masaru screeched.

“Masaru, what is going on with you?” Aizawa asked, trying again to examine the cut. The cat jumped away again. It puzzled him. He could picture Mitsuki coming in meows blazing, but not her softhearted counterpart.

“Sensei!” Kouda called out of nowhere, shooting out of his seat. Everyone turned to him, but he only rushed over to Aizawa and Masaru. Another softy speaking out, but for good reason. “It’s Katsuki.”

Aizawa’s eyes went wide.

Kouda knelt to Masaru’s height. He listened to the cat’s cries. “S-some bird got another cat and Katsuki ran after them.”

Masaru continued screeching.

“It wasn’t a normal bird either. Condor?”

“Everyone, self-study,” Aizawa suddenly called before finally heading out with Masaru. His students called after him, but he couldn’t hear. Not with adrenaline and fear beginning to course through his blood.

When Aizawa ran right past Masaru, it registered to him again that the cat was still hurt. He reasoned it was the condor if the bird was after Mitsuki as well. He successfully picked Masaru up this time, holding the tabby in his arms as he ran out of the building.

Aizawa first went to the dorms, hoping the mess was somehow all a lie. When he saw the dorm doors wide open, he knew nothing about any of this was fake. “Katsuki!” Aizawa yelled across the room. He spotted his son’s homework splayed on the table, but not his son. He bolted out again.

“Katsuki!” Aizawa yelled again. He ran out through the gates, to every spot he knew his son liked to go to, in and out of alleys. Nothing. “Katsuki! Katsuki! Katsu—!”

“Nya!”

Aizawa slowed his running to a stop. Masaru took the chance to jump out of his arms, struggling to stick the landing.

“Nya!” Masaru meowed back to the first meow. He ran into another alley, Aizawa following behind. At the end of the alleyway, a giant dumpster was violently shaking. Aizawa quickly went to open the lid. Out jumped Mitsuki with her own wounds.

Mitsuki let out hostile hissing, but seeing it was only Aizawa, she halted. She meowed sadly and Aizawa knew. He was gone.

Katsuki was gone.

They got him.

His son. He was supposed to protect him. Look after him. Yet he just put his son in the dorms hoping the security was enough. He should’ve looked after him himself.
Aizawa let out a frustrated yell, slamming his fist again the dumpster lid. It startled the two cats.

Warily, Mitsuki and Masaru approached Aizawa. They meowed, rubbing their heads against Aizawa’s legs. It successfully calmed him, but not by much. They meowed again.

Aizawa bent down to pet the two cats. He then picked them up, both tabbies having injuries that clearly burdened their walking. “Come on. We’ll find him and get him back,” Aizawa said, though it was more for himself. He hurried back to the school. There were cameras everywhere there. There had to be something.

Back at the school, Aizawa found there were already police cars parked outside. His students had alerted the staff of what happened even without a real idea of what was going on. When Aizawa went inside, his colleagues were already looking over the security footage with the cops. Seeing Katsuki on the screen, Aizawa rushed on over.

“Katsuki.”

“Aizawa-kun.” All Might got between Aizawa and the monitor. “Maybe you should step out a bit.” He had no idea what Aizawa had to be going through in his head, but All Might could guess it was hard.

Aizawa forced his way through. He didn’t care about how hard everything was getting. “This is my son here.”

Aizawa made Snipe replay the video from the beginning. However, as he watched, his rage and helplessness only grew.

“We think it’s that hawk right there,” Snipe began. “Hawk goes in, little later a condor comes out. California condor. Those guys don’t live in Japan.”

“Shapeshifting Quirk,” Aizawa grumbled. And judging by the two cats’ tenseness, Aizawa could guess they were right. When the condor began grabbing at Katsuki in the shot, Aizawa couldn’t keep composed. With a frustrated groan, he kicked a chair over. No one could blame him.

“Aizawa-kun, I want you to step out,” Principal Nedzu said, worried for his subordinate. “For now, we’ll handle the kidnapping.”

“No. Katsuki’s—”

“Missing. We know,” Midnight cut in. “But right now, there’s nothing you can do about it. We all know this is only going to get harder for you. You can come back after you’ve cleared your head.”

“My head is clear,” Aizawa fought back. “I’m fine. Katsuki isn’t.”

“And neither are those cats in your arms,” Midnight responded, motioning towards Mitsuki and Masaru. “So maybe get these guys to the vet. We’ll let you know if anything comes up.”

Aizawa attempted to fight back again, but this time Present Mic cut in. He began pushing Aizawa out. “Eraserhead, trust them. We consider Katsuki our son just as much as you do. Let them handle it right now.”

Aizawa wanted to say more, but Mitsuki’s pained meow calmed him down. He finally gave in, letting Present Mic drive him and the cats to the vet.

Waiting around did nothing to help Aizawa’s emotions. Waiting for his son’s cats to get patched up.
Waiting for any sort of lead for the case. Waiting for word on the kidnapping. It all made him feel worse. And coming back later in the evening to his empty apartment only hurt more.

Aizawa sighed as he entered his apartment. He had packed a good amount of Katsuki’s things to bring to him when his son was staying at the dorms, so it felt even emptier. He felt nothing but regret.

Heading in, Aizawa closed the door behind him with his foot. His hands were busy carrying a box with Mitsuki and Masaru in it. He didn’t care about the building’s rules right now; his son’s cats needed a safe place to rehabilitate and Aizawa honestly wasn’t sure if he could handle being on his own.

Carefully, Aizawa set the box down in the living space. The cats didn’t move, sleeping off the painkillers they were given. He let them be.

After setting up the low table, Aizawa pulled out his laptop. He hoped to take his mind off things with work. School work. Creating lessons and grading papers. That was his plan, but a starred email he’d gotten days ago sat staring back at him when he logged in. Despite being starred, it was still unopened. From Present Mic. The video of Katsuki’s class play.

Aizawa clicked the email. He downloaded the file. After a short downloading wait, he began rewatching the play. He skipped to each time Katsuki made an awkward sound effect. He smiled, bittersweet, each time Katsuki had his own smile when playing little jingles on his harmonica. When the end came, it felt as though something stabbed Aizawa and turned the weapon. The scenes he had missed. The ending.

The audience began clapping at the final scene, but then Katsuki’s teacher came out on stage. Katsuki was right beside her.

“And for our credit sequence, our very own Katsuki-kun playing ‘A Little Happiness’ on his harmonica.”

On stage, Katsuki’s excitement was clear as day. Even as Katsuki’s classmates came out one by one with self-decorated posters with their names and parts, all Aizawa could watch was Katsuki happily playing and swaying back and forth. It wasn’t until Katsuki’s poster came up did Aizawa feel tears drop on his hand.

‘Aizawa Katsuki – Sound Effects, Harmonist Solo’

In the corner, a drawing of the both of them.

‘For Dad!’

Chapter End Notes

"...for that ending." ~ @robogill, the rest of the first quote, 2018

just another reminder that I post on my tumblr @arcs-and-blah if there are chapter posting delays and what not. it'd under the Katsuki Drop tag
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Once again in his birthfather's custody, Katsuki faces his own self-doubts about his life. Past and present.

Chapter Notes

Hello, everything! I first wanna say thank you to everyone who left a comment in the last chapter bc wow there were a lot and last chapter had the most comments out of all of them aahhh thank you!!! Now, Hiatus Announcement! I'm sorry! I already changed this from weekly to biweekly, posted a week late, and now need to put this on hold TTxTT Sorry, but I only have a month left to finish my cosplays for a convention and cosplayers out there, you know how that goes TTwTT I'll try to finish as soon as I can for not only my sake of not needing to stress with deadlines, but for KD as well! Wish me luck and I wish you luck with this chapter!

Thank you's to @robogill as always for being a wonderful editor!

aaah! Almost forgot! Shout out to @exoticjizz on tumblr for sending me a little drawing of Aizawa in the end of the last chapter! It killed me and my editor Xwx() <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki thrashed around in his seat. It was all he could do, bound up with metal restraints around his hands and a muzzle over his mouth. He ignored how useless fighting against his restraints would be, desperate to be freed. Katsuki fought and yelled at the other occupants in the van, but no matter what he did, they wouldn’t be deterred.

“Still as feisty as ever, huh, Katsuki?” Katsuki’s birthfather said with a laugh.

“Yeah, so loud I thought my eardrums were gonna burst,” Nagashima grumbled under his breath, referring to before when they were forced to bind Katsuki. Katsuki was screaming with rage while setting off his explosions on them.

“Now, now,” Wispflash started. “I wish you’d calm down, Katsuki. Because I’d love to hear how you’ve been the last few years.”

Katsuki paused in his struggling. However, his glaring didn’t let up. Even so, his supposedly calmed down demeanor was enough to allow his birthfather to give the okay to release his restraints.

The first thing to be removed was the muzzle. The second it came off, Katsuki yelled, “Go to fucking hell!”

Nagashima immediately went to re-muzzle Katsuki, but with his foot still free and his birthfather’s right-hand man right next to him, Katsuki gave a hard kick. Nagashima yelped in pain, grabbing his
kicked shin. When Nagashima toppled over from the van driving over a pothole, Katsuki erupted into spiteful laughter. All the while, Wispflash rolled his eyes.

“You little brat,” Nagashima hissed as he got back up.

“Watch it, you punk-ass pussy bitch! I got more balls than you!”

Nagashima hauled Katsuki up by the collar of his shirt, lifting the boy up as far as he could with Katsuki’s hand restraints chained to the chair. “You little—!”

Bang!

Wispflash stomped his foot, successfully silencing the two. Nagashima dropped Katsuki. Katsuki refused to look up from his gaze now on his bound hands. Nagashima barely did anything to intimidate Katsuki, yet his birthfather barely did a thing and made him lose his bite.

The van suddenly stopped moving. Katsuki turned to the front windshield, seeing the gates to his old home. They opened and the van began to move again.

“Home sweet home,” Wispflash said.

Katsuki still didn’t respond to his birthfather.

When the van pulled into the driveway, Katsuki’s binds were finally taken off. He waited silently for the doors to open, waiting for his chance. The moment the back doors opened, Katsuki activated his Quirk to shoot himself out while at the same time disrupting his birthfather and Nagashima.

Katsuki blasted himself as far as he could before landing and running on foot. He had to get out somehow. Sadly, he couldn’t, and didn’t even get to make it far. Nagashima quickly got in his way, standing before Katsuki as a wolf. He let out a low growl. Even so, Katsuki stood his ground. He took a stance, ready to blast his way through once again. However, a firm hand grabbing his shoulder made him freeze yet again.

“Katsuki. Enough.”

Katsuki was noticeably tense. No matter how hard he inwardly yelled at himself to fight back, his body wouldn’t move. It only shamefully followed his birthfather into his old home.

“Katsuki, why are you trying to get away?” Wispflash asked as he and Katsuki began walking the halls. “You can finally have your old life back. You have everything here.”

Katsuki still didn’t answer. A sinking pit opened in his stomach at the old memories he had of his old home. He hadn’t lived in this one for that long before the night at the ports, but he still had some. And not all of them were horrible. Even so, Katsuki refused to acknowledge them. He didn’t want to feel ‘happy memories’ with anything pertaining to his old life. However, it was hard with everything exactly the same as it was before the night at the ports. The same high ceilings, the same ceiling to floor windows, the same stairwells, the same furniture decorating the same rooms they walked by, even the few faces Katsuki glanced at were the same, and judging by where they were heading, Katsuki knew the same old bedroom as well.

Katsuki and his birthfather stopped at the door to his old bedroom. It was the only one different from the rest, covered with low-placed stickers and messy drawings still taped up. When Wispflash opened the door for him, Katsuki found everything almost the same, just like everything else. The only difference was that everything was clean. The bed was made, his old toys put away along with some new ones he noticed, the closet nicely arranged, though Katsuki knew none of his old clothes
were going to fit again. It’d been two years. Two years and everything was kept nicely as if waiting for him to come back.

“I’ll come grab you for dinner later, alright?”

Katsuki turned back to the door. He didn’t realize he had walked into his old room until he found himself staring back at his birthfather smiling at him from the door.

“Yes, Sir.”

And with just two words, Katsuki remembered why he chose to leave everything forgotten.

Wispflash closed the door behind him, leaving Katsuki behind to himself. It took Katsuki a moment to find himself again. With his first steps, he went ahead and looked more in-depth at his old belongings. Not one speck of dust. The maids were probably cleaning his room regularly.

Katsuki ran to the other side of the room where a bookshelf with his old picture books were. He could probably fill up the rest of the shelves with every book he read with Yaoyorozu. Though, instead of thinking of all those books he’d read, his mind recalled his apartment with Aizawa instead. Katsuki couldn’t help but let out a bitter snort. The room was just as big, or perhaps even bigger, than the apartment. Well, both were meant for one anyways.

Bitter thoughts began filling Katsuki’s head. The last words he said to his dad. How his dad just left him at the dorms. And even when his dad tried to talk to him, Katsuki only shut him out. He should’ve answered. He should’ve went to see his dad earlier. The more Katsuki’s thoughts wandered, the more regret filled his plummeting stomach. Perhaps he was asking for too much…

Katsuki let out a sigh. He needed a distraction from everything. Part of Katsuki told him that he shouldn’t walk away from the situation, but he couldn’t obey. Not now. Instead, Katsuki randomly grabbed one of his books and took it to his bed. He hopped onto the bed, and sitting there on top of it as well as how he sunk into the soft mattress made him feel small. It was higher than his bed at the dorms and larger than his futon at home.

Katsuki moved to lay on his stomach to read. With it being a picture book meant for pretty much toddlers, Katsuki zoomed right through it. He went and grabbed another book after finishing his first book, then grabbed the next, and the next. When he finished all his old books—not that there were a lot to begin with—Katsuki moved on to drawing out on the balcony. Even the one outside his bedroom was bigger than the one back at the apartment.

The books successfully kept Katsuki distracted, but drawing brought back his intrusive thoughts. Thinking about what to draw quickly linked to the idea of drawing, dare he say, friends, and then quickly to family.

Katsuki let out a frustrated groan. It wasn’t enough. He balled up his hands before hopping on the balcony railing. He propped himself up and belted out all his anger and frustration in one deafening scream. He was three stories high on some cliff side overlooking nothing but trees and the near-dusk darkened ocean. No one would hear him for miles, the only sign of civilization being the high-rises who knew how far away in the distance. So Katsuki kept screaming and cursing. Loud enough to rival the crashing waves.

“Fuck everything! Fuck it all! I don’t care about any of it anymore!”

Katsuki let out one last scream before his arms gave out and he was back standing on the balls his feet. He rested his head in his arms against the surface of the railing. From the running earlier that
day to fighting against his restraints in the van, and now belting his heart out, Katsuki was exhausted. “I just wanna go home…” Katsuki muttered before letting the crashing waves he lost to take over the silence. Until he felt a hand ruffling through his hair.

Katsuki instantly picked his head up. “Dad?”

No, it wasn’t. Not the one who Katsuki thought it was.

“You alright there, son? You had a lot to say out there.”

His birthfather had heard him screaming. But did he hear his whispers to himself?

“It’s nothing, Sir,” Katsuki answered, turning away again.

Wispflash curled his mouth in a slight frown. “You know, ’dad’s fine. You don’t need to keep calling me ‘sir.’”

‘But you’re not my dad,’ Katsuki caught himself from saying. For as long as he could remember, he never addressed his birthfather by ‘dad.’ However, it never really occurred to him why that was. When Katsuki thought about it now, he thought about how everyone around him growing up always called his birthfather ‘sir.’ Could it have been because of that and not because of anything his birthfather said? But he never said anything to suggest calling him anything else. Or maybe Katsuki just never listened. Like how he wouldn’t listen when his dad kept trying to reach out to him over the weekend…

“Come on,” Wispflash started. “Dinner’s ready. I had the cook make your favorite.”

Katsuki began heading out with Wispflash, though didn’t need to follow his birthfather to where the dining room was. Despite not being in his old home for years, Katsuki remembered where everything was as if he’d been there every day of his life. He entered the dining room a few steps ahead of his birthfather, hearing a familiar yet unnameable tune play from the stereo and finding dinner already set on the large table: two plates of seafood pasta placed at two adjacent chairs.

Katsuki went over to the smaller share, seating himself first. He took a whiff of his dinner and realized just how hungry he was. And the pasta. It used to be his favorite. Back before he moved in with his dad. He remembered when he was younger that whenever it was on the table, it meant for sure his birthfather would be joining him for dinner.

Once again, Katsuki was snapped back to reality with a hand ruffling his hair. He looked up, finding his birthfather seated beside him.

“Why don’t you dig in?” Wispflash asked.

Katsuki nodded, though didn’t do so. He picked at his food a bit instead, mind going back to how his birthfather ruffled his hair. It felt nostalgic, but not right. He didn’t like it.

Noticing his birthfather moving from the corner of his eye, Katsuki looked up from staring at his dinner. He noticed his birthfather sprinkling on a generous amount of chili flakes onto his pasta before giving it a try. Then another few shakes of the flakes before trying again and deeming his pasta good. Afterwards, Katsuki’s eyes went and lingered on his birthfather’s tattoo where it was behind his ear like it’d always been.

Wispflash noticed Katsuki’s stare. “What?” he asked with a chuckle. He held out the can. “Want some?”
Somewhat hesitant, Katsuki nodded his head. He unsurely reached for the can his birthfather held out for him. Upon receiving the chili flakes, Katsuki added a ton of the spice to his plate as well. He took his first bite and it tasted even better than he remembered.

Wispflash let out a more wholesome laugh.

Katsuki found himself reddening and not from the spicy heat. “What?”

“Nothing,” Wispflash answered, wiping away a stray tear. “I was just thinking about something you did when you were really little. You wanted to try my plate with all the chili flakes, but I wouldn’t let you since there was so much and knew you wouldn’t be able to handle the spice quite yet, but you were so stubborn. I had to give in and give you a little taste, you pretty much ended up having ice cream that night to save your tongue. Now look at you. You probably added more chili flakes than I did.”

Katsuki gave his birthfather an unsure look. “I don’t remember that.”

Wispflash chuckled once again. “Yeah, I doubt you would. I really missed you these past few years, you know?”

Katsuki was taken aback. His shock soon changed to guilt. He didn’t even think twice about his birthfather when he was sent to prison.

“How’ve you been?”

“Alright…”

Despite already giving some sort of answer, Katsuki wasn’t even sure if he should be responding to his birthfather. So instead, he began asking his own questions.

“How’d you find me?”

“What kinda dad wouldn’t do everything he could to find his child? We asked around. It took some time, but it wasn’t anything too hard.”

“Well, what now?”

“What do you mean?”

“What now?” Katsuki repeated. “I have school and stuff like that.” He had a life that he was… kidnapped from. He was kidnapped. However, it didn’t seem like his birthfather saw it the same.

“Oh, don’t worry about all that. You’ll be homeschooled.”

“I don’t wanna be homeschooled.”

“Well, it’s not exactly like you can go back to your old school.”

So he did know this was all considered kidnapping.

“Someone will come in to teach you the usual school stuff, and when you get older I’ll teach you all about the family business.”

“I don’t wanna run the ‘family business!’ I wanna be a hero!”

Despite still supporting his smile, Wispflash froze at Katsuki’s words. “Why the hell would you want
“I wanna be number one and do good things!”

“Katsuki, don’t be ridiculous. You know how awful and grubby all that hero crap can be.”

“I’m gonna be better than those guys!”

“Katsuki.”

Katsuki flinched at his birthfather’s tone.

“As long as my blood runs in your veins, you won’t ever have what it takes to be one of the good guys.”

Katsuki clenched up.

Wispflash sighed, changing his harsh demeanor back to that of a so-called caring parent again.

“Come on, son. I’m just doing what would be best for you and your future. People like us don’t fit in normally with those everyday people out there.”

Katsuki’s first day in nursery school suddenly came to mind.

“Why don’t we finish dinner and talk about this some other time?”

Wispflash reached out to ruffle Katsuki’s hair again, but this time Katsuki pulled away before he could. The older man’s false care cracked for a moment.

Before his birthfather reacted any more negatively to him, Katsuki turned back to his meal. He began eating in silence. When Wispflash began doing the same, Katsuki knew it meant he was in the clear. For now.

After dinner, Katsuki quickly excused himself back to his room. He didn’t want to set off his birthfather any more than he’d already done. The boy closed his door behind him, letting out a deep breath. He willed his increased heartbeat to calm the heck down. This was the father Katsuki always recalled. The man whose word was law. If he was listened to without question, then all was well. If not, then…

“I just wanna go home…” Katsuki repeated himself, sliding down, back against the door. He sat still on the floor, waiting for himself to calm down. By the time he did, the room was dark. The only light keeping everything barely alit was the remaining sunlight in the sky moments after the sun had set.

Katsuki took a deep breath. He finally calmed down, but it didn’t mean he was okay. Still, Katsuki picked himself up and went to the lamp beside his bed. After turning it on, he went ahead and crawled into bed. What else could he do? He read all his books, he didn’t feel like drawing, and there was no way he was coming out of his room to tamper around with everything he knew was in the house. Katsuki’s eyes then flickered to the remote on his beside drawer. Sure. Why not? He could at least humor himself about being a normal kid and watch cartoons.

Katsuki went ahead and turned the TV on. However, before he changed the channel, something caught his attention.

“Earlier this afternoon, we’ve learned that Yuuei High School failed yet again to keep their children safe. However, not a teenage student this time, but a young 6-year-old boy. According to reports, a child of a staff member was led away and kidnapped.”
The news. They were talking about him.

Katsuki dropped the remote. He untucked himself from bed, crawling to the edge to get a closer look at the TV. The news had shown surveillance video of from when Nagashima was a condor and grabbing at his shirt. Then of when he took off with Mitsuki and Katsuki ran after.

“Aizawa Katsuki is 3’7” with blonde hair and red eyes. Quirk: Explosions. Last seen to be wearing a black and orange raglan-cut hoodie and dark green shorts. If you have any information, call law enforcements immediately. That’s Aizawa Katsuki, 3’7”, blonde hair, red eyes.”

Katsuki stared eyes agape at the TV screen. He was on the news. There was even a recent picture of him he remembered smiling for that his Uncle Mic took. It then then changed to the one of the news casters with a few more words on the subject.

“Because of some unexplained issue, Katsuki’s father did not want to speak on camera, but he did have a message to relay:

‘Katsuki, if you are somehow hearing this, don’t worry; I’ll do everything I can do find you. I won’t rest until you’re safe again. And to the [censored] [censored] idiots who thought you can get away with this, I will find you, too. Don’t you [censored] dare lay a [censored] hand on my son.’ ”

The news moved on to other stories, but Katsuki was still processing the one they just relayed. His dad. He was looking for him. His dad was looking for him!

Finally, from all the hardships throughout the day—the past few days—Katsuki broke into a smile. Tearful, but still a smile.

“Damn it, Dad,” Katsuki said through his cracking voice. He wiped his running tears and at the same time was unable to help but laugh. Throughout it all, Katsuki had finally calmed down. Legitimately calmed down. Calm to the point where he could think straight again. Could think straight and come up with a plan to finally get home and to his dad. He needed to break out and break out now.

Katsuki turned to the clock on his bedside drawer. It was still early in the evening, so he was going to have to wait until later when his birthfather went to sleep and most—if not, all—his subordinates went home for the night. Katsuki hoped the underlings were still operating like how he remembered they did.

After thinking about a way to navigate through his house without getting caught, Katsuki tried to think of a plan for the biggest hurdle: the gate. He doubted he was small enough to squeeze through the bars. He also doubted the lack of sensors on the walls. If he’d try to climb a tree and hop over, something was bound to go off. He knew security got tighter since that time some rival group attacked his old house.

A thought then came to Katsuki. He hopped off his bed and went straight out to his balcony. He pulled himself up onto the railings again to take a look around. His room was at the back of the house. There were a lot more trees in the back than the front. Even if he did accidentally set off some sensor, there’d be a lot more places to hide. He could wait out any guys who were sent out and make a run for it when the coast was clear. Then he’d have to find the road and follow it for who knew how long and where, but anymore would do as long as he wasn’t here. He’d find an adult and tell them to call the cops and, finally, the nightmare would end.

With a plan in mind, Katsuki headed back inside. He then noticed his reflection in the mirror door of his closet. His shirt. The orange of it was rather bright. He’d hate to leave one of his favorite hoodies behind, but desperate times called for desperate measures. So, Katsuki went ahead and removed his
hoodie. He had an undershirt anyways: his favorite black skull t-shirt. Best turn it inside out just in
case the white of the skull stuck out.

Katsuki waited hours until midnight rolled around. Everyone had to be gone by now, and his
birthfather should be retired to his own room as well. He turned off his TV and stealthily went on his
way.

Katsuki opened his bedroom door a crack and peeked out. All the lights were off and there was no
one there. Not exactly perfect since it’d be hard for him to see, but Katsuki could make do.

As quietly as he could, Katsuki closed the door to his room. To keep himself steady and from
bumping into anything, Katsuki kept his hand on the wall.

With his pacing and lack of any idea where he was, Katsuki barely felt like he was making any
distance. There was nothing but the dark and it took ages to finally round the corner. Then it took
another year to reach the stairwell.

Going down the stairs, Katsuki continued his method of using the wall to keep him from falling over,
plus a new method of sitting down on each step as he made his way down. He thought going down
the stairs would be a faster process, but with the stairs lacking long rugs like the hallway, it made
Katsuki extra slow and careful to prevent sound from echoing off the steps and high ceiling. He
barely let out a single breath until he reached the very bottom. However, when he reached the
bottom, Katsuki knew he was at the doorstep of the largest hurdle.

Katsuki quickly rushed into hiding. The first floor was where all his birthfather’s lackeys dwelled.
They were to keep watch on things, taking turns being on guard throughout the night.

Katsuki peeked out from hiding. He was still in the dark, but the hallway a doorway over was dimly
lit without a lackey in sight. What was in sight was the entry way to the living room. The lights were
off in there as well, meaning empty. It was Katsuki’s first checkpoint.

Katsuki took in a deep breath, steeling his nerves. As quickly as he could, he made a beeline for the
living room. He dived behind the couch upon making it, trying to keep himself from breathing too
hard and loud. When voices started coming, Katsuki had to cover his mouth to keep himself from
breathing heavily. He waited, frozen, in total silence until the voices passed and died down down the
hall. Safe, but for how much longer?

After calming down once again, Katsuki made his move. He peeked out once again from behind the
couch. No lackeys. He then snuck to the doorway. A second glance around the corner. Empty with
the next dark room in sight. Another silent dash. Hide. Wait. Repeat. Katsuki began hating the size
of the house. And throughout the many rooms and corridors, not even a single phone. Not that
Katsuki had time to complain with the room leading to the backdoor so close he could practically
taste freedom.

Even with freedom so close, Katsuki refused to be careless. In fact, he was the most cautious he’d
been all night. If it was one thing he picked up from his dad’s hero class, it was to never let your
guard down. He had no shame in saying that his dad’s teachings definitely shined through that night.

Katsuki took one last look around before dashing for the backdoor. As quietly as he could, like
throughout his escape, Katsuki unlocked and opened the door. He headed out and carefully closed
the door behind him. He hoped the door being unlocked wouldn’t be noticed until after he made it
over the wall.

Finally outside, Katsuki hurried towards the trees by the wall. Without a wall to guide him, it was
hard for the young boy to see. However, that soon changed when a light suddenly turned on.

Katsuki felt his stomach drop. He turned back, fearful, but it was only the back light sensors. They turned on when sensing movement. Katsuki prayed to any greater power in the universe that that was all it picked up. Before he could actually be noticed, Katsuki threw caution to the wind and sprinted to the trees. Now that he could see again, he didn’t have to move so slowly. At least that was a plus.

Not wanting to risk the light sensors continuing to pick him up and leave the lights noticeably on, Katsuki kept himself hidden again. He stayed behind the trees. He didn’t care about forcing his breathing silent like before. However, his breathing refused to even out. Not until the lights finally went out.

Katsuki didn’t think the constant increase and drop of his heartbeat was good for his young heart, but had to ignore it. Trying to climb the tree and get over the wall took over his thoughts. He was glad he ignored his dad and Uncle Mic whenever they told him to stop climbing trees at the park. He was practically a pro, making it up towards the branches nearest to the wall in no time.

Now was the moment to truth. He steeled his nerves and hopped onto the wall.

Blinding lights flared.

Deafening alarms blared.

“Fuck!” Katsuki yelled. His body moved on its own when he looked back. With all the lights, he could see his birthfather’s men running amuck. Even with the ear-splitting alarms, he could also hear them yelling.

“What’s going on!?”

“Something tripped the alarms! Go check the front! I’ll go around back!”

“Hey! On the wall!”

Katsuki didn’t even allow a curse to come out. He only jumped from the wall onto a nearby branch. He couldn’t keep watch or listen in on what his birthfather’s men were saying, doing his best to hurry down.

The moment Katsuki made it to the ground, he took off. He pushed away leaves and lower branches, looking everywhere for anywhere to hide and fast. They were coming for him.

Without a light source, Katsuki could barely see in front of him. He tripped suddenly, falling over and tumbling down a downward slope. He let out a sore groan when he finally stopped. Holding his head, Katsuki hoped wherever he rolled off to was far enough from the men looking for him.

“Keep looking! He has to be somewhere!”

Katsuki let out another low curse. From where he was on the ground, Katsuki scanned the area as best as he could. Being at a low level allowed him to spot a hollow spot at the base of a tree just small enough for him. Without a second thought, Katsuki rushed over and hid.

Katsuki curled up to make himself as small as he could be. He even pulled the back of his shirt over his hair like a hood to keep his light hair from catching any light. His heartbeat was rising again. It sounded as loud as the alarms to Katsuki. He feared those hunting him could hear. They were so close if the loud crunching of branches and the flashlight light zipping back and forth in view was any indicator.
“Is he there!?"

“No. Maybe he ran to the water.”

“Okay, you look there; I’m gonna check out the road.”

‘Go away… Go away… Go away…’ Katsuki inwardly chanted. He curled up even more, going as far as to cover his ears. Being in an enclosed, dark space did nothing to help either. It made his panic grow, but Katsuki refused to give in. He couldn’t freak or pass out now. Not when he was so close.

Taking steady breaths again, Katsuki shakily uncurled himself. He opened his eyes he didn’t realize he had clenched shut and removed his hands from his ears. Nothing. He didn’t hear a single thing. Just the waves again in the distance. They were helpful in calming himself down, Katsuki now timing his breathing with the rise and crashes.

“I can do this…” Katsuki breathed to himself. “I’m doing fine… I can do this…”

Finally, Katsuki crawled out of hiding. He stood shakily on his feet, but managed to stay steady enough to keep upright. He began carefully making his way again. He knew not to immediately head for the road since there was someone looking there, so he had to make his way deeper into the forested area.

With everyone now scattered—or at least he hoped and believed they were—Katsuki was back to being careful to prevent himself from falling again. He held his hands out and occasionally used the trees as support. He wished he could just use his Quirk, but the explosion would most likely draw attention. So, he settled for the moonlight. It was better than nothing.

*Rustle! Rustle!*

Katsuki froze. There was no doubt about him hearing something, but when he tried looking for any flashlight light, he found nothing.

Warily, Katsuki began patting the ground for a thick branch. A weapon to keep him safe. Sure, his Quirk would probably do more damage than a stick, but it the sense of security that helped.

Katsuki continued to stay frozen, waiting to hear any more rustles again. None came. He dropped his tense shoulders, still wary as he continued on his way.

*Rustle! Rustle!*

Katsuki froze again, stick held out. “W…who’s there?”

*Rustle! Rustle! Rustle!*

Katsuki turned around, now knowing the sound was behind him. He began stepping back, hearing the rustling more and more. He then saw a brief glimmer of purple light in the trees. It made him stop.

Curious, Katsuki stepped forward again, then side to side. The weird light. There were two of them. And. Not purple… Violet?

Katsuki dropped his stick. He took another step back as the source of rustling in the trees came forward.

“Nya!”
Katsuki spun and tried to take off again, but the black cat jumped before him. The cat grew tenfold, morphing into a vicious black panther.

Katsuki fell back, still trying to back away.

“Roar!”

The panther stepped towards him, backing Katsuki against another tree trunk.

“Roar! Roar!”

Katsuki turned away from the deafening roars no doubt signaling everyone where he was.

“Hey! It’s Nagashima!”

He was found.

“They’re over there!”

His attempts to get away were shattered.

“Time to take him back to the boss.”

He failed.

Wispflash’s men began to surround Katsuki. The boy didn’t move, helpless on the ground. The men forced him up on his feet. Just as roughly, they began dragging him back. He was so close to freedom. So close to finding some random town. So close to calling the cops. So close to returning home. So close to seeing his dad again. So close… And Katsuki refused to go down without a fight.

“Let me go,” Katsuki bade.

“Huh? What’d you say?”

“Let me go.”

“What!? You gotta be kidding me, kid! You really think—”

“Let. Me. Go.”

“Listen here—”

One of the men stepped forward, but Katsuki kicked him hard in the shin. He then used his Quirk on the other guy dragging him by his other arm. With the sweat he build up from fear and running, his explosion was big. It started everyone as well, it being the first time they’ve ever encountered his Quirk. And Katsuki took advantage of their ignorance.

Standing free in the middle of the mess, Katsuki raised his hands together above his head. He created blinding flash, stunning everyone. The men stood frozen, looking around at each other in fearful confusion, the perfect opening for Katsuki to take off once again.

“Stop standing around like idiots and go after the brat!” Nagashima shouted, back in his human form. “Their Quirks aren’t exactly the same! You’re all fine! Go!”

Katsuki kept running and running, not daring to look back. He couldn’t waste time. With Nagashima’s Quirk, the man could probably morph into some faster animal and come after him.
Katsuki knew there was no use in hiding anymore. He just had to get as far away as he could. Without the need for silence, Katsuki went ahead and used his Quirk again. He used his explosions to propel himself faster and further ahead. The light from his explosions also allowed him to see a lot better and maneuver more easily through the trees. Before long, he reached the road.

“Finally,” Katsuki gasped, though knew he wasn’t in the clear yet. He didn’t have time to catch his breath, taking off in the opposite direction as his old home. He prayed to the universe that someone was driving that night and would find him, even if it was however long past midnight. Sadly, Katsuki’s luck had run out.

Barely going far, Katsuki was stopped by an owl swooping in. Nagashima.

“Give it a rest, kid,” Nagashima said after changing back to being human. “We’re all exhausted, alright? You included.”

Katsuki took a step forward, wanting to fight back. However, Nagashima was infuriatingly right. Katsuki barely managed to take his step, collapsing onto the unforgiving pavement road. “No…”

Nagashima went over to Katsuki. He picked up the young boy almost effortlessly. Katsuki did everything he could to struggle and fight back, but he was already running on low. Katsuki couldn’t even let off his Quirk. He was finished and they both knew it.

Even with Katsuki now in his custody, Nagashima didn’t do much of an effort to head back to the house. Sure, he started walking, but not quickly. However, he stopped when a car came in view.

The car pulled over. Another one of Wispflash’s men. He went ahead and opened the door for Nagashima to put Katsuki in the back of the car. Katsuki still couldn’t move. The boy sat in heavyhearted silence until they reached home where his birthfather stayed waiting.

“Katsuki.”

Katsuki kept his eyes on the ground as he was lead inside again by Nagashima. His birthfather’s unsparing tone with enough to tell Katsuki know to prepare for the worst.

“Why?”

“I want to go home.”

“This is your home.”

“No, it’s not.”

“Katsuki—”

“This is not my home.”

“Katsu—!”

“My home is a small apartment meant for one happily fitting two! It’s Yuuei High School where I go after elementary school and where I will go to become a hero! It’s the 19 older kids who pick me up every day after school! The dorms I sleep over at some nights! The staff! My uncle! My dad! My real dad!”

“Senkou Katsuki—!”

“Don’t ever call me that!” Katsuki screamed, refusing the surname he was given. “I am Aizawa
Katsuki! Son of Aizawa Shouta! You are no one to me!”

Wispflash—Senkou’s rage boiled at Katsuki’s defiance. However, Katsuki wasn’t fazed. Katsuki looked directly at his birthfather’s eyes—the eyes the two shared. Katsuki was not backing down, but neither was Senkou.

“You are going back to your room right now!”

“No!”

Katsuki took everything he had in him and let out one last explosion to throw off everyone again. Even with his legs screaming at him, Katsuki began to run again, but didn’t make it far. Not with Senkou grabbing his shoulder and yanking him back.

“You ungrateful brat—!”

“Let me go!”

“You can have anything and everything—!”

“Shut up!”

“I came back for you! I am your father! I raised you!”

Senkou kicked opened Katsuki’s bedroom door with enough force to nearly break off the hinges. Just as roughly as he dragged Katsuki up the stairs and down the hall, he shoved Katsuki in and onto the floor.

Katsuki winced in pain, but ultimately ignored it. He helped himself up, using his bed as support. “No! You didn’t! You did not raise me! You left me at bars and for servants to look after! You only want me to keep your shit business alive! That’s the only reason why you took me to the ports 2 years ago! Well, know what, fine! I’m glad you did, because you going to jail was the next best thing to happen in my life other than being taken in by my dad! He’s who raised me! Taught me how to live and act! Taught me that I deserve love and happiness no matter what! And no matter what you do, I won’t stop fighting to get back to him and get back to my life! Kick me down! Beat me! I don’t care, because nothing you can do will keep me down!”

“You—!”

Senkou took another threatening step forward, but Katsuki kept his word and did not back down. His spirit was burning hard, even when his body was burned out, and Senkou knew this. So, it was Katsuki’s spirit he had to go after and break.

“Fine. If you really want to see me as the bad guy,” Senkou held up his hand, palm facing upwards, “I’ll be the bad guy.”

When Katsuki saw Senkou held up his hand, his eyes widened. “No.”

“Oh, you know what’s gonna happen, do you?”

Katsuki stepped back as Senkou calmly stepped towards him. “No.”

“You know, it’s a shame your Quirk is only what it is, isn’t it?”

“S-stay away from me!”
“Oh, come on, Katsuki. What happened to all that bravado a second ago? All for show?”

“Stay away from me!”

Katsuki somehow managed to dodge when Senkou leaped for him. He jumped over his bed and sprinted for the door. He yanked on the doorknob, but no matter how hard he pulled, the door wouldn’t open. The was someone on the other side keeping it in place. “No! Open the door!”

“Katsuki, let’s make this easier on each other, alright?” Senkou said, words dripping with venom through his matching smile.

“Open the fucking door!” Katsuki screamed, uncaring of the desperation clear in his voice. He yanked and yanked, refusing to believe it was impossible to open. It wasn’t until a shadow loomed over him and the door did Katsuki’s body move on its own and made him look back, eyes filled with terror.

“It won’t hurt one bit.”

“No! Stop! Don’t take them from me! Please! Stop! Let me out! Open the door! Open the door! Somebody help me! Please! Somebody, please! Help! Dad! Dad!”

Boom!

Chapter End Notes

OuO

Part of the reason why this was a week late was bc of how I didn't want to cut anything short. Biggest chapter by far and honestly one of my favs. Again, I'll try to finish my cosplays as soon as I can and start writing for chapter 21. (pssst. I'm cosplaying Kacchan~ 3 different versions hehehe~)

Also, gosh, got hit with depression, posts right on time. nothing awful going on, one week late. It's like math class all over again Xwxv

Say hi to me on tumblr @arcs-and-blah! I post my cosplay and convention stuff there as well! (glimpse of my Kacchan cosplay here! I'll see you hopefully sooner than later!
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Days fly by and Katsuki is still missing. With each passing day, Aizawa’s condition only grows worse. And after nonstop searching high and low, leaving no stone unturned, with barely any rest whatsoever, Aizawa is forced to rest (along with have a few drinks).

Chapter Notes

Hi, guys! Guess whose cosplay’s all done and is at Sakuracon!? Or, almost. Posting before I get ready and go, but I’ll prob be there by the time anyone reads this ^///w///^ Anywho! First off, hiatus over! I apologize again for that, especially with that cliffhanger XwX Ah ha… yeah… Thank you everyone who left comments! It beat chap 19 for most comments! They all made me laugh and smile (and a little guilty about lil kacchan, but +w+ hehehe~), and they were all just great.

Thanks to @robogill for editing this as always! (psst, he’s deku for a day) If you haven’t already, please thank him as well!!

Shout out to this super adorable fanart of lil kaechan and dadzawa!! like the other fanarts, this made me cry and killed me XwX Click and loooook!!

(update 4/1) OH MY GOD I DIDN’T REALIZE THE CODING MESSED UP UPBOVE!! Shout out to @taichichuwhat on tumblr for this fanart they made! I apologize for not giving you a proper shout out before! TTATT

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Aizawa jolted awake, heart nearly jumping out of his throat from the explosion. He turned to the many monitors overlooking his students’ hero exercise. Seemed he’d fallen asleep. Again.

“Aizawa-kun, please, I say this because I care and I’m worried about you: go home.”

Aizawa turned, seeing All Might giving him the same worried look he’d been getting from everyone all week and a half long.

“I can look after the children. Go home. Rest.”

“I don’t need it,” Aizawa claimed, blinking away his drowsiness. He turned back to the monitors he was supposed to be watching. “I’m fine.”

“No, you’re not,” All Might argued. “The time you’re not teaching, you’re out until very late in the night with the detective or alone turning every stone for some sort of lead on this criminal. Don’t lie to me about not doing that or anything of the sorts; I have eye witnesses as proof.”
Aizawa groaned. “I’m fine, alright?”

All Might frowned. Aizawa was not all right. All Might knew this, the staff knew this, and even the
students knew this. Aizawa was just not himself. He kept making mistakes, tripping over his own
two feet, lashing out over the smallest things, had just been awful.

“Aizawa-kun, you are not alone with this. Everyone is doing everything they can to look for Katsuki
as well. You don’t have to do this alone.”

“I’m fine. Can we just go back to evaluating the kids?”

There Aizawa was, lashing out.

All Might sighed. He dropped vocalizing his concern. For now. At least it was the last day of class
before summer break started. Without needing to come in to teach, his colleague should be able to
get some needed rest. All Might hoped that’d be the case instead of the more likely scenario of
Aizawa using the free time to look even more.

Fighting his drowsiness, Aizawa did his best to pay attention to his students’ exercise and progress.
A ‘cops, robbers, and hostage’ sort of scenario. However, Aizawa just could not keep his focus.

“Aizawa-kun…”

“I said I’m fine, alright?” Aizawa snapped before All Might could say anything else. “Just.” He let
out a frustrated groan. “How much time do they have left?”

“Five minutes,” All Might answered. He had let Aizawa sleep for a good amount of the class period.
However, his colleague didn’t seem to appreciate the gesture, shooting him a nasty glare. All Might
wasn’t fazed.

Once time ended for their students’ exercise, All Might and Aizawa went to meet up with the
students. All Might handed out their evaluations, the only one of the two having been able to write
them. He then congratulated everyone on a job well done, wished them their best on their summer
internships, and dismissed class. Aizawa couldn’t share many words—didn’t share any words. He
only headed out before the rest of them. He didn’t notice any of his students’ worried looks they
gave him as they left to change, and did his best to ignore his colleagues’ worried looks back in the
faculty office.

“Hey, Eraser,” Present Mic started, coming up to Aizawa as he was grabbing his things. “We’re
going out for drinks later.”

“I’m busy,” Aizawa responded back.

“It’s not an invitation. We’re going.”

Aizawa only shot back a look, but Present Mic wouldn’t let up.

“You need a break, to clear your head, and to get some rest. You’re not helping anyone doing this to
yourself.”

“Katsuki is out who-knows-goddamn-where right now, and you want me to waste my time drinking
the night away?”

“Eraserhead, you are not the only one looking for him! But you are the only one who needs to sleep.
One night. A couple drinks. A full 13 hours of sleep because heaven knows you need more than
eight, then we’ll keep looking. We all know refreshed and rested heads work way better than sleep deprived, highly caffeinated ones.”

Aizawa clearly looked as though he wanted to continue to argue back, but Present Mic’s serious one made him falter. He then noticed the many eyes around the room looking over at them, giving their own worried looks as well.

Aizawa sighed. “10 hours of sleep.”

“12.”

“11.”

“Deal.

“You’re paying for my drinks.”

“Fine. See you at 5.”

Aizawa made an indignant look.

“What? Earlier drinks mean earlier sleep for you. Plus, happy hour.”

Aizawa rolled his eyes. “Fine.”

When all was said and done, Aizawa finally took his leave. He went straight back to his apartment, still empty despite bringing home Katsuki’s things from the dorms and having his son’s two recently healed cats claiming the apartment as their new home. Nearly two weeks and Aizawa had yet to be caught with them. Though, he had a feeling the building manager was pitying him and had just turned a blind eye.

After dropping off his things and letting himself relax for just a moment, Aizawa headed out again. He knew exactly which bar he and Present Mic were going to be meeting at without his colleague needing to say. It’d be the same bar they frequented many times before… before Aizawa had Katsuki.

Aizawa shook his head clear. He took a deep breath, now outside the bar. The place was fairly empty. When he headed in, it didn’t take long to find Present Mic already at the counter talking to the bartender—an old friend.

“Aizawa. Been a while,” the bartender greeted. “Your usual?”

“If you still remember it,” Aizawa answered as he took a seat.

The bartender chortled. “Let’s see if you do.”

It didn’t take long for Aizawa to get his drink, just as how it didn’t take long for him to down it in one go. He may not have gone to bars much anymore, but that didn’t mean his ability to down and hold his liquor had faltered.

“Geez, way to pace yourself, man,” Present Mic joked, still working on his first drink.

Aizawa eyed Present Mic with a glare, taking another giant swig of drink number two. The glass hit the bar counter with a giant clank as he slammed it down. “The sooner this is over, the sooner I get home and sleep, and the sooner I get back out there looking.”
Present Mic sighed, but didn’t argue.

“Careful not to wake up hungover then,” the bartender said. “What’cha looking for anyways?”

“Some villains kidnapped his son,” Present Mic answered for Aizawa since he was downing the rest of drink two.

The bartender’s eyes widened. “Oh, god. Wait, the kid on the news two weeks ago? I didn’t realize that Aizawa was—hey, man, those two and the next one’s on the house.”

“Thanks, Matsuda, but we don’t mind paying,” Aizawa said, continuing to glare at Present Mic.

“Hey, really, don’t worry about it,” Matsuda reassuringly responded. His attention then turned away to the door when the bell signaling a customer rang. “Welcome! Happy hour just started; drinks are half off.”

“Oh, thank you, but I think I’ll just have a plate of your signature spinach puffs, please?” the elderly man asked, slowly making his way to a corner booth.

Matsuda let out a hearty laugh. “Sure thing, Jouji-san.” He went to make the customer his order, but not before whispering to Aizawa and Present Mic, “Careful with gramps over there, alright? Only play for fun.” Matsuda left before the two heroes could ask him for further explanation.

Curious, Aizawa and Present Mic turned to the old man. He was pulling out cards, laying them out to play a solo game of solitaire. When he noticed the two younger men’s stare, he smiled and waved. Present Mic waved back while Aizawa turned his back.

“So,” Present Mic started, going back to his drink, “any leads or anything yet?”

“No,” Aizawa grumbled. “The sonofabitch is probably being extra careful so he wouldn’t get caught again.”

“Damn… And he was already uncatchable before.”

“I know…” Aizawa let out another frustrated groan. “I just… hope it’s not too late.”

Present Mic placed his hand supportively on Aizawa’s shoulder. He knew his friend was ignoring the likelihood Katsuki was taken someplace far away and out of reach. They all were. No one wanted to think of never being able to see their boy ever again.

“Eh-hem.”

A gentle fake cough brought Aizawa and Present Mic out of their gloom. They then noticed the old man beside them holding his deck of cards.

“Hello, I, uh, couldn’t help but notice the heavy air around you two,” Jouji started sweetly. “Would perhaps playing a few games with a little old man lighten your moods?” He held up his deck a little higher with a hopeful look.

Aizawa instantly turned away, swirling the remains of his drink in his glass.

Present Mic was rather hesitant, but ultimately gave into the old man’s request. “Sure. What’s a few rounds?”

Jouji smiled, adding a hop to his step as he and Present Mic went back to his counter booth.
Moments after he was left alone, Aizawa was given his next drink. He took one swig as his eyes followed Matsuda to the corner booth with the old man’s order. The bartender said a few things, prompting the old man to laugh, before making his way back to the counter. Aizawa’s eyes followed him again, but ended up back at the booth. Despite watching from afar, Aizawa couldn’t help but notice something. The way Jouji shuffled. The cards moved flawlessly. And the extra tricks. They were… familiar… like… Like how Katsuki shuffled.

Aizawa’s eyes went wide. He left his drink behind as he sped over to the booth, pulling up a spare stool. “I change my mind; deal me in next round.”

Present Mic eyed his friend, startled by his sudden appearance. Jouji, on the other hand, let out a laugh. “Alright, sure thing, whippersnapper.”

Aizawa stayed silent as Jouji dealt. Poker. Of course. He then watched the older man as he looked over his cards for any cues. Nothing. A real pro. Card shark. And a hustling one at that with his fake innocent old guy act. Definitely the guy who taught Katsuki.

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“Straight,” Present Mic said, displaying his cards.

Jouji let out a happy-go-lucky laugh. “Just a pair. Looks like I lose.”

“Yeah, great, now deal me in,” Aizawa said. He swiped Present Mic’s shades, ignoring his friend’s stutters. “Just me.”

Despite the puzzled look in his eyes, Jouji continued to smile and shuffled. He didn’t even need to look down at his deck to do his fancy tricks.

“Eraser, what are you doing?” Present Mic whispered through his teeth. He grew uneasy as he watched Aizawa pull out his wallet.

Aizawa continued to ignore Present Mic. “Wagering cash for info.”

After a moment, Jouji’s friendly demeanor dropped. He sighed, pulling out a box of cigarettes and lighter. “I came here for a break and good time with good spinach puffs, and what do I get? Info seekers. Great.” He took a drag, letting out the smoke soon after. “Don’t ever smoke, son. Now, how much you go on you?”

Aizawa pulled out all the cash his wallet had.

Jouji let out a giant laugh. “You gotta be kidding me? You think this much is enough for dirt?”

“Mic, take out your wallet,” Aizawa grumbled.

“Excuse me?” Present Mic deadpanned.

Aizawa only shot him a look over the rims of his sunglasses.

Present Mic shot back his own. “You are a sleep deprived mess. You have got to be kidding—”

“I know what I’m doing—”

“Like hell you do—”

The two grown men continuing silently going back and forth at each other. Meanwhile, Jouji took the time to finish his smoke. He didn’t cut in until his cigarette was nothing but the butt end. “You got a high enough trade or what?”
Aizawa and Present Mic shared one last glaring looking before the latter finally gave in. Present Mic pulled out his wallet, pretty much matching what Aizawa had in cash. However, Jouji still didn’t look convinced.

“You two knuckleheads know nothing about broker info, do you?”

“That’s what the cards are for,” Aizawa answered. “We’ll split the pot in half first. If I win everything back, you tell me what I need to know. I lose it all, you keep everything and get us out of your hair.”

“How do you even know if I do have whatever info you need?”

“You don’t need to worry about that; I’m positive you know something.”

Jouji snorted. “And you wanna play poker for it. Do you even know who you’re up against?”

“Which means you shouldn’t have to worry too much then. If you’re so confident you’ll win, then you get free pocket money.”

“Son, I like you. I really do. Met you not even 10 minutes ago, but I like you, which is why I’ll tell you now that—luck or no luck—I am the best handler of these 52 cards you’ve ever met and will ever meet. You sure you wanna go losing all that money?”

“I’ve been playing with someone I can guarantee is just as good as you. I’m sure I can hold up.”

“Well then,” Jouji started, misleadingly smiling as he bridged the deck. “Let the games begin.”

Aizawa watched Jouji shuffle and deal. Watching it up close and having played cards with his son nonstop, he could guarantee it was the same as Katsuki’s dealing.

First round. Five cards each and started a few bills in each. Aizawa got rid of three cards. Jouji two. Both raised, hinting at their hands. Both three of a kind, but Aizawa the higher card. Aizawa’s win.


Third round: Jouji’s win.

Fourth round: Jouji’s win.

Fifth round: Aizawa’s win.

Sixth round: Jouji’s win.

“Alright, as fun as it’s been, this has gone on for long enough,” Jouji said after their last discards and redraws. “Let’s make the next round the last round, shall we?” He threw in nearly as much as what Aizawa had left.

“Mind games or confident in your hand?” Aizawa asked. Jouji only continued to smile falsely innocent. Similar to Katsuki when his son pulled those tricks he loved to play.

“What sort of info are you looking for anyways?” Jouji asked back.

“I’m looking for some people. The name Wispflash mean anything to you?”
Jouji’s smile instantly dropped. He pushed his whole winnings forward. “All in.” With one name, their wager was no longer a game.

Aizawa pushed in his cash as well. “I’m guessing that’s a yes.”

“Not that you’ll be getting anything about him.”

“Fine. How about him?”

Aizawa pushed forward his phone.

Curiously, Jouji picked it up. He flipped it over, revealing the home screen wallpaper: little Katsuki enjoying a slice of cake on his 6th birthday.

Jouji froze. He then let out a heavy deep breath. “So, you’re that hero schmuck who took our boy… Mind if I see more?”

Aizawa nudged Present Mic, who complied without question.

Jouji took the smartphone, but not without a raised brow.

“He has better camera quality and a lot more photos,” Aizawa explained, deadpan.

“I do,” Present Mic unapologetically confirmed.

Jouji shrugged, looking through the photos.

A lot of the recent photos where of mundane everyday moments, but as the old man continued swiping, he reached more memorable events. There were more of Katsuki’s birthday, the boy surrounded by other heroes and presents. Then came photos of the little boy climbing cherry blossom trees while they were in full bloom. Backtrack more, first day of first grade, Kindergarten graduation, New Years at a temple, Christmas, sledding during a snow day, celebrating another birthday, dressed like some mummy for Halloween, kindergarten sports day, summer trip to the beach. The photos were endless, but one thing was consistent throughout them all: the giant smiles on little Katsuki’s face.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen the little tyke smile like that,” Jouji said through a mirthless laugh. He let out another deep breath, handing back the phone. And after keeping to himself for a moment in thought, drumming his fingers against the table top, “I fold.”

Aizawa and Present Mic let out their own breaths.

“Thanks,” Aizawa said, taking off Present Mic’s shades.

“I’ll really be walking on thin ice here,” Jouji breathed. “But, it’s for the boy. Taught him everything I know about cards, you know?”

“No doubt about that,” Aizawa agreed, cracking a smile—no doubt his first in two weeks.

“Yeah, the little guy looted 7500 yen off me the first time we met,” Present Mic added.

Jouji let out a jolly laugh. “That’s my boy!”

“Can you tell us where he is?” Aizawa asked after Jouji calmed his laughter. “His birthfather kidnapped him back.”
“Yeah, I heard,” Jouji said, taking a sip from his water cup. “Handful of whispers about the ‘little
boss’ being back. I wasn’t surprised after hearing word about his father being back. Ah, birthfather. I
don’t know exactly where he is, but I can tell you where he may be going.”

Both Aizawa and Present Mic jolted forward, simultaneously shouting, “What!?"

Jouji wasn’t fazed. He leaned forward to whisper, “Word is Wispflash is planning a little vacation to
Hawaii. I wouldn’t be surprised if he took Katsuki with him and kept him there until this kidnapping
news dies down.”

“But, the little guy’s, like, on some kidnapping watch list, right?” Present Mic fearfully asked.
“They’d notice him at the airport or something, right!?”

“You think a man like Wispflash’ll be going through some public airport system?” Jouji scoffed.

“How long do we have?” Aizawa asked.

“I don’t know for sure, but it’s safe to assume within the week,” Jouji answered. He grabbed a
napkin and a pen from his inner jacket pocket, jotting some things down. “Here. Not an address, but
a location. You did not hear this from me, capisce? First rule of info trades: you never hear it from
the broker.”

Aizawa took the napkin, he and Present Mic reading it to themselves.

“That’s that rich area in Kamakura,” Present Mic mumbled. He made a sour face at Aizawa. “We’ve
been harboring a snobby rich kid?”

Aizawa elbowed Present Mic to shut his mouth. “Thank you very much for this, sir.”

“Yeah, just get that boy out of there. I don’t like how that man’s raised and treated him. I’m glad to
hear the boy’s got two fine fathers looking after him now.”

Aizawa and Present Mic shared odd looks.

“We’re not together,”

“I’m the uncle; he’s the dad,”

the two simultaneously corrected.

“Oh. Huh. Okay then,” Jouji said with another nice laugh.

Aizawa did not find the honest mistake laughable. However, Present Mic attempted to laugh along to
ease things up. “So, uh, what hand did you end up having, anyway?”

“Heh, wouldn’t you like to know.”

After Jouji finished his spinach puffs, he went on his way. Aizawa offered up to pay for his meal,
which the old man gladly took. He and Present Mic decided to head out themselves after the latter
paid for their drinks.

“We should get this to Abe—”

“Uh-uh,” Present Mic cut Aizawa off. “You’re going home and to sleep, remember?”

Aizawa stared indignantly at his friend. “We have a lead on Katsuki, who could be on a plane to the
US any day now, and you want me to—"

“I will bring this to Detective Abe,” Present Mic interrupted again. “Sad it is to say, we’re not gonna get an address right away. So, you sleep your 13 hours—”

“10.”

“12.”

“11.”

“11 hours. Sleep your 11 hours—even though more is better to make up lost sleep time—and by then we’ll hopefully find something. If we find something sooner, I am willing to break our deal and wake you up right away. Deal?”

Aizawa was still hesitant on the plan.

“You need to be at your best when we go and grab Katsuki. You won’t do him any good fumbling around making little mistakes and getting yourself caught early on.”

Aizawa sighed, finally giving in. “Alright… Thanks for all of this.”

Present Mic smiled, placing a supportive hand on Aizawa’s shoulder. “Don’t mention it.”

Aizawa and Present Mic went their separate ways, Aizawa to his apartment while Present Mic to the police station. Upon reaching his apartment and walking through the door, Aizawa was once again met with Mitsuki and Masaru. They meowed at him. Aizawa cracked another little smile, bending down to pet one of the tabbies’ soft fur, then the other. He sighed.

“We’re a good step closer. It won’t be much longer now before Katsuki’s home and safe again…” he hoped.

Chapter End Notes

If any of you guys are at Sakuracon and would like to say hi, please do! I like making new friends + meeting people! Look for the Kacchan with personalized mha ship shoes! Or the giant KABOOM sign with my Deku Saturday! That’s Hero Kacchan and pjs Kacchan! (I only managed 2/3 planned Bakugou cosplays XwX) Or check out my tumblr, where I also live blog con stuff @arcs-and-blah! Cosplay details also here. Fingers crossed no con crashes (dTTwT)
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

They got a lead, an address, a plan, and a step closer to getting Katsuki back home.

Chapter Notes

it just hit me recently that KD got over 900 kudos!! like oh my goooosh!! i never expected that sort of response to this when first coming up with the idea!! thank you everyone sooo much for giving this so much love!! think we can hit 1000 kudos by the next two chapters? (d>u<)b 1000 kudos for hopefully 100k words (dXuX)b we've come so far

thanks to @robogill for being with me throughout this whole thing!! we wouldn't've gotten here if it wasn't for him!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Aizawa woke up the following day, there was no call from either Present Mic or Detective Abe. On day two, he refused to wait any longer and headed for the station. However, Present Mic seemed to know him too well, catching Aizawa before he even reached the ground floor of his apartment building. He said that if Aizawa were to run into the neighborhood without a lead or backup, he'd only get spotted and their one clue would be good as gone. Day three, nothing. Day four, finally something.

“We got a lead.”

“I’m coming in.”

After hanging up his phone, Aizawa wasted no time heading out to the police station. When he arrived, there were already a handful of other heroes gathered around the detective and case workers.

“Eraserhead, good, you’re here,” Detective Abe said.

The other heroes made room for Aizawa to step in.

“Now we’re waiting on three more—”

“You said you had a lead,” Aizawa cut in.

“We do. As well as a plan to catch Wispslash again.”

Present Mic intervened once more, placing his hand on Aizawa’s shoulder. He had just arrived himself, but instantly recognized how tense his friend was. He didn’t need to know what was going on to know Aizawa need to back down.

“Present Mic. That makes two more.”
Aizawa groaned, but still did back down.

When the last two heroes finally showed up, the team began going over their course of action. However, their plan only contained motions for catching Wispflash.

“Our interrogation team managed to get some answers from those men of Wispflash’s we apprehended two days ago. Another drug shipment is being smuggled in and the meetup is tonight, here,” Abe pointed to a spot on the map. “There’s no guarantee Wispflash will be there, but it’s a start.”

“What do you mean ‘it’s a start’? There can’t be a ‘start’; this all has to end now,” Aizawa spoke out. “We have less than a week before he flees the country.” ‘with Katsuki,’ he left unsaid. “And you said it yourself; he might not be at the meetup. It’s more likely he won’t show up himself with how careful he’s being after getting caught the first time. When this gets busted, he’ll know we’re onto him.”

“That’s why we’ll have a standby team at his home.”

Abe pulled out another map. He pointed to a circled area within the location Aizawa and Present Mic got from Jouji. They had an address. The detective smiled triumphantly.

Aizawa stared down at the circle. That’s where Katsuki was. He was so close to getting his son back safe and sound.

“You all will be split into two teams accordingly,” Abe began again, this time pulling out a sheet with everyone’s names on them. Team A would be going to the meetup. Team B, the house. Aizawa was on Team A.

“Hold up. What the fuck?”

Present Mic had to cover his mouth to keep from laughing. Katsuki may just be 6, but that was definitely his influence making Aizawa curse.

“Eraserhead, your Quirk and combat abilities will be needed for the raid.”

“We have at least 13 heroes on Team A; they’ll do fine without me. I’m finding my son.”

“That’s another thing; You are way too emotionally distraught to be sent in. I understand we’re also going in for your son, but—”

Aizawa grabbed the detective by his shirt collar, pulling him threateningly close. “I am going with Team B to get my son and no one is going to stop me.”

Detective Abe wasn’t fazed, but he did glance around at the other heroes. No one offered any help, all choosing to look elsewhere. Not even Present Mic went in to calm his friend like usual. He chose to continue hiding his smirk.

Detective Abe sighed. “Alright. Just make sure to keep your emotions in check no matter the state your son is in. And remember, our main objective is still the drug lord. We still need to recapture him.”

Aizawa tsk-ed, but understood the detective’s words. He finally released the other man.

“Now,” Abe started up again, “for the rest of the plan.”
Detective Abe continued giving more details on their courses of action. Aizawa didn’t pay too much attention to Team A’s plan, but gave his complete full attention when they went over Team B’s plan. One of the heroes would use their Quirk to survey the occupants of the house. If they spotted a child figure, then a recon group would go in first to retrieve him. No one wanted Katsuki as a hostage or in the crossfires of the raid. When Katsuki was safely out, they would all go in.

When the time came to strike, not one second was wasted.

“How many of them you see, Heatsync?” Aizawa asked one of the heroes also on the job. He and the other hero were outside, a good distance away from Wispflash’s home. Aizawa couldn’t see anything, but his partner was another story.

“Maybe, like, 15?” the other hero, Heatsync, offered. His Quirk allowed him to see thermal radiation through walls and such. “They’re all outside though. Four by themselves, I think, in the backyard, but the rest are guarding out front. Sorta?” Heatsync made a face. “Some of them are banging on the front door? Huh.”

“How about a kid? Do you see a kid in there?”

“Hold on.” Heatsync scanned the house. He began looking extra confused. “I… think so?”

“What?”

“Like. There’s definitely a little kid-sized figure I see, but it’s zipping around in there, and there’s two extra heat sources coming from behind it or something. I don’t exactly know what I’m seeing. If that is a person, it’s the only one in there.”

Heatsync may have been unsure, but ‘little kid-sized figure’ was good enough for Aizawa.

“Alright, thanks, Heat. I’ll take it from here.”

“Just you?”

“You said there wasn’t anyone else in the house. It should be a quick in and out.”

Heatsync looked somewhat unsure, but the house was empty. They’d just have to be wary of the guards outside. “Okay. You go in; I’ll let everyone else know about the situation. But if something happens, we’re all going right in.”

Aizawa nodded.

Heatsync turned back to house. He pointed out a spot where there weren’t any guards for Aizawa to sneak through.

Taking the tip, Aizawa hurried along. He headed to the side of the house where Heatsync said to go. He used some gear he was given by the support crew to unlock and open one of the windows to the hallway, closing it right after entering. He was in.

“Eraserhead, can you hear me?” Heatsync spoke through the intercom in Aizawa’s ear.

“Yeah. What is it?”

“The heat source is on the second floor. Just wanted to give you a heads up.”

“Alright, thanks.”
Aizawa quickly took off to find a stairway up. He could hear loud explosions booming growing closer and closer. When he made it to what seemed to be the main foyer, the noise turned deafening.

“What the hell?”

**Boom! Boom! Boom boom boom boom!**

Aizawa turned to where the explosions were the loudest: the grand stairway. In a matter of seconds, Katsuki flying came in. Literally.

Aizawa gaped in horror as his 6-year-old son jumped the stairway on a skateboard with his Quirk propelling him even faster forward.

Distracted by seeing Aizawa, Katsuki hesitated and tensed. He had his own wide-eyed horror and not because he was already in the air. And the moment of hesitation took its toll with the boy losing his board.

Aizawa acted quickly. He used his scarves to grab Katsuki, catching his son before he crashed and pulling him back. He caught Katsuki in his arms, though the force still caused him to fall back onto the ground. Both he and Katsuki let out sore groans.

Katsuki was first to snap out of questioning what the hell just happened. He scrambled away from Aizawa, eyes wide once again. He didn’t say any words, shocked to see Aizawa. So, Aizawa was the first to speak between them.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing!?” Aizawa began furiously scolding. Being a protective father needing to parent his son on his dangerous actions beat having a touching reunion with his son. “You could’ve broken your neck! No, you would’ve broken your neck doing that stunt! What do you have to say for yourself, young man?”

Katsuki still had no words. Instead, he grabbed his skateboard, hopped on, and sped away, using his Quirk once again for his quick escape.

“Oi! Katsuki!”

Aizawa ran after his son. With the little guy on wheels with extra explosive blasters, it was no easy task.

“Damn,” Aizawa hissed under his breath. He activated Erasure to at least take down his son’s extra boosts. Not only was it successful in removing Katsuki’s Quirk, it also made him falter once again in confusion.

“What?” Katsuki breathed, looking down at his hands. He then glanced back at Aizawa for a moment, noticing his eyes glowing red. “Fuck,” Katsuki cursed. No matter. He still had wheels on him.

“Katsuki, get your little butt back here,” Aizawa shouted, speeding up himself. “We don’t have time for this.”

“Fuck off, old man!”

“Are you still mad about the concert? Look, I’m really sor—”

Aizawa fumbled to a stop. Katsuki was just about to around the corner when he paused briefly. He turned to Aizawa with utter confusion in his eyes.
“Katsuki,” Aizawa called once more.

Katsuki took off again.

“Aizawa!”

Aizawa ran after his son. He couldn’t understand why he was running from him. Did he not want to go home with him? And the look in his eyes. It was as though Katsuki didn’t know who he was.

Heading towards his wits end, Aizawa used his scarves once more. He made one last sprint to catch up to Katsuki, sending out his scarves when he was close enough. Katsuki fell back on his bum with a quiet, ‘oof!’, the skateboard continued rolling on without him.

Aizawa sighed, calming down after being able to stop his son. He trotted up to Katsuki, noticing his son sitting staring down at the scarves around him as if contemplating something. “Katsu—”

Katsuki cut Aizawa off. His hesitant contemplation gone.

“Let go of me!” Katsuki roared, struggling helplessly against the restraints.

“Alright, just hold—”

Aizawa paused after kneeling down to try and help Katsuki up. Katsuki didn’t give him a chance to touch him. He watched as his son bit at the restraints to try and free himself, wriggling around the ground as he yanked. It was just like how they met two years ago. Aizawa couldn’t help but let out a soft laugh. He stopped, though, when Katsuki spoke up about it.

“The fuck are you laughing at, asswipe?”

“Oi, watch your mouth,” Aizawa scolded.

Katsuki ignored the scorn. “How’d you fucking get in anyways? I locked all the doors and windows!”

Aizawa’s brows knitted together in confusion. He then remembered Heatsync mentioning the men banging on the door. So Katsuki found a way to lock everyone out. It also explained why he was by himself inside. However, it didn’t explain Katsuki’s behavior in acting so hostile and oblivious to him.

“Right now, how I got in doesn’t matter. What does is getting you out of here.”

Katsuki’s confused look came back.

“What for? Who the fuck are you?”

Something stabbed at Aizawa’s chest at Katsuki’s words. At Katsuki’s genuine unknowing look. Katsuki really didn’t know who he was.

“What’d they do to you…?” Aizawa found himself breathing. It made Katsuki’s confusion grow, the boy scooting away from him. That hurt as well.

“You’re not one of my dad’s lackeys, are you?”

‘I am your dad,’ Aizawa kept himself from spewing. He caught his words in his throat before they came. Detective Abe’s words came up in his head. Keep his emotions in check, no matter Katsuki’s condition. Even if his son had no recollection of who he was.
Aizawa swallowed down his pain. With a deep breath, he answered, “I’m not. I’m a hero here to get you out of here.”

Katsuki tensed at the word ‘hero.’ His confusion grew to uncertainty. “What for?” he asked again. “And how do you even know my name?”

“You got a lot of questions, huh?”

“I’m not an idiot. Who the fuck would just follow some weird-ass stranger who broke into their house?”

Aizawa snorted. “Says the kid calmly talking to the ‘weird-ass stranger.’” He was at least glad to hear Katsuki was still careful. Not counting jumping the stairs on a skateboard with personal blasters.

“Well, you seem okay… I don’t know… Besides tying me up with whatever this shit is though.”

“You were running with no plans of stopping.”

“I thought you were a lackey going to hit me!”

Aizawa’s eyes widened, blood beginning to boil. “They hit you?”

“Well, I mean, with my dad not home, nothing’s stopping them. Besides me blowing them up, but still. Can you just get this shit off me?”

Aizawa finally let Katsuki go.

“Where is your… dad?” Aizawa strained to ask.

“He’s at some party with important people or something,” Katsuki answered, not noticing Aizawa’s pause. He was busy examining the scarves previously binding him. He had a hard look on his face.

“Party? What sorta party?”

Katsuki side-glanced Aizawa. “…Never mind.”

Aizawa gave his own pointed look.

“If you’re really a hero, then I’m not saying shit.”

Aizawa sighed. “Fine, whatever. Then when’s he getting back.”

Katsuki still looked hesitant.

“Katsuki, we need to get you out safely before he gets home.”

“Why?”

“Because he’s not safe. You’re not safe. Not here.”

“This is my house! And I’m fine!”

“You’re not! I don’t know what your birthfather did to you, but you are not okay.”

“He didn’t do anything to me! W-wouldn’t do anything to me! He takes care of me! I—I have a roof over my head, the best food, any toy or game I want—”
A pained expression grew on Katsuki’s face as he tried to continue on. His face scrunched up as he held his head.

“Katsuki—!”

Aizawa reached out for his son, worried about his pain, but Katsuki only swatted his hands away.

“Don’t touch me! Leave me alone, you damn hero!”

Katsuki got up and started running.

“Katsuki!” Aizawa shouted, running after the young boy. He almost didn’t catch Heatsync speaking to him through his earpiece.

“Eraserhead, what’s going on!? I’m watching, and he just took off—!”

“Not now, Heat,” Aizawa spat back, yanking out his earpiece. He pocketed it as he continued running after his son. “Katsuki!”

Katsuki ignored his name being called out to him. He sped up the stairs and down the hallway. He passed many doors, looking for the one to his room, but then remembered it didn’t have a lock. He knew he wouldn’t be able to hold the door shut against a grown adult—a hero.

Cursing at his lack of strength, Katsuki passed his room door. He went straight for the upstairs bathroom, slamming the door shut and locking it instantly. He pulled out an adjacent drawer for extra protection.

“Katsuki!” Aizawa yelled once more, stopping at the door he saw Katsuki run through. He banged on it as he fought with the knob. “Katsuki, open up!”

“Go away! Leave me alone!” Katsuki’s muffled yelling sounded through the door.

“No, I won’t! I am not leaving you again. I am not making the same mistake twice.”

Katsuki stilled at Aizawa’s words. He glanced around to the door he was sitting against.

“Katsuki, please. You can trust me. You do trust me. You told me that you wanted to be a hero that surpasses even All Might, your favorite hero. You told me that you hated being in dark, enclosed places because of a raid that happened in your own home. You told me Princess Mononoke was your favorite movie, even though the movie you keep rewatching a thousand times is The Cat Returns. You told me you’d one day follow your cats to find the Cat Kingdom when I said I hoped it was a real place to laze around like cats. Whenever you want to say something but feel you shouldn’t, you always mess with the hems of your shirts—”

Click!

Aizawa froze. The lock on the door. It unlocked. And seconds later, the door opened a crack, revealing little Katsuki. His eyes were damp, his hand not on the door clenching the hems of his shirt.

A load lifted off from Aizawa’s shoulders when he saw his son again. He knelt to his height.

“Katsuki…”

Although hesitant, Katsuki opened the door wider. He took a small step forward.

Aizawa didn’t waste another second, pulling his son into the tightest hug. He felt Katsuki tense, but
the boy didn’t pull away or fight him. He eased up soon after, but still didn’t return the hug. When Aizawa pulled back, Katsuki finally spoke up.

“I… I don’t get any of this…”

Aizawa sighed, smiling bittersweet.

“That’s okay. We’ll fix this.”

“Who… who are you?”

“I—”

“Eraserhead!”

The earpiece in Aizawa’s pocket cut him off. It was muffled, but Heatsync had to be shouting loud for it to sound.

“Hold that thought,” Aizawa said as he pulled out the earpiece. He put it back on. “What?”

Heatsync let out a relieved breath. “Do you have your son or not? Standby’s getting antsy.”

“Yeah, we’re coming out soon.”

Hearing Aizawa’s words, Katsuki clenched the hems of his shirt harder. He bit lip nervously before stuttering, “I—I didn’t—I…”

Aizawa turned back to Katsuki.

Katsuki gulped. “I didn’t say I was going! I…”

Aizawa tense a bit, worried. Katsuki was still confused. He was still hesitant and scared.

“This… this is my house. It’s where I’ve lived with my dad for years. He takes care of me here; he always has.”

Aizawa was speechless at Katsuki’s words. How Katsuki believed his words were true.

“Katsuki, that’s not true.”

“It is!”

“It’s not. You’ve been living with me for the past two years. Your birthfather kidnapped you two weeks ago.”

“No! He wouldn’t do that to me! He wouldn’t…”

Katsuki looked away from Aizawa for a moment. Aizawa could see something flash in Katsuki’s eyes, but wasn’t sure what.

“H-he wouldn’t do that to me!”

“Katsuki, what wouldn’t he do?”

Katsuki turned back to Aizawa, fearful. He didn’t manage to answer. Not with Heatsync shouting in Aizawa’s ear again.
“Eraserhead! There’s a car coming in!”

Aizawa held his hand to his earpiece. “Car? What car?”

Katsuki’s fear grew. “He’s home.”

“What?”

Katsuki quickly took Aizawa’s arm, beginning to run down the hall. “My dad! He’s home!” he yelled as he led Aizawa to one of rooms. He opened the door, pushing Aizawa in. “Use your scarf to climb down the balcony.”

“What?”

“If he catches you, you’re dead. Go!”

“Wha—Katsuki, you’re going, too.”

“No, I’m not! I’m staying here!”

“No, you’re not! You’re being tricked. Somehow, you’ve completely forgotten your life and me. We’ll find out what happened to you and fix everything when you come with me.”

Katsuki looked absolutely torn. He turned back and forth between Aizawa and out into the hallway where he knew his birthfather would be.

“You said he takes care of you, but you never once said that he cares about you.”

Katsuki went completely rigid. His breathing grew heavy. He clenched his eyes shut before shoving Aizawa further into his room.

Aizawa fell back, tripping over something as he was shoved back. He groaned at the mild pain, but quickly shook it off. “Katsuki!”

Katsuki gave one last terrified look. “Go,” he said before closing the door behind him and running.

“Katsuki!” Aizawa shouted once more. He fumbled onto his feet, noticing what he tripped over was a suitcase. He ignored the bag, rushing out and after Katsuki. He had a hard time finding his way, not recognizing the mansion layout. By the time he found Katsuki, his son with already with his birthfather in the foyer. Aizawa hid around the corner, staring down from beside the top of the stairwell.

Aizawa finally got a clear view of the drug lord. He had the same sharp, red eyes as Katsuki. The pointed look on his face was similar to Katsuki’s when he was unhappy as well. Though, his hair wasn’t blonde, it was a light brown shade. It not an easy task comparing features between an adult and a child, but if Aizawa had to predict how Katsuki was to look grown up, he hated to admit he’d look like the man in the foyer.

“Senkou Katsuki, did you lock out all the subordinates while I was away?”

“Yes.”

Senkou snorted, needing to hold down his laughter at his son’s blunt, guiltless answer. He faked a cough. “Katsuki, we do not torment our men.”

“Yes, Sir,”
“Don’t do it again.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Senkou smiled down at Katsuki. He ruffled the young boy’s hair.

Katsuki frowned a bit, but was unnoticed by his birthfather. He kept to himself how he didn’t like how his birthfather ruffled his hair.

“Right! I picked something up for you on the way home.”

Senkou pulled out a paper bag from behind him. He handed the gift to Katsuki, who took it with both hands. Katsuki didn’t waste a second pulling out whatever was inside.

“They’re the books you were telling me about, right?”

“Yeah,” Katsuki breathed, looking amazed at the books. “All three parts?”

“Yeah. I thought it’d give you something to do on the plane in a bit.”

Katsuki paused at his birthfather’s words. “In a bit? I thought we weren’t going until two more days.”

“Something came up with some damn heroes—”

Katsuki’s hold on his new books tightened.

“—so we’re going tonight. You’re all packed, right?”

Katsuki nodded.

“Great. Go grab your suitcase and bring it to the door. I still need to grab some things.”

Katsuki nodded again before scurrying along. However, he paused halfway up the stairwell. “What did… the heroes do?”

“It’s nothing you need to worry about,” Senkou answered from the bottom of the stairs. “Your old man’s got it.”

“Did you go to the heroes and do something?”

“Oh, god, no.”

“So, you didn’t use your Quirk or anything on them?”

“What? Of course not.”

“Because you use it so no one could ever find who you are.”

“…”

“You use it to confuse people. Use it change what they thought they knew. Use it to get your way.”

“Katsuki—”

“You wouldn’t use it on me, would you?”
The air grew heavy at Katsuki’s claim. When his birthfather didn’t answer right away, Katsuki’s doubt grew even more. He wasn’t sure what to believe, but the silence…

Senkou let out a laugh. “Katsuki? What’s gotten into you, boy? Of course I’d never use it on you.”

“…You’re lying.”

Senkou paused.

“You’re lying to me. I know. I know everything.”

Senkou didn’t respond. Instead, he let out an exasperated groan. “How!? I know I got rid of everything!” He began threateningly stomping forward, forcing Katsuki back. “It’s impossible for anything to come back—”

Another pause.

His birthfather’s silence only terrified Katsuki even more. With it, he knew he was caught.

“You were lying yourself, you little shit!”

Senkou turned his back to Katsuki, facing the door. He held his arm up and let out one loud explosion from the palm of his hand. Instantly, the front door opened, dozens of Senkou’s men come rushing in.

“Lockdown, perimeter check! I have suspicion there’s a rat around here. Now!”

The crowd disbursed.

“And you,” Senkou directed back at Katsuki.

Katsuki wasted no time in running. He darted up the stairs as fast as he could. However, he stumbled on the last few steps, falling when reaching the upper floor. When he turned back, his birthfather was already there.

“Let’s pretend none of this happened and go back to planning a happy trip overseas, shall we?” Senkou asked with false kindness. He reached his hand out for Katsuki. However, Katsuki knew it wasn’t to help him up.

“No!” Katsuki screamed, turning away and shielding his clenched eyes with crossed arms. He expected flash and another explosion, but none came.

Hesitantly, Katsuki unclenched his eyes and lowered his arms. Both he and his birthfather shared confusion on the lack of explosion.

“What the hell…?” Senkou breathed. Though, he didn’t have long to question why his Quirk wasn’t going off. Not when a gray scarf wrapped around his arm and yanked him away.

“Katsuki! Run!”

Katsuki and Senkou turned.

There Aizawa stood, out from hiding around the corner. He was riled up, Erasure activated.

Chapter End Notes
the boy is found!! also, man, so many people were calling out lil kacchan's memories going to be mess with and all, and was i that obvious!? the first few guesses, i was like 'fufufu~~~' but then more and 'ooooo shit....' aahhhhh!! ( xwx) i try... but at least foreshadowing got across?~ <3

talk to me on tumblr @arcs-and-blah! if you follow me, you'll know i got my hands on my very own Shoucchan recently~~~ i made him a gray scarf and everything!
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

The end and more.

Chapter Notes

We've hit 1000 kudos by the end! Ahhhh!! Thank you everyone who's been here since chapter one, made it all the way to the end, and everything in between! You are all wonderful, beautiful people and I can't thank you enough for all the love you've shown Katsuki Drop! I made a post here on tumblr about all that with more huge appreciation as well as a little funny tidbit about starting KD ^w^

I also drew a scene in this chapter (hence the delay sorry!) and I hope you all like it as well! I worked really hard on it along with writing this giant chapter, so, yeah, I hope you all like everything!! <3 <3 <3 <3 If it doesn't show for whatever reason, it's here on my art blog on tumblr @arcsandart! (spoiler-ish, so I recommend clicking after you've read this chapter). Mini ad for that because I would like more followers there please qwq/) or view on my Twitter or Instagram if you prefer.

Another giant thanks to my editor @robogill! You guys. I'm serious. Please thank him if you haven't already! This wouldn't be anywhere without him and he is a saint putting up with my posting anxieties and everything!

Okay, enough ads. Onto the final chapter! QwQ/) and if anything is ooc, I apologize now XwX/)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You…” Senkou breathed, instantly realizing who Aizawa was. “You’re the hero from two years ago.”

“Damn right I am.”

“They didn’t say anything about you being the shit hero who took in Katsuki.”

“And I’m taking him back now.”

“Like hell you’ll be.”

A loud hawk cry suddenly sounded in the foyer. In a matter of seconds, Nagashima swooped in. Immediately, he morphed into lion, running off with Katsuki when Senkou forced the child up, tossing him on his back.

“Katsuki!” Aizawa yelled. He tried to go after Katsuki and Nagashima, but Senkou got in his way. All Aizawa could do was listen to his son’s screams.
“Let me off, you shitty excuse for a cat!”

The last Aizawa could hear was a deafening lion roar.

“Get out of my damn way,” Aizawa said lowly to Senkou, putting his goggles on.

Senkou took a fighting stance. “Fat chance.”

Senkou acted first, running to throw a punch. He didn’t bother trying with his Quirk again, knowing Aizawa had Erasure activated still. Aizawa dodged the punch, going in and throwing his own. Senkou blocked before stepping back.

Aizawa continued trying to land hits, however Senkou kept stepping back. It wasn’t until they were beside the stairs did the drug lord finally attack.

Senkou ducked to dodge Aizawa’s next attack. He stayed to the ground, low sweeping the hero’s legs. Aizawa was unable to dodge, falling not to the floor, but down the stairs.

Aizawa hit the first few steps, but worked quickly to keep himself from tumbling down. He used his scarves to grab onto the banisters, keeping him up. He attempted to find his footing again, but was met with an explosion to the face.

*Boom!*

Aizawa hissed in pain, losing his hold on his scarf. He tumbled gracelessly down the stairs, groaning upon coming to a stop at the bottom. He didn’t give himself time to recover, scrambling back onto his feet. However, Senkou was already gone.

“Shit!”

Aizawa prepared to sprint up the stairs, following where Katsuki was taken by Nagashima, but stumbled to a stop from Heatsync yelling in his earpiece.

“Eraser!”

“What!?”

“Backup’s on the way!”

“Yeah, okay, great, whatever!” Aizawa couldn’t help but yell back, skipping steps as he rushed up the stairs.

“Go right when you reach the top, then at the end of the hall, a left,” Heatsync quickly instructed.

Aizawa instinctively nodded, doing as told.

Down the hall and to the left were Katsuki and Nagashima.

“Fuck you, you shitty gofer!” Katsuki yelled, setting off his explosion on Nagashima’s back. He successfully made the human-turned-lion let out a giant roar in pain. He took the chance to jump off Nagashima’s back when he halted.

Katsuki distanced himself from Nagashima, still cautiously keeping his eyes on his birthfather’s right-hand man.

Nagashima shook off the pain before turning to Katsuki. He let out an angry growl as he stalked
towards the boy like a real hunter after its prey.

Katsuki took a fighting stance he didn’t know he knew. His body acted on its own as if trained to do so already. Though, he didn’t have a chance to dwell on it. He was preoccupied with something else at the time.

Nagashima leapt towards Katsuki.

Katsuki leapt forward himself, ducking and rolling to dodge. Again, his body worked instinctively. Again, it wasn’t questioned.

Katsuki rolled onto his feet. He used his prior squatting position to propel himself up and forward. He ran as fast as he could down the hall. He aimed for another stairway to try and escape. However, his running was no match for the speed of a flying hawk.

“Caw!” Nagashima let out a loud cry.

Katsuki turned, seeing Nagashima diving for him. He took another stance, swinging his arm forward to let out an explosion. “Die!” Nagashima was forced to draw back for a moment.

“You can’t do jack shit to me!” Katsuki yelled, shaking off his hand. “We both know; you so much as leave one little cut, you’ll end up at the bottom of the ocean!”

Nagashima glared as much as his hawk features allowed him to. Katsuki wasn’t wrong, but if Nagashima didn’t get him out, he knew he’d end up wishing he was at the bottom of the ocean.

“Go to hell, motherfucker!”

Katsuki took off once more. All Nagashima could do was chase after him. However, he continued letting out loud caws, signaling Senkou’s men they were coming their way.

Katsuki rounded the corner. Surely enough, there were his birthfather’s men already turned his way. “Motherfucker!”

Katsuki turned back, seeing Nagashima already morphed back into a lion. When he looked forward again, his birthfather’s men were advancing on him. Katsuki let out one last curse under his breath, going for the course in which he’d least likely get caught. He charged straight forward instead of going back.

When the first of his birthfather’s men came up to him, Katsuki didn’t hold back. He kicked him hard in the groin. Hit where it hurts.

Next came two more. One grabbed him and held him up, but Katsuki used the new height to give another kick the other armadillo-looking guy. At the same time, he set off an explosion where his hands were on his captor’s stomach. Find a way to turn a bad situation into your advantage.

After freeing himself, Katsuki was met with the last lackey. A giant compared to the others. Katsuki didn’t waste time, running and sliding between the last lackey’s legs. He could see the stairwell at the end of the hall.

To speed up his escape, Katsuki used his Quirk once more to propel him. Despite believing it to be his first time doing so without a skateboard, Katsuki flew fine. Better than fine. Even his landing at the end of the hall was clean.

Katsuki glanced at his hands for a moment, a brow raised. Though, he didn’t have time to spare to
question his actions. Not with Nagashima and the giant lackey still on his tail.

“You little brat!” the lackey yelled out to Katsuki.

Katsuki only hopped onto the stairway railing. He flipped the bird as he slid all the way to the bottom. Without double checking to see the two adults no doubt still after him, Katsuki continued running. He avoided using his explosions this time to avoid drawing attention. He didn’t know who was around.

Katsuki rounded another corner, stumbling upon a very familiar hallway. He spotted his skateboard laying alone in the middle of it. “Fuck yeah,” Katsuki breathed, going for it. Something to make him faster and use less energy—

“Roar!”

Nagashima’s roar could be heard, and close.

Katsuki turned back to where he heard the roaring. Immediately after, he looked down at his skateboard. Then at what was around the in the hall. After a moment’s thought, the boy headed back. He worked quickly before popping out from the corner, spotting the two after him.

Katsuki set off his explosions, gaining the adults’ attention. “Oi! Asswipes! Come and get me!”

Not needing to check if he was being sought after, Katsuki ran back down the hall. He dived into another room, peeking from the doorway.

Nagashima appeared first. His eyes widened at Katsuki’s little set up, agilely leaping and avoiding the mess. However, the lackey was unable to. The large man slipped on Katsuki’s skateboard left in the middle of the hall, crash landing on a hallway table the boy pushed into place.

Katsuki’s hands shot to his mouth. He covered them to keep his laughter from spilling. Better your chances. Use your surroundings to your advantage. Size disadvantages mean nothing if you have way around it.

Katsuki stopped laughing. Where were these ideas coming from? They were beginning to bother him. Especially with how he couldn’t think more on them. Even now.

Katsuki let out a silent gasp, withdrawing away right as Nagashima turned his way. He quickly went to find a place to hide, leaping behind one of the couches in the room. All he could do was listen to Nagashima’s low growling. At first, the growling grew louder and louder before finally lowering. When it went away, Katsuki safely reasoned Nagashima was gone.

Katsuki took a peek out first. The coast was clear. He crawled out and ran to the doorway, peeking out once more. Other than the lackey still laying in the table debris, nothing.

Taking the chance, Katsuki scurried to… Where was he going? Katsuki was just trying to get away from Nagashima before, but now what? Should he hide until everything blew over? But when it did, he’d only be left with his birthfather, who he wasn’t sure if he should trust anymore. But… there was also the hero who came out of nowhere. He said they lived together, but Katsuki wasn’t sure if he should believe that either. Nothing was making sense to him anymore and a dull pain in his head made him stop thinking. All Katsuki knew was that he was on his own right now, birthfather-hero business be damned.

Disregarding everything, Katsuki set out for the front door. He’d sneak out while everything was crazy and maybe follow a road into the city where he’d find some cops. Yeah, that’d work. Tell
them he ran away from his crazy-ass yakuza-par dad while some heroes raided his home, one of whom somehow knew him personally even though he had no idea who said hero was. Yeah, that’d totally work…

Katsuki shook the thought out of his head. Escape now, insanity later.

Upon reaching the foyer once more, Katsuki dashed to the front door. He didn’t waste a second, opening it to his freedom.

*Boom! Crash! Bang bang bang!*

Fighting. There was more fighting outside. More heroes and more henchmen.

A loud gasp came from one of the heroes. “It’s the kid!”

Katsuki immediately closed the door. He turned the lock.

“Is it too much for a kid to ask to be happy? To be normal?” Katsuki mumbled under his breath. His emotions were just on a rollercoaster and he was tired of it all.

With the main door preoccupied, Katsuki turned and headed for the back door. He kept himself hidden as best as he could, avoiding anybody and everybody as much as he could. However, that only meant Katsuki was harder for Aizawa to find as well.

“Left at the end, left at the end…” Aizawa repeated Heatsync’s words to himself. He cursed how big the estate was. He went left upon reaching the end of the hallway, but was then on his own. Heatsync had his own task at hand now and could no longer assist him. Aizawa didn’t worry about it, continuing to run until he could find Katsuki.

Aizawa did not find Katsuki right away. He found henchmen instead.

“Oh! You!”

Aizawa turned, meeting face to face with a handful of villain lackeys. He cursed under his breath. He did not have the time or patience to deal with them.

Working fast, Aizawa used Erasure on the first villain who tried to use their Quirk. Whatever the Quirk was didn’t happen. Aizawa dashed forward to take them out first, knocking them out with a punch to the face.

The next villain attempted to go at Aizawa with a knife. Aizawa quickly caught the villain’s arm before they could stab him, twisting their arm and forcing them to drop the knife. He kicked it away before shoving the villain into the oncoming third henchmen, forcing them out the window. A fall from a high second story window was no fun ride, but it got the villains out of Aizawa’s hair.

After hiding the unconscious first villain in one of the excessive amount of rooms and quickly using his eye drops, Aizawa continued his search. However, this time around, he was a little more cautious. He didn’t want to waste more time and effort with more henchmen. Before turning each corner, Aizawa now peeked to double check for villains. If there were less than three, Aizawa didn’t mind plowing through. If there were more, he’d have to find another route.

“It’s the rat!”

And if Aizawa got caught, he’d have no choice but to fight.
Aizawa turned to where the voice came from, seeing three more villains. At least there were only three. Aizawa noticed one of the three walking oddly, then a particular burn on the shirt of another. Aizawa didn’t need any confirmation to know Katsuki was involved.

Two of the three villains came charging at Aizawa. One grew titanium claws, going in to gash at him.

Aizawa did his best to avoid the claws just he did before with the knife, but it was hard to focus on not getting cut when the second villain began attacking.

The armadillo villain rolled up into a ball, coming at Aizawa with a roll out attack.

With the villain rolling full speed his way, Aizawa had to act fast. He first kicked the clawed villain away from him before leaping out of the armadillo villain’s path.

Missing his target the first time did nothing to deter the armadillo villain. He only reversed his spin, rolling right back.

Aizawa cursed, but couldn’t dwell. No when the clawed villain nearly swiped his neck off.

The clawed villain came at Aizawa again. However, the pro hero was able to stop her arm with his scarves. He’d wrapped her arm with his capturing weapon, pulling it taut to keep her from moving it. The villain hesitated when getting caught and Aizawa used it to his advantage.

Aizawa quickly readjusted his scarves. He then used it to swing the clawed villain into the incoming armadillo villain. The armadillo ended up rolling over his colleague, inadvertently aiding Aizawa in taking her out.

One down, one to go. Aizawa completely disregarded the third guy, knowing whatever Katsuki did to him made him unable to fight.

Aizawa dodged once more when the villain tried to roll him over again. He noticed how the villain also almost rolled over his second colleague before the other villain jumped out of his path as well. It allowed Aizawa to realize the armadillo villain couldn’t see where he was rolling.

With an idea in mind, Aizawa let out a sharp whistle. “You missed, idiot,” he baited as he pulled the unconscious villain aside. He watched the armadillo villain reverse his spin once more before taking off down the rest of the hall. Aizawa kept on running until he reached the end, pushing himself up against the wall.

Not realizing the necessary dead end, the armadillo villain crashed through the window. Another second story fall courtesy of Eraserhead.

Now out of danger, Aizawa caught his breath. He headed back to the third hero with questions needing answers.

Seeing Aizawa coming back, the third villain attempted to get away. Sadly for him, he barely made any distance, his injury still making it difficult to move. Aizawa made it to him in no time, grabbing him with his scarves.

“Where is Katsuki?” Aizawa asked lowly.

The villain tensed in fear. “I-I don’t know! The last I saw him, he was sliding down the stairway railings!”
Aizawa tsk-ed, shoving the villain aside. “Stay down,” he bade before taking off for the stairs again.

Aizawa prepared to find the main grand stairway again, being familiar with where it was. Though, on his way, he stumbled upon a closer side stairwell and went down those. When he reached the ground floor again, he quickly noticed another mess: some furniture debris laying around the hallway. Aizawa went ahead and assumed Katsuki was somehow involved again, hurrying down the same hallway. With his hasty pace, he didn’t even realize he ran right past his son.

Tap tap tap tap!

Katsuki jolted at the incoming footsteps. It was coming from behind. He dived behind more furniture, pressing himself against the furniture as much as he could to stay in the blind spot and out of sight. The hasty footsteps got closer and closer, though, soon passed right on by Katsuki.

Katsuki let out quiet gasp when the footsteps passed him. His stomach dropped, realizing it was Aizawa’s footsteps. He wordlessly watched as the pro hero continued running. He didn’t doubt he was looking for him either, but he still wasn’t sure whether to trust Aizawa or not. He told himself not to moments ago, but seeing the hero run by... Some weird feeling began welling and Katsuki grew fearfully unsure again. Should he trust in only himself, or should he put his trust in some nameless hero he just met? Probably. There was still... something Katsuki felt when with the hero. He had no clue what that was, but he decided to take a chance.

Locking his resolve, Katsuki stood. He ignored his rapid heartbeat, clenching his eyes shut as he called out, “O—oi! Hero!”

When Katsuki opened his eyes, he found Aizawa already turned back to him.

“Katsuki,” Aizawa breathed, running back to his son. He took off his goggles momentarily and instantly got on his knees to Katsuki’s height, immediately checking for injuries. “Are you alright? Are you hurt anywhere?”

“I’m fine. I’m not hurt anywhere,” Katsuki responded, pulling his arms away when Aizawa began checking them. “I… I’ll go with you. Take me away from here… from him… please…”

“Katsuki…” Aizawa said once more. He held his hand out, preparing to ruffle his son’s hair as he’d done thousands of times before, but was stopped.

“Katsuki.”

Katsuki twitched. He and Aizawa turned, finding Senkou glaring back at them.

Aizawa stood again. He stepped in front of Katsuki protectively, pulling his goggles back on. “Stay behind me.”

“Katsuki,” Senkou called threateningly once more. “Come here.”

“He’s not going anywhere with you. He’s coming with me.”

“Like hell he is.”

Senkou charged forward, palm open to set up an explosive blast.

Aizawa instantly activated Erasure to cancel out Senkou’s blast. However, that didn’t stop the drug lord from balling his hand into a fist the second he found out his explosion wasn’t going to happen, throwing a punch instead.
Aizawa wanted to dodge, but knew Katsuki was still right behind him. He ended up blocking instead, standing firm. “Katsuki, get out of here!”

Realizing he was in the way, Katsuki nodded. He took off running again.

With Katsuki out of harm’s way, Aizawa didn’t hold back. He shoved Senkou back, going in with a punch of his own. He needed to beat Senkou, and needed to quickly. The moment Aizawa blinked, Senkou would be able to use his explosions again. Once those bright flashes of the explosions got going, Aizawa knew he wouldn’t be able to keep his eyes open with Erasure activated.

Aizawa sent another punch.

Senkou blocked it. He sent one back.

Aizawa dodged, jumping back. He immediately jumped forward again, swinging his leg with a kick. It hit, Senkou stumbling back.

Senkou quickly recollected himself. When Aizawa attempted another punch, Senkou ducked before throwing a right hook to the hero’s jaw.

Aizawa stumbled back, holding his jaw from the pain. Immediately after, he began hearing explosions. He turned back to Senkou to use Erasure again, but it was too late.

“Oh fuck yes,” Senkou breathed with a devilish smile. He aimed once more for Aizawa’s face with his explosion.

Aizawa shielded himself with his arms, crossing them over his face. He hissed in pain at the sting from the explosion before feeling a brisk tug on his scarves.

With Aizawa distracted, Senkou yanked on the hero’s scarves. He threw Aizawa to the floor, kicking him hard while he was down. “Two fucking years in prison.” He yanked him up just to give another explosion. “I knew was I going to get you back for that,” another yank up, this time to pull Aizawa’s goggles down, “but I didn’t think the chance would come so soon. And I have the perfect revenge in mind.”

Aizawa’s eyes followed Senkou’s free hand rising up. He couldn’t active his own Quirk no matter how he tried. His eyes were too dried and he could barely stop himself from constantly blinking. Especially after the many bright explosive flashes Senkou subjected him to.

“How about forgetting this night ever happened?” Senkou offered with false friendliness, though he had no plans of negotiating said offer. “I’m being nice here, letting you keep your memories with Katsuki. Just, not of today.” His fake kind demeanor dropped. “And you’ll spend the rest of your life looking for the ‘son’ you let slip through your fingers.”

“Your Quirk…” Aizawa pensively breathed, “it alters memories?”

Senkou let a mocking laugh slip. His smiled dropped soon after, going in to flash his Quirk.

“No!”

Boom! Boom boom boom!

Flash!

Aizawa’s eyes clenched shut at the bright light that flashed before him. They blinked open to readjust
again, and Aizawa immediately went to recall what just happened. His memories were… still there? Confused filled him, but not for long. Not when his answer was crouched right beside him.

Aizawa’s eyes widened. “Katsuki?”

Katsuki hesitantly opened his own eyes. He didn’t run before, staying close and hidden instead. However, he couldn’t sit back and let his birthfather manipulate Aizawa’s memories. Katsuki’s body moved on its own as he bolted for the two adults, his Quirk boosting his speed. He activated his own flash to force Aizawa’s eyes shut before he was exposed to Senkou’s memory manipulative one. It’d worked in the nick of time.

Katsuki was hunched over and curled, palms open and out. But at Aizawa’s voice, he straightened out. His teary eyes were full of fear. Despite his fear, Katsuki jumped and grabbed onto Senkou’s waist. “Stop! He’s had enough!”

“Katsuki, let go!” Aizawa fearfully bade.

Katsuki did no such thing. He wouldn’t listen to either Aizawa’s words or Senkou’s actions of trying to yank him off. “I’ll go with you! Just leave him alone!”

“Like hell!”

Senkou finally forced Katsuki off, knocking him to the floor. He then shoved Aizawa aside for a moment, turning to fully face his son.

Katsuki’s heart raced in terror. He backed up on the ground as his birthfather threateningly approached him.

“You are going to be a good boy, sit back, and quit interfering!”

An explosion burst. A flash illuminated the room. The building filled with ear-piercing shrieks.

“Katsuki!”

Aizawa shot up, shoving Senkou aside as he rushed to his son. He held Katsuki protectively in his arms, but his son’s screaming wouldn’t let up. The boy only curled again as he continued wailing. His red eyes were wide, unfocused and blurred.

“You imbecile! I’m not done with him—!”

Senkou’s words were cut off.

Aizawa flung his scarves at the drug lord, wrapping them around the villain’s neck as he yanked him forward. “What did you do to him?” he demanded, malice seeping through his words. He wasn’t rewarded with an answer. Not when the claws of a hawk gouged into his hand, forcing Aizawa to release Senkou.

Senkou stumbled back, gasping for breath. Nagashima was instantly by his side, back in his human form to help his boss stand.

“Damn. The kid’s louder every time,” Nagashima commented with a glare. His words only fueled Aizawa’s anger.

“Every time!?”

“Two years’ worth of memories to alter; you think one flash is enough?” Nagashima threw out over
Katsuki’s screams. “The more we did it, the more the kid started freaking out like that.”

“Nagashima,” Senkou gasped. He turned to give his subordinate a spine-chilling glare. “Shut your goddamn mouth. Gather as many men as you can to grab Katsuki. I’m going ahead first.”

Aizawa didn’t seem to notice Senkou’s retreat, turning his attention back to his son. He felt powerless against Katsuki’s screams. His son was suffering and he couldn’t do a thing. All Aizawa could offer were words he couldn’t even be sure reached him.

“Katsuki, it’s okay. Dad’s here. Dad’s right here. You’re okay. You’re going to be okay.”

Despite Katsuki being the one screaming his throat raw, Aizawa was having his own troubles voicing his words. They kept cracking.

“Dad’s got you, Katsuki. I’m right here, and I’m not going anywhere. I’m not leaving you. I got you. Dad’s got you…”

Katsuki’s screams suddenly died down.

Aizawa’s breathing stopped. He could’ve sworn Katsuki’s eyes refocused, but it was short-lived with his son’s red eyes rolling back and closing.

“Katsu… Katsuki…? Katsuki!”

Aizawa immediately checked for a pulse. He brought his ear to Katsuki’s chest, listening for a heartbeat.

_Thu-thump… Thu-thump… Thu-thump…_

Aizawa’s own heartbeat came back when hearing Katsuki’s. He was unconscious, but he was breathing—was still with him.

“Dad’s got you, Katsuki…” Aizawa continued to repeat under his breath, holding his son close. “Dad’s got you…”

“What the hell do you mean they’ve been taken down by the heroes?”

Senkou’s damn voice recaptured Aizawa’s attention.

“Leave the damn brat. He’s doing you a lot more harm than good right no—”

Nagashima cut himself off when noticing Aizawa move.

Aizawa stood, carrying Katsuki in his arms. He brought him over one of the couches nearby, setting his son down carefully. “I’m not going anywhere, Katsuki. I’m right here. I just gotta take out some grubby villains real fast.” He stood, pulling his goggles back on as he strolled threateningly back to Senkou. “Real. Fast.”

Without a command, Nagashima jumped in front of Senkou before Aizawa could attack his boss. He attempted to morph into a lion again, but was unable to. Aizawa had Erasure activated.

While Nagashima was confused, Aizawa acted. He wrapped Nagashima in his scarves, yanking him into a nearby bookshelf. The villain collided hard against it with enough force for the shelving to fall over and onto him. It didn’t crush him completely, but it prevented Nagashima from getting up.

“Real fast,” Aizawa repeated. “One down, one to go.”
Aizawa turned back to Senkou. The drug lord was already charging at him, but Aizawa successfully blocked the incoming punch.

Senkou triggered another explosion, but Aizawa muffled it with his scarves by wrapping them around Senkou’s hands. He then yanked Senkou forward, bashing his knee into his gut.

Senkou wheezed in pain, but wouldn’t let it take him down. He shot up from his hunched position, giving Aizawa a hard headbutt.

Aizawa stumbled back, holding his abused jaw. His grip on his scarves loosened. Senkou’s hands were now free again to blast at Aizawa.

Aizawa attempted again to grab Senkou with his scarves, but the drug lord anticipated it this time. Senkou jumped, using his explosions to propel him higher. He flipped over Aizawa, creating the largest blast so far.

Aizawa fell to his knees, hissing at the stinging burn. Despite the pain, Aizawa didn’t back down. From his low, knelt stance, Aizawa sent his scarves over to Senkou once more. However, instead of aiming for the drug lord’s arms like before, he went for his legs.

The moment his scarves were around Senkou’s legs, Aizawa pulled. Senkou fell over, and Aizawa jumped him. He forced Senkou’s front to the ground as he pinned him.

Fighting spirit still burning hot, Senkou scrambled to bring his arm around behind him. Senkou went to fire another explosion, but Aizawa anticipated the action. The moment he saw Senkou’s hand raised, Aizawa pushed it down against his back, palms facing down. The explosion detonated, but Senkou only succeeded in injuring himself.

Aizawa quickly brought Senkou’s free hand to place with his other hand, forcing them one on top of the other and palms down. He finished his job by tying his capture tape around Senkou, keeping the drug lord’s hands in place at the same time. There was no way for him to use his Quirk without damaging himself. And with Aizawa tying Senkou’s legs together, the fight was over.

“You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand the rights I have just read to you? With these rights in mind, do you wish to speak to me?”

“Fuck you!”

“Didn’t think so.”

With that, Aizawa stood and got off the captured villain. He went ahead and threw his caltrops around him for extra precaution. Aizawa did not want Senkou escaping again.

At that moment, the front door broke in. Aizawa rushed to the foyer close by to survey what was going on, but relaxed upon seeing his fellow heroes. The mission was over; their win.

Aizawa quickly led everyone back to Senkou. He was still tied up and was taken away along with the rest of his men.

With Senkou apprehended, Aizawa finally ran back to Katsuki. His son was still unconscious, lying how he left him.

Seeing Katsuki so lifeless dropped Aizawa’s heart again. He picked up his son like before, carrying
him out the house. “Dad’s got you, Katsuki… You’re going to be okay…”

Katsuki stirred, eyes clenched in pain before slowly blinking open. His head felt like he was hit with ten tons of bricks a thousand times. Though, it slowly died down as he began looking around.

“Where… am I…?” Katsuki found himself struggling to ask. His throat felt scratchy, but he ignored it. Wondering where he was beat his concern.

Gray walls with curtains hanging from the ceiling. A… hospital? It did explain the weird bed he was in. And the weird stuff hooked up to him… It did not exactly explain all the weird things loitering the room though: balloons, flowers, lots of stuffed animals. They took up the whole couch by the window overlooking the night-darkened city. When Katsuki turned his gaze forward, he found another seat taken up.

Katsuki stared down at Aizawa sitting beside the end of his bed. The hero was asleep with his head in his arms on the bed.

“…”

Unsure, Katsuki reached out to Aizawa. However, he hesitated right before he touched him. He was still confused and didn’t know what to think. Didn’t know what to believe. His birthfather manipulated his memories, and now he wasn’t sure what was real or what was fake. But what was for sure real were the tears falling onto his lap.

Katsuki sniffed, rubbing away his tears with his IV-free arm. He didn’t want them to come, but he couldn’t control them. The fact that his supposed-father abandoned him controlled them. The fact that said supposed-father broke his memories controlled them. The fact that he supposedly had no place to go controlled them. The fact that his life was a mess controlled them. Katsuki was a child. He had no control. So he stopped trying to take control and allowed his cries free rein.

Aizawa stirred at the new noise taking over the previous silence. When he realized it was Katsuki crying, he instantly awoke. “Katsuki?”

Katsuki didn’t let up, didn’t realize Aizawa was awake. He only continued wiping away at his clenched eyes. He didn’t stop until he felt a gentle hand on top of his head, ruffling his hair softly. It didn’t feel wrong. It felt… familiar. Warm. As it should. When Katsuki brought his hands down, his eyes met with Aizawa once again.

“You can keep crying,” Aizawa reassuringly said. “I won’t stop you. You’re allowed to feel however you want. Especially after everything you went through.”

But Katsuki didn’t cry. He sniffled a bit more, wiping away the rest of his tears, but didn’t cry more. “Who… who are you?”

A hurt look flashed over Aizawa’s face for a moment, making Katsuki feel guilty, but the look quickly went away. “My name is Aizawa Shouta. We’ve been living together every day for the past two years in a snug apartment. I’m a pro hero who also teaches at Yuuei High School, where you go to sit in my hero class every day after first grade. I’m your dad, and you’re my son.”
“D… dad?”

Aizawa nodded. “Your birthfather somehow made you forget—”

“Yeah, that’s the asshole’s Quirk,” Katsuki hatefully interrupted. “He makes flashes to change or erase people’s memories. Psycho-Manipulative Explosions. He usually only uses it on people to forget his face or their meeting, but…” Katsuki gaze dropped, slowly remembering what his birthfather did to him, “he used it on me… Constantly… Whenever I woke up and fought back…” Why did he fight back? Katsuki couldn’t remember. He just remembered blinding flashes.

“Katsuki,” Aizawa called.

Katsuki turned back to him, suddenly realizing he was hyperventilating. But seeing the pro hero calmed him for some reason. His breathing began evening out again.

“It’s okay. You’re alright. He can’t hurt you and won’t come anywhere near you anymore.”

Aizawa ruffled Katsuki’s hair again. It calmed the boy even more, little Katsuki following it a bit even when Aizawa pulled back.

“But… my memories. He took them away,” tears began building again, “everything I knew. Everything about you.”

Aizawa wiped Katsuki’s tears away for him. “That’s alright. We’ll make new ones. Besides,” he pulled out something from his bag beside the couch, “we have a lot of photos and videos.”

Katsuki stared wide-eyed as Aizawa set up a laptop on his lap. He couldn’t help but start laughing while Aizawa set up a photo slideshow from his spot beside him. It in turn made Aizawa smile, relieved to hear his son’s happy laughter again.

Aizawa started the slide show with the more recent photos, the most recent cluster was that of Katsuki’s birthday in April at the park.

“Is that All Might!?” Katsuki asked in awe, pointing to said hero in the photo.

Aizawa nodded. “Yep. We work together at the school. You see him every so often. He’s a big fan of you, always saying you’ll make a great hero when you get older.”

Katsuki smiled grew. He turned back to the photos, continuing to look through everything. “You’re in a lot of them. If you’re in them, then who’s taking the pictures?”

“Mic,” Aizawa answered, pulling up a photo with Present Mic. “You call him Mic-ji.”

Katsuki nodded. He then let out a laugh at a funny thing Present Mic did in a mini video. They continued looking through a few more birthday photos before Aizawa pulled up another file. This time, a compilation of nearly all the photos his students took of and with Katsuki. His students threw them together when they were visiting Katsuki the past few days while the boy was still unconscious. There were a lot of photos.

“Who’re all they?” Katsuki asked.

“My students, your hero classmates. They like to consider you their little brother.”

Katsuki turned to Aizawa with a disbelieving look. “Do I let them?”

Aizawa laughed. “Not really, no. Except her.” He pointed to Yaoyorozu.
“Who’s she?”

“Yaoyorozu Momo. You call her Momo-nee-chan. She tutored you when you were four when I took you to the high school full time.”

“Why’d you take me full time?”

Aizawa hesitated for a moment, but it was for Katsuki’s memories. “There were some issues at nursery school.”

Katsuki paused, turning away for a moment.

“It wasn’t a big deal—”

“I got in a fight…”

Aizawa’s eyes widened.

“You were called in and a lady slapped you.” Katsuki turned back to Aizawa. “Right…?”

“Right… Do you remember anything else?”

Katsuki turned away unsurely again. He shook his head. “Sorry…”

“No, don’t be,” Aizawa instantly reassured. “That’s what all these are for.”

Katsuki and Aizawa went back to the photos.

Katsuki instantly scrunched his face at one. “Deku…”

“Excuse me?”

Katsuki pointed to the green haired, freckled boy. “He’s Deku, right?”

Aizawa bit down on his lips to keep from letting out a laugh. “You call him that. Midoriya Izuku. Your favorite of the boys.”

“He is not!”

“You remember?”

“N-no…” Another pause. “I blew up his jacket.”

“You did what now?”

“Well, not blew up. It just caught on fire. My Quirk was coming in.” Katsuki cracked an innocent smile despite it being anything but innocent. Aizawa returned it with a stern look, but let it go.

Katsuki continued looking through the photos. Aizawa continued explaining who everyone was to Katsuki as well as what was going on in the photo when it came back to the ones Aizawa and Present Mic took. Katsuki laughed and smiled throughout many of them, but Aizawa noticed afterwards as they went through more and more photos, Katsuki’s smile would turn bittersweet. So many memories, yet nowhere as many returned. Occasionally, Katsuki would remember something, but it still wasn’t enough.

“Katsuki,” Aizawa started as another video ended, “it’s alright if you don’t remember it all. No one’s
blaming you for any of this.”

“I know…” Katsuki mumbled, closing out the video. He sat in silence, not yet clicking another file. “How’d we meet?”

A small smile grew on Aizawa’s face. “We met in a warehouse at the ports. I helped in a drug bust that took down your birthfather and his group. When everything cleared, I found you hiding behind some crates. I tried asking if you were alright, but you kicked me hard, like a little brat.” Aizawa began noogie-ing Katsuki’s head, his son breaking out into laughter. After letting out, he continued. “You kept trying to get away, so I used my scarves to catch you. You wouldn’t tell me your name, so I called you Maru.”

Katsuki’s face scrunched up in uncertainty. “Tama.”

“What?”

“Tama. You called me Tama.”

“What? No, I called you Maru.”

“I’m almost positive you called me Tama.”

“You sure, Maru?”

Katsuki glared up at Aizawa, who brushed it off again with another head pat.

“Maru, Tama, Tora, whatever. You told me your name right afterwards anyways. Ka-tsu-ki,” Aizawa mimicked from that night. “Then I took you to the police who were still around. You fell asleep in the car while I was talking to them and—”

“I woke up,” Katsuki cut in. “I woke up, and you were gone…”

Aizawa tensed. Katsuki’s words were true, but it didn’t mean it didn’t hurt. He sighed. “Yeah… You were taken to the station and I went home.”

“Why’d you come back?”

“They called me in. You were making a ruckus.”

“That’s it?” Katsuki grew upset. “That’s why you came back?”

“Initially, yes, but when I saw you again that night, how scared and alone you were, how tightly you held onto my scarf so I wouldn’t go far when going to talk to the cops, I knew I couldn’t leave you.”

Katsuki didn’t feel better. His tears were coming back. “Did you even want to come back?”

“I—”

“Did you even want me?”

“Katsu—”

“I’m just some messed up, broken kid. My own dad doesn’t even want me.”

“Katsuki,” Aizawa interrupted before Katsuki could say anymore. “I am your dad. I want you. There has never been a day I regretted taking you in. You are not messed up, and you are not broken. You
are the best thing in my life. I love you, and I’m proud you’re my son.”

Katsuki’s tears didn’t let up. So, Aizawa set aside the laptop and pulled his son onto his lap. Katsuki tensed for a moment, but Aizawa only continued to hold him protectively. It wasn’t long before Katsuki eased up again, leaning against Aizawa. Just like when he ruffled his hair, being in Aizawa’s protective hold felt as it should.

The two stayed in comfortable silence for a while, until Aizawa pulled away a bit to look down at Katsuki. “Better?”

Katsuki wordlessly nodded his head.

“Tired? Want to sleep? It’s really late right now.” Even if Katsuki was out for three days, it was still way past midnight.

Katsuki shook his head. “I wanna know more. Remember more.” He pulled the laptop back onto his lap, moving the cursor to a lone video file. “What’s this?” he asked, already double clicking before Aizawa gave an answer.

Aizawa’s chest began to ache at the file opening. “It’s your class play.” The play before Katsuki was kidnapped. “You guys put on Momotarou.”

“Who was I?” Katsuki curiously asked. Until he actually saw his part. “Sound effects? Really?”

“It’s an important job though.”

Katsuki looked up at Aizawa with deadpanned eyes. “It’s sound effects.”

Aizawa smirked down at Katsuki. “Just keep watching. You’ll see.”

Katsuki turned back to the screen. His eyes widened a bit. “That’s… a harmonica.” He looked up again. “I play the harmonica?”

“You do. Very well, too.”

“Mic-ji… gave me one for Christmas. He taught me how to play.”

“He did.”

A smile returned on Katsuki’s face. He went back to watching the video. “…He didn’t teach me the song I played for this though…”

Aizawa paused. “What?”

“There was a song at the end, right? I learned a song I found online for this. I practiced… every day during all my recesses to get it perfect.”

The pain in Aizawa’s chest worsened.

“Right?” Katsuki asked, turning up to Aizawa again. Only, he saw Aizawa tearing up himself.

Katsuki grew anxious. “Did I get it wrong?”

“No,” Aizawa breathed, dropping his head. “I just didn’t know. You kept it from me so that you’d surprise me, but I missed it. Katsuki, I’m so sorry I miss it. You practiced so hard. I shouldn’t have walked out on you like that. I’m so sorry.”
“It’s—it’s alright,” Katsuki reassured. “It’s just a first-grade play. And you got it on video.”

“It’s not. It’s not the same. I’m sorry, Katsuki.”

“It’s fine. Really! I can—I can play it again for you. I think.” Katsuki unsurely turned away. “I don’t know, but I’ll try… No! I will! I can do it! I promise!” Katsuki didn’t like seeing Aizawa upset.

Seeing Katsuki grow worried made Aizawa grow guilty. He quickly recollected himself, taking a deep breath. “I’m sorry.”

A small smile grew on Katsuki’s face. “It’s okay. Do you have my harmonica?”

“Katsuki, you don’t have to worry about—”

“Is that it?” Katsuki asked, interrupting Aizawa. He was pointing to another little box into the laptop bag. “Can you get it? I’m sorta plugged up.” He raised his arm with the IV and finger sensor, scrunching his nose a bit at the same time to indicate his oxygen tube. He smiled wider when Aizawa laughed.

“Alright,” Aizawa gave in. He waited until Katsuki paused the video and scooted off him before getting up and grabbing the harmonica case. He had brought it as something Katsuki could do when he woke up.

When Aizawa came back to his spot on the bed, Katsuki didn’t hesitate to crawl back into his lap. He handed his son the case. Just as Katsuki didn’t hesitate to sit back on Aizawa’s lap, he didn’t hesitate to open the case and pull out the harmonica. He still only vaguely remembered playing the harmonica, but actually holding it in his hands… His hands knew how to hold it. And when he blew a first test blow, his hands began moving on their own.

The hospital room was completely silent as Katsuki played. He played as though in his own world. He played with sweet serenity, eyes slowly closing, as if all their hardships never happened. It was just him, his harmonica, and his… his dad…
Katsuki’s eyes opened. For another time that night, tears building in his eyes as he continued playing. He didn’t stop, even as they spilled. He didn’t stop, even when his name was called. He didn’t stop, even as his mind cleared and realized who the song was for. And when the last note fell, he turned up to man whose lap he was sitting in.

Katsuki brought down his harmonica. He swallowed all his uncertainty.

“…Dad…?”

Aizawa’s eyes widened.

“Katsuki?”

Katsuki dropped his harmonica.

“Dad!”

Katsuki turned to completely wrap his arms around his dad, hugging him just as tightly as his dad hugging him.

“Dad!”

“I’m right here, Katsuki.”
“I’m so sorry, Dad! I’m sorry I didn’t talk to you sooner! I’m sorry I said you weren’t my dad anymore! I’m sorry! I was so scared!”

“It’s okay, Katsuki,” Aizawa reassured, slowly hushing his son. “It’s okay…”

“It’s not,” Katsuki cracked. “I’m sorry, Dad…”

Aizawa pulled back from the hug, looking back at Katsuki again. He wiped away his son’s tears. “Everything’s alright, Katsuki. There’s no need to apologize.”

Katsuki sniffled, only going in to hug his dad again. “I love you, Dad…”

Aizawa kissed the top of Katsuki’s head. “I love you, too, son. I love you, too…”

Every morning started with the same an early run around the neighborhood before returning to the apartment to wake up his dad, serve breakfast for his two cats, take a quick shower, then finally pack lunch. It’d been that way since he started middle school. But now he was about to start high school, living in the dorms of Yuuei.

_ Bang! Bang! Bang!_

“Wake up! I know you’re still in there! Your breakfast is still on the table!”

An annoyed and tired groan sounded through the door, which went ignored. Feeding two whiny cats was deemed more important.

_ Nya!_

“Hold on. You can wait 30 seconds, Mitsuki.”

_Hiss!_

“Don’t give me that! I’ll wait 5 more minutes just to spite you.”

_Hiss!_

Another eye-roll. First because of his dad seconds ago, now because of his cat-mom.
Yeah, yeah,” he gave in, setting down two bowls of cat food. Then a quick hop in the shower. And by the time he got out, his dad was finally up.

“How do you wake up with this much energy?” Aizawa asked upon sitting at the table. “You like sleeping as much as I do.”

“I have shit to do since someone doesn’t make their own breakfast or lunch.”

Aizawa shrugged, about to dig into breakfast. “Fair enough.”

“I’m not gonna be home anymore. You’re gonna have to start doing everything yourself now.”

“Sounding like a real housewife, Katsuki. You’ll make someone a good one someday.”

“Dur hur hur, ‘you’ll make someone a good one someday.’ And it’s Bakugou!” Bakugou mocked before correcting. “You had three years to get my name right.”

Aizawa hummed in response, clearly not bothered with his attention on the news he was reading online.

Bakugou rolled his eyes yet again. “Seriously, if you mess up and call me that at school, everyone’s gonna know you’re my dad. I don’t want people thinking I’m taking handouts.”

“I won’t mess up, Katsuki.”

Bakugou paused from making lunches, shooting his dad a look. He knew he did that on purpose.

“Man, you, Mic-ji, and everyone else,” Bakugou began bitterly grumbling, going back to lunches. “I got into Yuuei through my own hard work and skills. I don’t need any recommendation, handouts, or you all babying me.”

“Oi, I don’t baby you. If any of them gave you easy recommendation entrance—”

“I already wouldn’t have taken them.”

Bakugou finished up packing lunches. He took his to his book bag while leaving his dad’s on the counter. “‘bout to head out now.”

“Alright.”

“Garbage day is Thursday. It’s recycling this week.”

Aizawa hummed in acknowledgement.

“Cats eat at 8:00 and 5:30.”

Another hum.

“Don’t let laundry pile up. Don’t let the dishes pile up either! And don’t let it get too dusty in here. Don’t move anything in my room! I will know if you do! And please wake up before 2 pm on non-work days. You better have a dozen alarms set. And you better make yourself decent food, too!”

“I take back the housewife thing; you’re more like an overbearing mother.”

“The hell!”
Aizawa laughed at both his joke and at his son’s glaring face. He stood to put his dishes in the sink before joining Bakugou at the door. He looked at his son head to toe. “The uniform suits you. No tie?”

“It’s optional, isn’t it?”

Aizawa shrugged, pulling out his phone. “First day photo.”

“Really?”

“Say ‘plus ultra.’”

Bakugou didn’t smile, still continuing to glare at his dad. The photo was taken anyways. “Mic and the others are gonna love this.”

“Oi!”

Bakugou attempted to grab his dad’s phone, but Aizawa held it away. “Nope. Keeping it.”

Bakugou exasperatedly groaned, giving up. “Fine. I’m going now.”

Aizawa ruffled up his son’s hair as he’s always done. “See you in class, Bakugou.”

Bakugou’s irritability noticeably subsided, though still swatted the hand away. “Don’t be late, Aizawa-sensei.”

Bakugou closed the door behind him, taking a deep breath once outside. He stared at the nameplate next to the door for a second. A smile grew on his face as he remembered writing it when he and his dad first moved in to the new place the summer he was 8-years-old. Now, eight years later, Bakugou was going to be living in the dorms of the hero school he once went to every day, taking his first steps in becoming a great hero like his many uncles and aunts at the school, his 19 older pro hero siblings, and just like his dad.

Bakugou’s smile widened as he headed off.

“Don’t be late, Dad.”

Chapter End Notes

Aaaahhhhhh! After all this, I don't want it to end!! TTATT But, maybe it doesn't have to yet? How'd you all like the maybe intro into Bakugou Drop? idk after all this, I'm feeling shaky again, but just let me know if that's maybe something you'd like to read. It'd be posted as a separate story (so not adding more chapters to KD), but grouped as a series thing if BD is a thing. Or not. There's always just talking with me @arcs-and-blah about AU HCs ah haha @u@/)

Thank you again for all the love! Even though I lied and said this is the last chapter >/\w(¬< There is one more coming up. Just an extra that I couldn’t squeeze in, but still wanted to write. Still KD verse/Kacchan as a lil kid! Stick around for that! Thank you all again! Love you all!
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Bonus!: We’ve seen Yuuei’s sports festival. Now here’s a local elementary school’s sports festival!

Chapter Notes

I was kicking myself for forgetting to say this last chapter, but *blasts Coco’s Remember Me from the speakers!!!* You’re all lucky Coco was on my mind instead of Bungou Stray Dogs when it came to Kacchan’s past. (I came up with the ending before Coco tho! I swear!)

Anywho! The final final chapter! (▽▽) Thank you again everyone who's read from start to finish! It's been a long ride and long story! And it'll only be longer with more than likely Bakugou Drop! However, it may be a while before I get to start that. Sorry, but please don't hold your breaths. Just keep an eye out! Thank you again! I hope you enjoy this supper lengthy bonus that ended up a lot bigger than I initially thought it would!

Thank you @robogill forever and always for editing!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Despite regaining consciousness, Katsuki hadn’t been released from the hospital right away. He stayed in the small gray room, sitting through more examinations and, occasionally, questioning from the detective on his birthfather’s case. The detective wanted to hear what he had to say and what he knew. Katsuki knew some solid things, but didn’t share much. Couldn’t share much. Too many questions about his birthfather and his time with him only threw the boy into panic. However, having his dad with him throughout everything always helped and calmed him down. His dad never hesitated to end the questioning and Katsuki was always thankful for that. His dad stayed by his side every day in the hospital. Katsuki was never alone. Not that he would’ve been with visitors coming in every day in the form of other heroes and hero students. Katsuki couldn’t recall many things about everyone at first, but they reassured him that it was alright. Just as his dad had said, they’d make new memories, and relive the old ones through photos and stories.

When Katsuki was finally released from the hospital, more memories had returned. Still not all, but a good amount. It wasn’t until he began reliving his day to day life again did more gradually return. Visiting his favorite places to play, eating at his favorite okonomiyaki restaurant when they celebrated his hospital release, popping in to Yuuei to say hi to the staff working during the summer, staying at the dorms when his dad had hero work, and the most helpful of all, being home again in the little apartment he shared with his dad. By the time summer ended, Katsuki had no doubt all his memories were back intact—right in time for the start of autumn quarter. All was back to as it should
be. Not counting the hiccup at the start of Katsuki’s first day back to school with his classmates hounding him about what happened, but it wasn’t anything too bad.

Now they were weeks into the autumn quarter, newer memories about to be made with Sports Day.

“They’re all so cute and tiny!”

“I wanna pinch their chubby cheeks!”

“Wook at their wittle hats!”

“Don’t say that…”

“Kew joy.”

“Does anyone see Katsuki!? What color is he!?”

“How did this happen…?” Aizawa asked himself, finding himself seated with all his students along with a handful of his co-workers. He turned to them. “Did Katsuki invite you all?”

“Nope!” Ashido answered. “His teacher told one of us and, this time, we all found out ahead of time!” Compared to when the one person who knew of the class event didn’t think to share with everyone else. The outcome of Katsuki’s teacher telling Kaminari instead of Todoroki.

Aizawa sighed. He wasn’t surprised.

Present Mic put a hand on his friend’s shoulder. “Hey, at least there’s more people to cheer on the little guy. He’ll have the loudest support of the bunch!”

And Aizawa had front row seats to that loud cheering. He should’ve brought earplugs.

“I see him!” Yaoyorozu enthusiastically called, pointing into the crowd of children.

“Where!?!” a chorus shouted back.

“Lemme see!” Jirou said, shaking Yaoyorozu’s shoulder for a chance to look through the binoculars she made herself.

Yaoyorozu made another pair for Jirou, not wanting to give up her own. “He’s wearing a blue hat!” She let out a high-pitched squeal, waving her arm. “He’s waving at us!”

“Waving at you two probably,” Sero responded, watching Yaoyorozu and Jirou both waving back to Katsuki. The only two he actually invited himself.

“Wait, he stopped,” Jirou noticed, pausing her own waving. “Oh, he’s not happy.”

Over with the rest of his class, Katsuki was indeed seething.

“Those damn idiots!” Katsuki fumed.

“That’s a bad word,” one of Katsuki friends scolded.

Katsuki just shot back a glare.

The classmate shrunk back timidly. He then instantly looked out to where Katsuki was looking before. “Who—who are the dumb-dumbs—” He gasped. “Your brothers and sisters from Yuuei are
“Uh, they’re watching me if anything,” Katsuki responded, but it didn’t seem like this classmate’s excitement was deterred.

“Katsuki-kun! Isato-kun! Come line up with everyone!” one of the elementary school teachers called to Katsuki and his classmate Isato.

“’kay!” they responded, scurrying off to join everyone else. The first event was starting.

“Aww! It’s tug-of-war!” Uraraka cooed as she and the others watched the teachers set up. The first round was Red Team vs Blue Team.

“You got this, lil man!” Kirishima rooted before the whistle even blew. Many others followed his lead, the teens jumping up and down as they cheered. And their excitement only grew tenfold when the event actually started.

“Heave! Ho! Heave! Ho!” Ashido cheered.

“Show ‘em the better first grade class!” Kaminari yelled.

“They got it! They got it!” Hagakure squealed, watching as Katsuki’s class yanked to victory. She and her class screamed in excitement at Blue Team’s win, no doubt the loudest of the crowd. It didn’t matter that the athletes weren’t using Quirks and were a bunch of 5 and 6-year-olds; they were fully invested.

“That’s our boy!” Present Mic shouted, just as rambunctious as the teens.

“And his class,” Aizawa threw in, trying not to get bumped while capturing his son’s moment on camera.

“And his class!” Present Mic repeated.

“Youth,” Recovery Girl sighed, watching as everyone was hopping on their feet, waving to try and grab Katsuki’s attention. She spotted the boy block everyone from his peripheral view with his hand. Katsuki was attempting to blend in with his class as he and his classmates swapped places with another team.

“Calm down, all of you!” Midnight began scolding. “You’re embarrassing the boy!”

“Wasn’t she cheering with them?” Snipe whispered to All Might, who was dressed in a disguise.

All Might only sheepishly shrugged. “If anything, I think Aizawa-kun might be embarrassed.”

True to All Might’s claim, both father and son were embarrassed, and they’d only grow even more embarrassed as Sports Day drew on.

After the next two class’ tug-of-war match ended, the two losing classes faced for third place. And once third place was decided, the classes quickly swapped again to determine first place.

“You got this, Blue Team!”

“Show ‘em what you’re made of!”

“The crowd’s cheering for us the most!” one of Katsuki’s classmates said.
“They’re all Katsuki-kun’s brothers and sisters though,” another responded.

“Just ignore them,” Katsuki spat. “Come on! We got a war to win! Blue Team!”

“Fight!”

The whistle blew. The match started. Blue Team’s match against White Team was definitely harder than their match against the Red Team. They could feel their feet sliding. Even so, they didn’t let up.

“Blue Team!” Katsuki yelled.

“Fight!” his classmates yelled back, all screaming as they tugged. A bunch of screaming first graders was a sight. It was meant to pump themselves up. Though at the same time, they ended up startling and throwing off the other team. Either way, their screaming helped them win first place for their first event.

“And the Blue Team is first to take the lead for the first grade classes!” one of the staff announced along with the other grades’ scores over the speakers as Katsuki’s class crowded and continued screaming in cheers.

“Blue Team’ll be first in everything!” Katsuki’s cries could be heard over all the screaming. His classmates only enthusiastically cheered more in agreement.

The first grade class quickly swapped places with one of the higher grade classes, rotating events. They headed over to where four poles with large baskets on top of each one were.

“The beanbag toss!” Aoyama named.

“Oh, this was my favorite as a kid,” Shouji said with a small laugh.

“Because it was easier for you to reach?” Mineta enviously asked, having hated it since he was so small as a kid. Quirk or no Quirk, physical activities tend to favor the bigger built. However, that didn’t mean the smaller couldn’t shine.

A sharp whistle blew. The beanbag event started. While the three other teams started chucking beanbags haphazardly away, the Blue Team had yet to start.

“Blue Team! Go!”

“The whistle blew!”

“Hurry up!”

“Don’t lag behind!”

The Yuuei group all yelled in distress.

“Wait!” Midoriya called. “Kacchan’s shouting something!”

“What is he doing?” Aizawa curiously asked, zooming his camera in a bit more.

“Shorties and trash aimers! Pile up beanbags for throwers! There better not be any empty piles! Throwers! Spread out and don’t stop! Miss one, I’ll kill you! Blue Team!”

“Fight!”
The team of first graders instantly disbanded and got into their positions. They were all aware of their skills and didn’t need anyone telling them what their places should be. Sure it meant less kids were throwing beanbags into the basket, but their strategy was more efficient. The gatherers allowed there to be a constant flow compared to kids needing to run around the chaos trying to locate beanbags on the ground. Less throwers allowed them more space to aim and throw consistently, and not have their beanbags collide with another by accident. No one was crashing into each other either like the other teams.

Fweeeet!

The whistle blew once more, signaling the end of the time limit.

“Drop your beanbags!”

Katsuki did as told, rolling his arm a bit at the same time. Despite being relatively small, he was a thrower.

“Katsuki-kun! Your plan worked!” Isato excitedly said.

“Duh,” Katsuki arrogantly responded. “Of course it would. It was my plan!” And looking at the beanbag pile in their color compared to the others, his plan had worked very well.

“The beanbags have been counted!” the announcer staff started. He started announcing from fourth to first. Blue Team was two for two in first for their class events.

Cheered erupted once again from the Blue Team. A few more of Katsuki’s classmates came up to him as Isato did, complimenting him on his plan as well. It went straight to the child’s ego. And so did the cheering he heard from his family.

“Two in a row! Keep it up, Blue Team!” Ojiro cheered.

“That was an excellent plan!” Iida added.

“Wonderful job, everyone!” Yaoyorozu shouted as well.

Katsuki finally turned to everyone. He held a peace sign in the air with a giant smile. Aizawa instantly snapped a photo of his son finally smiling their way.

The next few events continued to be class vs class. Katsuki’s class wasn’t able to get first in them all like desired, but they never got below third. Their overall score against the other classes was high. Blue Team shined well as a class, but Katsuki was ready to shine on his own when the group and single events were coming up.

“Alright! That concludes the class events!” the announcer said. “We will now be starting the group and singles events! And winners in each event will also win points to add to their class scores! Good luck, everyone!”

“Does anyone know what events Katsuki’s gonna be in?” Todoroki asked.

“No idea,” Tokoyami answered.

The group then turned to Yaoyorozu, the best guess on whoever Katsuki did tell. She only shrugged, not knowing either.

“Do you know?” Present Mic asked Aizawa, just as curious.
“Nope,” Aizawa responded as he checked his camera battery life. “He can really keep a secret when he wants to.” He paused at his own words.

Present Mic noticed the pause right away. “What?”

“I just realized. That might be an issue when he gets older.”

After another moment, Aizawa just shrugged it off. Whatever. He’ll leave that for later.

“It’s a cavalry battle!” Satou called out, snapping Aizawa and Present Mic’s attention back to the field.

“Awww! Remember our first year sports fest doing that?” Ashido cooed.

“Yeah, man!” Kirishima answered. “You were on top with me and Sero!”

“I still can’t believe we made it that round,” Sero recalled.

Kirishima laughed. “Yeah. And someone,” he turned to Kaminari, “ditched us.”

“Oi! Todoroki asked me first,” Kaminari defended himself. “Would you pass over the best in the class?”

“Bro. Bro.”

“Come on, you two,” Iida cut in. “This was two years ago. And you were teams in our last sports festival tournament!”

“Which is already over with,” Jirou added. “You should be paying attention to the sports fest going on now. Katsuki’s the rider.”

“Where!?” Kirishima and Kaminari yelled, finally turning back to the field. Just as Jirou had said, Katsuki was riding on the shoulders of three other classmates.

“Is that safe for them?” Midoriya asked.

“They don’t have Quirks flying,” Asui responded, though was more paying attention to her little sister’s event also going on with the older kids.

“If you’re not getting hurt, you’re not having fun,” Present Mic called over to his students.

Aizawa smacked his colleague for that. “That’s not an appropriate life lesson.”

Fweeeet!

The whistle blew once more. The start of the cavalry battle.

Similar to Yuuei’s cavalry battle during the hero class’ first year, the kids would be wearing easily detachable headbands that they were going to need to pull off from one another. However, there was no point system. Once the rider’s headband is off, the team would be out. Only riders can go for headbands. If the rider fell, the team would be out, but there was no forcing other team riders off. Last one standing wins.

Because Katsuki’s class was in the lead for points, the other teams wasted no time coming after him and another group also in his class; as there were two teams per class. Strip their headbands first and they’d get 0 points for their class. Though with six groups after him, Katsuki wasn’t worried.
“Stay where we’re at,” Katsuki said down to his teammates immediately after the whistle blew.

“But they’re after us,” one of his teammates said.

A devilish smile grew on Katsuki face. “Exactly. Bringing their headbands right over. Just made sure you guys don’t squirm and make me lose balance. And don’t let them surround us.”

Katsuki’s teammates nodded, trusting their leader completely. They made themselves sturdier, unshaken when all the other groups headed their way.

Katsuki wasted no time when the other groups came grabbing at his headband. After everything he’d been through, Katsuki’s fellow first graders’ grubby hands swinging at him felt like nothing. He easily batted them away, effortlessly dodging. And when the other team riders were getting frustrated and forgot about their own headbands, Katsuki would strike. After Katsuki had taken two headbands like they were nothing, the other teams instantly backed off.

“Charge for Reo’s group now!” Katsuki bade, pointing to the other team from his class.

Katsuki’s teammates quickly did as told. They ran right behind the teams chasing after their classmates. Katsuki instantly grabbed at two more headbands while the other groups were distracted with grabbing their classmate’s headband. That mini kerfuffle disbanded soon after like before, the remaining groups not wanting to lose their headbands as well. Sadly, Katsuki’s classmate couldn’t keep their headband throughout everything. It was now down to the last three.

“Come on, guys!” Katsuki yelled. “We’re going for number one! Ready!?"

“Fight!” yelled back Katsuki’s teammates before they charged.

Horrified, the other teams took off as well. Neither wanted to be the closer group to Katsuki’s. The closer they were, the more likely they’d be outed first. It was now a fight for survival and second place for the other kids. It didn’t register to them they could go after each other first to guarantee second place, but it didn’t matter. Not with Katsuki seemingly out for blood. And in a matter of seconds, both other teams’ headbands were on the ground.

The whistle blew.

“Blue Team wins first!” a teacher announced.


“Well, he had teammates,” Tokoyami responded.

“Tell that to everyone else,” Todoroki deadpanned, staring at his classmates and few teachers.

“That’s our boy!”

“Go, Katsuki! Go!”

“Nice work, Katsuki!”

“That was amazing, Katsuki-kun!”

Katsuki waved over at his family from where he was at, still carried by classmates. They were still celebrating along with a few more of his other classmates.

Despite loving the attention, Katsuki made his classmates put him down. They had to make room for
the next event. One that Katsuki was not in. The young boy waited with the rest of his class, cheering on his classmates before his next event.

Not all the events Katsuki watched ended with first places, but they retained a good number in scoring placements. However, whenever his classmates were unable to get first, it made Katsuki grow antsy and impatient for his event: the relay race.

“Yellow Team wins the Oodama relay!” one of the teachers called as other staff rolled away the giant balls. “Next is the relay race! First graders, head to the marked spots on the track!”

“That’s us,” Katsuki said to his relay teammates as the four of them headed to the track. “Yuki, you start first with the baton. After Yuki is Haruka, then Rin, and I’ll go last. Good?”

Katsuki’s teammates nodded, trusting his self-declared captainship immediately.

“Good. Let’s go!”

“Fight!”

The first graders all got into position around the track circle.

“On your marks!” a staffer started by the starting line. “Get set!”

Fweet!

And the first graders were off.

“Go, Blue Team! Go!”

“Run like the wind! Run like the ice cream truck’s about to leave on the last day of summer!”

“Blue passed White!”

The Yuuei group cheered and screamed nonstop, no doubt the loudest of the crowd.

“Blue’s passing the baton!” Uraraka shouted the obvious.

“Go, number two! Go!” Ashido cheered.

“Blue dropped back to third!” Aoyama shrieked.

“No, no!” Kirishima cut in. “She’s neck and neck with Red! The pass to three! The pass!”

A giant collective gasp.

“Three fumbled the grab! They’re last!”

Jirou instantly smacked Kaminari for his exclamation. “Don’t shout that! You’ll make the little guy feel bad!”

“And they’re not out yet!” Midoriya instantly reassured. “He’s catching up again and they still have Kacchan!”

“But the gap—”

“They still have Katsuki,” Todoroki cut into Ojiro’s remark.
Back down on the track, the final passes were being done. Katsuki watched the other teams’ runners pass and zoom by. It made his hands twitch with the lack of his own baton.

“Katsuki!” Rin shouted, holding out the baton. “I’m sorry!”

“I got it!” Katsuki yelled back, taking off the second the felt the baton finally in his grasp.

“He’s shortening the gap!” Sero exclaimed, gaping.

“Hell yeah he is!” Kirishima cheered. “He runs with us almost every day in hero course! Our lil man got speed and stamina built!”

“Katsuki-kun!” Iida shouted. “Remember what I taught you about running! Toes up! Use your arms! Your arms!”

“He’s in third!” Jirou said aloud what everyone saw.

“He’s close to second!” Yaoyorozu added. “Come on, Katsuki-kun! Second! Second!”

Aizawa couldn’t help but laugh a bit at the idea of Katsuki settling for second. Knowing his son, Katsuki was going for gold.

“He’s right on first’s tail!” Present Mic shouted extra loudly, confirming Aizawa’s thoughts. “He’s right there! He’s right there!”

“He won’t make it!” Midnight cried, extremely riled up to see the outcome. The adults really were just as rambunctious as their students. Maybe even more so.

The whistle suddenly blew. The finish line ribbon fell as the two first grade leads crossed it, Katsuki crossing first. Having literally dove for it.

The teachers were still, unsure how to go about that stunt. A few went straight to Katsuki along with his teammates, checking on the young boy. He was still lying flat on the ground, breathing heavily of exertion.

“I won, right?” Katsuki asked between heavy breaths. He grinned cheekily when seeing the speechless teachers nod their heads, turning to his teammates. “Told you I got it.”

“That our boy!” Present Mic howled, starting another cheering riot from the Yuuei group.

“Don’t encourage that,” Aizawa spat to Present Mic, only stopping his DJ colleague of the cheering group. “He could’ve gotten really hurt!”

“But look at the lil guy!”

Aizawa and Present Mic turned back to Katsuki. Their boy was standing fine despite the few scrapes on his palms. And forearms. And… face… Perhaps Aizawa had a point. But the giant smile on Katsuki’s face helped ease the adults’ worries. He does whatever it takes to be number one.

“Can you still do your last event?” a teacher asked Katsuki as he was led to the first aid tent.

“Please, this is nothing,” Katsuki instantly reassured. “I’ve been through worse.”

Katsuki was quickly patched up by the nurse, only needing disinfecting and a few bandages. Within that time frame, he got his breath and energy back, allowing him to run once more to meet up with the rest of his class. The next event already started, but Katsuki seemed to be the one grabbing his
classmates’ attention.

“Katsuki, that was crazy!”

“I can’t believe you got us last to first!”

“I knew you were fast, but not that fast!”

A giant smile returned on Katsuki’s face at all the attention. Despite his growing ego, he only brushed everything off as if it was nothing. All he said was that he was the best and number one as he went back to his spot.

“Katsuki-kun, are you okay?” Isato asked from his spot beside Katsuki, popping the other boy’s bubble.

“What?”

“You have a bunch of bandages. Even if you did it on purpose, falling down on concrete hurts, doesn’t it?”

“That was nothing!” Katsuki claimed. His eyes narrowed. “Are you looking down on me?”

“No!” Isato yelped. “I was—I was—! Worried…”

Katsuki continued glaring as Isato turned to the ground, growing antsier by the blonde boy’s harsh gaze.

“Con—congratulations on getting first though!” Isato fearfully said, turning back to Katsuki. “I couldn’t get anywhere near first in my events!” He was trying to lighten things up between the two.

“I bet,” Katsuki bluntly responded, turning away to the event going on. “I didn’t even notice you were in anything.” His words unknowingly stabbed at Isato.

“Yeah… okay… thanks…” Isato sighed. “But we’re doing the sprint together! Or, I guess sorta against each other.”

“Oh yeah. I forgot you were doing that, too.”

“Really?” Isato whined, but wasn’t too surprised. He was pretty used to being overshadowed. Like now when the event ended and their classmates got second place.

More events went by with Blue Team’s placement in them ranging all over. It was hard to say who was ahead, but someone had to know. Right?

“Hey, guys,” Kirishima started as the current event was about to end. “How are points assigned to them again?”

“I think the teachers said first gets 5 points, second gets 3, and third gets 1,” Midoriya answered. “Unless it’s an event with two kids per class competing. Then it’s first 5 points, second 3 points, third 2 points, and fourth 1 point.”

“How many points does each team have?” Kirishima asked once more.

“Katsuki-kun’s team is leading with 35 points,” Yaoyorozu started, having kept score on her phone, “with White team close behind with 30 points. Red has 22, and Yellow 20.”
“Yaomomo, you’re a goddess!” Ashido cried, hugging their vice-rep.

“It looks like the next event is a two per class race,” Asui said, grabbing everyone’s attention.

“If it’s a race, then Katsuki’s definitely gonna get first,” Kaminari pointed out. “The little guy out ran three other kids while starting behind.”

“Oh yeah. And even if White team gets second and third, they’ll be going up the same amount,” Sero added. “40 to at max 35! Katsuki’s class is gonna win!”

“That’s our little man!” Kirishima shouted in glee, pointing at little Katsuki now at the starting line. When Katsuki toothily smiled back with another peace sign up, Kirishima let out another touched cry. He and many others. “Take it home, buddy!”

“Good luck, Katsuki-kun!” Yaoyorozu called out.

“You’re gonna win it!” Uraraka cried.

“Toes up and use your arms!” Iida repeated from before, going so far as to do the arm motions.

Katsuki rolled his eyes, though still supported his smile. He then spotted his dad holding his camera. Katsuki wasn’t sure if he was filming or in the regular camera mode, but that didn’t stop him from waving his arms excitedly. He started jumping up and down as well when his dad waved back.

“Are you recording or taking pics?” Present Mic asked Aizawa from beside him. “Because whichever one you’re doing, I’ll do the other.” He held his phone up.

“About to record.”

“And I do photos. Got it. Gonna get it of him crossing first again!”

“Don’t be overly sure of that,” Aizawa shot back. “You can never be sure of outcomes.”

“Sure,” Present Mic said sarcastically. “That mean you think our boy’s gonna not be first?”

Aizawa didn’t respond.

“Don’t go sounding all high and mighty if you’re thinking the same thing as everyone else!” Present Mic fumed at his friend’s silence.

“Shut it; they’re about to start and I’m gonna start recording.”

Present Mic narrowed his eyes at Aizawa. The moment he saw his friend click record, he loudly said for the camera, “Katsuki, your dad doesn’t think you’ll get first!”

Aizawa immediately shoved Present Mic away, growing more irritated when hearing the other’s laugh. Great. Now he had to stop and start again. At least the race hadn’t started right away.

“Ready!” the teacher began. “Set! Go!”

Katsuki didn’t waste a second, refusing to be behind like before. Though, he did run with everything he had like before.

A good distance from the start later, Katsuki still didn’t see anybody in front of him. He didn’t bother looking back to check; he knew he was first. However, he did stumble and turn back when he heard a pained cry from a familiar voice.
“Ow…” Isato whined, holding his bleeding knee. He’d tripped, now sitting on the concrete ground, holding his knee. His teary eyes went wide when he looked up and found Katsuki staring back at him from far ahead.

Isato began waving his hand, trying to signal Katsuki to go. “The race!”

Katsuki flinched as everyone else passed him. He turned to try and take first back, but barely managed a few steps. It wasn’t the growing distance between him and the runners that made him falter; Katsuki already overcame that. But…

Katsuki groaned. He turned back once more, running in the opposite direction of the finish line. He ignored the shocked look on Isato’s face, crouching down in front of the smaller boy. “Get on.”

Isato’s shock didn’t go away. “What?”

“I said get on!” Katsuki spat back, refusing to look at Isato since offering a piggyback. “Or can you get up by yourself fine?”

Isato shook his head—not that Katsuki could see. He wordlessly climbed onto Katsuki’s back. He didn’t say anything until the other boy stood. “Why didn’t you keep going? You were first!”

“Yeah, until you falling distracted me,” Katsuki spat back as he headed for the first aid tent again. The race didn’t matter anymore. Not with the other kids already crossing the finish line.

“You didn’t have to come back for me,” Isato guiltily mumbled.

“Well, if I didn’t, then who would?”

Confused again, Isato tried to peek over Katsuki’s shoulder to look him in the eye. However, Katsuki didn’t allow him to, continuing to say,

“You’re always left behind and forgotten!”

“Nuh-uh!” Isato whined.

“Please. Not even the teachers noticed you fell!”

“That’s not true…”

“Yeah-huh! I swear, you’re like a ghost, Yuu.”

“Yuu!?"

“‘Isa’ can be read as ‘Yuu’ like yurei, Yuu. Can’t you read your own kanji, Yuu?”

“Stop!” Isato continued to whine, shaking Katsuki a bit this time.

“Oi! You stop! Or I’ll drop you!” Katsuki fumed. Though he did drop Isato. On a chair. They had reached the first aid tent. It seemed to be empty, the nurse rushing to aid another student in the higher classes. No matter; Katsuki saw where the first aid kit was when he was being patched up.

Katsuki went ahead and helped Isato with his bleeding knee. He did exactly what the nurse had done for him. He first used the disinfectant wipe, cracking a smile when his classmate let out a yelp from the sting. After letting the alcohol dry, he then covered his classmate’s knee with a big bandage. Now they were matching.
“There, done,” Katsuki said as he stood.

“Thanks…” Isato shyly responded. He didn’t try to stand though.

“What now?”

“It… still hurts a lot…” Isato sniffled.

Katsuki frowned more. He turned out to the field when the speakers announced the end of all the student events and that the teachers would be counting scores as everyone ate lunch together. It was then that another idea came to Katsuki.

“Come on,” Katsuki said again, couching to offer another piggyback ride.

“What?” Isato questioned despite still hopping on.

“We’re gonna fix your knee,” was all Katsuki responded with before leaving the tent.

In no time flat, Katsuki reached where Yuuei was set up.

“Baa-san!” Katsuki called for Recovery Girl. Though, instead of meeting with the nurse, he was met with everyone else.

“Katsuki-kun! What you did was so sweet!” Hagakure squealed, seemingly popping out of nowhere.

“Like a real hero,” Shouji added with a nod.

“Way more moving than silly old first place,” Aoyama said, but was given an elbow to the side by Ashido.

“Don’t remind him,” Ashido reprimanded to the flamboyant teen.

“Is your friend okay?” Midoriya asked.

“Yeah, no! Out the way!” Katsuki shouted, shoving himself through everyone. “Baa-san!”

“Over here,” Recovery Girl called from the shade, sitting with the other hero teachers. She waved as Katsuki rushed over to her. “That’s a lot of bandages, son. Do you want me to patch you up?”

Katsuki shook his head, getting down to set Isato down. “Uh-uh. I’m fine. But this baby isn’t.” He scooted aside, turning to his classmate as he sat next to him. His head tilted when noticing Isato gaping eyes shooting all over the place. “Yuu?”

Isato finally turned back to Katsuki, seemingly already accustomed to the nickname. “H—heroes! Yuuei students!” He looked to be short-circuiting.

Kirishima let out a friendly laugh, kneeling beside Isato. “So you really like heroes, huh, lil guy?”

Isato didn’t answer. He let out a giant gasp instead. “You’re Kirishima-san! Your Quirk makes you super hard and super defensive! You were super cool in your sports tournament!”

Kirishima let out another laugh. “You watched that?”

Isato nodded so much Katsuki thought his head would fall off. “I—I—I watched all of you! And—and wrote all your Quirks in my hero journal! Since you’ll all be super cool heroes for sure!”
“Aren’t you such a cute sweetie!” Uraraka cooed, hands over her heart. “You sorta remind me of someone though,” she added cocking her head a bit. The excitement for heroes, innocent round eyes, relatively plain appearance, freckles…

After a moment, Uraraka and a handful of others turned from Isato to Midoriya. Before anything else could be said, Katsuki spoke.

“You’re such a nerd, Yuu,” Katsuki said.

“Am not!” Isato whined back.

Katsuki rolled his eyes. He didn’t continue badmouthing his classmate, but it was clear his opinion hadn’t changed. “Is your knee fine or not?”

Isato looked down at his bandaged knee. “Oh yeah.”

“I’ll fix that right up, dear,” Recovery Girl said before healing Isato.

Isato’s eyes widened again. He went and removed his bandage, no longer seeing his knee scraped. “I was healed. By Recovery Girl! Oh my gosh!” He looked up at Recovery Girl. “Thank you very much, ma’am!”

“You’re very welcome, dear,” Recovery Girl responded.

“Oi, Katsuki,” Aizawa started. “Come eat your lunch.”

“Yes, Dad!” Katsuki called back, standing to head over to his dad. However, he was stopped by a hand on his wrist.

“C-can I eat lunch with you all, too?” Isato shyly asked. “My mom couldn’t get off work today…”

“Oh. Well, I guess so,” Katsuki answered, not having a problem with it.

Isato’s nervousness changed to relief. “Thank you!”

Katsuki smiled back. He then turned to Aizawa. “Dad, I’ll be right back! Yuu needs to grab his lunch.”

“Alright. Don’t take too long,” Aizawa responded, watching his son runs off with his classmate.

When Katsuki and Isato returned, they dug right into lunch. Isato also brought back the hero journal he mentioned before, shyly asking everyone there for their autographs. When they happily said yes and signed, the young boy was ecstatic.

“Whoa,” Isato breathed, flipping through each autographed page as he sat in the middle of all the teens.

“Nerd,” Katsuki made fun again.

“So, I’m guessing you wanna be a hero when you grow up, too, huh?” Kirishima asked Isato.

Isato nodded his head, but a sad look washed over his eyes.

“What’s wrong?” Yaoyorozu asked.

“Yuu’s Quirkless,” Katsuki bluntly answered, his classmate flinching at his words.
Midoriya perked up, turning to Isato.

Yaoyorozu’s eyes widened. “O—oh.” The atmosphere somewhat changed. No one else knew exactly what to say.

“No, I’m not!” Isato cried. “I don’t have the joint in my toes! I’m late!”

“You’re 5, Yuu.”

Isato frowned. “Stop calling me Yuu or I’ll call you something! Like! Like!”

“Like what?” Katsuki challenged.

Isato shrunk a bit.

“C—come on, you two,” Midoriya instantly got in between the two. “It’s sports day! We should all get alo—”

“Kacchan!” Isato shouted over Midoriya.

Silence fell. As did Katsuki’s hold on his bento.

“You don’t ever let anyone call you that, so I’ll do it!” Isato finished.

“No, you won’t!”

“Kacchan!”

“Stop it!”

“Ka! Chan!”

“You—!”

Before anyone knew it, Katsuki jumped Isato. Isato fought back as well. The group was shocked at first at the two first graders fighting, but quickly tried to pull them apart.

“Katsuki-kun! Let go of your friend!” Yaoyorozu shouted, trying to pull back Katsuki.

“Yuu’s not my friend!” Katsuki yelled back, not stopping. “He’s just a giant nerd!”

“And you’re a big bully, Kacchan!” Isato cried, continuing to pull Katsuki’s hair.

“Come on! You two were getting along fine 30 seconds ago!” Kirishima scolded, pulling back Isato.

“Kacchan, stop!” Midoriya yelled, distressfully trying to fix things as well.

Katsuki noticeably halted.

Isato paused soon after noticing Katsuki’s stillness. He turned back and forth between Katsuki and Midoriya.

Reluctantly, Katsuki pulled away from Isato. Isato released his grip on Katsuki as well.

“Thank goodness,” Midoriya breathed, glad the fight was short-lived. Though, a sudden yelp made him jump.
“My lunch!” Isato cried, noticing his flipped bento. It knocked over during his and Katsuki’s fighting. He instantly went to pick it up, but it was no use. Everything had fallen out onto the ground already. He let out a sad whine.

Katsuki bit his lip as he frowned. He glanced down at his own lunch for a moment before turning back to Isato. Wordlessly, he picked up his bento, going to sit beside his classmate. He held out his lunch. “Here.”

Isato perked up, staring at Katsuki’s bento. He then looked to Katsuki. “But what about you then?” Katsuki’s frown deepened. He pulled back his lunch as he turned away. “If you don’t want it—!”

“No!” Isato yelped. “I—I mean—!”

Katsuki glanced back. He sighed. “We’ll share.”

“Eh?”

Katsuki picked up a piece of fish and some rice with his chopsticks, holding it out. “Aaah.”

Isato’s cheeks dusted pink a bit as his eye’s widened. Though, he clenched them soon after, taking his first bite. He chewed and swallowed, eyes blinking open.

“What?” Katsuki asked.

“It’s. Really good.”

Katsuki’s eyes narrowed. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Isato looked at Katsuki incredulously. “It’s good!” he repeated. Only Katsuki would misread a compliment. “Did your dad make it?”

“I made it! Duh!”

Isato’s eyes widened again. “Nu-uh! It tastes even better than my mom’s lunches!”

A cheeky smile grew on Katsuki’s face, finally taking the compliment. “What? You can’t make your own food?” he asked, feeding Isato another bite when his classmate opened his mouth.

Isato shook his head. He swallowed his second bite. “I’m sorry for pulling your hair.”

“And?”

“And for hitting you?”

“And?”

“And for calling you a bully.”

“Mmhmm,” Katsuki responded, finally taking his own bite. Though, after, he mumbled, “Sorry for knocking over your lunch…”

“And?”

“’And’ what, Yuu?”

Isato pouted. Katsuki giggled at it.
“I take that last apology back,” Isato huffed.

Katsuki only halfheartedly shoved him, making the other boy giggle a bit himself. “You’re not getting any more of my lunch then.”

“Eh!? No! I’m sorry, Kacchan!”

Katsuki’s eyes narrowed more.

“Katsuki-kun,” Isato corrected. “You only let Midoriya-san call you that?”

“What of it?” Katsuki huffed back, turning away.

Isato frowned a bit, turning back to the teen they were talking about. Midoriya and the others were away with the heroes, reassuring the fight between the kids was nothing. “Is he special?”

Katsuki’s gaping eyes shot back to Isato. “No! Deku’s not special! He’s Deku!”

Isato didn’t look convinced. “So I can call you Kacchan?”

“No!”

Isato pouted and frowned more. “Fine. Katsukkun.”

Katsuki paused at this. “What?”

“Katsukkun,” Isato repeated. “I wanna call you something only I get to call you. Okay, Katsukkun?”

Katsuki stared at Isato incredulously. He then groaned, giving in. “Whatever, weirdo.”

Isato smiled triumphantly. He opened his mouth to say something, but no words came with Katsuki stuffing his mouth with food, muttering, “Shut it, nerd.” He let out a small giggle when Isato started choking a bit. “Yeah, whatever… Quirks are overhyped anyways…”

Isato slowly calmed his choking. He stared back at Katsuki, but Katsuki only looked down at his hands before continuing to eat. Was. That meant to be an apology for telling everyone he was Quirkless? But. The way Katsuki said it under his breath. It didn’t sound like it was for him to catch. Isato opened his mouth to question Katsuki, but an announcement over the speakers cut him off before he could get out a word.

“The points have all been totaled! Before we announce them, will the students part of the closing ceremony please come up to the stage? Students part of the closing ceremony, to the stage!”

Isato jolted up. “That’s me!”

“Did you have enough to eat?” Katsuki asked.

Isato frowned, looking back and forth between Katsuki’s lunch and the stage. “No,” he whined.

Katsuki laughed, holding out his bento and chopsticks. He let Isato scarf down the rest of his fill before leaving.

“See you later, Katsukkun!” Isato yelled, looking back as he waved as he left.

“Look forward or you’ll fall again!” Katsuki yelled back, unable to stop smiling.
When Isato was a good distance away, Katsuki capped his bento and headed back to his dad.

“Hey, Katsuki,” Aizawa greeted when Katsuki came up to him, cracking a smile when his son collapsed onto his lap. “Tired?”

“Not really.”

“Really? Even after all that running and first places?”

Katsuki smiled up at his dad. “Nope!”

Aizawa picked his son up, resituating him so he was properly sitting on his lap. “Not even after your little scuffle with your classmate? What was that about?”

Katsuki shrunk a bit. “Oh, that? Nothing…”

Aizawa didn’t look convinced. “Uh-huh…”

Katsuki immediately went to change the subject. “Did you see me during the cavalry battle!? I got everybody’s headbands!”

Aizawa let the matter go since his students did reassure him everything was fine. “Yeah. I got a lot of photos and Mic filmed.”

Another giant smile grew on Katsuki’s face knowing his dad and uncle captured everything. Before he could ask about them capturing the other events, another announcement sounded.

“Alright! Now for the class scores! We’ll be starting with the first graders and make our way up. In fourth place with 24 points: Yellow Team!”

Claps and cheers went out for the Yellow Team.

“In third with 27 points: Red Team!”

More claps and cheers.

“In first place, leading by just 3 points: Blue Team!”

Yuuei erupted into cheers, hopping in excitement. They were crazy loud, but it wasn’t like Katsuki minded. He was ecstatic as well, smile growing tenfold when Kirishima went over to grab him and began holding him up above his 19 older siblings. He couldn’t hold in his childish laughs.

Aizawa’s smile grew as well, seeing his son smiling so brightly. Seeing his son happy as if his hardships were nonexistent. He went ahead and captured this moment on his phone.

When Katsuki was finally put back down, he dashed back to his dad. He jumped at his dad, easily being caught. “I got first, Dad!”

“I heard. Congrats.”

Katsuki’s smile continued showing.

Katsuki stayed with Aizawa for the rest of the score reading. The two of them politely clapped along with each score reading, opposite to everyone else’s loud, congratulatory cheering.

As the end neared with the sixth graders’ scores being read, Aizawa noticed something on the stage.
All the students standing on stage were holding large party poppers no doubt meant to end the sports fest with a loud bang. Aizawa grew worried at the sight.

Wordlessly, Aizawa swiped Present Mic’s headphones. Present Mic went rigid, suddenly getting jacked, turning indignantly to his friend beside him. Aizawa ignored him, continuing his task at hand.

The score readings finished and the closing ceremony started, but Aizawa didn’t pay much attention to the singing children. His attention was on his own child and making sure he’d be alright.

Aizawa took off his scarves, loosely wrapping them around Katsuki. His son perked up at the action, looking up curiously at him. Aizawa only ruffled his son’s hair before draping thick layers of his scarves over his head, the ends covering only the boy’s ears. He then covered Katsuki’s ears with Present Mic’s headphones, successfully muffling sound from his son’s ears. Despite his curiosity, Katsuki didn’t question his dad’s actions.

*Boom! Boom! Boom!* 

Section by section, the party poppers burst, creating giant, explosive noises. However, Aizawa’s scarves and Present Mic’s headphones muffled it all for Katsuki. They sounded more like low pitched pops.

Katsuki’s hands rose to his covered ears, holding his mufflers tighter. They canceled out all the explosive booming. He then looked up at his dad, smiling softly. His dad smiled down at him as well, holding him close. Katsuki’s eyes drifted shut, safe and protected in his dad’s arms. He allowed himself to doze off a bit. It wasn’t until his dad tapped on his hand did Katsuki come to again. The closing ceremony had ended.

Katsuki took his hand off the headphones and Aizawa removed his son’s mufflers for him. “You alright?”

Katsuki nodded his head. “Mmhmm! Thanks, Dad.”

Aizawa smiled again, ruffling his son’s hair.

“*Congratulations on a wonderful sports festival, everybody!*” the announcer called over the speakers. “*But it’s not completely over yet! Parents, siblings, uncles and aunts, and grandmas and grandpas! You are all invited to compete against one another as well! Show your little athletes you can do it, too!*”

Katsuki gasped, jumping to his feet. “Dad!”

“Katsuki.”

“You can totally beat the other parents!”

“Yeah, not gonna.”

“Dad!” Katsuki whined at his dad’s lack of enthusiasm.

“Yeah, Dad!” Present Mic sided with Katsuki, resituating his headphones after getting them back.

“Dad! Dad! Dad! Dad!” the other teaching staff rooted, dying to see Aizawa compete in something. Anything.

Aizawa sent them death glares. Sadly, the pro heroes were immune to them.
“Event number one: Family relay! A student plus three family members! Mommy, daddy, and a sibling! Not the exact requirements, but, you know!”

“Dad!” Katsuki tried once more.

“It’s just you and me though,” Aizawa said.

“What’re you talking about? You got someone old enough to be mom here?” Present Mic pointed his thumb at Midnight.

Midnight punched him. “Who’re you calling old!? Besides, a mom-dad set is optional. Just go with dad and uncle.”

Katsuki hopped excitedly for that. “Uncle Mic!”

“Wha—” Present Mic pointed to himself— “me?”

“Yeah! That’s Dad, Mic-ij-san, me,” Katsuki began counting on his fingers. He then turned to his group of on-call siblings, rushing to hug one in particular. “And Momo-nee-chan!”

Yaoyorozu instantly hugged back. No matter how many times Katsuki came running into her arms, she never ceased to be completely touched.

“Aww, Katsuki!” Ashido started whining. “I wanna help you win!”

“Same here!” Kirishima agreed.

“How about we all take turns?” Yaoyorozu suggested. She turned back to Katsuki. “If that’s alright with you.”

Katsuki pouted a bit, wanting to stick with only Yaoyorozu. But since it was Yaoyorozu who suggested the idea, he allowed it.

“I call the next one!” Uraraka called first.

“Wouldn’t it be better to wait and see what’s next first?” Satou suggested.

“I don’t care what we’re doing, I’m just ready to go!” Kirishima said what was on many others’ minds.

“We could do it like a drawing like when we pick up Kacchan,” Midoriya said.

While everyone discussed the plans, Katsuki went ahead and took Yaoyorozu back to his dad and Present Mic. “We got our team!”

“We’re optional though,” Aizawa said. “You can pick two other guys over there.”

“Dad!” Katsuki whined again.

Aizawa sighed, feeling himself give in.

“Please?”

And Aizawa gave in. “Alright,” he said as his son whooped.

The makeshift family headed over to sign up. There were a good handful of other family teams ready
to go. Aizawa wondered if the other parents actually wanted to run or if they were worn down by their child like what Katsuki did.

“Alright, families! Your order is determined by age with the youngest starting. And remember: no Quirks! And have fun!”

“Give it everything you got!” Katsuki said before the makeshift family split.

“I hope I don’t trip,” Yaoyorozu nervously said to herself.

“You’ll do great, Momo-chan.”

“Thanks.” Yaoyorozu paused before turning to the person next to her. “Tsuyu-san?!”

“Kero,” Asui greeted.

“What’re you doing here?!?”

“My little sister wanted to do the race, too.”

Yaoyorozu and Asui turned back, seeing Asui’s younger sister waving beside Katsuki. They waved back before turning forward, seeing Asui mother and father as well.

“You’re running with Aizawa-sensei and Present Mic-sensei?”

Yaoyorozu let out a sheepish laugh. “It’s a story. But good luck, Tsuyu-san! Let’s not hold back.”

Asui smiled, nodding her head.

With Present Mic, there was a mix of different aged runners. There were mostly moms or elder siblings. Majority of the dads were anchoring with Aizawa.

“Whose father are you?” a young mom asked.

“Oh, I’m not a dad!” Present Mic corrected. “I’m an uncle!”

“Oh! I thought someone just had two dads!” another mom said. “Did the mother not want to run?”

“No, our kid just has a single dad.”

“Oooh, single father.”

Present Mic nodded, now forcing his smile. He wasn’t sure who he was helping explaining personal stuff to these moms.

Over with Aizawa, he wasn’t enjoying his time much either.

“Gosh, it’s been like 10 years since I’ve last ran,” one dad said.

“First kid? I’m running for my second. You get used to it every year.”

“Same. I try to get somewhat into shape again before these so I don’t make a fool of myself kero. I tripped and threw my back with my second child once.”

Aizawa awkwardly stood, silent. He’d rather not make small talk. Sadly, the dad group decided to pull him in.
“How about you? Haven’t seen you around.”

“Uh, yeah… First elementary school sports day…”

“Oh, nice!”

“Trying to win over a stepson?”

Aizawa made a bewildered look. “Excuse me?”

“You’re running for the little blonde guy at the start, right?”

Aizawa looked back at Katsuki, then at Yaoyorozu, and finally Present Mic. It dawned on him what the dads meant. They thought Katsuki was Present Mic’s kid while Yaoyorozu his with how their hair colors matched. Wait. Yaoyorozu as his daughter. How old did the other dads think he was!?

“The blonde guy at the start is my son,” Aizawa said. “The girl is my student and the guy running before us is my colleague.”

The dads looked more confused, but Aizawa just sighed and brushed it all off. Now he felt like running from everything.

“On your marks!” a teacher called out, ready to start the race. “Get set! Go!”

Katsuki took off. He was no doubt the fastest in his grade, but now he was against older kids as well. Even so, he didn’t let his age or smaller build interfere with his desire for first. Katsuki still managed to be near the front when he passed the baton to Yaoyorozu.

“Go, Momo-nee!”

“Leave it to me!” Yaoyorozu called back, taking off as well. She noticed she left before Asui, but didn’t think too much on it. She had to outrun the other siblings. And with all her hero training from class, she was able to keep a far distance.

Yaoyorozu handed the baton off to Present Mic. “Here, Sensei!”

“Thank you!” Present Mic thanked, sprinting away. He just wanted to get away from the other moms. With his sprint and pro hero legs carrying him, Present Mic made it to Aizawa in no time.

“And one baton for you,” Present Mic said.

Aizawa didn’t say anything back, already on his way. With Present Mic giving him such a big lead, Aizawa didn’t need to run as fast as he could. Even so, he still ran rather quickly. He didn’t want to insult the other parents or make it seem like he didn’t care.

And just like that, Aizawa secured a win for his son.

Aizawa didn’t break a sweat as he slowed to stop after crossing the finish line. He turned to where his other colleagues and students were, hearing them cheering. He only glared at them, but with the distance between them, they didn’t seem to notice. And Aizawa’s glaring quickly subsided when he felt his son tackle him in a hug.

“We won!” Katsuki cheerfully yelled. “I knew we’d win, Dad!”

Aizawa effortlessly picked up his son. “Does that mean we’re done.”
Katsuki’s cheerful smile dropped to an incredulous look. “Are you kidding!? There’s way more to win!”

Aizawa sighed. That’s what he thought. Another mess waiting to happen with the other parents and all. Well, he guessed it was alright. If it made Katsuki happy, Aizawa didn’t mind the mess.

Chapter End Notes

Lil Kacchan had a fun sports day with his dad and siblings~~ Thank you for reading!! This might be the end of Katsuki Drop, but you can still talk to me on tumblr @arcs-and-blah! Friendship! <3 <3 <3 <3

update 1-29-19: Bakugou Drop is actually discontinued. just a warning if anyone is going to use the 'next in the series' button sorta thing! you're still free to read, but don't get your hopes up. thank you

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