**Kopio**

by [I_hate_usernames](http://archiveofourown.org/users/I_hate_usernames)

**Summary**

Aizawa had been prepared for a lot of things going in to a villain hideout bust. Temporarily adopting a baby was not one of them.

After a big surprise finding in a villain hideout, Aizawa and Yamada end up as the (temporary) parents of ("Midoriya") Izuku. Whose real parentage remains a mystery, including the fact what quirk he might possess once he gets older. One thing is for sure and it's that Izuku's smile is one of the purest things that can exist and should be protected at all costs.

**Notes**

Hope you will like this!:) I'll try to keep up updating, I have so much of this story planned in
my head...

Summaries are a bother but so very very important... I can recognize a good and bad summary when it's anyone else's than my own... Do you think I did alright with this one?

Dadzawa is the best! Prepare for a lot of family fluff (and angst....)

See the end of the work for more notes.
Prologue

There were many things that Aizawa Shouta, or any hero for that matter, were prepared for when on the field. Surprise attacks, surprising quirks, hostage situations, you had to be prepared for things going for the worse at any moment and a hero couldn’t just be a one trick pony, who could do nothing but rely on their quirk, in Aizawa's opinion.

Those heroes were just asking for trouble in.

Then there were stranger things. Things you didn’t even think could happen but when they came you just had to deal with it. At the age of 21, with his experience in the field soon being three years, Aizawa had already seen his share of weird shit. For example, there was that one time when an elderly lady had completely ignored the villain attack going in a store and had just continued shopping like it was completely normal for three heroes to be fighting in the store and throwing shit around, knocking shelves down left and right, the store was in literal chaos and in the midst of it all that granny just carried on. Always an inch away from harm’s way but never getting hurt.

The store had given the granny all the products for free seeing as there wasn’t any employers to charge her, or any working registers for that matter. The granny never told them what her quirk was. Aizawa was convinced that it had something to do with luck or not giving a fuck resulting in that no-one could fuck with her.

That granny remained as an enigma and had for long taken the mantle of Weirdest Shit Ever Seen in His Hero Work™.

There were other weird cases.

But this one tops them all.

They had gotten a lead on a possible villain hideout. It was rumored to harbor many wanted criminals and so they had raided it with multiple heroes. The intel had been correct. In a seemingly normal (but also shady as fuck) bar had been an active villain hideout. Complete with a dozen or so villains, weapons, drugs and what not found only in the bar.
As the fighting had reached its conclusion (a few villains escaping in the chaos but most arrested) they finally had time to search the place more closely. Getting police and detectives with them to gather all the evidence from the villainous activities going on. They had finally found a hidden entrance from under a rug behind the bar (It certainly was a pretty solid hiding place if not for the complete search of the place but Aizawa still found it incredibly cliche.)

Sending a couple of heroes first just in case of a surprise attack from any possible villains still hiding down there, Aizawa went, together with hero Midnight and hero Best Jeanist, down the trap door and the steep stairs behind it. At the bottom of the stairs they found a short dimly lit hallway with only four doors. Midnight keeping watch, Best Jeanist and Aizawa simultaneously checked the opposing first two doors. Aizawa’s had a pretty normal looking storage room safe for the fact that the stored things were weapons. No villains inside. Best Jeanist found his room to be some kind of an operating room, down to the operating table, instruments and nauseatingly sterile feeling the room gave off. At least it wasn’t covered in blood or something like that. The heroes eyed each other for a while after revealing the rooms before moving on to the last two doors.

They took the same positions once again. Midnight keeping watch, Best Jeanist taking the door next to the operating room and Aizawa taking the one next to the storage room.

Now Aizawa expected something standard - in a villainous way, you know. Not that finding a completely normal room was that out of the question.

This had been.

For a moment after opening the door and lighting up the light in the room, Aizawa was convinced he had entered a completely different reality.

Because in what reality could you find a fucking nursery in a villain hideout? Complete with the baby blue walls, toys, a changing table, a crib and most shocking of all, a baby.

“All clear! My room was just empty save for the fact that one wall was a one way glass to the operating room. How’s the last room Eraserhead?” Aizawa heard Best Jeanist’s voice come from the hallway.

“A problem”, Aizawa said with his deadpan voice, in a staring match with the infant sitting innocently in the crib and staring at him with those two big curious green eyes.
“A problem?” Best Jeanist sounded on guard now, “Something dangerous?”

“I doubt it’s dangerous”, Aizawa answered, reaching into the crib to lift the baby in his arms, “but definitely a problem.”

“Wha-What are you talking ab-” Midnight abruptly cut off as she saw Aizawa walking out holding a baby in his arms. “Oh…”

“Oh seems about right.”

“You found a baby?!”

Aizawa nodded. “There’s a nursery and everything.”

Best Jeanist and Midnight shared a look before they both rushed to check. Aizawa turned his frown to the baby sitting quietly in his arms. The baby turned to watch him again.

“Problem child”, Aizawa stated.

The green haired child tilted his head a little in question and made a small confused noise. He was surprisingly calm seeing as Aizawa was a complete stranger and not so long ago there had been loud fighting going on upstairs.

“Never thought I would see something like that in a villain hideout…” Midnight stated dazedly as she and Best Jeanist came out of the nursery once again.

“I must admit that was most unexpected”, stated Best Jeanist as well.

“So what do we do with him?”

Aizawa considered the baby in his arms for a moment. “That remains to be decided. We need to inform the others of this development.”
Best Jeanist and Midnight agreed and so they headed for the steep stairs. In order to use his hands to climb them, Aizawa used his capture gear to wrap the baby to his chest in a makeshift baby carrier.

The rest of the heroes and police officers were no less surprised when Aizawa emerged, along with Midnight and Best Jeanist, carrying a baby. He shortly explained the discovered rooms and the fact that the fourth one was a nursery, from where he had found the baby.

“But… Whose is it?” Asked the hero Present Mic with a dumbfounded voice.

“As of now, as far as we are aware, no recent kidnappings have been reported”, stated the young Chief of the Police Force, Kenji Truragamae.

“You don’t mean…” started Present Mic slightly horrified.

“Seeing as the infant has been found in an active villain hideout, it is reasonable to assume…” Truragamae started.

“That he’s a child of a villain”, Aizawa ended. Everybody turned to look at him and, simultaneously, to the baby who was… now deeply asleep on Aizawa’s chest. Tightly secured in his capture gear and sleeping peacefully with his one chubby cheek pressed to Aizawa’s chest.

“This opposes the problem of what to really do with him now. His real parentage is still unknown. The child can not be handed over to any of the villains arrested. Seeing as the child is a living being… and a child, he can not be included as evidence. There’s also the fact that he is, presumably, a child of a villain, so bringing him to child protective services could oppose a huge danger, to the child and whomever is taking care of him. So… Where do we place him?”

“We can take care of him.”

See now, Aizawa has, even in his young years of 21, mastered the art of a resting poker face. One which was not easily cracked. Hearing his current room mate, or more accurately boyfriend, Hizashi Yamada state that they (presuming him and Aizawa) would take on a baby was one of the rare things that managed to break Aizawa’s poker face.
Aizawa turned abruptly to Yamada and through gritted teeth whispered, "What?!"

“What? Why not?”

Aizawa was actually so dumbfounded that he couldn’t form a coherent verbal response, instead just giving a general hand gesture of “What the hell, are you crazy?”

“We need to get more information and conduct a proper investigation into the matter. In the meanwhile the baby needs a place to stay. He seems alright with you. We can easily take care of him until a more permanent solution is found.”

“I just happened to be the one to find him! That hardly qualifies me to take care of him!” Aizawa exclaimed in as shocked and loud way as Aizawa could, which was not that loud, in fact it was really close to his normal voice but Yamada knew the difference.

“That actually sounds like a solid plan. Until further notice, the baby needs a place to stay. I see no reason why it couldn’t be you two. You are both capable sensible heroes who can take care of him and protect him”, Chief Truragamae confirmed and Aizawa turned his slightly betrayed gaze to him.

“Are you alright with that Eraserhead?”

There was a couple of moments of silence as Aizawa was given time to think about it. He racked his brain quickly through are the pros and cons of the request. In a way there wasn’t anything too bad in the con list. Finally Aizawa turned to look at the baby peacefully resting on his chest and sighed.

“Fine. We’ll take care of the bugger.”

“Pawsome. Everything is settled then. For now.”

Aizawa turned his suspicious gaze to the dog headed Chief. Did he just...

“We need to make sure all the evidences are gathered. Eraserhead, Present Mic, it’s probably best that you head on and make any adjustments you need to do for the child. Midnight, Best Jeanist, as of now all the villains are arrested but it could still be best that you stay while officer Toyomitsu
gathers the rest of the evidence.”

All the addressed people nodded in agreement. Toyomitsu Taishiro (later know as Pro Hero Fat Gum) gave a thumbs up.

“And I trust that everybody present understand the dire need to keep this under wraps. All mentions of the child must be kept under a strict confidentiality agreement. There can’t be any pup-up’s in the news about this. Boof.”

Wait was that another…

Everybody nodded again.

“Fang-tastic. You’re dismissed.”

This time he definitely heard it! Aizawa was still busy suspiciously squinting at the Chief when Yamada walked over to him.

“So… You ready to take our new baby home?”

Aizawa had been prepared for a lot of things going in to a villain hideout bust. Temporarily adopting a baby was not one of them.
Feeding and naming shenanigans

Chapter Summary

Aizawa and Yamada bring the baby to their home and start to get settled

Edited/6

Chapter Notes

I was positively surprised how many comments I got on the first chapter: 3 I'm not sure if I have ever gotten so many on the first chapter before. So glad to know people like my idea!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sitting in a car with a sleeping baby wrapped on his chest, Aizawa still couldn’t shake the feeling that nothing made sense. How on earth did he actually end up in this situation.

*I’m too young to be a father.*

The slight upside was that despite his inner turmoil, Aizawa had been able to recollect his poker face and outwardly seemed like he had everything under his control and nothing could faze him. It didn’t erase the absurdity of the situation however.

Like how Yamada dropped him off in their small apartment with only two rooms: Their bedroom and the living room. Where the heck were they going to place the baby? What the heck were they going to do with the baby? What did the baby need? What did he eat?

“So… Right now we don’t have anything so… You stay here and I’ll do a quick run into the store!”

Aizawa wanted to protest… He wasn’t sure he was ready to be *alone* alone with the baby. One which needed a name… They couldn’t just keep calling it a baby, right?

… Worries for later.
Helpless to protest, Aizawa watched as Yamada changed to civilian clothes and rushed back out. Leaving Aizawa standing in their living room, confused as to what to do next…

At least the baby was quiet. And still sleeping peacefully. Was it okay for it to be sleeping so long? Wasn’t there some “appropriate” nap times and stuff so that babies would sleep in correct times of the day. How old was this baby anyway? Did it still need breast milk? They were men, they couldn’t produce breast milk. There was some kind of replacements wasn’t there? Of course there was. Stop panicking.

Aizawa sighed and finally decided to actually sit down. They would figure it out. Everything would work out… somehow. Hizashi had younger siblings and everything, he knew about this stuff already. They would be competent enough to keep the baby alive for… it couldn’t take more than one or two weeks to sort this out. It was manageable.

The house was quiet and peaceful. The softly sleeping baby could have been one indication but all of a sudden Shouta felt incredibly tired. A usual feat after coming home from the field. He figured it would be a good idea to just take it easy for a while.

And so that was how Hizashi found him sleeping on the sofa with the baby when he finally came home.

And then that was how Shouta woke up when he heard a camera shutter and saw the flash through his eyelids. Instantly he sat up and pointed an accusing finger along with his gaze at Hizashi.

“What do you think you’re doing?”

“You can’t blame me! You two were adorable! I had to take a picture!”

“No erase it”, Aizawa ordered sternly.

“Shoutaaa…. No I don’t wanna!”

“I’m literally holding a baby and yet the biggest baby in this room is you.”
“Shoutaaa, that’s mean!”

“Erase the photo.”

“No!”

“Yes!”

“No!”

“Ye- What is that?” Shouta cut off and now pointed accusingly at the numerous bags left at the entryway.

“Supplies!”

“Why is there so much?”

Hizashi was happy for the distraction since it made Shouta forget about the photo, now safely stored in multiple places in his phone. He proudly made his way to the bags and picked them up to bring to the kitchen table. “Babies need a lot of stuff! I just got the basics!” He stated.

“Why do I doubt that….”

“I got baby formula, baby food, baby clothes, pacifiers, nursing bottles, diapers, cleaning wipes, a crib…”

“A crib?!”

“Well yeah, a baby needs a crib.”
“Yes but…”

“I also got a stroller, some toys…”

“Do we really need all this…”

“I thought about buying a baby carrier but seeing as your capture gear works so well as one I figured that we don’t need one right away. We can see later if we need one.”

“Hizashi…”

“Yeah?”

“You do remember that we are only keeping this baby… temporarily. Right?” Aizawa asked warily.

“Yes, yes of course. But you would be surprised how much stuff baby needs even in a short period of time!”

Aizawa let his eyes roam all the stuff already spread over the table. “Yes… I am.”

“Hmm… It’s been a while since we started the raid. Presumably he hasn’t gotten any food during or after it and there’s no way of knowing when was the last time he ate. I think we should wake him up and feed him.”

Aizawa glanced at the sleeping baby. “... You sure that’s… wise?” Wasn’t there some rule about waking sleeping babies and what not. So far it had been so quiet and calm. Aizawa really didn’t care to change things.

“Well… He’s probably going to cry and that really can’t be helped. Infants are usually fed up to twelve times a day. Hmm… I wonder how old he is… “

“Twelve times?! How do you even know all this stuff?”
“Well, I used to take care of my siblings. And did some brief googling in the store.”

“Googling…”

“It’s a reliable source!”

Shouta doubted that. “Right…”

“Anyway, you wake him up while I heat up some formula. I’m not sure if he has been eating solids yet so the safest route is to try and feed him some formula first.”

Shouta glared at Hizashi. Why was waking the baby his job? He didn’t want to disturb the peace. But he figured it couldn’t be helped… A lot of what Hizashi had said made sense.

Now… Aizawa wasn’t completely sure as to what was the best way to wake a sleeping baby. (God, it just sounded like such a terrible idea) So he carefully extracted his capture gear away from the baby, now holding him in his arms and trying to gently prob him awake. And luckily enough it seemed to be working as the baby’s eyes started to blink carefully open along with more stirring. As Aizawa watched, the baby’s face scrunched up and he prepared for the worse…

Only for the silence to continue. Confused, Aizawa watched as the baby’s eyes were slightly glistening with tears, yet he didn’t let out a peep. Strange, suspicious…

“Ha… He didn’t cry… That’s…” Yamada started.

“Weird.”

“I guess some babies are just like that. Some of them just never cry…” Yamada suggested uncertainly. Shouta raised an unimpressed eyebrow but didn’t protest further.

“So… Oh god I forgot a high chair!”
“Do we really need a high chair?”

“Well he can’t really sit in a regular chair!”

“Yeah but… We can make do for the little while that we have him. We can easily hold him while feeding him. Here see?” Aizawa said and demonstrated by shifting the baby in his arms to what seemed like a more suitable feeding position and then he grabbed the nursing bottle from Hizashi. He was just about to put the pacifier end to the baby’s mouth when...

“No! Wait!” Hizashi yelled and Shouta was glad that he didn’t drop the baby by how loud and sudden it was.

“What? What’s wrong? Are you crazy? I almost dropped him!”

“We have to make sure it’s the correct temperature!”

“Couldn’t you have tested it before?”

“I forgot with the whole feeding chair fiasco!”

“Fiasco?”

“Anyway, it says at the box that the best way is to put some of it on your arm to make sure it’s the right temperature."

“Fine. There, you happy now?” Aizawa asked after dropping some of the formula from the bottle on his arm.

“Does it burn?” “No.” “Is it too cold?” “No, I don’t think so.” “Then I guess it’s alright, continue!”

Aizawa sighed and resumed with the put the bottle into the baby’s mouth and feed it. Simple enough, right? He couldn’t mess that up, right?
Except he did. Seeing as the baby refused to put the pacifier into his mouth. Squirming and avoiding it as Shouta tried to catch his mouth.

“He’s… squirming. He won’t take it.”

“You are holding him wrong. Support him more and bring him into a more upwards position!”

Shouta sighed. He really was too tired to constantly stress over whether or not the baby was okay. If he had this and that and was he doing that wrong? Again, for a moment, he doubted their capabilities to actually keep this baby alive.

His worries were for naught though since following Hizashi’s directions, he was able to correct the baby’s position enough to get him to actually take the pacifier and… well there he goes. Drinking the formula like a man dying from thirst.

“Huh… Guess he was really hungry.”

Aizawa only grunted as a reply. Focusing on keeping the baby in an ideal position and keeping the bottle upright even as the baby was grabbing it with it’s chubby little hands. The bottle was empty in no time.

“You think we should feed him another bottle?”

“I don’t think it could hurt”, Hizashi stated. Taking the bottle and going off to prepare another dose. This time Hizashi tested the temperature himself before handing it over to Shouta. Repeating the process, the baby started with as much enthusiasm as before but half way through started to wind down until he finally stopped drinking with like only third of the formula left in the bottle.

“The little listener seems to be all filled up! Now you gotta burp him.”

“Burp… him?” The concept wasn’t completely unfamiliar but Aizawa wasn't that thrilled to do it. Who knows what else might come up with it.
“Yeah burp him! Just lift him up and pat him gently on the back!”

Shouta considered this, and considered the baby in his arms. Until reaching the conclusion that so far he had done most of the workload. It’s fair to say that now should be Hizashi’s turn, isn’t it?

So with little warning, Shouta was pushing the baby to Hizashi’s arms. “You can do it. I need a break.”

“Oh! Oh okay!” Hizashi said, quickly trying to adjust with having a baby in his arms. “Here we goo… Hey Little Listener! How’s it going? You ready to be burped? You are? You are!”

Aizawa observed over his shoulder on his way towards the bathroom how Hizashi talked and made faces at the baby before expertly holding the baby against his shoulder and patting his back until a loud burp could be heard.

He looked so… Natural. Quite honestly Shouta was a little envious. Compared to Hizashi, he knew nothing about babies.

And now they had one.

As Shouta enjoyed his brief private moment reliving himself in the bathroom after hours being in contact with people constantly, he pondered how usually when you were getting a baby, you got approximately a nine month waiting period to sort everything out and actually learn, or something, all the stuff you needed to know. They got nothing. And what? Now they should just… Get by?

It was crazy.

As Shouta returned to the living room, it was to the sight of Hizashi sitting on the couch with the baby. Gently rocking him with soft words of a lullaby falling from his lips.

“You are already putting him back to sleep?”

“Babies sleep a lot. He started to get sleepy after that huge meal. You did, didn’t you? Who ate so well? You did!” Hizashi softly baby talked to the green head in a whisper.
“But he just woke up. Is he going to sleep at night at all?”

“He will probably poop before night and we will change him and then get to bed. Yeah he probably won’t sleep through the whole night. This being a new place for him and all. We will probably get to wake up to crying at least a couple times.”

“You sure about that? He hasn’t cried once since I found him.”

“Even babies that are shy about crying cry when they are upset enough. I’m sure this peace is only temporary… Unfortunately.”

“Mmh…” Shouta didn’t really protest but he was skeptical. To him, the fact that the baby hadn’t cried once seemed just way too abnormal to be… normal. There just might be something bigger at work here.

“I really can’t keep referring to him as “the baby” in my head. We need to decide something to call him”, Shouta stated.

“Like a name?” Hizashi asked.

“Maybe. Nickname, something, anything.”

“Hmm… How about… Akiko? Like my grandfather.”

“Akiko? No.”

“What why not?”

“Doesn’t it mean “bear cub” in Korean? And anyways, it’s much too personal.”

“Well then you come up with a name mister I’m-too-good-for-my-boyfriend’s-grandfathers-name!”
“How about PC, short for Problem Child?” Shouta suggested.

“We can’t call him that! That’s mean! And it’s much too close to BS and we are not calling our child Bullshit!” Hizashi exclaimed, seemingly scandalized.

“Ugh fine... How about... Izuku?”

“Izuku? Why Izuku?”

“I don’t know... It’s a nice name? It can do the job.” Aizawa was not explaining that it was one of the names he had sometimes pictured as his possible future children’s names.

“Hmm... Izuku... I like it. Izuku.” Hizashi softly tried and considered the sleeping baby in his arms. As if to check whether or not it would fit. “I think it fits him. Let’s call him Izuku.”

Shouta carefully looked as Hizashi smiled softly at the baby. His eyes soft and the name Izuku even softer on his lips in the small peaceful bubble they had accidentally created around them. The whole picture of them two sitting closely next to each other with a baby... Baby Izuku. It was much too domestic. Dangerously domestic.

“Just remember Hizashi... We can’t go getting too emotionally attached to Izuku... There’s no telling how long we will be taking care of him and we have to say goodbye at some point...”

Hizashi didn’t turn his gaze to Shouta. Keeping it at the peacefully sleeping baby with much more melancholy in it now. “Yeah, yeah, I know... We won’t...”

Shouta searched Hizashi for a sign of... something. When he didn’t find it, he got up, Hizashi finally turning to look at him.

“I better go through all the stuff you bought. We gotta build the crib and everything before night.”

“Okay... I’ll take care of Izuku.”
As Shouta walked over to the numerous bags piled onto their kitchen table, he wondered about the heavy feeling on his chest and whether he should be worried of it or not...

Chapter End Notes

Oh boy I wrote this fast... I'll probably need to read through this later because I have no idea how much grammar mistakes there might be...

The next update will take a while! Could be until the next weekend seeing as I have very busy school life and I can't be too sure of how much time or energy I will have to write... I will try to keep up though! Just FYI the comments were a huge motivation booster to write this chapter as fast as I did;)}
Sleeping and crying

Chapter Summary

Some feels for you all, enjoy!

Chapter Notes

Damn! I'm impressed, I'm starting this updating with such a quick schedule. I'm so motivated! Gotta keep this up

Also! Thank you for each and every comment, I cherish each of them and they do help with the motivation<3

Unbetaed and written really fast so sorry for any possible typos and stuff. Considering I'm not a native English speaker I'm pretty sure that I write fairly well:D Greetings from Finland! Terkkuja Suomesta!

Edited/6

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Apart from the panic of “Oh my God? How long has Izuku been in that diaper? Why haven’t we changed him?” “See he’s fine, his butt is all smooth and soft how it should be, no worries…” the rest of the night went smoothly.

They assembled the crib (meaning Shouta assembled the crib, he was not letting Hizashi near tools, besides, somebody had to hold Izuku). Izuku woke up at some point but was quite content to sit in Hizashi’s lap while Hizashi shook a toy at his little chubby hands’ reach. Shouta distractedly switched between TV channels but was paying more attention to Hizashi and Izuku than the TV.

The news report about the villain hideout bust managed to capture his attention briefly but it was all pretty standard stuff. It mentioned some of the heroes (excluding him, Eraserhead being an underground hero and all) and police involved and some of the dangerous villains captured. Most important of all it didn’t mention anything related to Izuku.

They discussed briefly about schedules so that at least one of them was with Izuku at all times. They could make it work since Eraserhead worked mostly at night while Present Mic was out on the front lines during the day. They even had times that both of them could be home with Izuku.
And then it was already time to feed Izuku again and get ready to sleep.

As Shouta was brushing his teeth, Hizashi fed Izuku. Then they changed, Shouta taking Izuku and getting the job to change his diaper (see they were learning!) while Hizashi brushed his teeth. It was all pretty routine aside from the fact that they had inserted a baby into the mix.

Then Shouta was already holding Izuku in his arms wondering what would be the best way to put Izuku to sleep on purpose. Before Izuku had just happened to fall asleep and they had been alright with it. Now they had to do it purposely.

And all of a sudden Izuku seemed to be wide awake, as Shouta tried to awkwardly rock him Izuku just kept staring at him with wide green eyes. Shouta scowled at him when a few minutes of rocking weren’t doing the trick.

A snort made him raise his gaze to Hizashi who was trying to hide his amusement. “W-What are you trying to do? Intimidate him to sleep?”

Shouta growled exasperated. “He’s not sleepy at all. He’s not falling asleep.”

“You’ve barely tried for even two minutes! Besides that’s not how to get a child to sleep.”

Shouta looked confused from Hizashi to Izuku and back. “I’m rocking him? What more does it take?”

“Hmm… Let’s start with… this”, Hizashi said as he clicked on the lamp next to the bed further from the crib and then went and turned off the over head light. “And next…” Now the baby had been snatched from Shouta’s arms and was being placed on the bed over a baby cloth, Hizashi expertly wrapping Izuku in it like a green vegetable burrito. And finally Hizashi lifted Izuku into a gentle cradle in his arms and popped a pacifier into his mouth.

“There! Now at least the basics are covered I think. He will probably get sleepy in no time.”

“If you say so”, Shouta muttered as he made his way to his side of the double bed and climbed under the covers. Hizashi gently settled next to Shouta and softly hummed a lullaby sounding tune at Izuku.
“I think we have done pretty well taking care of Izuku!” Hizashi said in a whisper. Now it was hush hush time so that Izuku would fall asleep.

“Okay, okay, we did fine. I’m going to sleep now, don’t wake me.” And with that Shouta placed his phone to charge on his bedside table and got more properly under the covers before turning away from the light of Hizashi’s side bed light. Shouta could be a pretty light sleeper at times but at least he had mastered the skill of falling asleep instantly.

He was out like a light.

The next time he woke up, it was after his phone’s wake up alarm had vibrated once and he was already reaching for it to turn it off before anyone else had a chance to even notice it.

The room was covered in cool darkness and Shouta squinted at the too bright phone screen for the time, it showed 2 am.

It took Shouta a couple of seconds before he could gather enough motivation to get up. But finally he did and he slowly and quietly sat up on the bed before getting up. It took only a couple steps to reach the crib placed next to the wall and there, what do you know, Aizawa’s hunch had been right.

There lying quietly with their pacifier dropped lied Izuku with glistening eyes but not letting out a peep. Those big green eyes moved to him and Shouta was concerned when he could almost swore that he saw fear in them.

“So… Shhshhhhhsh”, he softly shushed Izuku as he carefully reached into the crib and tried as carefully as possible to lift Izuku up and cradle him softly in his arms. “It’s okay…”
Shouta glanced at the bed where Hizashi was sleeping peacefully and decided to move to the other room to make sure that they wouldn’t disturb him. He made sure to open and close the door as quietly as he could.

So Shouta and Izuku settled on the living room couch. Shouta wasn’t exactly sure as to what else to do apart from holding Izuku… It was enough to comfort him right?

“I wonder what your deal with crying is…” Shouta softly spoke to Izuku, “I don’t know why you hold back when you seem like you want to cry but just know this... It’s safe to cry with us. You don’t have to be afraid. We will take care of you.”

The only response Shouta could get was for Izuku to keep staring up at him.

“So whenever you are ready, just let the tears come.”

In a fit of ?? affection ?? Shouta found himself placing a soft kiss on top of Izuku’s head much like he remembered his mother doing to him when he was little.

“We won’t let anything bad to get to you ever again, I promise.”

It took awhile but eventually Izuku fell back to sleep and Shouta returned him to his crib and went back to sleep himself. The next time his alarm woke him up at 5am and got up to check for Izuku, he was peacefully asleep and Shouta returned back to bed. Hizashi was a morning person and he would take care of Izuku once he woke up. Shouta was left to sleep peacefully as long as his body allowed.

Which meant that a little over ten, Shouta finally emerged from the bedroom groggy and grumbling. He headed for the coffee straight away, not registering anything on the way there.

The black gold was bitter and so very wonderful on his tongue as it warmly streamed down his throat. It was only after three sips of coffee that he finally bothered to take note of his surroundings. And that was when he saw Hizashi playing with blocks on the floor. Or Hizashi was playing with blocks and Izuku seemed to just stare.
Shouta chuckled at his coffee.

It wasn’t that they had had much problems at any point but Shouta was still surprised just how well taking care of Izuku integrated into their lives. It just… clicked. And it seemed it became a routine for them instantly. Changing Izuku, feeding Izuku, being with Izuku. They went through it all smoothly as \textit{fuck}.

It was probably also due to the fact that Izuku was \textit{the easiest baby ever}. While it concerned Shouta that Izuku didn’t cry, it also made taking care of him stupidly easy. It did also mean that Shouta and Hizashi had to train quickly to notice Izuku’s tells of \textit{something is wrong}. And then address it immediately. Shouta liked to think that his skills in playing poker helped at noticing these times.

But after five days of having Izuku, juggling hero work and taking care of Izuku, it was also becoming clear that Izuku was... Well Hizashi had went on a rampage, googling everything about taking care of babies, babies and babies development and from there it became pretty clear that Izuku was a little... behind.

Izuku could sit and hold up his head that suggested that he was at least 7-9 months old. But at 7-9 months Izuku should also be grasping objects more, smiling at people, babbling, laughing, imitating sounds, even crawling! But Izuku wasn’t doing really any of these things. He was an \textit{extremely} quiet baby and mostly just sat around and stared intently at his surroundings.

Izuku could sit and hold up his head that suggested that he was at least 7-9 months old. But at 7-9 months Izuku should also be grasping objects more, smiling at people, babbling, laughing, imitating sounds, even crawling! But Izuku wasn’t doing really any of these things. He was an \textit{extremely} quiet baby and mostly just sat around and stared intently at his surroundings.

It had also become a nightly routine for Shouta to set up at least two alarms during the night to check up on Izuku since he didn’t cry and Shouta hated the idea of Izuku just laying there for, possibly, hours alone and upset. And so he routinely got up to check and, unfortunately, often also found Izuku to be awake and upset.

They made efforts together with Hizashi try and get Izuku to get used to them and well... maybe open up a little... If babies could do that? They made sure to always be gentle and supporting with him. Trying to make sure that whenever something was bothering Izuku; he was hungry, he needed changing, he needed a nap, he needed to be held, they would address these as soon as possible.

And ofcourse talking. Hizashi seemed to be much better at it than Shouta what with Shouta not doing... baby talk. While Hizashi babbled and cooed and made faces at Izuku and seemed to talk to Izuku almost constantly the longer Izuku had been with them, Shouta mostly just talked at Izuku normally. Making snarky remarks about Hizashi or observations about Izuku himself. Generally Shouta didn’t really change his way of speaking apart from adults when addressing Izuku.
Izuku remained quiet.

It was the sixth night of having Izuku that Shouta, once again, woke up to check Izuku. And to his absolute no surprise he found Izuku awake and tears gleaming in his eyes. And so gently he once again reached over to lift Izuku into his arms and comfort him against his shoulder.

“It’s okay, it’s okay. I’m here for you Izuku.”

What did shock Shouta was the fact that after couple of moments he heard Izuku first sniffling more audibly and then…

Izuku cried.

It was literally the first time that Shouta had heard Izuku cry and to say he was… well surprised was an understatement. He shook it away quickly though and focused into comforting Izuku. He was… he was crying. And it was that cry too that you would catalog as “a baby crying”. It was 100% normal sounding baby crying.

“Wha-what’s happening? Shouta?” Hizashi asked, alarmed as finally Izuku’s cries woke even him.

“I-Izuku? H-He’s crying?”

Shouta decided to walk over and sit next to Hizashi. Still carefully comforting Izuku and petting his back in long soft strokes. Hizashi too placed one of his hands gently onto Izuku's head to stroke his soft green curls.

“I guess he finally felt safe enough to do so.”

Chapter End Notes

I really had to end it at that line, I'm very satisfied with that line, I planned that line ages ago
I google a lot of random baby stuff for this... I'm pretty sure all the cookies on the sites are gonna label me as a new mother... I guess this fic can be my baby:D
Milestones

Chapter Summary

Some very important milestones coming up!

Chapter Notes

Made you wait for a while! Had to focus on school work, we have really busy weeks. Still totally motivated and inspired to write though! Just when I have the time...

Again, I quite often just update the second I get the chapter done without bothering with much editing so sorry for typos and stuff!:D You'll live

Edit: Once again, thank you all for the lovely comments<3 They just brighten up my day and keep me motivated in writing this! I'm also a huge statistics stalker and Kopio is reaching the top statistics quickly over my old fics:D Also a hack for you since I reply them just after I update and I have noticed that ao3 may sometimes send an email about replies faster than the updates;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After Izuku’s first time crying, it was pretty much like a switch had been flipped. All those milestones Izuku hadn’t been showing before? It was almost shocking how quickly he started to reach them.

The morning after the cry, Izuku smiled for the first time and Hizashi was so overjoyed that he could barely control his quirk. He did thankfully (God knows that loud of a voice would probably upset Izuku). What he couldn’t control however was having some common decency... Okay not even necessarily common decency but more like rules to not annoy Aizawa, which included not waking him up in a God awful early hour of the morning by violently shaking him. Shouta was almost ready to strangle Hizashi for that but he was placated by Hizashi dragging him into the kitchen to see as Hizashi goaded Izuku to smile again. He had to admit it… it was cute. And seeing Izuku smile made something… warm and soft and happy bubble in his chest. Not that he would admit it.

That morning was spent with Hizashi trying to get as many pictures as possible of a smiling Izuku and Shouta refusing to be in the photos (and occasionally failing due to Hizashi’s annoyingly consistent and relentless begging).

While Hizashi was out working, Shouta didn’t really notice anything that different about Izuku. They generally just hung out. Watching the news. Aizawa finishing last night’s hero reports with Izuku
strapped onto his chest face facing the computer. Izuku did seem to be more curious in Aizawa’s hero scarf when sitting in his lap. Grabbing it and examining it carefully. Shouta let him and didn’t think too much of it.

It was at dinner time when Hizashi had once again joined them that they heard the first experimental babbling from Izuku. It was brief and didn’t sound like anything sensible and no matter how Hizashi tried, he couldn’t get Izuku to do it on camera.

That night, instead of waking up to his regularly scheduled wake up alarm, Shouta woke up 11 minutes before it to Izuku’s crying. He scrambled quickly out of bed to go gently scoop up Izuku in his arms to comfort him. He distractedly thought about how some babies were taught to put themselves to sleep by crying. Or how some of them weren’t comforted when they were crying about “nothing”.

He couldn’t picture himself doing that any time soon, if ever. It wasn’t that he judged those parents… There must be some reasons for that. But Izuku barely felt comfortable enough to cry at all. He could never just… ignore him.

Hizashi startled awake once again but Shouta told him to just continue sleeping. Hizashi was so out of it that he mumbled something incoherable while already back halfway to sleep and Shouta moved into the living room so that Izuku’s cries wouldn’t bother him too much.

Izuku calmed down eventually and then fell right back to sleep with Shouta’s gentle lulling.

The next morning was another one of Hizashi waking him up way too early. This time he actually jumped onto him in his excitement, dragging Shouta out of the bed by his feet. And then continuing to drag him across their apartment to the kitchen where Izuku stared at his two guardians in confusion from the high chair.

“Shouta you have to see this! You have to see this! Oh God, just wait till you see it!”

“I already saw Izuku smile last morning. It was magical! But you don’t have to wake me up for it every morning!” Shouta grumbled from the floor where he was still lying on his back after being dragged there.

“No no! It’s even better! Oh God you’re not gonna believe it!”
Shouta sighed and decided to just endure this. Getting up from the floor and then looking at Hizashi expectedly.

“Well? What is it? What did Izuku do?”

“Izuku! Izuku! Look at me, do that thing you did before, remember? When papa did this?” Hizashi continued on to do some noise resembling something like this “baalaaaghaalaalaa” with his chin and tongue lax and shaking his head at Izuku who just continued to stare at him in confusion. Shouta raised an unimpressed eyebrow.

“Remember Izuku? Just like this balalahghalaa”, Hizashi kept shaking his head like an idiot. Izuku was still not doing anything and Shouta was about to give up and at least go get some coffee for himself because he doubted he could really fall back to sleep anymore when… when Izuku imitated Hizashi, then continued to smile this one hundred thousand watt smile and then finally, let out this joyous happy giggle. Izuku seemed to finally find this action of shaking his head like an idiot enjoyable and he did it again resulting in more giggles. Hizashi was so happy about this that he was almost jumping up and down. Wait no, he literally was jumping up and down in joy before he leaned back to Izuku’s level to do the weird face thing with Izuku. More happy cancer curing giggles followed from both Hizashi and Izuku.

Shouta was pretty much frozen in place staring at the scene in front of him in bewilderment. Not really knowing how to process it. But God how did it make him feel happy, enough so that a small rebellious smile managed to escape onto his lips. Curse Hizashi and Izuku for being so cute that they made him smile on 8am in the fucking morning. He was breaking character for God’s sake.

“See! See? Isn’t that amazing? Izuku bahgghaaalaalaa”, Izuku again followed Hizashi’s idiotic example and giggled some more.

“Oh Izuku you are so cute!” Hizashi exclaimed while taking Izuku into his arms by his armpits and lifting him up briefly into the air like the little lion was lifted in Lion King’s start. Shouta shook his head at his boyfriend’s ridiculousness but that rebellious smile was still on his lips.

“Who’s the cutest? Whooo's the cutest? Is it Izuku? Is it you? It is! Izuku is the cutest!” Hizashi baby talked and then continued to blow a raspberry on Izuku’s cheek which just made Izuku wild with giggles.

It was a really happy morning.
That night Shouta came way later back home from hero work than the last night’s since they got Izuku. Their routine most of the time was that Hizashi looked after Izuku at night and put him to bed. Shouta would come at least before 12am, which was actually… pretty early for him. Before Izuku he would do even longer hours but he tried to cut them back a little now. When Shouta usually got home, he would find Izuku and Hizashi sleeping and he could get a few hours of sleep before waking up to check up on Izuku.

That night when Shouta came back at three am, he came back to Hizashi trying to console almost hysterically crying Izuku.

He was dead tired himself and he would have given almost anything to just be able to go to sleep right away but it seemed that he had to push a little longer.

“How’s it going?” Shouta whispered into Hizashi’s ear as he came from behind him to wrap his arms around his distressed boyfriend. He noticed that Hizashi startled briefly before relaxing into his arms.

“We have been up for almost an hour… I can’t get Izuku to calm down and I feel so tired and I’m not sure if I’m just making it worse or not when I can’t keep myself calm. God, I’ve never tried to comfort Izuku when he’s crying, I guess I suck at it…” Hizashi told dejected.

“It’s okay... You’re doing fine. How about you give Izuku to me for awhile and you sit down for a moment, okay?” Shouta said giving Hizashi a gentle kiss to the cheek. Hizashi sighed briefly in relief and then gently gave off Izuku to Shouta’s arms.

“I’m so sorry Shouta, I know you must be really tired after work and all…”

“It’s okay. Everything’s okay. Isn’t it Izuku?” Shouta gently rocked Izuku a little and tried to make sure that he was as comfortably as he could be in his arms. He leaned down to give a kiss on top of Izuku’s soft green curls. He headed towards Hizashi to sit down next to him on the sofa.

“You did great”, he said once more and again gave Hizashi a kiss. Hizashi smiled at him tiredly.

“I love you. I’m really glad that you’re back.”

“I love you too”, Shouta murmured back.
It was just after this that Izuku’s cries and sobs quieted a little and he was left sniffling and looking up at them with those big bright eyes of his, still full of tears. Hizashi chuckled a little.

“See? You are much better at this than I am”, he said.

“Don’t be silly. I wouldn’t even have been able to keep him alive and healthy without you. He just needed the both of us.”

Hizashi smiled softly at Shouta.

“We are pretty great at this parenting together, aren’t we?”

Shouta frowns worriedly, turning his gaze from Hizashi to Izuku. Something in his chest ached. Something... Something scared.

“Yeah... we are aren’t we?”

Luckily for both of them, nobody was in a hurry to go anywhere the next morning. And so, quite unusually for Hizashi, they actually slept in. The next morning Shouta found himself actually cuddling with Hizashi when he woke up, quite an unusual feat since he usually got up before him.

It was nice. Even though it was also hot and at least one arm of Shouta’s was completely numb and he could really use a shower.

Hizashi let out a satisfied hum when he woke up and continued on to stretch like a cat, letting out a satisfyingly sounding pop from his back. He settled quickly back into trapping Shouta in his arms while he nuzzled his nose into his neck.

“Good morning my prince”, Hizashi mumbles sleepily.
“Morning Sunshine”, Shouta smirks.

They lie there for a while just enjoying the peace and relaxness of it. Shouta’s fingers start to wander slowly and lightly down Hizashi’s side, toying with the little bit of skin that peeks out from the crumbled up T-shirt Hizashi wears and his boxers. He can feel Hizashi smiling into his neck and him moving his body slightly, pressing even more into his body.

“Mm… Shouta”, Hizashi whispers and then gently traps his lips with his own. Both of their hands now traveling more up and down their bodies. Bodies shifting and lips moving. And things getting more heated up when…

Shouta abruptly pulls away from Hizashi and turns to look at the crib, and whaddayaknow... there Izuku sits happily staring at them through the bars of the crib. Anything that had gotten heated up just before was quickly deflating. Shouta sighed as his body slumped on the bed, Hizashi sighed beside him also having noticed their little audience.

“Yeah not much… that happening with Izuku in the room, is there?” he stated.

“Nope”, Shouta answered and thought, I’m too young to be cockblocked by having a baby.

The next milestone Izuku reached was crawling. A happy development at first, worrisome shortly after. Now it meant that if you placed Izuku onto the floor, he would crawl. And if you placed Izuku onto the floor and turned around for a second he would disappear. Which in turn meant lots of heart attacks to both Hizashi and Shouta.

Basically it just meant they had to keep a sharper eye on Izuku so it wouldn’t be a problem. It was more like the opposite of a problem (as long as you watched Izuku like a hawk) since Izuku was this quick little smiling and giggling bugger every time he really got going with the crawling.

It made both of them really happy seeing Izuku being happy, healthy and normal.
There was one instance when Shouta felt really really tired and waking up to Izuku’s crying made him think, for a second, that he broke the perfect baby. Since Izuku not crying meant you didn’t wake up to a baby crying. Then just after he thought that he felt guilty and horrible because he knew, he knew how much better Izuku was now. He knew that Izuku felt like he trusted them. He knew that Izuku was happier. He knew that Izuku was so much better now and it all had started with him feeling safe enough with them to cry out.

And so he gave himself a mental kick to the butt and got up to comfort Izuku.

With all these happy changes, time seemed to just fly by with taking care of Izuku, feeding Izuku, now playing with Izuku, seeing Izuku smile and hearing him laugh and Hizashi taking like a billion photos of it (and Shouta even sneaking like a couple for himself). And before they even knew it, they were reaching the two week point mark of them taking care of Izuku.

Hizashi had gotten back from work like an hour before. Shouta had a really late night shift today so they had a lot of time together all three of them, though Izuku was napping at the moment. It was then that the doorbell rang for their apartment.

Not thinking much of it Shouta went to open the door. And shortly after he felt a cold hard stone fall into the pit of his stomach.

“Chief Truragamae.”

“Shouta? Who’s at the door? Oh…”, Shouta heard Hizashi yell out and he turned around to see an absolutely crestfallen look on Hizashi’s face, who had already seen Chief Truragamae standing at the doorway. Shouta send him a sympathetic look before turning back to the Chief.

“Chief Truragamae”, he greeted in a more polite tone, “What brings you here? Go ahead, come in. I think we should talk inside.”

“Thank you very much”, Truragamae answered as he stepped inside and startedshrugging off his coat.

“Hizashi”, Shouta turned to look at his boyfriend, still standing almost frozen in place, “How about you go make some coffee and tea for us?”
“Right… Sure”, Hizashi agreed but his voice was quiet and sad. Only increasing Shouta’s worried status.

Shouta was glad that Truragamae didn’t bother making meaningless small talk to fill the heavy silence that surrounded them at the moment. Shouta waited for him as he carefully took off his jacket and shoes and then they walked into the kitchen and took seats on the opposite sides of the table, Shouta on the side that Hizashi was making coffee with slightly shaking hands.

“So… Chief Truragamae, what brings you here?”

“I came here to…”, Truragamae started.

“You can’t take him!” Hizashi exclaimed and interrupted Truragamae. He flipped around from the coffee maker to stare at Truragamae with desperate and scared eyes.

“Yamada!” Shouta scolded.

“No! No... You can’t just... We- We have… Izuku is…”, Hizashi tried to stutter through his explanations, “Izuku is… is happy! He- he trusts us and he feels safe and he has improved so much! You- you can’t just take him away! That would put Izuku back to the start if… if not further! We…”

“Yamada, calm down, let’s just hear what Chief Truragamae has to say.”

“No! We love Izuku! I know we do!”

“Yamada we have only had him for two weeks…”

“But we still love him! It doesn’t matter that we have only had him for two weeks! I love him and I know you love him too! Don’t try to deny it!” Hizashi objected.

Shouta sighed and let his head droop. There was a moment of silence as both Hizashi and Truragamae waited for his response. Finally Shouta turned properly to faze Truragamae.
“Hizashi is right... We do love Izuku. And since we got him we have noticed that Izuku has learned to trust and feel safe with us. He has improved so much and if you are here to tell us that you’re gonna take him away… then I’m afraid that we have a problem”, Shota stated gravely staring Truragamae down. Truragamae assessed him carefully.

“Well I guess that's gonna make my job that much easier”, he said. And Shouta actually heard Hizashi gasp behind him.

“First of all, I’m sorry for not checking up on you these past two weeks. We have been really busy at the station. We ran… Izuku’s…?”

“We named the baby Izuku, that’s right”, Shouta interjected to Truragamae’s silent question.

“Ah yes, so we ran Izuku’s DNA through the system but we weren’t able to find any possible parental matches. As of now we still don’t know who Izuku’s biological parents are. We also did a wider search of any kidnapping reports from the last year and no one matching Izuku’s looks and age was hound .”

Shouta felt Hizashi stepping closer behind him and place a hand on his shoulder squeezing briefly. Shouta placed his own hand on top of Hizashi’s to calm him.

“Fur themore the fact still remains that there’s a high possibility that Izuku is a child of a villains seeing where we found him. But were we to find the biological parents, they most probably would be facing prosecution and prison, meaning that Izuku could not be handed over to them. How Izuku was taken care of before is unknown but seeing the villain’s… general lifestyle, it couldn’t really be stated that that kind of an environment could be considered healthy for a child in the long run.

Which brings us to the fact that Izuku needs a new home. There is protocols and systems placed to finding orphan children homes but as we can’t be sure just who might be still hunting Izuku and what Izuku’s quirk might be once he reaches the age. If we paws and reflect, it seems that placing him in normal adoption process could be potentially dangerous.

But… Hearing that you two want to… adopt Izuku…?”

At this Shouta raised his gaze to Hizashi and they exchanged a meaningful look and a nod.
“We are, we want to adopt Izuku.”

“I guess that confirms it then, truly the best place to leave Izuku seems to be here. With two loving parents to take care of him and two capable heroes to protect him. There is some paperwork…” Truragamae leaned down to lift a briefcase into his lap and open it to take out a stack of papers and place them to the table. “First off, the adoption papers”, Truragamae said and handed them over the table.

“We also have to forge a birth certificate for Izuku. You should take Izuku to a doctor for a checkup and well... I guess I’ll leave you to figure out all the other details.”

Shouta was looking over the adoption paper. “I guess all of this will be done kind of under the radar.”

“There’s a possibility that a dangerous villain could be hunting for Izuku… It would be best that we would make that as difficult as possible.”

Shouta nodded as Hizashi took a seat next to him to look through the papers himself.

“So we just fill these out now… And Izuku is ours?” Hizashi asked.

“Yes, that’s right.”

Shouta and Hizashi shared a look and smiled at each other. Both of them feeling relief from the news. This insistent tight feeling that Shouta hadn’t even fully realised that he had been feeling lately was finally released.

By the time they had filled out the adoption paper for "Aizawa-Yamada Izuku", Hizashi had happy tears in his eyes and he surged in to hug Shouta, soon sobbing with happiness.

“He’s ours now. Izuku is ours”, he whispered.
“Yes, he is”, Shouta confirmed and hugged Hizashi tighter burying his smile into Hizashi’s neck.

“So… You get to keep this copy and I’ll file the other one forward to make it official. Congratulations to you two, I guess”, Truragamae said and they turned towards him.

“Thank you Chief Truragamae”, Hizashi said.

“It was my pleasure, just keep the pup safe.”

Hizashi chuckled, “We will.”

It was then that they heard a small inquiring babble from the bedroom that both Hizashi and Shouta noticed because of their practised ear at anything Izuku related and that Truragamae noticed because of his sharper hearing. Hizashi hurried to go get Izuku and soon returned with him in his arms. Izuku stared in curiosity at Truragamae since he was a new person after only seeing Shouta and Hizashi these past two weeks.

Izuku didn’t seem scared by Truragamae, more like really curious and the Chief smiled at him waving his fingers at Izuku.

“Hey there little one, take care for now, okay?”

After that Truragamae excused himself, placating the offers of the completely forgotten coffee and claiming that he still had police work to get to. Once Truragamae had finally left the apartment, Shouta got back over to Hizashi and Izuku, smiling at the both of them.

“Hear that Izuku?” Hizashi asked showing the baby the adoption paper, “You’re ours now!”

Shouta chuckled, giving Hizashi a kiss on the lips and Izuku a kiss on the head. “I can’t believe we did this… I guess we are dads now…”

I can’t believe that I’m a dad now, Shouta thought but then immediately after, God I’m so happy to be one though.
Chapter End Notes

Prepare because there's probably gonna be longer time skips now. We have certain plot points to go over and even them will take some time before we get anywhere near Izuku being like high school age.
First words

Chapter Notes

Finally had some time to write ^_^ School work is really busy! I had a test I had to study for and then some catching up to others and there's like sooo much homework ugh seriously, I just didn't have the time to write and also I'm kind of trying to figure out how to write the necessary chapters before getting to the chapters I _really_ want to write so writing is just a little bit more tedious.

But here it is! Jeejee new chapter jeejee! (★≧▽≦)★☆

Again, I'm so grateful for all the comments all you lovely people have left <3 (^_^) they fill me with joy, I read them multiple times and find motivation and all that to write from them <3

edited 1/10

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Once again Shouta felt that this huge bomb had been dropped into his life. A happy bomb. A bomb he wouldn’t give up even over his own dead body (there was Hizashi after all) but a bomb nonetheless. Because taking care of a baby temporarily (even unexpectedly) you could manage, you could make short term arrangements to make it work. Taking care of a baby for good though… that needed a lot of adjustments and arrangements.

First there was making sure Izuku was healthy and had all his necessary shots and just generally figuring out whether there was anything to worry about. Seeing as Izuku wasn’t genetically theirs and they didn’t know who his biological parents are and they didn’t know how well Izuku had been treated, they basically knew nothing of Izuku medically.

And so they were quick to start with that and take him to the doctor. Where they did some blood sample tests and took some of Izuku’s DNA to figure out any looming inherited diseases. They found out that Izuku’s blood type was O negative, that he was missing a couple important shots, which they fixed, and that generally Izuku was a healthy and happy about 10 month old baby, which made them decide that Izuku’s birthday would be July 15th.

They also decided to take X-rays of Izuku’s foot, which in turn revealed that Izuku didn’t have the extra toe joint and therefore he had a really high chance of getting a quirk.

Shouta felt just a little weird and uncomfortable getting all of this information about Izuku this way but it was also a necessary evil. Considering Izuku’s origins, they should prepare themselves for anything.
That taken care of, the next order of business was figuring out what kindergarten to put Izuku in. And what primary-school and what secondary school… apparently some people figured these things out before the child was even born and they just got Izuku and he was already almost a year old!

That’s just the thing, they had to figure out everything so quickly. They didn’t have a time where they were thinking about having a baby, they didn’t have a time where they were trying to get a baby, there was no pregnancy or adopting shenanigans. Izuku just dropped into their lives out of nowhere and they fell in love with him and now they had to adapt to so much new stuff…

At least the good thing about schools was that it wasn’t like Izuku needed to go into one tomorrow, or something. They still had time. Izuku was still quite quiet and they had a lot of milestones to cover before Shouta felt comfortable enough to give Izuku to some stranger’s care.

They also had to really balance out their work schedules and figure out what to do if neither of them could be there to watch Izuku. Maybe their friends or family could help….

Oh… oh God.

“We haven’t told anyone that we adopted a baby”, Shouta said in dawning realization.

“What are you talking about? Of course I have!” Hizashi said casually, too casually to be saying a loaded sentence like that.

“What? Who- who have you told?!” Shouta exclaimed.

“Well my family of course, and your mom and our friends. Nemuri has been begging to come see Izuku again for days now. Your mother said something about coming soon and hmm… I’m not entirely sure what she said after that, I’m pretty sure I heard your name… I had to change Izuku’s diaper then and I was distracted.”

“You- you told my mother? When?!!”

“Well I told her that we were taking care of a baby at first and then I told that we adopted Izuku once we made it official!”
“Right after we made it official?”

“Yeah, after you went to work.”

Oh no, oh nonono… that meant…

“You mean you told her a week ago?”

“Yeah! And she promised to come over as soon as she can too!” Hizashi replied happily. That bastard.

Shouta barely had any time to stare at Hizashi in bewilderment. He had the sudden urge to shake Hizashi violently for not giving him a heads up at all?!?! It’s been a week! Knowing her, his mother might turn up any second now!

And it was at that moment that the doorbell rang.

Shouta wanted to wish, wanted to hope for the best. But he also knew in his heart that it was hopeless. It would be exactly who he feared it would be.

Mrs. Aizawa greeted her son with a gentle slap at the back of his head. “You adopted a baby and didn’t tell me?!”

“Sorry… mother…” Shouta replied obediently. Not a second after he heard Hizashi exclaiming from behind him: “Mrs. Aizawa! You came!”

“Of course I did dear”, she replied as she stepped over to greet Hizashi with a hug and a short kiss to the cheek. Shouta snorted. “Him you greet properly?”

“Well he was the one who bothered to tell me about my grandson. Speaking of whom, where is the little bugger? I didn’t travel 5 hours just to see you two lovebirds.”
“Love you too mom”, Shouta sighed. Mrs. Aizawa smirked and leaned in to give Shota a kiss to the cheek too as he was passing by to lead her to the bedroom where Izuku was taking his nap.

As they arrived quietly, they found Izuku still taking his nap of the day snuggled in his comforts. Even being as quiet as they could be, it still didn’t take long for Izuku to stir and open his sleepy eyes. They watched as little by little Izuku woke up and finally focused on the two figures watching him over the edge of the crib. Shouta reached carefully over to lift the sleep tousled boy into his arms. Izuku was wearing light green baby one piece with the words “Photoshop not needed”, in Hizashi’s words it was “hilarious” and “brought out his eyes and hair”.

Izuku having noticed the new person was staring intently at mama Aizawa. Shouta was grateful that she didn’t reach for Izuku and try to take him into her arms right away. Izuku didn’t seem afraid but his eyes screamed ‘curious and a little shocked’ and Shouta didn’t want to make him uncomfortable by placing him into what was essentially a stranger's arms.

“Hey there little one”, mom greeted trying to lower herself a little lower so she would be more on Izuku’s level.

“Mom, this is Izuku, Izuku meet your granny”, Shouta introduced them although it would kind of go a little over Izuku’s understanding. Hearing his voice Izuku raised his gaze to his dad, still clutching his shirt in his chubby little hands.

“Oh God granny… That makes me feel so old”, mom said and shook her head lifting her hand to her cheek.

“You still kick ass mother.” That made her throw her head back as this big joyous laugh bubbled out of her chest.

“Ah… You silly kiss ass. How about you offer your mother some food, hmm?”

They moved into the kitchen where Hizashi was already one step ahead of them, preparing food for them. Shouta stayed back as his mother joined Hizashi. Izuku’s grip was still tight around his shirt and Shouta was happy to hold him as long as he wanted.

The conversation flowed naturally. Mrs. Aizawa was so familiar with Hizashi that she practically treated him like her own son. She shared what was currently going on in her life while Hizashi told about theirs, Shouta occasionally adding in stuff. The kitchen was filled with domestic sounds of
making food, easy conversation and laughter. It didn’t take long for Shouta to notice Izuku relaxing in his arms as he studied the kitchen with his big round eyes. As mama Aizawa laughed again that big loud laugh of hers Izuku raised his gaze to Shouta and giggled a little himself. Mama Aizawa seemed to notice this but didn’t comment on it.

It was about when they were setting up the table that she finally dropped the bomb they had been kind of expecting.

“So… Where exactly did you get Izuku from?”

Shouta and Hizashi shared a look. Having a brief silent conversation through that alone. She was family. She was mom. This wasn’t something they could just tell everyone, they had to come up with a cover story but… not now.

“Izuku was found from a villain base we raided three weeks ago. We took him in at first to look after him until it could be figured out a more permanent place for him…” Shouta started.

“And it’s now here. We love Izuku and so we adopted him”, Hizashi ended.

“Hmm… I see”, mama Aizawa said with a thoughtful expression, “And you don’t know who his biological parents are?”

“We don’t”, Shouta said.

“And it doesn’t matter”, Hizashi continued, “people aren’t born villainous.”

Mama smiled gently and squeezed Hizashi’s hand. “Of course dear. I know that. Izuku seems just lovely, you two will be great parents for him.”

Hizashi smiled at her and moved on to eating. It was delicious. Izuku was also fed, they had moved on to baby food from the formula shortly after getting him since Izuku wasn’t exactly infant anymore and apparently that was okay.

All in all the night was great. Mama even got Izuku to smile and giggle and he seemed alright when
she took him in his arms. Not that Izuku had ever really been upset meeting people. But Shouta felt this small irrational fear inside him and wanted to make sure that they would never make Izuku do something he wasn’t comfortable with, even accidentally. Babies could recognise consent too. If Izuku didn’t want to held he wouldn’t reach out even if you reached out for him.

Mama was quite happy by the nightfall and Izuku seemed to really like her which made Shouta feel really really happy. She left with tight hugs and kisses to everybody on the cheeks and a loving but stern order to keep her updated about Izuku and Hizashi to keep sending her those photos.

By the time the Yamada family desided to come visit, Shouta did the strategic move to come two hours late so he could minimise the amount of time inside the hurricane that was Hizashi’s family. Hizashi loved them so of course Shouta loved them too, of course. But they were also a lot… There was many and it was loud and Shouta could only endure it in small amounts.

Izuku wasn’t so lucky as to arrive late but he survived through it and everybody loved him immediately. Izuku was becoming more and more lively. Playing, crawling, laughing and babbling more and more everyday. He wrapped everybody he met around his little finger the moment he graced them with that smile of his.

Izuku was babbling that baby nonsense so much in fact that Hizashi kept saying that he was sure Izuku would say his first word any day now.

And he was right, like quite often in fact.

It was just another normal day, Hizashi was due to leave for work in like five minutes and so Shouta had been dragged out of bed to look after Izuku. (He was getting better at early mornings but still… ugh) Shouta was already planning when he could take a nap with Izuku on the couch as he was groggily sipping his black coffee. Hizashi was about ready and leaned down to first give him a kiss for goodbye with an easy “I love you” “Love you too” exchange. Then his Hizashi moved on from Shouta to Izuku and leaned down to give a kiss to Izuku on the cheek with an added hair ruffle.

“Say bye to Papa, Izuku. I’ll be back at afternoon”, Hizashi said and as he was straightening back up a small but happy “Papa” was heard and they both froze and turned to stare at Izuku.

“Did he just…”

“Oh my God!” Hizashi wailed, already in tears, “Izuku’s first word!”
Hizashi ran off as Shouta continued on to stare at Izuku in amazement. Not really knowing how to react. How could… The first word… Why did he feel so unreasonably proud? It felt like his heart was swelling out of his chest from love to this silly little green angel who was confused as to why his dad’s were acting so strange all of a sudden.

Hizashi came back sooner than he knew it with a camera and it was on the kitchen table set to point to Izuku in seconds. The visibly buffering Shouta was in the frame with an confused Izuku as the camera was set to recording and Hizashi rounded the table to come next to Izuku once again.

“Izuku, Izuku look at Papa. Say bye to Papa as Papa leaves for work? Bye bye to Papa?”

Izuku seemed to forget his confusion and as Hizashi continued on to encourage him with lots of repeats of “Papa” soon enough…

“Papa”, Izuku said and Hizashi went wild. Jumping up and cheering loudly.

“Ooh Izuku! I love you so much! Papa loves you so much!” Hizashi exclaimed as he lifted Izuku into his arms and gave him a dozen kisses on the cheeks. This made Izuku giggle as the kisses went nearer the neck area. Shouta’s half working morning brain was still trying to process everything.

“AAh! I don’t wanna leave but papa has to go to work”, Hizashi wailed and gave two last kisses to each of Izuku’s cheeks, “Papa loves you so much. Say byebye to Papa!”

“Papa!” Izuku repeated and Shouta looked on as Hizashi let out a small whimper and tried to hold back his tears.

Izuku was handed to Shouta’s hold and Hizashi slowly backed out from the kitchen with one last, “Say byebye to Papa!” Shouta definitely saw Hizashi’s faze finally crumble when once again Izuku replied with an excited “Papa!” and he definitely heard a vail from him before the door could close.

Izuku turned to look at the dad he had left with him a little confused again. Shouta sighed and shrugged. Izuku stayed in his lap as he finished his morning coffee with a couple last sips.

“So… I guess you can say papa now…” (Hizashi had so been teaching that word to Izuku until he
picked it up) But Hizashi was clearly Papa. They couldn’t both be Papa’s...

Then what am I? he thought.

Izuku had learned to say “Daddy!” by the time Hizashi returned from work.

Chapter End Notes

Lol, I originally thought I would get much further in the timeline in this chapter but I really wanted to give you something now since it’s been like two weeks, it felt alright to end it there:D

I really can't promise anything about the updating schedule, really my school life is _really_ busy, but I try to write whenever I can:D they will come eventually

If I reach the part I wanna reach in the next chapter, there will be angst Ψ(☆ω☆)Ψ
The Quirk

Chapter Notes

I didn't took forever! And the chapter is really really long! (Like thirteen pages, lol this chapter was like over half of the length I had already posted) And I reached the part I wanted to reach!

Prepare for time skips and angst >:) I have noticed that the earlier chapters were reaching critical fluff levels, so much so that the fatality rate was alarmingly big, so don't worry! A crushing wave of angst shall cure you!

Ooh, and we reached the biggest plot point of this story! The idea that started this all! The idea that started from the middle, then worked some of the ending still to come and made me work a logical start for this fic:D I'm really excited to see how you feel about this so fire up those comments if you have the time:D

Warning! Crying and slight mentions of possible panic attacks mentioned!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nemuri quite immediately loved Izuku once she finally got to meet him. Announcing herself as his official Aunt Nemuri and everything. (Izuku was taught the word ‘aunt’ quite fast.) Izuku also took a liking to her quite fast and they were buddies with each other before they even knew it.

It made date nights a lot more easier to have a person who could babysit Izuku during it. They loved Izuku from the bottom of their hearts and all that but compared to the time they didn’t have a baby in the bedroom cockblocking them, Shouta wasn’t getting very much. Meaning he wasn’t getting any.

So while they were both nervous trainwrecks the first time they tried leaving Izuku to Nemuri’s care and have a go at a date night without the third wheel baby in their way. (And they refused to go any further than the nearest coffee shop at first) They were also really relieved and excited to book it to the nearest hotel once Nemuri called half an hour into their date night that everything was fine and “little Izuku loved his aunt and they were having a blast”.

Date nights became more regular after that, of which Shouta was really happy because they were two young hot guys who kind of needed them.

Time was also speeding up like way fast. Before they even knew it Izuku stood up for the first time and then walked for the first time. He learned more and more new words everyday, so he didn’t just keep repeating “Papa” and “Daddy” all the time.
They had a small birthday party for Izuku when he turned one by their set birthday for him. Izuku got a small cupcake with one birthday candle and Hizashi sent the photo of them three sitting behind it to almost everyone they knew. It was becoming more and more known among their friends and family that they were dads now.

When Izuku was reaching the age of two, it became apparent that he was getting too big to sleep in the crib anymore. It had also became more and more apparent that their apartment was getting too small for them anymore. It had been pushing it with only Shouta and Hizashi. Then Izuku came into the picture and it was an even tighter fit. Now with Izuku’s stuff taking up pretty much the whole apartment and Izuku needing a new bed it was finally decided that it was time to move.

And so they found a nice three bedroom apartment appropriately close to their hero agencies and nicely near the preschool that Izuku was to enroll in quite soon. Izuku got his own room with a bed and shelves with all his toys and a closet they could finally put Izuku’s clothes in instead of their closet. (Hizashi cried when Shouta refused to pack the clothes Izuku had already grown out of and ordered them to be recycled.)

(Shouta was also pretty sure that Hizashi hadn’t gotten rid of all of them and some of them had been smuggled into the their new home.)

The move was a hassle and the new apartment was still littered with a lot unpacked boxes. But they did it.

The first day of preschool came sooner than they realised it would and Shouta and Hizashi were both there to leave Izuku with the preschool teachers care. Izuku seemed a little unsure and just a bit afraid. Especially when Hizashi started wailing when it came time to give goodbye hugs.

What they had learned these past months was that Izuku was an emotional child. These days it seemed like they had absolutely different child compared to what Izuku was like the first moments they had him. Izuku was no longer quiet or afraid to cry. In fact, the more Izuku could speak, the more they noticed that Izuku mumbled to himself from time to time, especially if he was thinking of something really carefully. And Izuku also cried about a lot of stuff. He was sad? He cried. He was scared? He cried. He was really happy? He cried. He was really excited? He cried. Hizashi cried? Izuku cried.

And once again, like father like son, once Hizashi couldn’t keep his tear ducts in check anymore, so couldn’t Izuku.

“I don’t wanna leave Papa!” Izuku cried from where he was buried in Hizashi’s arms in a hug.
“It’s”, Hizashi sniffed, “it’s okay Izuku. Papa is okay”, Hizashi got out between his sobs which didn’t really help at all. Shouta sighed at his overdramatic boyfriend and sensitive child. He gently guided Hizashi to go to the car and kneeled in front of Izuku.

“How you feeling veggieroll?”

Izuku sniffed and shrugged.

“Papa is just being overdramatic. He’s just really happy that you are finally going to preschool and a little too excited.”

Izuku gave a small nod.

“It’s okay to be nervous though”, Shouta said carefully. Izuku stared at him for a moment.

“I'm scared Daddy.”

“It’s okay to be scared. But the teachers here are going to take care of you just like Papa and Daddy. And you get to meet new friends and play and draw…”

“I can draw?” Izuku asked.

“Yeah, they have lots of supplies”, Shouta smiled.

Izuku still seemed unsure as he stared at the preschool building and Shouta gently pulled him into a hug.

“You’ll be safe. I will come get you sooner than you think and you can tell me all about your day”, Shouta promised.

Izuku nodded into Shouta’s chest and Shouta carefully released him from the hug. Taking Izuku’s
hand, they walked together inside and found a teacher.

The teacher was a gentle and calm looking woman with soft blue hair and warm eyes. She kneeled to Izuku’s level and asked him what he liked, Izuku shyly replied that he liked to draw and she gave him an enthusiastic and bright smile. “Well we have lots of supplies for that! Come, I can show you!”

Izuku looked once more to his dad for reassurance and Shouta nodded at him with a gentle smile. This seemed to encourage Izuku enough to go with the teacher to the drawing table.

That afternoon as Shouta came back to pick Izuku up, he was met with a bright smile and six drawings to take home. Izuku announced that he found a new friend.

What also transpired shortly after Izuku had started going regularly to preschool was his new obsession with heroes.

Izuku had already started to learn to write just a little. He had already seen some heroes on the news and objectively Izuku also knew that his parents worked as heroes.

The preschool skyrocketed that small observation into full blown fanboying. All of a sudden heroes were Izuku’s favourite subject and he could go on and on about everyone he had learned of. He drew heroes. He wanted to play a hero. He wanted to see heroes.

And much to Shouta’s grudge Izuku’s hero obsession also meant that Izuku also had a clear favorite hero. And that was All Might.

There were times Shouta felt the urge to throw the computer out the window after what seemed like the millionth time he heard the words “Fear not citizens! Why? Because I am here!”

But the reason he kept hearing those words was that, like most people, he was also defenseless at times against those huge green puppy eyes of Izuku. And the 1000 Watt smile that followed when you were too weak to say no to those eyes and gave in, saying yes.

Izuku went absolutely crazy for that video. Practically vibrating on his spot with excitement. Clutching the small All Might figure in his hand and screeching in happiness. So it was kind of worth it…
Now the things Izuku wanted more than anything was anything hero related. He already had a pretty nice collection before his obsession bloomed because pretty much every person Izuku had ever met was a professional hero and society was pretty obsessed with heroes in and of itself and so those two kind of rolled into the fact that Izuku got a lot of hero themed stuff. Yet in a short amount of time Izuku had been able to *double* that collection (remember the weakness to say no to Izuku?) which spoke of his dedication.

There was also the fact that Hizashi was starting to get more fame. He had started his own radio program and he was there, fighting before the masses the big fights, during daylight, which made him visible and shoot up the hero rankings. Eraserhead stayed safely as an underground hero who was barely known.

So one day after an exceptionally large and showy fight where Present Mic was involved. Izuku came home gushing to his dad, wanting to know *everything*. On one hand Shouta was grateful for the break from Izuku’s All Might obsession, on the other, Izuku now wanted to find all the hero videos he could see his Papa in and he wanted Present Mic merchandise and then eventually realised that *wait*, both his parents said that they went to work to be heroes…

“Daddy where’s all your videos?”

Shouta paused for a moment looking back at Izuku who stared at him with big curious eyes.

“Daddy is a hero too, right? You go be a hero every night!”

“Yes… I do.”

“Then where’s your hero videos? Can I see them? Pleease?” Izuku asked, using those evil puppy dog eyes at him.

“Ah… Um… Sorry, but you can’t”, Shouta said guiltily because right after the second reason to not saying no to Izuku presented itself as sad kicked puppy dog eyes that made you feel like you dumped a box full of kittens to the rivers.

“Oh… Okay…” Izuku said dejectedly and turned his gaze to the floor. Shouta wasn’t sure whether or not Izuku knew that Izuku’s tactic of never really protesting and just quietly and sadly accepting whatever he was told was a purposeful thing designed perfectly to make anyone cave in under the
heavy pressure of guilt that followed. It would be so much easier to say no if Izuku just acted like an annoying brat that needed to learn some boundaries. The parents with kids who threw temper tantrums didn’t know how lucky they were. Shouta could say no to those kids so easily. Izuku? Not so much.

And so he quickly rushed in to explain himself to Izuku so as to wipe that depressed look away from Izuku.

“No, no, Izuku. It’s not that you can’t watch the videos. I’m just afraid there isn’t any… See, Daddy is an underground hero. I work at night and I stay out of the public eye to keep my quirk unknown and to keep the upper hand when I’m fighting bad guys.”

Izuku blinked once at Shouta, seemingly processing everything he was told and then just like that he was smiling again. It was tentative and Izuku seemed to know that his Daddy was feeling bad at seeing Izuku sad and so he wanted to reassure him.

“Can… Can you show me instead?” he asked shyly.

“Show… Show you what?”

“Your costume! And your fighting! Daddy’s quirk is Erasure right? And… And Daddy uses his scarf to capture villains! Uu!” Izuku exclaimed excitedly, throwing his hands into the air, “I know! Let’s play heroes!”

And Shouta was defenseless to protest. That night started Izuku’s all time favourite game, “Heroes”. Where Izuku was a hero, Shouta a hero, civilian or a villain and, yes, Hizashi was obligated to play too. Izuku usually wanted to save one of his fathers from the father playing villain. Though there was times they shook things up a bit and Izuku made, for example, Hizashi play the villain while Shouta was the hero to save Izuku, the civilian.

Izuku loved to draw and for a soon to be three year old, he was rather talented at drawing heroes and he was starting to know enough kanji to write the heroes names and some simple facts about them next to the photos (with a little help at times). Izuku was eating up so much paper that they decided to get him whole thick notebooks to draw in. Named by Izuku as “Hero Analysis for the Future” - notebooks. The first two entries were of Eraserhead and Present Mic, lovingly and carefully written and with detailed pictures. Only after that came the rest of the heroes Izuku knew. (All Might was after them, the third entry, and Shouta was surprisingly pleased about this)
It was the moment when Izuku came back home gushing about his friend “Kacchan” that got his quirk today. Telling his fathers that Kacchan was “so awesome” and “he’s going to be an incredible hero!” and “I can’t wait to get my quirk!” that Shouta and Hizashi were reminded that Izuku would probably get his quirk in three months if he were to get it around his estimated fourth birthday like so many children did. They were also reminded of the fact that they had no way of knowing what kind of quirk Izuku would be getting.

It wasn’t exactly guaranteed that a child would get a quirk similar to their parents’ but there was a high chance of that. And so most parents could play some kind of guessing game of will their child inherit something like their mother’s quirk or their fathers or possibly both. In a world of quirks it couldn’t be guaranteed that the first time a child activated their quirk, it would happen in a controlled environment and that the child’s quirk would be safe for everyone around. Even non destructive quirks could do some damage when first appearing in a child not at all experienced at handling them.

So, yes, it wasn’t that Izuku was that different from any other child who might get their quirks at any moment. There were safety methods developed to handle a possible difficult quirks presenting themselves during daycare or in public.

But then there was the fact that Izuku’s quirk could be one of the biggest clues to figuring out who his biological parents could be after years of nothing. And even though Izuku was perfectly normal and happy child, there was that looming threat of Izuku’s birth parents. Who were they? Were they still looking for Izuku? Would they try to take him if they were to find him? Would they hurt Izuku? How might Izuku react to finding out who his biological parents were?

And again, we are circling back to the fact that stereotypically, villains had particularly dangerous quirks. And therefore, assuming at least one of Izuku’s parents was a villain, there was a high chance of Izuku getting a dangerous quirk.

And so very much to Izuku’s confusion, one night his parents came to him to explain that they were pulling him out of preschool for a while.

“But why?”

“See, Daddy and Papa want to be there when you get your quirk, which might happen any day now as your fourth birthday approaches.”

“But Kacchan didn’t get pulled away from school before he got his quirk”, Izuku muttered.
“Yes but… We really want to make sure that at least one of us is there when you get your quirk. After that you can go back to daycare like normal”, Hizashi smiled.

Izuku got his intense thinking look on his face and he fell into quiet and incoherent muttering. Shouta and Hizashi shared a look and decided to leave Izuku to think things through at his own pace.

That night at supper Izuku declared that he wanted to stay at home until he got his quirk. Shouta and Hizashi contacted the school about pulling Izuku out of it for awhile, luckily the school was very understanding seeing as there were other parents with the same request at times and it was only preschool after all.

It was fine until Shouta came to pick Izuku up after his last day at preschool for now and Izuku looked all depressed at the backseat of the car and at first refused to tell what the matter was. Shouta didn’t press because he knew Izuku would come to him once he was ready.

And that night Izuku crawled between him and Hizashi to sleep and explained shyly that Kacchan hadn’t understood why Izuku was leaving school. And that now Izuku was afraid that Kacchan wouldn’t want to be friends with him anymore once he got back. Shouta assured Izuku that Kacchan was just upset that he wouldn’t get to see Izuku for awhile but he would be really glad to see Izuku once he returned. Izuku fell asleep with Shouta rubbing his back comfortingly.

And so they went back to the routine they had before Izuku had started preschool where Shouta took care of Izuku during the day and Hizashi would take care of Izuku during the night. Compared to when Izuku was a baby, Izuku was a lot more hyper and it was a lot more difficult to get him to take a nap. Shouta still found a way, Izuku was his child after all, and they would take naps together on the couch, each on their own sleeping bags (the sleeping bags matched in every way but the color; where Shouta was a yellow caterpillar, Izuku was a green one [art]). The rest of the time Shouta was looking after Izuku involved drawing heroes, talking about heroes, making notes about heroes, watching heroes, reading news about heroes and, most importantly, playing heroes.

And they fell back into that routine quite easily and again time seemed to just fly by, Izuku’s fourth birthday was coming closer and closer. Izuku was getting more and more excited about getting his quirk. Theorizing and dreaming about what it could be. It created some tense moments for Shouta and Hizashi when Izuku mentioned getting either of their quirks or a combination of them but Izuku blows through that subject so fast to new quirk possibilities that he wouldn’t even leave any time to his fathers to start explaining about birds and bees, mothers and fathers and adoption and where they got Izuku from…

Shouta was very grateful that he didn’t have to have that conversation just yet.
The night Izuku got his quirk, they were 5 days short from his birthday. The day had went perfectly normal, Shouta had made lunch to Izuku while he drew heroes. They played heroes together where they were both heroes fighting an invisible villain that was wrecking the apartment (this piece of imagination stemmed from the fact that the apartment was a bit messy at the time). Hizashi came home to Shouta and Izuku napping on the couch together. Not knowing how long Shouta had had to tire Izuku out to get him to sleep, Hizashi decided to let them be for now.

They had a quick dinner together before Shouta went to work. Kissing both his boyfriend and son goodbye.

Izuku was laughing, running away from Hizashi, who was playing the “villain”, jumping over furniture, slamming hallway doors behind him to slow down the villain out to catch him.

“Grr… Here I come!” Hizashi boomed with a controlled use of his quirk that made his voice loud and things vibrate just a bit but nothing destructive. He could hear Izuku giggling like wild somewhere in the house where he had managed to escape.

“You shall not escape from great and glorious Terror Voice! He is great! He is awesome! He is undefeated! And there’s nothing you can do to stop him!”

“The Mic Kid will!” Izuku yelled back.

Hizashi smirked as he took off in a new hunt. He found Izuku from under the kitchen table.

“The unstoppable Terror Voice has found you!”

“You can’t catch me!”

Izuku crawled from under the table and took off, Hizashi following him in just slightly slowed down pace (Izuku was quick and agile yes, but at his full speed Hizashi could still easily catch him but that just wasn’t fun) The game was reaching the point where Hizashi was supposed to catch Izuku before his ultimate defeat. And so when Izuku was running over the couch, Hizashi grabbed him around the waist, spinning him once before gently throwing him on the couch and attacking Izuku’s sides with tickles. Izuku giggled like wild but Hizashi had to let up soon enough so as not to make him pee his
pants. He gave Izuku a couple seconds to catch his breath while letting himself sag into the couch cushions too.

Izuku was faster at catching his breath than Hizashi and soon jumped on top of Hizashi to “trap” him.

“The Mic Kid has captured you Terror Voice! Surrender now!”

“Nooo!” Hizashi wailed in mock defeat, aiming his amplified voice into a direction where it wouldn’t harm Izuku. “How could I be defeated? The great and powerful Terror Voice!”

Izuku laughed again and flexed his biceps. “Nothing can beat the Mic Kid!”

“Ou yeah?” Hizashi asked with a smirk, “Not even… this?” Izuku was once again attacked with tickles and he squirmed, trying to get away from the offending fingers.

“No! No! Papa stooop!” He got out between giggles.

“Who’s the best? No one can beat the tickle duo!”

Izuku was starting to be so out of breath that Hizashi let him be again. Feeling Izuku against him in exhaustion to catch his breath. Hizashi smiled gently and softly petted Izuku’s green curls.

“Tired little listener?”

“No, I’m not tired! I can go on forever!”

“Ou yeah? You think you can beat me?”

“I can beat papa at anything!”
“Well I bet you can’t scream like this!” Hizashi said and amplified his voice once again.

“Yes I can! Aaaaa!” Izuku yelled with all the might his little lungs could produse. It was a good thing that they had pretty much soundproofed the whole apartment because Izuku and Hizashi ended up having what was basically a screaming contest and that could potentially disturb and worry the neighbors.

Papa took turns screaming with his normal voice and his quirk amplified voice. Izuku was getting out of breath with all the screaming from the bottom of his lungs. He was snuggled into Papa’s side with Papa’s arm around his shoulder. He could feel the difference between how Papa’s normal voice vibrated his body and how Papa’s quirk voice vibrated his body. It was then that Izuku noticed something different too.

He didn’t know how to really catalog the feeling. It was in him but it was also in Papa. When Papa used his quirk, Izuku… felt warmth? energy? coming off Papa’s throat. It was vibrate and loud and reminded Izuku of the feeling of screaming as loud as he could, of the loud voices, the vibrations of the ground that one time he walked by a construction site with a man drilling the asvalt. Izuku’s hand was on Papa’s chest and when Papa yelled with a normal voice it vibrated less and Izuku also couldn’t feel the feeling.

“I bet you can’t yell like this! AaaaaAaaAAA!” Izuku felt the feeling again, it was in Papa but Izuku was so curious about it that he reached out… “AaaAAaa… What?”

Izuku didn’t notice how Papa’s scream cut off abruptly or how Papa seemed confused all of a sudden. He was too busy wondering about how all of a sudden the feeling was inside of him! It was there at the bottom of his throat, warm and different and sending energy through his body.

Izuku blinked trying to feel his throat, wondering what happened. He didn’t notice how the feeling had disappeared from Papa. It wasn’t even that subtle something there even when Papa wasn’t using his quirk.

“AaAAAAAAA!” Izuku tried to scream at first normally but then all of a sudden his voice was so loud. Just like Papa’s! It was even louder than Papa’s, making things shake and making a lamp fall to the floor.
“Papa! Papa look! AaaaaAAA!” Izuku yelled and his voice was so loud even Papa had to cover his ears. “I got my quirk! My quirk is just like Papa’s!” Izuku celebrated jumping off the couch and jumping in excitement.

Izuku didn’t notice right away how pale Papa had gotten and how he stared at Izuku in horror as he had to cover his ears because Izuku didn’t know how to control his volume like Hizashi could and he was basically using the Voice quirk at full volume. It was making things shake and Hizashi glanced worriedly at the windows, fearing that they might break any moment now.

“Now I can be a hero just like Papa! I will be the Mic Kid!” Izuku cheered, “Right Papa?” Izuku asked and turned to look at his father. Hizashi tried to do something. Maybe smile at Izuku, who was so excited, or answer him but Hizashi’s hands were shaking and he felt... It wasn’t really anything painful. He felt almost normal. Almost.

Except he wasn’t. He could feel the absence, the something missing. Using his quirk was like second nature for him because he had had it all his life. He literally came out of the womb crying with his quirk, damaging his parents and the doctor’s delivering him ears with how loud his cries were. He had had to learn to control his quirk as soon as he was cognitive enough to start learning. And it had always been there and he didn’t even need to think about how to use it.

But now it wasn’t.

And the realizing that Izuku had just taken his quirk made him feel cold and afraid. Horror gripping his throat so not even his normal voice could come out.

“Right Papa?” Izuku was still using the amplified voice so it was a weird mixture of a shy unsure voice with the volume of a loudspeaker. Izuku’s eyes were quickly filling with worry as he noticed his Papa’s expression. “Is everything alright Papa?”

Hizashi coughed, trying to get his voice working again. “U-um… I-Izuku… What… What happened just now?”

“What do you mean?” Izuku asked confused.

“Izuku. You are using… You have to be really careful with the Voice quirk. It can do a lot of damage if you can’t control your volume. That’s why Papa uses the directional speaker around his neck outside of home. And Papa only uses his quirk at home very rarely. Can… Can you control
“I… “, Izuku’s eyes filled with fear as he noticed that his voice was still coming at a loud volume. Trailing off into silence Izuku stared at his father in helplessness.

“It’s… It’s okay Izuku. Would it be easier to give Papa his quirk back so you don’t have to think about controlling your volume?”

“Wha-What? ” Izuku asked in horror and Hizashi noticed how Izuku’s eyes focused on his throat. “Papa’s… Papa’s quirk… It… It isn’t there!” Izuku screamed in terror. Hizashi filed the information that Izuku seemed to be able to see or sense his quirk in the back of his head.

“Izuku, Izuku it’s okay. You can just give Papa his quirk back don’t you?”

“I took Papa’s quirk?” Izuku asked confused with his eyes filling with tears. Hizashi seeing the approaching panic getting closer tried to sooth Izuku.

“Izuku”, Hizashi sushed, “It’s okay. Just breathe. You must have gotten your quirk just now. You just need to focus and… and give it back.” He tried to reassure but he wasn’t even sure if Izuku could give the quirk back. God he hoped he could.

Izuku’s eyes were filling with more and more tears, his bottom lip quivering.

“Here…” Hizashi said and pulled Izuku to him, pressing his little hand on his chest, “You touched me like this when you accidentally took it didn’t you? Just… Just try to do it in reverse.”

Izuku looked down from Hizashi’s eyes and looked at his own hand on Hizashi’s chest. Hizashi saw a small crease between Izuku’s eyebrows as he seemed to try and concentrate on something but he didn’t feel anything and a moment later the crease disappeared as desperation spread over Izuku’s features. He lifted his tears filled panicked eyes to his papa.

“I- ” hearing his own voice amplified seemed to further upset Izuku and he was starting to breath raggedly. “I- I can’t! I don’t know how!”
All of a sudden Izuku pulled away from Hizashi’s hold and withdrew another step when Hizashi tried to reach out for him.

“I stole Papa’s quirk!” Izuku screamed in horror and the next thing Hizashi knew, Izuku was crying and gasping for breath.

“No!” Izuku screamed as Hizashi tried to reach him to comfort Izuku and Izuku jerked back from the approaching hand. Izuku was getting more and more panicked and all his sobs and cries were amplified to deafening volumes and Hizashi desperately wanted to comfort Izuku but right now, trying to touch seemed to send Izuku into a panic. Izuku’s volume was getting more and more loud, so much so that the furniture was vibrating as if in an earthquake. The curtains were waving as if in a gust of wind. The windows were trembling worriedly and the photo frames on the walls were starting to fall down. Izuku’s sobs were so loud that even covering his ears wasn’t enough.

With a guilty and heavy heart Hizashi had to retreat away from Izuku. He went to his and Shouta’s bedroom and pulled his cellphone out.

Shouta picked up after three rings.

“Shouta. You need to come home.”

When Shouta’s phone started to vibrate in his pocket, Shouta answered it immediately. Even Hizashi knew not to call him during work unless it was an emergency.

Shouta didn’t know what to think when the next thing he heard was Hizashi’s panicked voice telling him to come home over the loud cries at the background. Hizashi couldn’t explain further in the phone, just telling him to hurry.

Shouta had never ran so fast back home.

When he arrived it was to sobs and cries able to hear even a few blocks away and to Hizashi outside of their apartment pacing worriedly.
“Oh Shouta thank God!” Hizashi exclaimed once he got to him and pulled him into a crushing hug. Shouta could feel Hizashi sobbing to his shoulder.

“What is it? What’s happening?” Shouta asked as he gently stroked Hizashi’s hair in a soothing manner. His hair was a mess of tangles, telling him that he must have been running his hands through them in worry quite a lot.

“I-Izuku…” Hizashi sobbed and Shouta tensed immediately.

“What about Izuku? Hizashi look at me. What happened?” He demanded, pulling Hizashi at arm's length and staring at him intently. Hizashi had tears streaming down his cheeks and he looked desperate. A wreck.

“I-Izuku got his quirk. I- I don’t know what it is exactly but he… He took my quirk.”

“What?” Shouta asked in horror.

“He took my quirk accidentally and now he can’t control the volume of the Voice quirk and he’s upset that he can’t give it back and he’s been crying for like twenty minutes or so and he won’t let me come near him and I don’t know what to do… Shouta I’m so sorry!” Hizashi cried and tears fell from his eyes once more, sobs breaking out. Shouta stared at him in horror, trying to process everything.

Turning to look at the house, you could clearly hear amplified sobs coming from inside.

“God, I don’t know what to do. Izuku is so upset and I just want to comfort him but I can’t get near him. I can’t…”

Shouta shushed Hizashi and gently wiped the tears from his cheeks. “It’s okay. I’m here, I’ll handle it. Just breathe”, Shouta told him. He reached to kiss Hizashi on the forehead before letting him go and heading inside.

He had to cover his ears the closer he got, opening the door made him almost topple down from the force of the sound. Their home was a mess, with anything that was able to fallen on the floor, some of it broken. Shouta resolutely headed for the direction the sound was coming from louder and louder. There he found Izuku sobbing on the floor, basically having a panic attack with how much
he kept gasping for breath between his sobs. There furniture has actually moved away from him from how loud his voice was. There was some broken glass on the floor.

Shouta didn’t hesitate to activate his quirk the moment he had Izuku on his sight and the absence of quirk amplified volume seemed to shock Izuku into stopping for a moment. He raised his gaze to his father and once he saw the flowing hair and red eyes of his dad, his lower lip started trembling again and big fat tears rolled down his cheeks.

“I-I’m sorry Daddy. I- I- di-didn’t mean to steal Papa’s quirk. I- I do-don’t w-wanna keep it- I…” Izuku sniffed and bowed his head in defeat his whole small frame shaking.

Shouta couldn’t break his eye contact from Izuku, that would probably mean that the Voice quirk would activate again. He calmly walked over to Izuku but when he kneeled to his level and tried to reach out for Izuku, Izuku violently jerked away, his sobs turning more panicked.

“No! No I don’t want to take Daddy’s quirk too!”

It had been too long and Shouta had to blink twice to relieve the burning in his eyes from using his quirk. Sure enough Izuku’s sobs amplified into ear deafening volumes for those two seconds. Izuku whimpered in agony and slapped his small hands over his mouth to muffle himself.

Izuku jerked back again when Shouta tried to reach for him but Shouta wouldn’t have it. He pulled Izuku to himself and pressed him into a tight hug.

“Izuku, shh… It’s okay. Just breathe. Try to listen to my breathing and match it.”

Izuku was still weakly struggling against his hold but Shouta wouldn’t have it and tightly wrapped in a hug, pressing Izuku’s ear against his chest and covering the other one with his hand.

Shouta was glad that he was able to keep calm even in a high pressure situation. He focused into breathing calmly and keeping his heart rate steady even if even he couldn’t keep his heart from beating just a little faster than normal. At least it wasn’t beating rapidly like Izuku’s was deducing from his pulse Shouta could feel in Izuku’s hand he was holding. Shouta also had to crunch his teeth and focus on keeping his quirk activated even as his eyes burned. This close to Izuku, the Voice quirk could be potentially damaging to him if it were to activate.
Izuku stopped protesting and curled into his dad’s hold. His shoulders shook with sobs and he whimpered but compared to before it seemed like eerily quiet. One of Izuku’s hands was clutched in Shouta’s capture gear scarf.

Shouta was so thankful that Izuku actually calmed down relatively fast and before he even knew it, Izuku’s muscles were relaxing in his hold and as he looked down he saw that Izuku had passed out. The boy must have been exhausted from his panic attack.

Shouta made sure to keep a tight hold on Izuku, using his capture gear as help as he stood up holding Izuku in his arms and finally deactivating his own quirk and closing his eyes to revive the stinging pain of too dry eyes.

“Here…” he heard a whisper and turned to see Hizashi coming for him with a bottle of eyedrops in his hand. He obediently tilted his head back so that Hizashi could trickle a drop to each eye and then he blinked rapidly to let the moisture spread to his eyes.

“Thanks”, he whispered back. They were both being as quiet as possible, careful not to wake Izuku up. Shouta looked around their home that looked almost like a hurricane had went through it.

“How… How is he?” Hizashi asked carefully. Shouta turned to him to see tears glimmering in his eyes.

“Exhausted. He pretty much passed out once he calmed down even a little.”

Hizashi looked absolutely miserable and he nodded. His lower lip was trembling slightly but he was forcefully pushing down the sobs that wanted to break out to make sure that he wouldn’t disturb Izuku.

“I’m so sorry”, he whispered and Shouta had never heard Hizashi sound so quiet and upset. It disturbed him a lot.

“What happened?”

“We… We were doing a screaming contest’, Hizashi whispered and softly ran his hand through Izuku’s green curls, “I was occasionally using my quirk and then… it… It disappeared. Then all of a sudden Izuku had my quirk…” Hizashi met Shouta’s gaze with absolute misery. “He didn’t realise at
first that he hadn’t gotten his quirk but actually taken mine… Once he did he started to panic when
he couldn’t give it back and…” Hizashi’s voice broke and Shouta felt the need to comfort Hizashi
too but his hands were already occupied with holding Izuku.

“And then he started crying and I couldn’t do anything … I’m- I’m so sorry.”

Shouta hushed Hizashi gently. “It wasn’t your fault. It’s okay.”

“But it was… I’m Izuku’s father… I should have been able to…”

“Hizashi”, Shouta said sternly, “Don’t think like that.”

Hizashi looked like he wanted to protest but he just bowed his head in defeat. Shouta sighed.

The home was a mess. Hizashi was a mess. Izuku was a mess. Quite frankly, even Shouta felt like he
was on the edge of falling into a mess himself. He wasn’t sure what to do and it seemed that right
now he was supposed to be the person with the answers.

All he felt was… Exhausted.

Hizashi looked exhausted too, even more so... much more so, and he was looking at Izuku with such
sadness at his eyes…

“How are you feeling?

“Guilty, I should have been able to comfort-”

“No, no, you. How are you feeling? Not having a quirk?”

Hizashi raised his gaze to Shouta in surprise. “Oh… Right, I didn’t even… I was just so worried
about Izuku that I didn’t even think about that. Oh… Um… I feel pretty normal. There is this feeling
of something missing… maybe like a phantom limb with how used to I am to my quirk but I…”
Hizashi raised his gaze to Shouta with resolution in his eyes. “I don’t care if I get my quirk back or not. I can… I can quit being a hero, I just want… I can’t quit being Izuku’s father and I just want him to be okay…” Sadness covered Hizashi’s features again and he bit his lip looking at the sleeping Izuku in Shouta’s arms. “I just want him to believe that it will be alright and Izuku to be okay again and I’ll be okay too…”

Shouta studied Hizashi carefully, sighing sadly. “Here, hold him and both of you go to sleep”, he ordered.

“W-what no! Izuku didn’t want me to hold him.”

“He didn’t want me to touch him either at first. He was upset and scared that he might do something again by touching us but I don’t think he will. He probably needs you more than me right now. He will feel better waking up in his Papa’s arms and you both rest desperately right now. I need to make sure that I’m awake to erase the Voice quirk if Izuku wakes up again. Hizashi… Just hold him.”

Hizashi looked just a bit unsure but he reached out and Shouta carefully moved the sleeping boy from his hold to Hizashi’s. Izuku was so out of it that he didn’t even stir. Hizashi gently stroked his hand through Izuku’s hair and gave him a kiss to the top of his head, finally pressing his face to the soft curls and breathing in.

Shouta reached over to stroke Hizashi arm from shoulder down. “Go lie down and sleep. We will figure this out.”

“Okay”, Hizashi whispered and it was so quiet that he could barely hear it.

Izuku woke up gently wrapped in his Papa’s arms and for a moment he didn’t remember anything that had happened. But soon enough that blissful moment between sleep and wakefulness disappeared and everything came back to him.

Izuku pressed his lips tightly closed. Afraid that if he let out a sound it would come out so loud. Part of him wanted to pull away from Papa’s hold, scared that he would do something wrong again but a bigger part of him wanted to stay in his Papa’s hold where it was safe and familiar. He wanted to believe for a moment that his Papa didn’t hate him. That his Daddy didn’t hate him. That he hadn’t just destroyed his Papa’s hero career. Papa had saved so many people and he could still save so
many more people but now he couldn’t… Because of him.

Izuku bit his lip so hard that it hurt but he wouldn’t let out a sound. If he did, Papa would wake up and he wouldn’t be in Papa’s hold anymore. Izuku couldn’t help the tears that escaped from his eyes that were squeezed shut tightly.

He didn’t want to take Papa’s quirk. He hadn’t meant to do so. He wanted to give it back but he didn’t know how. He didn’t want to be a thief. He wanted his Papa, he just wanted his Papa.

Izuku tried to remember what had happened before he could yell really loudly. He remembered the feeling that bloomed inside him when Papa was using his quirk. Of loudness and laughter and vibrations. It was coming from Papa’s throat and it was warm and if he closed his eyes it almost seemed like he could see Papa’s quirk but he couldn’t really describe just what he was seeing, only that he did.

Izuku closed his eyes and there it was. The feeling was in his own throat and not Papa’s right now. Because he took it. Like a thief.

Izuku could feel panic gripping him again but he tried to push it away with all of the strength the soon to be four year old had ever possessed. If he could just stay calm and give Papa his quirk back then everything would be fine again.

Izuku rested his open palm over Papa’s heartbeat while he could hear it with his ear pressed against Papa’s side. He focused on the feeling on his throat and tried to think about moving it from his throat, through his hand, through Papa’s heartbeat, to Papa’s throat, where it belonged. Izuku couldn’t even remember how he had gotten the quirk, what it had felt like. It seemed like it had just happened… But he had done it, this was his quirk. If he could take Papa’s quirk, he must also be able to give it back.

He had to…

It happened like a click. Izuku wasn’t really sure how it figured it out. Or what he figured out. But he did it. He knew he did it. The feeling wasn’t in his throat anymore. It was in Papa’s! He could feel it! He did it!

It was then that Papa stirred and at first he was blinking confused but then his eyes widened and he turned his head to look at Izuku and for a moment they just stared at each other. Izuku’s heart started
to race while he waited for Papa’s response. Did Papa still hate him? Was Papa still scared of him? Papa could feel that his quirk was back, right?

“Izuku…”

“I- It’s back right? Papa has his quirk again, right?”

“Izuku?” Shouta asked from where he was sitting beside the bed.

Hizashi sat up slowly, bringing Izuku up with him.

“I do… I have my quirk back…” Hizashi said in wonder.

“I have my quirk back!” Hizashi exclaimed in excitement, using his Voice quirk again, it was loud but controlled.

Izuku couldn’t help but smile. But then a moment later he was crying again. He felt so overwhelmed with emotions, relieved, happy, scared, it was all a mess of emotions of knowing Papa had his quirk back and feeling it was where it belonged and remembering everything that had happened. He felt so overwhelmed about all of them that he didn’t know what he felt.

He did know though that both Papa and Daddy were hugging him and comforting him. He felt safe.

Chapter End Notes

Ouuu jeah:D:D Did you like it? Did I make you emotional? I sure hope so!

Lol I had some very strange writing positions at times because I mostly wrote this on my laptop on my bed XD Busy week coming up and test week getting closer so no promises of how fast I write the next chapter (just be thankful that I gave this one as a whole and not like in parts and with cliffhangers which I was just a bit tempted to do)

I linked it in the part where fan art was mentioned but here it is again: my very first fan art of my fic (●♡∀♡)

Hmm…. I tried really hard to make the link work but it seems it doesn't so here is the link as it is: https://littlegirlbluegirl.tumblr.com/post/173279743693/another-fan-art-for-a-fic-i-read-because-i-cant
Shouta and Hizashi held Izuku until he calmed down. Shouta was pretty sure that at least Izuku was a little less upset and panicked and more just overwhelmed. Izuku was tightly pressed between them in a hug. Izuku was holding to each of them with his little fists as if to make sure his father’s wouldn’t disappear anywhere. They were both happy stay that way until he was fully calmed down.

When Izuku hadn’t been crying in awhile, more like just clutching at them for support, Shouta carefully stroked his hand through Izuku’s hair and asked, “How you feeling Greenbean?”

“How hungry…”

Shouta exchanged glances with Hizashi, both of them having the same thought that was that the house was a chaos and Izuku would get upset again once he saw it.

“Well… How about we eat breakfast in bed?”

Izuku turned to his dad in confusion. “But it isn’t my birthday yet.”

“Sometimes it doesn’t have to be a special occasion to eat breakfast in bed”, Shouta assured with a chuckle and ruffled Izuku’s hair before getting up.
“Daddy is making breakfast?” Izuku asked and there was obvious worry in his voice.

Shouta put his hands to his hips and lifted an eyebrow at Izuku. “What? You think I can’t?” He asked affronted.

Izuku stared at Shouta for a couple seconds and then turned to Hizashi. “Papa should make breakfast.”

Shouta laughed in disbelief and pointed an accusing finger at Izuku. “I will prepare us an awesome breakfast you little troll, just wait and see.”

Hizashi couldn’t help his smile when Izuku bursted into giggles, neither could Shouta. But then Shouta turned to walk out of the room and Izuku happened to look at the living room through the opened door and his giggles cut off abruptly and his smile disappeared as shock took over and a moment later he bowed his head. Hizashi felt a painful stab at the bottom of his stomach seeing Izuku upset again and he had no idea what to say to make him feel better.

“Izuku, it wasn’t your fault.”

Izuku didn’t even pretend to agree by nodding. His head stayed down and his gaze seemed to move even further from Hizashi.

“You just got your quirk. Almost no one can control their quirk when they first get it. The Voice quirk takes practice to handle. I was born with the Voice quirk and damaged my parents and the doctor’s ears when I was delivered.”

“But I’m not a baby… And I wasn’t even supposed to have that quirk. I stole it… My quirk is bad, how can I be a hero if I can’t use my quirk?”

“Your quirk isn’t bad!”

Izuku turned his gaze to Hizashi and he was shocked by how sure and resolute Izuku looked.

“If I use my quirk and take someone else’s quirk, they won’t have their quirk anymore. My quirk is
stealing”, Izuku stated and his voice didn’t vawer. He sounded absolutely sure about himself.

Hizashi raised his gaze to Shouta who had just entered the bedroom with three bowls in his hands. He had heard Izuku too.

“Can I still be a hero if I can’t use my quirk?”

Shouta was careful approaching the situation and seating himself on the other side of Izuku. Izuku was shyly glancing at Hizashi for response but Hizashi seemed to be lost for words.

“Izuku”, Shouta said, “If you really want to, you can be a hero without a quirk. But it will take a lot of work and you will need a lot of strength, so here”, Shouta was handing Izuku one of the bowls in his hands, “start by eating breakfast.”

Izuku looked from the bowl to his dad. “Daddy this is ice cream.”

“Good observation! You need that while heroing”, Shouta stated nonchalantly.

“Daddy! You can’t eat ice cream for breakfast!” Izuku said affronted.

“Sure you can.”

Izuku looked unsure and turned to Hizashi. “Papa? Is it okay to eat ice cream for breakfast?”

Shouta rolled his eyes at being apparently so untrustworthy when it came to breakfast in Izuku’s eyes. Hizashi was smirking.

“It’s okay to have a cheat day every once in a while, let’s just enjoy it this time but don’t start expecting ice cream for breakfast every day”, Hizashi stated with a stern voice and pointed at Izuku before taking his spoon and scooping a big spoonful of ice cream to his mouth, immediately getting an exaggerated brain freeze. Izuku giggled.

For a small moment they all forgot their worries and just enjoyed their ice cream breakfast in bed.
To both Hizashi’s and Shouta’s surprise, once they were all done, Izuku demanded to collect their bowls and before they could stop him Izuku was already scooting out of the bed and rushing to the kitchen to put the dishes to the dishwasher.

“Daddy where’s the vacuum cleaner?” they heard a yell and realised they had to hurry much faster after Izuku. By the the time they found Izuku in the hallway, Izuku was already opening the cleaning closet and trying to pull the vacuum cleaner out.

“Whatcha doing champ?” Shouta asked with his arms crossed.

“Cleaning!” Izuku replied happily.

Shouta stared from Izuku to the apartment that was a complete mess, with even broken glass on the floor from some picture frames that had fallen to the floor and shattered. A four year old was not responsible enough to be cleaning out broken glass.

“Okay, sure Izuku”, but how about you start with our own room first? Last time I saw it, it was littered with clothes and toys, hmm?”

Izuku stared at the chaos that was their home for a moment and seemed a bit unsure. “Didn’t I tell you to clean your room yesterday? I think you should finish that first before starting any other projects, don’t you think?”

Izuku nodded, “Right! Okay, I’ll clean my room first!”

As soon as Izuku was gone, Shouta shoved the vacuum cleaner to Hizashi. “Start cleaning the broken glass away before he gets the chance to try.”

They spent the morning late spring cleaning the house (really late, it was summer). Izuku was like a powerhouse, first going through his own room, placing all his stuff in order, vacuuming, dusting, rubbing all dirty spots away, and then he moved on to the living room (which was hopefully safe from any broken glass now). Every once in a while they caught Izuku looking a little bit guilty and sad but it was wiped away a moment later by determination and a new spurt of cleaning energy. The house was spotless by the end of a very hard day.
Izuku was strangely quiet throughout the day even though he looked like he was thinking very hard. Usually it was just that Izuku muttered when he was thinking hard and now there was barely even that at all. Shouta and Hizashi figured that they should let Izuku work out his stuff on his own pace and not to disturb him during the process.

It was a good thing that Izuku basically tired himself out so he pretty much fell into his bed with new fresh sheets and was out like a lamp, it gave Shouta and Hizashi a chance to talk in peace.

“Izuku was really fired up about cleaning today, wasn’t he?” Hizashi said.

“He felt like it was his fault the house was a mess and he felt obligated to clean it up”, Shouta stated. Hizashi stopped with his hair brushing for a moment to sigh.

“Yeah…”

There was a couple of moments of silence between them.

“So… How do you feel about... this?” Hizashi asked tentatively. Shouta stared at the wall as he thought.

“Quite honestly… If there was anyone in the world that would get this kind of a quirk… I’m quite thankful that it was Izuku.”

“What?” Hizashi exclaimed and turned to stare at Shouta with big shocked eyes, “How come?”

“I just think that most people couldn’t handle it. The ones who wouldn’t want to take others quirks would be driven to madness by other people’s prejudice against them and the fear of not being able to handle it. The ones who would start taking other people’s quirks would try to do it in a villainous way where they wouldn’t care whose quirk they would take permission or not.”

“And Izuku?”

“Izuku…” Shouta paused to ponder, “Izuku would never hurt anyone intentionally. I don’t know if it will take a learning curve for him to learn to control it but we know that Izuku can both take and give
quirks. If Izuku would ever take a quirk from someone he didn’t mean to, he would also give it back.” Shouta stared at Hizashi with absolute certainty in his eyes, “And you saw Izuku today. It wasn’t like being in his near vicinity made him accidentally take our quirks. Izuku asked if he can be a hero without using his quirk… And I know he’s only three… almost four, but I get the feeling that he just might be able to do it.”

“And we will support him every step of the way”, Hizashi finished. Shouta smirked at his boyfriend and pulled him into a kiss.

“That we will.”

The next morning Hizashi woke up first like he usually did. What was kind of surprising was that Shouta managed to be in the breakfast table before Izuku. Seeing that Hizashi was the only resident in the kitchen, Shouta made a detour to check up on Izuku. He was still out cold to the world and Shouta figured he should let him be for now.

Hizashi handed him a cup of coffee once he came back to the kitchen and sat at the table. Shouta smiled at him gratefully and was rewarded with a quick kiss. Hizashi was going full out with their breakfast that morning, preparing steamed rice, miso soup and vegetable dishes to complete the set. Shouta was pretty sure he noticed some Tamagoyaki on the pan.

It was nice domestic bliss with their quiet atmosphere and easy coexistence.

“Izuku was supposed to go back to preschool once he got his quirk”, Shouta started. Hizashi stopped for a moment before continuing on with his cooking.

“Can’t that wait until after his birthday at least? Get a little more used to things”, Hizashi said.

“Hmm…” Shouta hummed and stared at his coffee, “Sure, that sounds alright. We should get Nemuri to babysit Izuku today.”

“Huh why?”
“We should go to the station and tell Chief Tsuragamae about Izuku’s quirk.”

Hizashi turned around to stare at Shouta, “What why?”

Shouta stared at Hizashi for a moment over his coffee cup. “Don’t you think it’s important? There was never any leads as to who Izuku’s bioparents are, his quirk is the biggest one we’ve got.”

Hizashi didn’t answer right away, turning back to his cooking and focusing on that instead. “What does it even matter anymore? Izuku has his quirk now and he’s ours. Why should we try to find out where he came from?”

“So we can be sure nobody is gonna try and take him away from us.”

“It’s been three years! How much of a risk is that even? Nobody has even tried…”

“It’s still better to know if there’s still a risk of that ever happening. We don’t know anything right now and what about when Izuku starts asking questions about the birds and bees and where he came from, what then if we don’t have any answers for him?”

“You… You actually want to tell him?” Hizashi asked. Shouta could only see his back but Hizashi’s voice sounded tight and tense and Shouta saw how his muscles had all tensed up. Shouta got up slowly and headed to hug Hizashi from behind and rest his chin on his shoulder.

“It’s better than lying to him. That would just create more problems than it’s trying to avoid.”

Hizashi sighed and Shouta could feel Hizashi’s muscles relaxing a bit under his touch. “I’m just… I’m just scared of what he will think of us… Of himself…”

“Izuku will know that we are his real parents and that it doesn’t matter where he came from. He’s smart like that.”

Hizashi chuckled.
“We are just going there to talk with Chief Tsuragamae. It will be fine.”

“I have never even heard of a villain that could steal quirks…” Hizashi muttered.

“What was that?”

“Nothing, nothing. Allright, I’ll call Nemuri.”

It was then they heard small footsteps coming their way and they both turned to see a very sleepy looking Izuku walking towards the kitchen. His hair was an even bigger mess than usual and he was rubbing his eyes and yawning with all wrinkled clothes.

“Good morning sleepy head”, Shouta greeted with a smirk. Even Izuku seemed a little confused about the fact that Shouta was up before him.

They made the arrangements and decided to go talk to Chief Tsuragamae at night after Hizashi came back from work. For all appearances and purposes Izuku was fine enough and they shouldn’t keep stretching their leave of absence any longer and just go back to the routine. Nemuri came together with Hizashi, they ate dinner together before leaving Izuku with her and headed to their appointment with Chief Tsuragamae.

They arrived at the police station and were directed to the Chief’s office. The secretary next to the door to the room knocked for them and went inside before telling them it was okay to go inside. They stepped inside and Chief Tsuragamae was sitting behind a desk. He got up to shake hands with both of them before they all took seats, Aizawa and Yamada on the two chairs in front of the table.

“So… It’s been some time since we last saw each other. Howl is little Izuku?”

“He’s good… He’s been going to preschool and he has friends and he loves heroes, oh god you wouldn’t believe, he has this notebook- notebooks! He might even have you in it-”

“Hizashi, I’m afraid Chief Tsuragamae isn’t that interested in the details”, Shouta interrupted Hizashi who had gone to “We are so proud of our son” rampage.
“No, no, I'm happy to hear about the little pup, glad to know everything is going whelp”, Tsuragamae assured with a smile.

“Yes well… Even so we do have a bit more serious thing to tell you”, Shouta said.

“I see, then what is it?”

Shouta and Hizashi glanced at each other briefly. “Izuku got his quirk the day before”, Shouta said, Tsuragamae raised his eyebrows but didn’t otherwise interrupt. “It manifested… Izuku can…” Shouta coughed and sat up straighter, a little confused as to why he was hesitating, “Izuku can take and give back quirks.”

Chief Tsuragamae had a very good poker face but even he couldn’t help the little tells of his shock. His chin lifted a little and his eyes rounded in shock for a moment before he collected himself and took on a more neutral look, sitting back in his chair and looking at Aizawa and Yamada sternly.

“How exactly did Izuku’s quirk manifest?” He asked.

“We were playing, Izuku and I, and we were um… In a middle of a… a screaming match”, Hizashi said his cheeks reddening slightly, “I was using my quirk and then Izuku… He took my quirk without realising it at first and then he got upset when he realised that he now had my quirk and I didn’t but he gave it back as soon as he calmed down!” Hizashi rushed to add as if afraid of someone judging Izuku before getting the whole story. “I have my quirk back now and it works perfectly.”

“Izuku won’t be abusing this quirk I assure you Chief Tsuragamae. But seeing as this is the biggest lead we’ve got since getting Izuku as to who might his biological parents be, we thought we ought to tell you”, Aizawa finished.

“Hmm…” Tsuragamae hummed after a moment of silence, “I guess I have something to share with you. Will you excuse for a moment?”

“Yes sure…” Aizawa answered a little confused as Chief Tsuragamae got up and started walking to the door. Shouta and Hizashi exchanged baffled glances.
“What do you think it is?” Hizashi asked as they were left alone in the room.

“I think he knows something… Knows who Izuku’s biological parents are”, Shouta answered and was scowling at the empty seat behind the table. He and Hizashi fell into silence for the lasting few minutes it took for Tsuragamae to come back, with a new person.

“Aizawa-san, Yamada-san, may I introduce you to detective Tsukauchi Naomasa, Detective Tsukauchi here are the pro heroes Eraserhead and Present Mic.”

They got up to shake hands with the detective as Tsuragamae rounded the table and sat behind his desk once more, detective Tsukauchi rounded the table too but was left standing next to the Chief.

“It’s nice to meet you both” Tsukauchi greeted.

“Detective, I’ve just been informed that the baby we discovered from the villain hideout bust case from three years ago has finally developed his quirk.” Chief Tsuragamae started, Aizawa and Hizashi tensed up a little as they realised their son’s quirk would be revealed to this new person the next, “The baby, Izuku, was adopted by these two and apparently Izuku’s quirk is about being able to take quirks from other people to himself and also the power to return them.”

Detective Tsukauchi was much worse at keeping his poker face than Tsuragamae had been. He visibly took a gasp of breath as his eyes were filled with shock. Shouta squinted his eyes at him suspiciously. His protective dad instinct rising up, ready to defend his son if this person decided to start throwing accuses of how dangerous this quirk could be. He didn’t though because there was also a part of him that sensed that Tsukauchi’s shock wasn’t due to that but something else.

“You two know something. Tell us”, Aizawa demanded.

The two police officers shared a look.

“Right… I suppose that’s why I’m here…” Tsukauchi started. “Approximately three years ago there was a villain that was defeated, by All Might.”

Both Shouta and Hizashi were keenly alert and listening to every work the detective said. Shouta’s eyebrows lifted at hearing the name All Might.
“This villain was called All for One, for his quirk allowed him to take any quirk from anybody by touch and keep them to himself or pass them on to other people.”

“How come we haven’t ever heard of such a villain before? That kind of quirk used badly…” Hizashi asked.

“That’s because he was much older than you think. He had been operating since quirks started manifesting but after the heroes started to rise, he hid himself under the radar and was operating from under the spotlight.”

“Was operating… You are saying that he isn’t alive anymore?” Shouta enquired and glanced from the detective to the chief.

“We… There was never a body we could find. But we have stayed alert since All Might defeated him and we haven’t found anything. For all appearance and purposes yes… We are assuming that he’s dead.” Tsukauchi stated.

“But you can’t be sure.”

“Unfortunately yes, since we can’t since we don’t have a body to prove it”, Tsukauchi answered Aizawa with a sigh.

“There’s something else you might want to see”, Chief Tsuragamae interrupted. Shouta and Hizashi turned to him to see him turning his computer screen towards them.

“We weren’t able to find this at the first investigation but our second investigation during the demolition of the villain hideout discovered us this video footage”, Tsuragamae told and hit play on a video that was on fast forward, “It was from the nursery and it covered a period of one week, there was only one angle and… one person that showed up on the footage.” As if in clockwork Shouta and Hizashi finally witnessed a person coming into view and lifting Izuku from the crib. “There was never anyone else but this person and Izuku seen on the footage and no matter what, we haven’t been able to identify the person man on the footage. He never turns towards the camera, he’s only ever seen taking the baby out of the crib for a period of five to thirty minutes before returning him back. This pattern repeats itself for approximately four times a day.”

“You’re… You’re saying that this is a video footage of Izuku. And that… that monster that was
“taking care of him only came to see him four times a day?” Yamada said and his voice was strained by outrage as he tried to control his anger.

“Yes. And seeing as there were nobody else visiting Izuku, we have come to the conclusion that the other man might have been the only one aware of Izuku’s existence. No villain we captured revealed any kind of knowledge about a baby in the hideout as we interrogated them.”

Hizashi’s hands were squeezing into fists as he stared at the video footage playing before them. They could see a dark figure of a man coming, lifting Izuku from the crib, disappearing out of the frame for a moment before returning him into the crib and leaving. Shouta stared at the fast-forwarding clock in the corner, watching as it ticked on for hours without anyone checking up on Izuku all alone in the dimly lit room. At times they could see Izuku’s silhouette rise to a sitting position and his hands to crab the bars of the crib but it was too blurry to see his facial expressions.

Shouta took Hizashi’s hand and squeezed slightly.

“Why weren’t we told about this before? Why didn’t you show this to us before?” Aizawa demanded to know.

“As I said, this footage wasn’t found until the second investigation of the place since it was very well hidden. And the footage barely any new information so I exercised my judgement from keeping you from seeing it since it could only upset you.”

“Then why are you showing it to us now?”

“I figured it would be best in the light of our new information.”

Shouta and Hizashi gave confused looks to the chief.

“Unfortunately we can’t test it but it seems that the evidence points to Izuku being All for One’s biological son, given the similarities of their quirks. The location of the hideout matches with some of the intel about his possible operations at the time and given that All Might happened to defeat him just as we found Izuku, and no bone has tried to hound Izuku. If our assessment is correct and the person seen on this footage is the only person who knew about Izuku then it seems the person in the footage might be All for One himself. And since he is, presumably, dead, he therefore hasn’t been able to even try and get Izuku back.”
“It does seem to line up perfectly”, Aizawa agreed with a sigh and looked to Hizashi. “We finally know who Izuku’s biological father is.”

They returned back home with a lot on their mind and a tense silence surrounding them. When they stepped inside their home they heard steps coming their way and soon Nemuri was there to greet them.

“Hi you guys, how did it go?” She asked.


“Yes of course, Izuku was a sweetheart like he always is”, Nemuri said with a dopey smile and resting his cheek on his clasped hands, “We drew a lot and hung out and stuff… You guys just took a while so he’s already in bed” She told and her voice got a little quieter towards the end.

“I’m gonna go to the bathroom be right back”, Hizashi told before slipping past them. Shouta was staring at Nemuri with scrunched up eyebrows. “Nemuri? Is everything alright?”

“Yes, yes everything is alright it’s just…” Nemuri sighed, “Izuku was as polite and wonderful as he always is but I also noticed…” Nemuri hesitated for a moment.

“You noticed… what?”

“He’s… he wasn’t himself tonight. He didn’t want to play heroes, he was quieter, like sure he still mutters almost like normal but more… quiet and he didn’t want to go on and on about heroes and I noticed that whenever I got too close he would step back or lean away like he was afraid of touching me… Izuku is usually so happy to see me and we play and laugh and it’s wonderful but tonight…”

Shouta squeezed Nemuri’s shoulder in comfort. “Don’t worry it wasn’t about you, he’s still adjusting to finding out about his quirk.”

“Right… Of course”, Nemuri agreed and smiled. “Well I better get going now since you guys are
back and it’s getting late, remember to invite me over other than for babysitting at times you know?” She said with a teasing tilt while pulling her coat on her shoulders. Shouta smiled but he had a heavy uncomfortable feeling growing in his gut. He had noticed Izuku backing away from his touch too today while he was watching him as Hizashi was at work. And Izuku hadn’t wanted to play heroes either. Which wasn’t… completely unheard of but pretty close these past few months.

“Shouta…” Nemuri said and he raised his gaze back to her, she hesitated for a bit, “Take care of him…”

Shouta gave her a smile and nodded, “We will. He’s safe with us.”

Chapter End Notes

I enjoyed your reactions to chapter 6. You came up with a lot of theories and questions for most of which I will try to answer in the fic because I think it's more fun that way:D You had a lot of different reactions, some of you were like "Ha! I knew it!", some I apparently surprised, some of you sounded almost disappointed o_o Yeah there's like ... Wait I just searched the tag #Midoriya Izuku has All for One Quirk and there was like only 10 works? Like okay, not everybody have tagged it (like me haha) but still is there even that many Izuku has AfO fics?

I at least haven't read that many, in most of them Izuku was a villain and I've found that that kind of story line can depress me so... My point is those fics and how Izuku has All for One are very different to how this fic is gonna be, I think you will notice it quite soon, so if you were disappointed, hang in there and see if you like my take on this!)

Most of you figured it out the last chapter, now read in this chapter but I'm just going to confirm it as the author, All for One is Izuku's biological father and Inko is Izuku's mother. Sorry to tell you though, you won't get much of Inko in the story, but I will cover at ... some point just how this happened and all that. Lots of questions shall be answered during the fic but hey:D keep asking and theorizing, it's quite interesting!

Then lastly, I would also like to point out that I don't really like discrimination plot lines... I love angst and you will get whump like angst but anything from homophobia to Izuku being bullied will be very minor. It was interesting to see how you theorized what kind of plot lines I would take and how Kacchan will react to Izuku was one of them. Some of my favorite fics are the ones where for one reason or the other Bakugou reeled in his shitty behavior early on and never was an abuser and a bully to Izuku but instead a supporting friend and/or a boyfriend eventually. And Izuku is kind and BAMF and everybody loves him... So knowing that you might guess how I will handle things in this fic...

Now we still have things before the UA plot lines are happening and any love interests can happen. For now I have still left it open whether I will ship Izuku with someone (I probably will, I kind of already decided with who) but hey:D It's still open and I kind of wanna hear your OTPs and NOTPs, is there any Izuku pairings that will make you nope out from this fic because it's not your thing? Anything you will hope to see? I'm
interested, let me know:D
New discoveries

Chapter Notes

Sorry that I didn't reply to all of the comments in Chapter 6:D I like to reply when I post a new chapter but I posted Chapter 7 in like 1.30 am so my brain was starting to be so out of it that I just couldn't and then I felt silly replying to them the next day anymore:D Just know that I still appreciate each and every one of them<3

And whoo! Woah, the kudos amount has gone over 900? Kopio is officially my top fic in all but Hits statistics of all my previous fics, I'm still excitedly waiting whether or not this will go over the 1000 (?) kudos mark and when will this be my top fic of all time:D

Anyway! Enjoy, fluff ahead!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouta had still a hero shift that night so he just changed into his hero gear, took a bite of food and went to give Izuku a kiss to the cheek before leaving. Fortunately it was a quite standard night and it didn’t stretch necessarily, Shouta was back at home before 4 am and he crashed to bed quite fast.

The next morning, all was right with the world, Hizashi woke up the first and witnessed Shouta to be completely dead to the world. He gave his boyfriend with a birds nest of bed hair a kiss to the cheek with a chuckle and got up to go cook some breakfast.

At some point while cooking some scrambled eggs, their son emerged from his room. Equally out of it like his not a morning person -dad. Izuku had wild untamed hair and he waddled over to the table to instantly rest his head on the table. Hizashi just shook his head amusedly.

Izuku was fed some breakfast and then since he was still all sleepy, Hizashi figured he could just point Izuku to their bed so he and Shouta could continue sleeping instead of both of them having to get up because he was leaving for work.

Hizashi left their home to the image of Shouta and Izuku peacefully sleeping together in their bed.

Shouta in turn eventually woke up to Izuku poking his dad on the cheek. He opened his tired and just a bit too dry eyes to Izuku only a few inches from his face and sunshine lighting up Izuku’s hair to look a much brighter green than usual. Izuku startled back when he saw his dad opening his eyes.
Shouta groaned quietly, still yearning for sleep but accepting his fate. “Five more minutes Izuku. Tell Papa I’ll be up in a moment and that he can go already.”

“Papa left already. It’s almost 1pm already”, Izuku giggled. Finding his daddy to be silly at the moment.

Shouta turned his head so he could see the digital clock next to his bed on the other side and realised that Izuku was speaking the truth.

“Huh… All right then…”

Shouta dragged himself out of the sweet warm and soft bed (he could go with a bit firmer one but Hizashi really liked soft mattresses). Izuku waited patiently for his dad sitting on the bed. Shouta collected his mess of a hair into a messy bun and headed for the kitchen. Time for his breakfast and Izuku’s… lunch?

It was quite a normal day for them. Completely normal in fact. To the inexperienced eye at least. But Shouta was trained to notice every detail, even outside of work. And he didn’t miss the way Izuku avoided any and all skin contact. The way he would lean away if you got too close and if he went to ruffle Izuku’s hair, Izuku would duck his head and when he was handing something to him, Izuku would make sure their hands just wouldn’t touch at any point.

Shouta noted all these little things but decided to stay quiet for now. See if Izuku just needed a bit time before he figured things out himself and became more comfortable with touching again.

Shouta was all for boundaries and consent, but it was just that this wasn’t usual for Izuku. Izuku loved hugs and playing and hair ruffles would make him beam and he might hung on you like a cloak trying (and succeeding) to plead with his puppy eyes anyone to play heroes. Izuku would offer his cheek for a cheek kiss and even give one back. He would giggle like crazy when he got to take Shouta by hands and wall climb Shouta’s legs and chest with his little feet, doing a somersault at the end to get back on his two feet.

The absence of all these things was quite jarring.

The day went by without playing Hero with Izuku and soon enough Hizashi came back and it was Shouta’s turn to go to work.

That night Hizashi hugged himself to Shouta. His eyes were glimmering with tears and he sniffed
“Izuku don’t want me to touch him anymore, he keeps flinching away”, he whispered sadly and a lone tear rolled to Shouta’s chest. Shouta softly stroked Hizashi from his hair to his back in a soothing manner.

“He just needs a bit time to adjust. He’s still figuring out his quirk and he doesn’t feel sure whether or not he can control it.”

“I feel like this is my fault… Like he hates me…”

“It’s not and he does not. Izuku loves you and you know it”, Shouta answered sternly but gently. Hizashi sighed.

“I do, I do know that… I just can’t stop…”

Shouta turned Hizashi’s chin upwards so he could look at Hizashi to the eyes and show his conviction. “We love Izuku and he loves us. We just need to give him some time.”

Hizashi nodded and snuggled closer to Shouta, pressing his ear above Shouta’s chest.

The next day Izuku was drawing on the kitchen table when Shouta decided to turn off his hero paperwork for now and go and kneel beside Izuku. He took gently pulled the pen from Izuku’s hand, placing it on the table and then taking both of Izuku’s hands in his and forcing him to look at himself. He noticed that Izuku’s shoulders were now tensed up.

“Izuku, we need to talk.”

“A-about what Daddy?” Izuku asked and there was clear fear in his eyes from seeing his dad so serious.

“About this Izuku”, Shouta said nodding to their joined hands, “About you being afraid to touch us anymore. What’s going on there? Can you tell me?” Shouta inquired and tried to convey trust and safety in his eyes.
Izuku looked at his dad and then at his lap.

“I just don’t… I don’t want to take your quirk by accident”, Izuku mumbled and avoided Shouta’s gaze.

“Are you taking my quirk now?” Shouta asked.

“No…”

“How about now?” Shouta asked and moved Izuku’s hands so that they were cupping his cheeks. After a moment Izuku turned his eyes to Shouta a little panicked and then stared confused at Shouta when he realised his Daddy’s eyes were now read and his hair was floating.

“Daddy’s quirk disappeared”, Izuku said worriedly.

“I think you’ve got that mixed out Green bean”, Shouta said good naturedly and gave his son a smirk. “I think it’s you who’s missing a quirk, but how did you know that exactly?”

“Your… I couldn’t feel your quirk anymore.”

“Is that so? Then there’s more to your quirk than just taking and giving isn’t there?” Shouta said and finally deactivated his quirk. His hair flowed back to gravity’s will and his eyes turned back to the familiar dark color filled with love for Izuku. “Izuku, my doesn’t just pop up without me calling for it. I can deactivate it and activate it and I’m not just erasing everybody’s quirks all the time by accident. Do you feel like your quirk is actively trying to pull other people’s quirks to you without you wanting it? Are you a quirk magnet?”

“No…”

“And if you do accidentally take someone’s quirk without meaning to, are you unable to give it back?”
“No… I gave Papa his quirk back…” Izuku admitted quietly once again. Shouta sighed and smiled gently at Izuku.

“Izuku look… I understand that you’re scared and sometimes you just can’t help being scared. It must have been very scary for you to accidentally take Papa’s quirk when you didn’t mean to”, Shouta cupped Izuku’s cheek as Izuku gave a small nod, “But Izuku, you must understand that your quirk doesn’t control you. You control your quirk and you’re allowed to make mistakes while you learn to control it.”

Izuku was staring at his Daddy’s eyes, scared and unsure but pleading for reassurance.

“But Izuku, being scared of your own quirk is the surest way to lose that control. If you keep holding and holding your quirk back then there’s no telling what could happen when you finally can’t do it anymore. You have to learn to accept your quirk and not be afraid of it. Even if you will never use it.”

“But how?”

Shouta gave a thoughtful sound as he stared their clasped hands thoughtfully.

“How about you try your quirk now? You can take my quirk and then take it back”, he suggested with a head tilt and a questioning eyebrow. Izuku’s eyes widened in shock.

“No, no… I can’t! What if I can’t give it back?”

“You can. And you will, Izuku I trust you.”

Izuku stared at their hands with doubt and Shouta squeezed Izuku’s hands in reassurance. “You can do it Izuku.”

Izuku nodded and Shouta waited patiently. Izuku closed his eyes and they stayed there, quiet and unmoving, for awhile while Izuku tried out to use his quirk on Shouta’s.

Shouta couldn’t say he particularly felt it. It was almost surprising how little he could even feel it.
Shouta wondered if the brief warmth he felt was something he just imagined or not. The only reason he even noticed he didn’t have his quirk anymore was that he was actively trying to feel his quirk. And when that almost unconscious switch he used to activate and deactivate his quirk disappeared, he knew Izuku had done it. Shouta also belatedly noticed that his felt… different. Better. Slightly less dry and tired.

“There you go.” Shouta encouraged and smiled at Izuku, “How does it feel?”

Izuku blinked at his father and gave a shrug.

“Can you use it? Can you sense how you can activate and deactivate it?”

Izuku’s eyebrows scrunched up as he focused and a moment later Izuku’s hair started floating slightly and his eyes turned red, Shouta smiled proudly.

“Great! You are doing it!” He cheered, “Now you had some problems controlling the Voice quirk before because you were upset and new to it. But can you deactivate the Erasure quirk without a problem?”

Izuku nodded and then his hair floated back down (as much as it could anyway, that thing liked to defy gravity at times) and his eyes turned back to their bright green color.

“See how you can activate and deactivate it at will? It doesn’t just do it by itself?”

“Yeah”, Izuku agreed.

“Do you think you’re ready to try returning the Erasure quirk now? You don’t have to, you can keep it for now if you want, freak out Papa with it when he comes back home”, Shouta smirked.

Izuku looked unsure again. “I- I want to give it back now…”

“Okay, but there’s no hurry. Just give yourself some time and relax. Take a deep breath and then focus, you can do it.”
Izuku gave his dad a small smile and a nodded, then he once again closed his eyes to focus. Shouta waited patiently as Izuku did his thing.

When Izuku opened his eyes and smiled with the brightness of a million suns, Shouta didn’t even need to feel his quirk to know that Izuku had given it back.

“I did it!”

“Yes you did! Great work Izuku! I’m so proud of you!” Shouta announced proudly and with a huge grin.

After a moment Shouta sobered down a bit once again and smiled gently at Izuku while softly stroking his thumb over Izuku’s cheek. “Promise me you will try to understand your quirk from now instead of being afraid it? I miss my Izuku hugs.”

Shouta’s gruelly trained hero reflexes came to use when he only had a moment to prepare before Izuku launched himself at Shouta and clung tightly to his father, burying his face to Shouta’s neck. Shouta heard a sniff next to his ear and a quiet, “I will Daddy. I promise.”

Shouta gently hugged Izuku back with a smile and smoothed down his hand down Izuku’s back.

“That’s my boy.”

Hizashi almost started crying when that night while he was hanging out with Izuku while Shouta was at work, Izuku approached him and shyly asked him if they could play heroes. Whatever Hizashi had been doing was forgotten immediately as he jumped up in excitement and cheered and enthusiastic “Yeah!”

Hizashi kept feeling these burst of love when he and Izuku fooled around, making dramatic speeches of villainy and heroics, chasing each other and Hizashi tickling Izuku and throwing him gently around and flying him above his head. The burst just went through him and squeezed his heart with warmth and joy so deeply that at times he couldn’t help but clutch his chest to try and contain the feeling before it made his heart explode.
Don’t ask him how but he and Izuku ended up in an unofficial screaming match again. It may have started while Izuku was chasing him and then they just tried to one up one another and then they laughed until their bellies hurt and they had to collapse on the sofa to catch their breath. Observing Izuku, it was getting apparent that he was wearing out and would soon need to go to bed already.

Just watching Izuku made a wave of love wash over Hizashi once again and he didn’t even try to control himself when he scooped Izuku into his lap to hug as tightly as he could. He was starving for Izuku hugs after two days without them, don’t judge him.

“Papaaa… I can’t breaaathe”, Izuku squeezed out from where he was buried in Hizashi’s arms. Hizashi loosened his hold just a little as not to strange his son but still didn’t let Izuku free. “Papaaa…” Izuku giggled.

Hizashi did finally release Izuku from his hug but Izuku stayed in his lap and was resting himself on Hizashi’s chest while he caught his breath. The next burst of love was so strong that Hizashi had to take a deep breath so he wouldn’t burst into tears and freak Izuku out. He was so happy.

Izuku was starting to feel really tired and he closed his eyes and felt calmness wash over him from hearing Papa’s heartbeat and feeling his warmth under him. Daddy was right, just touching wasn’t doing anything. He could sense his Papa’s quirk safely on Papa’s throat and it wasn’t going anywhere without him actively trying to take it.

It felt interesting to feel Papa’s quirk. It was different from Daddy’s. Daddy’s was mostly in his eyes while Papa’s was in his throat, they both seemed to spread wider, reaching all the way to the part that thoughts came from according to grown ups.

Aunt Nemuri’s quirk had felt different too. Spread over almost her whole body and less intense compared to Papa’s. It wasn’t about just where they were located either. They worked differently, there was parts in them that made them work like they did. There, lying on his Papa’s chest, Papa’s quirk was so close that there was so much that he was now noticing about it, all these different things, an ensemble that made a whole. Izuku couldn’t place the feeling and description of what quirks felt like to anything he had ever experienced before but he did feel them and he was starting to recognise all these parts and features.

Daddy had said that there was more to his quirk than just the ability to take and give them. And there was wasn’t there, he could understand them! It was still all confusing and he couldn’t quite connect the dots but it was there. He felt them and he could also understand them.
If he could understand other people’s quirks, couldn’t he also understand his own? He must be able to feel it if he tried.

Izuku closed his eyes and tried to search inside himself something like Papa’s quirk. Where could his be? In his hands? In his thoughts?

At first Izuku wasn’t exactly sure where he found it. But it was there and he probed at it, it almost felt like someone was pouring water through his body with how it seemed to spread from his head to everywhere, getting thinner the further down he got. Returning back to his head where he could feel it the strongest, Izuku turned and wondered at it, trying to make sense of all it’s parts and what they were, how did it work.

What exactly was his quirk?

It was almost strange how understanding seemed to flow through him even before words could form them into sentences. There was more to his quirk.

Hizashi startled slightly when Izuku sat upright all of a sudden with a shocked look in his eyes. For a moment he thought that maybe Izuku had accidentally taken his quirk again but… no, it was still there. He could still feel that he was able to use his quirk if he wanted to.

“What is it Izuku?”

Izuku blinked his eyes dumbfoundedly and tilted his head slightly while his mouth opened but words didn’t come out like he was confused as to what to say exactly.

“I did something”, Izuku said and he still seemed confused even at himself.

“Umm… Okay. What did you do Izuku?” Hizashi asked.

Izuku frowned and moved to go sit next to Hizashi on the sofa instead of sitting in his lap. He got that look of Izuku concentrationTM and Hizashi waited patiently. Then Izuku got a little smirk on his lips and he looked at his Papa coyly.
“I bet you can’t scream this loudly” and then Izuku continued on to scream with all his little lungs were worth and, and the scream was amplified like with the Voice quirk. Hizashi blinked dumbfoundedly at Izuku, because he could still feel his quirk but Izuku just used it?

Hizashi shook the shock from him to give Izuku a remark, “Oh yeah, trying to be a big shot there, are we? Just see how the professional does it.”

The following scream was very much amplified with the Voice quirk. Izuku beamed.

“No, I can scream the loudest! Aaaaa!”

“Big talk for such a little guy, aaaaaa!”

Then both Hizashi and Izuku were screaming at each other with the Voice amplified quirks, the resulting backwards thrust made them both topple over on the sofa, resulting in laughter.

“Izuku how did you do that?” Hizashi asked in wonderment.

“I made a copy!” Izuku announced and threw his hands up in excitement.

Hizashi was so, so, so proud of Izuku and loved his so, so, so much that he just couldn’t control the happy tears anymore.

Shouta came back early, for his standards, it certainly wasn’t early enough to justify that his four year old son was still up and so excited that he was almost vibrating through the floor.

“Daddy! Daddy! I learned a new trick!”

“Is this what you call a child that’s in his bed by bed time?” Shouta asked Hizashi who atleast looked a little abashed.
“You try get him calmed down”, Hizashi side whispered back giving a pointed look to Izuku who was literally running and jumping around.

“Well, what trick did you learn Izuku?” Shouta asked amusedly and shook his head.

“I can do quirk copies!” Izuku announced with a Voice amplified voice. Izuku bursted into laughter from the following dumbfounded look on his dad’s face. Shouta turned to look at Hizashi so as to confirm that he truly still had his quirk. Hizashi understood this and nodded with a proud smile.

“Wow, Izuku that’s great!”

“I know right…?” What had started amplified suddenly went back to a normal voice in the middle and Izuku was left staring ahead confusedly.

“Izuku?” Hizashi asked carefully, not sure what just happened.

“It broke”, Izuku said surprised. His two fathers didn’t really have any time to respond before Izuku rolled into a muttering storm, stroking his chin in thought with Izuku’s look of deep concentrationTM on his face. “Quirk copies must be different from quirks and won’t last forever… Maybe there’s a time limit or something and they will disappear after a certain time… Or maybe…”

Shouta and Hizashi glanced at each other a little helplessly, not sure how to proceed.

“I need to go write this down!” Izuku announced and was almost running off already before Shouta stopped him.

“Hey, hey now mister. Your bedtime has gone a long time ago, I understand that you are excited but you need to go bed. After all, you can only wake up on your birthday morning if you sleep before it.

“Oh…” Izuku said and you could see it from his face that he had completely forgotten than the next day would be his birthday.

“So, go, brush your teeth and then I will come read you a bedtime story alright?”
It wasn’t easy getting an over excited toddler to calm down and go to sleep. Fortunately for Shouta, Izuku was also exhausted from the long day and heavy play time so eventually he managed.

There was one good thing in Izuku stretching his bedtime, Shouta wasn’t usually there when Izuku was going to bed so getting to read him a bedtime story (about heroes) was a rare treat which he strangely enough enjoyed immensely.

Who wouldn’t when Izuku looked like an angel once he finally did fall asleep?

Chapter End Notes

And there we go! New aspects of Izuku's quirk has been revealed! And now hence, you might understand the title "Kopio" since it stems from the fact that it means "A copy" in Finnish (Fun fact: I'm a Finn! I know Finnish, it's like -20 celcius every morning here right now but really pretty and sunny)

I feel like I can open up some facts about Izuku's quirk here in the notes, they might (will) come forth in the fic too, but at least this should make some aspects clearer already:
Izuku's quirk is an evolved version from AfO, it can take, give, sense (analyze) and copy quirks! Izuku has also inherited aspects from his mother Inko who can attract small objects to her body. Therefore, unlike AfO, Izuku can in fact take and give quirks without actually touching someone. If Izuku takes another persons whole quirk, it can not be destroyed or erased, the only way to erase a quirk from existence is by the person carrying it dying. In turn copies can be destroyed and erased and they may do so if they are put too much stress into or if there's too many. Izuku will study his quirk in the fic

The future is still far away but it was nice hearing from you in the last chapter about all your otp's and stuff:D There's no pleasing everyone at the same time but we'll see how you will like it once we get there. How did you like this chapter? Pretty fluffy once more imo :D Next chapter will be too (I originally thought I would post them as one, but it was getting long so I decided to cut it, if you are lucky the next update will come sunday:)!
The Birthday

Chapter Notes

We have reached 1000 kudos!!!!! Oh my GOSH!!!! This is incredible! I'm so amazed! Thank you each and everyone of you, I'm so thankful to all of you and to all your kudos and all your comments<3 I can't believe how well this fic has been received and it inspires me to keep writing this so much, so thank you<3

I was really supposed to be reading for a test but lol... We reached 1000 kudos I just felt like I had to update in honor of that so instead I wrote this chapter ^_^'' I tried posting this yesterday but then AO3 was at first working really slowly and then decided to stop working all together:( I figured it wasn’t going to get fixed as soon as I wanted to so this got pushed to the next morning:/

Ah... In my family we sing this very specific birthday song (possibly made by my family, but I'm not 100% sure) and bring breakfast to the bed every time someone has a birthday. And I really love that song but it's in Finnish and there's no proper way to translate it to English because English just doesn't have the right kind of words at times. So yeah, we will go with the traditional Happy Birthday song

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Haaappy birthday to you…” started Hizashi and Shouta together, Hizashi much louder and more enthusiastic while Shouta was still trying to get his brain to catch up to being awake. Hizashi was carrying a tray with waffles, hot chocolate with whipped cream and two small presents. Izuku had been still asleep before they opened his door and started singing and he was now slowly rousing up awake, just a bit confused and groggy.

“Happy birthday dear Izuku, happy birthday tooo youuu”, they finished just as Izuku was sitting up and rubbing his eyes, Shouta straightened Izuku’s blanket so that the tray could be placed above his lap. Izuku stared at the ensemble for a moment before looking up at his parents. Hizashi had gotten a place to sit at the foot of Izuku’s bed while Shouta pulled Izuku’s chair from his work table to sit beside the bed instead of awkwardly standing there and looming over him.

“Morning, green salad, happy birthday!” Shouta said and ruffled Izuku’s hair. Izuku beamed.

“You’re four now! Ouh, my little boy is starting to be so big already”, Hizashi wailed while wiping crocodile tears from his eyes. Shouta kicked Hizashi gently when it looked like he would make Izuku cry too.

“Yes, you are turning four now. We will have lots of stuff to do today and tomorrow you can go
back to preschool once again”, Shouta said.

“Don’t you have to go to work?” Izuku asked with a sleepy voice.

“Of course not, we’ve got the whole day off for your fourth birthday”, Hizashi smiled.

“Oh, okay”, Izuku smiled.

“Now, how about you open your presents first and then you can eat your breakfast in bed.”

Izuku seemed to become more alert and exited at the mention of presents. Shouta was already handing him one with a chuckle. It was wrapped in simple green wrapping paper with white strings. Izuku first removed the string very carefully and then the paper equally carefully, trying not to tear it. Shouta exchanged an amused glance with Hizashi while he was at it.

Finally, Izuku managed to unveil the present, which happened to be an All Might themed notebook. Izuku gasped in delight, “I can start writing my quirk notes in this!”

At least Izuku was easy to please.

The next present was a collection of action figures, some new rising hero stars, Shouta wasn’t even sure who but Izuku exclaimed all their names in delight.

“There’s still one present but it didn’t fit on the tray”, Shouta said while raising the soft and a bit roundish packet to Izuku’s eger hands. Izuku unwrapped it with everlasting carefulness to reveal an All Might one piece. Izuku was so excited about that one that Shouta had to tell him that he couldn’t put it on right away, “You don’t want it to get accidentally dirty, do you?”

“Noo…” Izuku conceded but was still needily staring at the clothing.

“So, how about you finish your breakfast now and then you can come and put it on, Shouta said while rising up. Izuku suddenly looked a bit panicked and sad, “You’re leaving?”
Shouta and Hizashi exchanged glances that kind of had been the plan… But Izuku’s kicked puppy look was too powerful.

“No, no… I’m just going to get some coffee for me and Papa”, Shouta answered.

And that’s how all three ate breakfast in Izuku’s bed that morning. Shouta sipping his coffee while Hizashi went on and on about some funny hero story and giggled so much that he came close to getting his hot chocolate back through his nose.

Izuku put on the All Might one piece the moment he was done with breakfast and he looked way too cute in it. Shouta felt a little grumpy about it since it still wasn’t his preference to have his son be such an All Might fanboy.

Izuku got measured how tall he was now at four years old to a door frame where his one, two and three year hights were already. Hizashi almost started crying again seeing how much Izuku had already grown from when they got him.

Nemuri joined them soon after with a big present from her carried in her hands.

“How’s my favourite nephew?” she exclaimed.

“Aunt Nemuri!” Izuku yelled in excitement and ran to give her a hug around the legs. Nemuri raised a happy smile to Shouta and Shouta grinned back, hell yeah Izuku was back to normal.

“Is that for me?” Izuku asked in wonder and Nemuri nodded, kneeling to Izuku’s level and handing him the packet with a smile. “Happy birthday Izuku!” she exclaimed and got a new excited hug from Izuku who was practically vibrating from excitement. Didn’t stop him from carefully taking off the wapper again, though.

Shouta couldn’t at first see just what was being unveiled from the present but Izuku let out the biggest gasp and then screamed like a stereotypical little girl in excitement.

Shouta raised his eyebrows in part shock and curiosity, looking at Nemuri. “What on earth did you get him?”
“You’ll see”, Nemuri answered while gesturing to Izuku who was taking off the All Might one piece (?!?) in a hurry. Next pulling on something colored in black in return.

A small, “oh…” escaped Shouta’s lips as positively beaming Izuku turned to him and he had a really familiar looking outfit on.

“It’s Daddy’s hero costume!” Izuku screethed and was actually jumping up and down in happiness, “I love it! I love it! I love it! I love it!!! Thank you Aunt Nemuri!” Izuku hugged her again, still jumping up and down.

“There’s also a Present Mic version in the packet, I had them specially ordered”, Nemuri stated with a smug grin. Shouta felt frozen from seeing just how happy a present like this was making Izuku. A present about his hero persona.

He also noted that the present had had the Present Mic themed black outfit with white shoulder details and the voice amplifier detailed in the collar. The hood had earphones and piece resembling Hizashi’s crazy hair do while he was Present Mic. And then the same packet had had the Eraserhead themed one piece that was now being proudly worn by his son. It was mostly black as well but it had a pattern around the shoulder area to represent his signature capture weapon, the white scarf, and then it had the familiar yellow goggles on the hood.

“Let’s play heroes! Eraserhead and Eraser Boy versus Aunt Nemuri and Papa!” Izuku cheered. Shouta felt weak at hearing his son wanting to be Eraser Boy while wearing his hero outfit themed outfit.

All three adults were too weak to say no to Izuku and they ended up playing one of the most wildest hero plays. It was Izuku and Shouta as the heroes, Nemuri as the civilian and Hizashi as the bad guy.

“**You will never stop me!**” Hizashi declared proudly, Shouta felt a bit worried about their apartment since it seemed like quirks were getting mixed up in the playing once again.

“Oh somebody save me! Won't you save me!” Nemuri wailed in a theatrical fashion.

“We will!” Izuku yelled back. “Go Eraserhead!”

Shouta played along, even activating his quirk on Hizashi. “It’s over now villain! Surrender now!”
“You can’t use your quirk if you can’t see me!” Hizashi stated while covering Shouta’s eyes with his hands. Izuku giggled wildly and Shouta decided to play along even though he could use his quirk on Hizashi since he could still see some part of him, only without light and from very very close from his eyes. They were playing after all, he didn’t need to be too correctfull. Shouta felt Izuku taking his hand from hidden behind him.

“But Eraser Boy will!”

Izuku had jumped on Hizashi, giggling wildly while his hair was floating and his eyes were shining red. Hizashi had to remove his hand from Shouta’s eyes to catch Izuku. “You have been captured villain!” Izuku declared and Hizashi was smiling while he wailed, “Oh nooooo! How could this be?”

Shouta noticed Nemuri staring at Izuku with surprise and he gave her a reassuring smile. Right, Izuku’s quirk was still new to her. It was new for Shouta too to have his quirk copied from Izuku.

Shouta shook his head with a smile while he watched his giggling son and boyfriend hugging each other tightly. “Now who’s captured?”

“You are!” Izuku laughed.

God he was happy seeing Izuku so happy.

They eventually managed to take a break from playing. Hizashi had went with Izuku to the bathroom to wash their hands before they would enjoy some of Izuku’s birthday cake, Shouta gave a brief explanation about Izuku’s quirks new developments to Nemuri while the other two were still out of room.

“Woah… That’s really something that quirk.”

All Shouta did was hum in agreement while he was setting the table.

“But I’m really glad to see Izuku is back to his normal happy self again, it was really uncomfortable seeing him so… Well you know.”
“Yeah… I do. By the way, I can’t believe you managed to beat Hizashi and me with the present giving. Like sure, Izuku was happy about his new All Might themed notebook and the action figures of some heroes and the All Might one piece had him so excited but you beat them all.”

“What can I say? I know my nephew. He might be an All Might fanboy but really, he is the true number one fan of Eraserhead and Present Mic. Especially Eraserhead since there’s so little merchandise of him.”

Shota couldn’t help the proud grin breaking on his lips, “I guess so.”

“Whoohoo’s ready for some cake!?” Hizashi asked while coming to the kitchen, carrying Izuku in a piggyback ride.

“I am!”

Izuku was placed to the chair on the head of the table, before the handsome birthday cake with four candles.

“But first you need to blow out the candles and make a wish! But wait, just let Papa get the camera ready… Okay, Papa’s ready! Go Izuku! Make a wish and blow the candles out!”

Izuku sucked in air until his little lungs were full and his cheeks were round, then he leaned in, blowing the four candles out with all his might. He got them all snuffed out and a proud wide smile spread on his lips as they all clapped their hands at him.

They enjoyed the cake (made by Hizashi) and then Nemuri started giving her goodbye, stating that she still had work that day unfortunately.

“That’s okay, we actually still have a doctors appointment to get to today as well.”

“We do?”
“Yes Izuku, to register your quirk before you start school”, Shouta answered.

“But I haven’t even started my notes yet!” Izuku exclaimed and then he was rushing off to his room, coming back a moment later with the All Might themed notebook and a pen.

“I need to start right away so I’m prepared!” Izuku stated while he was settling in on the kitchen table, opening up the first page of the book.

“He’s excited”, Nemuri chuckled.

“Yep…”

“Well, anyway, I’m off! Bye Zuzu!” Nemuri yelled to the kitchen.

“Bye Aunt Nemuri!” Izuku managed to yell back and briefly flashed her a beaming smile before turning back to focus on his notes.

Nemuri chuckled one more time before she was out the door.

----------

Izuku ended up getting enough time to write at least a satisfactory amount before having to go.

“We can do something fun after the doctor's appointment”, Hizashi told, “What would you want to do Izuku?”

“I don’t know…”

“We could go see something for example?”

“Oh! Can we go see villain fights live!” Izuku suggested in excitement.
“Uuh…” Hizashi said eloquently while he and Shouta exchanged worried glances. Villain fights weren’t exactly the safest place to take a four year old and tracking them wasn’t exactly consistent either.

“How about a movie? Or going to the zoo?” Hizashi tried to propose in return.

“The zoo has penguins…” Shouta added.

“The zoo could be fun”, Izuku agreed thoughtfully.

“The zoo it is”, Shouta announced before Izuku could change his mind and demand more villain fights sightseeing.

They arrived to the doctor’s office and Izuku walked between them, holding both their hands. Izuku was dismissing the opportunity to play with the waiting room toys, instead deciding to go over his own quirk notes while they waited a couple minutes to be called upon to their appointment.

“Aizawa-Yamada?” a female doctor asked and they got up to go with her, Shouta and Hizashi shaking hands with the doctor before entering the room.

Izuku got a seat between his parents and the doctor pulled over a stool with wheels to sit before Izuku.

“Well hi there. I’m Doctor Takahashi. If I understand correctly, you are Izuku?”

“Yes! Nice to meet you miss”, Izuku greeted with a polite smile.

“Nice to meet you too. May I ask you some questions?”

“Of course!”
“That’s great! How about you tell me how old you are?” the doctor asked while clicking her ballpoint pen open and redying to write.

“I turned four today!”

“Oh! You did! Well happy birthday!”

“Thank you!”

“And as I understand, you came here to register your quirk. Can you tell me about it a bit?” At this the doctor glanced at Hizashi and Shouta too to signal that they could answer too if there was anything to add after Izuku.

“I got it…” Izuku started counting fingers but seemed a bit confused, raising his gaze to his Daddy.

“It manifested five days ago”, Shouta filled in.

“Yeah, and I have discovered lots from it already! Though I still need to figure out some aspects… I still haven’t figured out how the copies work and how they differ from the original ones… It seems they don’t last forever and I need to figure out what makes them break-” Izuku was muttering and then stopped as Shouta placed a gentle hand to his shoulder.

“I’m not sure the doctor can understand your mumbling Izuku”, Shouta said gently.

“Right, sorry”, Izuku said, seeming a little bit embarrassed.

“It’s okay”, the doctor reassured. “How about you specify a bit the aspects about your quirk?”

“Okay!” then Izuku was opening up his notes reading straight from them, “I think my quirk could be called Take, Give and Copy! Possibly TGC for shorts, although that’s kind of dismissing the sense part… Maybe it should be TG…SC?–” Hizashi coughed a little and it seemed to shake Izuku away from the approaching muttering episode.
“Right… So the... as-aspects are like these: Take for the ability to take another person's quirk, where the person the quirk is taken from loses it and I'm able to use it. Then there is Give for the ability to give the quirk back to the person. This needs some further research but I think it could be possible that I can give the quirk to someone else too but I'm not sure yet… And then finally there's Copy for the ability to copy a person's quirk, without taking it, being able to use it!” Izuku finished with an grin, raising his excited gaze to the doctor who had frozen for a moment, pen in hand, staring at Izuku.

“Wow… That’s quite a quirk”, she said.

“Yeah, I can also sense other people’s quirks and understand them! It’s kind of confusing though but I think I’ll get better at it with time!”

“Okay… Well… Uhm… How did this manifest exactly?” the doctor asked. Izuku looked instantly a bit upset and his gaze lowered to the floor.

“I- U-uh… At first I accidentally took Papa’s quirk”, Izuku admitted.

“But then Izuku was able to return it shortly after”, Hizashi filled in with a gentle smile and an encouraging rub of the back for Izuku.

“Yeah, and then Daddy let me try it out once again on his quirk!”

“And Izuku had very good control over taking it, using it and then returning it”, Shouta added.

“And then I discovered that I can copy quirks and I copied Papa’s!” Izuku finished, excited once again.

“Right…” the doctor was now writing down things on her clipboard. “How about details? Do you know whether or not you can use your quirk from a distance?”

“Huh…” Izuku looked thoughtful at this, “I'm not sure actually, I haven’t tried yet.”

“Well”, the doctor smiled, “You are here to figure out a bit more about your quirk today. Of course
you will get even more familiar with your quirk and learn new aspects of it over time but we will see what we will discover today, shall we?”

Shouta and Hizashi agreed to be the test subjects to test Izuku’s quirk. More specifically, it was going to be Shouta since his quirk was less disruptive being used. Izuku was standing a few meters away from his dad as he focused and then managed to take Shouta’s Erasure quirk. This time Shouta felt a bit more noticeable tug as it was removed but it was still basically pain free. Izuku demonstrated using it and then returning it from a distance as well.

They repeated the experiment with Izuku copying Hizashi’s quirk this time. He stated since the Erasure quirk copy still hadn’t disappeared from their earlier play time, Izuku wanted to see how long it would last. Izuku wanted to copy Papa’s quirk again after it had disappeared since the first time. It was apparently a bit more difficult since Izuku stated that he really needed to focus on the details and it took a bit more effort from a distance but he still did it.

The doctor kept filling the quirk registration as they were testing, asking a few more questions for clarification, every once in a while. Then finally she stated that she seemed to have everything she needed to fill out the registration for “TGC” (“Better keep it simpler for saying purposes, right?”) And they were on their out.

They ended up going to the zoo where Izuku got a burger and some fries and a hundred (or more, probably more) pictures of himself with all the animals. He especially liked the bird section where he stated that the cockatoos looked like Present Mic because of his hair. Shouta laughed so hard that his sides hurt.

One of the memorable moments was when they happened to be seeing a delfin show and in the middle of it the show keeper proposed his girlfriend right there in front of everybody, completed with the delfin bringing the ring box for him.

“What’s he doing?” Izuku had asked.

“Proposing for his girlfriend”, Shouta had answered.

“What’s proposing?” Izuku asked, raising his curious eyes to each of his fathers in turn.

“Proposing is when two people who are in a relationship love each other very very much and decide to get married. The one proposing gives a ring for the other and then they exchange new rings at the
wedding where they promise to love and be there for each other forever”, Hizashi told.

“Oh, so have you proposed?” Izuku asked way too innocently to be asking such a loaded question.

Shouta and Hizashi tensed up and exchanged nervous glances.

“Oh… Um… No we haven’t actually yet…” Hizashi admitted.

“But why? You are in a relationship and love each other right?”

“Yes… Well um… You see Izuku we just haven’t gotten around…” Shouta was filling in.

“Don’t you want to propose to Papa Daddy?”

“Why yes… Of course I do”, Shouta admitted. Shit this was a loaded conversation… And it was heading dangerously to directions where he and Hizashi would end up engaged in a noisy delfin arena surrounded by strangers, without a ring and… Just, Shouta wasn’t exactly the most romantic of people, but this wasn’t the way he wanted to be proposing to his boyfriend.

“Oh, Izuku look how the two delfins jumped!”

Izuku turned his attention back to the show and Shouta sighed in relief after successfully distracting Izuku. He and Hizashi stayed a bit tensed up, though, because of the raised discussion.

Izuku wasn’t wrong though, what was stopping them from getting engaged?”

They didn’t get back home until late that night and Izuku was so tired out from the day that he was out like a light once he finally got to bed. Teeth brushed and the Eraserhead one piece he had refused to change out of while they went outside changed to the Present Mic one piece that at least was cleaner. Hizashi demanded to take a photo of Izuku sleeping there with the Present Mic one piece on and looking like a such an angel.

Shouta started planning when he would go buy an engagement ring for Hizashi as they got to bed
and he got to pull him close.

The next morning was a bit of a hassle since it had been a while since they had mornings where Izuku was supposed to go to preschool. Hizashi had to go to work and Shouta was forced out from bed so he could take Izuku to school. They made through at least.

At the car ride there Shouta had a brief discussion with Izuku.

“Now Izuku, you can tell about your quirk to people if you want to. But remember that quirk usage is forbidden in public. You shouldn’t show off with your quirk or your copies, understand?”

“Yes Daddy.”

“And if anyone gives you a hard time about your quirk, you will tell a teacher right away won’t you?”

“Uh… Okay”, Izuku agreed a bit unsure.

They were just pulling up at the parking lot and Shouta could park the car before turning to look at Izuku seated in the backseat.

“Izuku, people can be stupid sometimes. Prejudiced when they feel like it. Sometimes, when I was younger, people weren’t so kind towards me because of my quirk.”

“But Daddy is a hero!” Izuku exclaimed in disbelief.

“Well, Daddy wasn’t a hero just yet then. And people sometimes to accuse me of potentially using my quirk against them without them wanting to.”

“But… Daddy would never do that unless they were using their quirks badly”, Izuku said.
“True, but sometimes prejudice rises up without proper reasons and actions supporting it. Usually from some unjustified fear. And you need to understand Izuku that it isn’t ever okay if someone tries to put down someone just because of the quirk they possess. And if someone ever even tries to do that to you, you will tell a grown up right away, right?”

“Yes Daddy…” Izuku agreed but looked a bit down, after a moment of silence he asked unsurely, “Do- Do you think that people will be afraid of my quirk?”

“The people who are smart will realise that there’s nothing to be afraid and the ones who don’t won’t matter”, Shouta stated.

“Because they are shitheads”, Izuku mumbled in thought.

“What was that?”

Izuku smiled at his dad, “Okay I get it Daddy. I will tell a teacher if anyone tries to bully me!”

“Good boy”, Shouta smirked.

Differing from the first time Izuku had gone to preschool, this time Izuku was much more excited than nervous. Almost too excited to even say goodbye to his dad. Almost. He did give a tight hug to his Daddy and an excited “Love you!” before he was already running off.

Izuku was in a hurry to find Kacchan. It had been so long since he last saw his friend and he was so excited to see him again and play with him and tell him about his quirk and everything!

“Kacchan!” Izuku exclaimed the moment he saw Kacchan there, playing with action figures and cars while two other boys more like watched from his side. Kacchan’s head turned abruptly to Izuku’s direction.

“Izuku!” Kacchan yelled in surprise. There was brief moment where it seemed a smile would rise to Kacchan’s lips before a scowl took its place. Izuku reached the playing boys and plopped down to sit next to Katsuki.
“What took you so long? You’ve been gone for a forever”, Kacchan growled out in anger and was pulling away the toys as if he was afraid Izuku would reach out for them.

“I only got my quirk a while ago and my dads wanted me to be home until I did”, Izuku answered with a bright smile, not swayed by Kacchan’s apparent hostility. “How have you been?”

Kacchan turned his angry glare to the two other boys, “Scram!” he growled out and the two looked so frightened that they obeyed immediately.

“It sucked, the others aren’t anything more than extras and don’t even know any heroes beside All Might, who, yeah, is the best but really? They are too stupid to fill their heads with anything else? Stupid extras…” Kacchan grumbled, then raised his glare to Izuku, “So you got your quirk? What is it?” he more like demanded than was just asking.

“Oh! Um…” Izuku hesitated for a moment, remembering his and his Daddy’s conversation. But this was Kacchan, and Kacchan was his friend, and he couldn’t not tell Kacchan. “It’s… I named it TGC for… for take, give and c-copy. I- I can take and copy other people’s quirks”, Izuku admitted, muttering a bit towards the end as unsureness compelled him.

Katsuki stared long and hard at Izuku with a scowl, his head tilting and his gaze glancing at the two other boys, who had escaped further and were still nervously staring at them, before his gaze returned back to Izuku.

“Kacchan?”

“Hmm…” Katsuki hummed in thought. “Is it powerful?”

“Oh, um... Yes, I guess? I think? I- I still need to study it to understand it better and figure out how I'm going to use it but I'm... I'm going to become a hero with it”, Izuku ended and resolution made his voice more firm, more sure.

“Can you copy my quirk?”

“Y-Yes”, Izuku answered.
“Don’t.”

“Okay”, Izuku agreed again and suddenly there was an action figure being shoved to his hands.

“Just remember that I will be the number one hero”, Kacchan grumbled.

Izuku smiled coyly at Katsuki, “Then you better be better than me because I'm going to give it my everything and I won’t be easy to beat”, Izuku stated.

He got a grin and a look from Kacchan that seemed to convey ‘Challenge accepted’ as Kacchan smirked and said, “You better.”

Shouta came back to an Izuku who could barely stop smiling, he was going mile a minute explaining everything about his day and about Kacchan and about their playtimes, showing him a drawing he had taken with him.

“See here’s me and here’s Kacchan. We are heroes! I thought about getting a dark hero suit like Daddy and Papa have! Kacchan wanted something explosive so his is orange and red, see?”

Shouta hummed a confirmative answer while glancing at the drawing. Honestly, Izuku was going so fast and his stories were so imaginative at times that he had trouble keeping up even though he tried to concentrate fully on Izuku. Izuku thought about so many details that he had something to talk about all the way to the car, to Shouta strapping him on the car seat, to Shouta starting the car and starting to head off.

“Hey Izuku”, Shouta managed to interrupt at one point, “Daddy has an errand to run so we are heading off to the city first before going home alright?”

“Okay!”

A moment later Shouta was getting an earful of Izuku’s explanations again.
Shouta managed to find a parking spot and they were walking hand in hand with Izuku. Izuku was starting to be more curious about his surroundings so his babbling was starting to wind down.

“Where are we going Daddy?” he asked finally.

“To that little shop over there in fact, you see it?”

Izuku was stretching out his neck and getting on his tiptoes as they walked closer to the jewelry shop.

“What are we doing here?” Izuku asked as they were finally at the door and Shouta was opening it for them two.

“We are picking up an engagement ring for Hizashi”, Shouta told.

“An Engagement ring?” Izuku asked as he started to stare in wonder at all the shiny jewelry on display.

“For proposing.”

At this Izuku gasped and looked up to Shouta in wonder, “You’re gonna propose to Papa?”

“It’s still being planned but yeah, I plan to propose to Papa, will you help pick a pretty ring for Papa with me?”

“Yeah!”

They ended up spending a while there, looking over all the rings, Shouta helping Izuku to see even the ones that were a bit high for him by lifting him to his arms. In the end Izuku stated that he should get a gold ring since “Papa’s hair was gold too!” And Shouta figured a beautiful but more simple gold ring without any diamonds could be good for now. It was a bit safer to wear while at work and Hizashi could always get the biggest rock he wanted in their wedding rings if he wanted one.
The black ring box was safely secured into his pocket after purchase and he and Izuku exited the shop again hand in hand.

“When are you gonna propose to Papa?” Izuku asked in excitement.

“I don’t know just yet, Papa likes to be romantic and I think I should try to be as romantic as I can once I propose.”

“Like in a delphin show!”

Shouta chuckled incredulously, “Sorry Izuku but I don’t think that’s the most romantic place to propose. We will figure something else out.”

“Hmm… Alright”, Izuku replied cheerfully.

They were now walking in a comfortable silence and Shouta had to pull Izuku a bit at times when Izuku forgot to keep walking while he was window shopping. Shouta turned his gaze with a smile on his lips up to start looking for their car that should be right about here…

It happened so suddenly that it just… happened.

All of a sudden there was a yank and then Izuku’s hand wasn’t suddenly in his anymore. Shouta turned right away to look at his side where Izuku had been just a second ago. But he wasn’t, there was nothing more than a brief breeze blowing his hair to his face as he frantically tried to turn this way and that to see Izuku somewhere. But- But he wasn’t.

“IZUKU!”

Chapter End Notes

;) aah cliffhangers
To protect

Chapter Notes

Now warnings! BNHA is pretty violent show in a way so cannon typical violence expected. Proceed with caution if it's triggering for you but it's not anything too long or that graphic. Lot's of angst ahead so prepare yourselves.

Shouta was panicking, looking one way and another there was absolutely no sign of Izuku anywhere. Izuku was a quick child, sure, and easily pulled by things that interested him but this wasn’t that. Izuku’s had been ripped away from his hold and then he was just gone. This had been done by someone else, this had been done using a quirk, someone had taken Izuku.

Shouta forced himself to calm down, push away the fact that this was his child, his son, someone kidnapped his son, panicking wouldn’t get him anywhere. He was a hero, he could push emotions away to act rationally.

Shouta took his phone out from his pocket and with quick and precise few clicks he sent out an alert, alerting every hero nearby about a villain kidnapping and alerting every police station in the city. He included a photo of Izuku, his name only as “Izuku” and his last known location and time.

That done Shouta pushed his phone back to his pocket. He didn’t have a lot to go on, he hadn’t seen anything. But he had felt a breeze, a sudden, unnatural breeze that had blowed his hair to his face, meaning what ever had taken Izuku had came from behind and continued forward. It was the only direction he had.

They had just been reaching their car too, Shouta thought bitterly as he ran to it pulling the car door open, just one minute more and Izuku would have been safely sitting in their car. The leather on the steering wheel made a scraping noise as Shouta’s fists squeezed it with a white knuckled grip.

Shouta pretty much threw every driving rule out the window as he started speeding down the street with his car. He had his windows open to hear the outside better. Every intersection he quickly catalogued everything he saw, trying to find anything that could give him a hint as to where Izuku was.

There was nothing, it had been barely two minutes since Izuku had been taken and Shouta had no lead where to go.
That was until he heard it.

Izuku didn’t know what was happening. All he knew was that he had been with Dad just a moment ago. He had been holding his hand while they walked the street and Daddy made sure that he didn’t forget himself at watching the window displays, especially when they walked past something that was hero themed.

Then all of a sudden his hand was ripped away from Daddy’s and everything went blurry. He was being jostled around and hold painfully over his chest so he could barely breathe. The wind was blowing in his ears like crazy and he didn’t know what was happening. Someone was carrying him. Someone was taking him. This someone was a stranger.

“Stop! Stop!”

There was quirk working right next to him. It was blurry and fast and located especially on the persons legs.

Not knowing what to do, just wanting everything to stop. Where was his Daddy? He wanted to get back to his Daddy. Stop. Stop. STOP!

Taking someone’s quirk while it was being used didn’t result in a smooth landing to anyone. Izuku and the person who had taken him stumbled to the ground, both rolling several times on the asvalth as the momentum was still affecting them. Izuku felt his wrist twist before his chin collided painfully with the ground and then he was rolling and scraping and hitting so many places that he wasn’t sure what hurt.

Dizzy and disorientated, Izuku tried to sit up once he had finally stopped. His right wrist couldn’t hold his weight at all and even his leg was protesting at the small movement. His clothes were all torn and the skin beneath scraped bloody.

Izuku was breathing heavily as he turned his gaze from one way to another, trying to take in his surroundings. He noticed a street sign at a corner of a block and a number next to it.
“Daddy! Papa! Help! Help me!” he screamed with all his strength and finished with the street name and number. But in his panic he had put too much strain on the Voice quirk copy and with terror Izuku realised that he had broken it and he felt it disappear just as he noticed someone else getting up from the ground.

“Fucking shit… What the hell? What the fuck? Where's my quirk?!” The guy yelled, staring at his hands and legs like they had betrayed him. The guy looked surprisingly normal. He was wearing sweatpants and a hoodie. He was skinny and average height and with brown short hair.

The guy turned to look at Izuku and he didn’t seem so normal anymore with the way rage was scrunching up his face and how those eyes filled with hatred just pinned him to the ground from terror.

“What the fuck did you do to my quirk you fucking brat?!” The stranger yelled and was getting up to march over to him. Izuku was frozen to his spot both from being too afraid to move and because he couldn’t move with how much his wrist and leg and everything hurt.

The stranger was still yelling, demanding answers but Izuku couldn’t even answer him beyond stuttering because he was a stranger, and he was yelling at him and the way he towered over him made him feel small and trapped and afraid… He just wanted his Daddy back.

When the stranger reached down to grip the front of his shirt into a fist and shake him there wasn’t anything Izuku could do. He couldn’t move. He couldn’t speak. He couldn’t fight. He was a four year old facing an adult, he was injured and basically quirkless. All he had was his own quirk and the guys quirk and seeing how he couldn’t use his quirk again and the guys quirk was about movement and Izuku couldn’t move, he had nothing. No way to defend himself.

“Answer me you fucking idiot! What the fuck did you do?! Give me my quirk back!”

Izuku was shaken more before he was dropped back to the ground. He screamed in pain when he landed on his already hurt wrist again. And then he yelped from pain again shortly after when there was a kick to his stomach.

When the strangers hands wrapped around his neck and started squeezing he could barely even try to claw at them to get them off before the pain and exhaustion were setting in. He couldn’t breathe and everything was turning black…
Daddy… Papa, help me, he wanted to cry but no words could leave his throat.

The world faded into darkness.

Shouta made a pretty impressive drifting move with his car on the fly the second he heard Izuku’s cry for help. Checking the street he was on now, he instantly started figuring out the quickest way to where Izuku was. He would get there in a matter of minutes. He was coming, he was coming Izuku!

The brakes of the car screeched in agony as Shouta had to make an emergency stop as he hit a dead end. There was a wall on the end of the street cutting him off from the street he was trying to get to. Briefly he considered just trying to go through it with his car but that involved just way too much risks. Without hesitating, Shouta was out the car and running forward, using all his maneuverability and strength he had as a hero to parkour over the wall. The car was left behind doors open and keys still in the start-up lock.

The scene Shouta saw after jumping over the fence made all rationality escape his mind. All he could see was a man a few hundred meters away, over a child, over Izuku, strangling him.

The cry that broke out from his throat was desperate, afraid, furious, “IZUKU!”

Shouta had never ran so fast as he was now, but even these few seconds could be it, could be too late, Izuku was already completely limp on the ground not even fighting at all…

There was two gunshots and the man above Izuku fell away.

Shouta had eyes only for Izuku as he finally got to him. The image would seep into his brain for years to come in vivid terrifying clarity. Izuku, unmoving and still, and so very very white, like all the color had disappeared from his face, leaving only blue lips and his freckles on colorless skin. He wasn’t breathing.

If Shouta was saying something, crying and begging for Izuku to be okay, to wake up, please be okay, he wasn’t aware of it. At first he frantically cupped Izuku’s small head and then tried to find his pulse, it wasn’t there. Izuku wasn’t breathing, he had no pulse. He wasn’t breathing!
Shouta started CPR with 5 blows to Izuku’s mouth, pulling his chin up and holding his nose so that the air would go to his lungs. He continued on to pressing Izuku’s chest 30 times, barely keeping mind just how much pressure he should be using. Enough to be reviving Izuku but not too much so he would break all his ribs. It was a mad sickening rhythm of 2 blows of air to Izuku’s mouth and 30 presses of Izuku’s chest, everything else disappearing from around him, the only thing that mattered was Izuku.

Shouta was pressing Izuku’s chest once again, counting frantically in time with his pushes, onetwothreefour… as he felt a hand on his shoulder. He activated his quirk at once and was ready to fight whomever was trying to stop him from giving CPR to Izuku when he saw Best Jeanist.

“Eraserhead! Listen to me, the medics are here. Let them help Izuku!” the hero spoke to him and at once all the sound and things around him that he had been blocking out came back. Shouta looked around dazedly at all the heroes and police officers and medics around him, in his moment of hesitation, someone else took over reviving Izuku, pressing his chest while a third person came with a breathing bag and started steadily blowing air into Izuku’s lungs with it.

“I need a defibrillator!” The paramedic giving Izuku CPR called out, Izuku’s shirt was cut off to attach the tags on Izuku’s chest.

“Clear!” The paramedic ordered and everybody put their hands up to show they weren’t touching Izuku as an electrical shock was used on him. Izuku’s body jumped a bit off the ground from the force.

There was a few seconds of silence as the paramedic felt for a pulse and Shouta felt like he couldn’t breathe, please, please oh God please…

“I have a pulse!”

Shouta choked as he breathed in in relief. The paramedic was still shouting out orders but Shouta felt like he could finally breathe. Izuku had a pulse. Izuku was breathing.

Someone was gently pulling him away so that the paramedics could get to his spot to move Izuku onto a stretcher. A head collar was put around Izuku’s neck and they were moving Izuku to the ambulance. Shouta followed.

He climbed into the ambulance and took a seat beside Izuku. At the last couple of seconds before the
ambulance’s doors were shut, Shouta turned his head and saw a glimpse of blood on the pavement. Then the doors closed with a bang and the ambulance was moving only a few seconds later.

Shouta felt weird… Distant, out of focus. Something that was… that had never happened to him before really. He always had a clear mind even in the most stressful of situations but right now everything was a mess and time seemed to slow down and speed up at random. At first it seemed like he was staring at Izuku’s still body on the stretcher for forever and then it was like they were at the hospital and the drive there had lasted a second. Noises and sounds and their meanings seemed to come with a few seconds glitch in his brain. He saw someone before him, their lips moving, them talking to him but all he could think was IzukuIzukuIzuku in an endless litany, they were taking him away and there was a hand on his chest, stopping him.

“-ir, sir please. Listen to me. We need to take care of the patient but you can’t come with us.”

“I- I need to stay with him. I- I’m his father. Please!” Shouta prayed and all his desperation seeped into his voice.

“I'm sorry sir but you can’t, we will do everything we can to help your son but you have to stay here. Please, come this way, here, you can sit down here. Okay, good, someone will come here to be with you in just a moment. We will take care of your son.”

He was left alone and time didn’t seem to matter anymore.

The next thing Shouta knew was a familiar hand on his cheek and his gaze raised to see Hizashi. It took only a second for him to break down.

He was in Hizashi’s arms instantly and he held on desperately. Desperately trying to find something to ground him back to existence.

“I- I was holding his hand…”

Hizashi was lost. Everything was just chaos and seemed unreal. Getting an alert that a child had been
kidnapped? That child being Izuku? And he was so far away and he had no idea what had happened and what to do. Nemuri had been with him and tried to calm him down as panic instantly took hold.

He was just about to calm down as a distant but still there yell traveled even to his ears. It was Izuku. Crying for help. He was calling for him and he was so far away there was no way he could get there on time. And how strongly did Izuku have to yell for it to be able to actually travel all the way here? Easily several kilometres away.

He was panicking so much that, honestly, Nemuri was a life safer. She got him into a car's passenger seat and started driving wildly to the direction where Izuku should be.

They never arrived there because during their trip, they got a call from the police that Izuku had been taken to a hospital and they instantly changed directions to there.

When they arrived, he was directed to a private waiting room where Shouta was sitting with a nurse. He didn’t seem to even know that she was there that’s how lost he looked and he didn’t even notice Hizashi until he was there, placing a hand on Shouta’s cheek.

The look on Shouta’s face was something he had never seen before. It was so lost, so beaten and so out of character for Shouta that Hizashi was just… shocked. Frozen and terrified of what on earth could make Shouta look like this. He knew what. But Shouta was always so strong, so collected. He could probably count the times he had seen Shouta cry with one hand and it had never been anywhere close to this.

Shouta broke down and then Hizashi was equally pulling Shouta to an embrace as Shouta was actually throwing himself into it and he held on to Hizashi like he was drowning and the way he was now crying, it really seemed like he was.

“I- I was holding his hand…” Hizashi heard Shouta whisper and then he was sobbing again. And Hizashi was so lost, he didn’t know what to do, what to say and so all he could do in the end was hold on Shouta, to comfort him and to comfort himself as tears started falling from his eyes as well.

How could this be happening?

It took so long for them to hear anything that eventually they just… ran out of tears, or were just too
exhausted to cry anymore but too stubborn to rest. Shouta started demanding for answers from the nurse at some point, almost seeming like he would get physical before Hizashi rested a hand on his shoulder and pulled him to sit beside him once again. Shouta looked like he might crack again and start crying but this time he refused and hid his eyes from view with his hand.

It took another antagonising 42 minutes for anyone to come in, then finally a doctor did.

She was a nice looking dark skinned female doctor, she still had a scrub hat on as she walked in.

“It is to my understanding that you are Izuku’s parents?” she asked at first. Shouta was up in a moment and rushing closer to the doctor together with Hizashi.

“Yes, yes we are. How is he? Is Izuku okay?”

“Right now your son is stable and in the Pediatric ICU”, the doctor started and Hizashi couldn’t stifle a quiet relieved sob. “Unfortunately he is currently under anesthesia because there’s some heavy bruising and swelling around his throat and we had to intubate him to make sure that his breathing would stay intact. We did some scans and it turned out that Izuku had some internal bleeding, a twisted ankle and a fractured wrist. We had to operate to make sure the bleeding wouldn’t cause problems and his ankle and wrist have been casted. Right now, we want to keep him for observation for the night and see if we can lift the anesthesia after the night.”

“Can- Can we see him?” Hizashi asked.

“Yes, you are family so you’re allowed to see him in the ICU. Come this way”, the doctor agreed.

They were led through the hospital into the Intensive Care Unit, the doctor opened the hallway door there with her pass. They passed several other patient’s rooms on their way there, each patient, each child patient, had a big glass window into their room so everybody could see inside.

When they finally reached Izuku’s room and saw him through that window, Hizashi had to lift his hand to his lips to stifle a sob. “Oh my God…”

Izuku looked so small lying in that bed. He had always heard that it felt horrible to see a loved one in the hospital because they were connected to so many tubes and wires and machines but it felt so much different seeing it yourself when it was your loved one. Not just a loved one, when it was your
son, your child. It felt wrong.

They were let in and at the same time it felt like they needed to rush to Izuku and approach very carefully. They did, each one of them taking a side to Izuku’s bed.

“C-can we touch him?” Hizashi forced out even though it felt like he wasn’t getting enough air to even breathe.

“Yes you can. it would be best to make sure your hands are clean and make sure that you don’t pull out any of the things attached to him”, the doctor explained. Hizashi nodded, his gaze following Izuku’s body, taking note of all the things attached to Izuku. How there was a huge plastic tube coming out of his mouth. A bandage on his shin. How there were IVs on his hand and wires attached to his chest that led for example to the heart monitor steadily beating out Izuku’s heart beat. Hizashi felt relief seeing that but it was short lived when turning back to look at Izuku brought back all the desperation and anguish.

Uncertainly Hizashi was about to pull out a chair so he could sit by Izuku’s bed when he finally noticed Shouta. He was standing there, beside Izuku, looking absolutely stabbed with grief, unmoving.

Hizashi walked over so he could pull a chair for Shouta and gently guide him to sit down. He even gently guided Shouta’s hand to take one of Izuku’s hands to his hold.

“Shouta, he’s alive. Izuku is alive and he’s going to be okay”, Hizashi whispered and hugged Shouta from behind, keeping his eyes on Izuku’s still body.

“I was holding his hand when they took him. I was right there and I couldn’t…” Shouta’s breath hitched and he couldn’t go on any longer.

Hizashi was almost too afraid to ask, not wanting to upset Shouta any more than necessary but he felt like he had to. “What happened? How did…” Now it was Hizashi who couldn’t go on. He buried his face into Shouta’s neck and breathed deeply, trying to find comfort. “How could this happen?”

“I don’t know… I don’t know who took him or… or what even happened to him. There was a man… strangling Izuku when I finally got there and then I got to Izuku and I couldn’t focus on anything else, I just had to make sure Izuku was alright”, Shouta whispered and he sounded so broken that it just broke Hizashi’s heart.
“We… We will get through this. We will get all the answers… We will.”

They were allowed to stay there, at one point a nurse tried to gently encourage them to go home and rest but they weren’t forced to leave and they refused to do so. An extra bed was brought into the room so they could rest there if they wanted but neither of them were ready to let go of Izuku to do so. At some point Hizashi couldn’t fight the exhaustion anymore and he found himself falling a sleep resting his head on Izuku’s bed.

The next time he woke up, the room was bright again and morning light was filling up the room from the window. Hizashi woke up with a startle and hurriedly turned his head this way and that, taking in his surroundings, until finally landing onto Shouta.

He looked horrible. He looked exhausted and miserable. He was still sitting on the chair and holding Izuku’s hand, refusing to move his gaze away from him.

“Did- Did you sleep at all?” Hizashi asked carefully. For a moment he wasn’t sure if Shouta had even heard him or whether he just wasn’t going to answer but then he gave a small shake of his head. Hizashi sighed and rubbed at his tired eyes, rolling his stiff shoulders.

“You should”, he tried gently, “Izuku wouldn’t want you to not take care of yourself.”

“Izuku wanted me to protect him, and I failed at that too.”

Hizashi swallowed, the painful grip around his heart squeezing harder, trying to find words to say to Shouta. “Izuku wouldn’t want you to blame yourself either”, he finally said. Because it was true. If there was anything he knew about his son, it was that Izuku loved them almost too much and could never find any fault in either of them. Izuku would feel horrible himself if he saw how Shouta was right now.

Shouta never answered back to Hizashi and the painful feeling increased.

Hizashi decided to get up and go get some food and water for them. The atmosphere in the room was strangl- was bad. If Shouta was unable to take care of himself now, then Hizashi must be the one to
take care of both of them, for Izuku’s sake at least.

He had heard that losing a child could break up couples. Izuku was currently stable but Hizashi could still understand now how that could happen.

There was a vending machine in the hall, fortunately not too far from Izuku’s room since Hizashi didn’t want to go far. He bought a few water bottles and some snack bars. Not the best meal but it was something.

“Shouta…” Hizashi said gently as he returned, he softly stroked his hand through Shouta’s hair and leaned down to kiss him gently on the temple. “Please eat this and drink some water. I don’t want you to drop down from dehydration.” Hizashi let his hand linger for a moment before pulling away and moving to the otherside of the bed. He watched on as Shouta stared at the items placed into his hands for a moment before sighing and uncapping the water bottle, raising it to his lips to take a sip.

The room was filled with silence. The tone in the room so heavy that there wasn’t much to say. Meaningless small talk just wouldn’t work and even Hizashi didn’t want to do it. Asking questions seemed pointless because there wasn’t much things that could be answered. And Shouta looked so tense, so pained that Hizashi was just left speechless.

23 minutes passed in silence as they sat there in silence, staring at Izuku, staring at the steadily beating heart monitor, gently holding Izuku’s hand, hoping, praying for him to just be okay.

As the clock reached 7 am, the doctor finally came back.

“Good morning gentlemen”, she greeted politely but with not too much joyness. “I see you decided to stay past the night, a usual occurrence really but I want to remind you to take care of yourselves too. You’re not helping Izuku in anyway by running yourselves to the ground. Izuku wants to wake up to both his parents rested and healthy, hmm?”

Shouta was tense and didn’t respond. Hizashi gave a tense smile and a nod to the doctor.

“I’m here to check Izuku’s vitals and see if we can remove the intubation tube”, she explained as she approached Izuku’s bed.

“Yes, of course”, Hizashi agreed. Shouta followed the doctor with his sharp gaze as she went over,
reading Izuku’s chart and the reading on the monitors. She opened up Izuku’s patient gown so she could listen to his chest with a stethoscope and give a hands on examination of Izuku’s abdomen. To Izuku’s parents’ shock, it revealed the cuts and bruised that had been sealed with white medical bandages. Seeing the bruises on Izuku’s neck made Hizashi feel nauseous.

The doctor wrote something on Izuku’s electric chart on her tablet and then smiled at them.

“I’m happy to tell you that Izuku seems to be recovering well. The swelling around his throat has come down and there’s no alarming signs on his abdomen. I feel comfortable removing the intubation and anesthesia and see if Izuku would wake up soon. Then we can see how he’s responding and take a few more scans to make sure everything is okay.”

“Oh thank God”, Hizashi whispered and bowed his head.

“There’s police officers outside that want to talk to you two. They are requesting for you to go meet them. They are waiting for you at the lobby, past the entrance to the ICU.”

“Oh… uh…” Hizashi hesitated, looking back to Izuku, his instincts screaming at him not to leave Izuku.

“I assure you, I will stay with Izuku the whole time and make sure he’s okay. You can come back as soon as you’re done but I’m afraid I must insist for you to go.”

Hizashi didn’t want to leave Izuku. Rationally, he knew that Izuku should be safe here in the hospital. Izuku was stable and nothing bad was going to get to him but after what had happened, Hizashi desperately just wanted to watch over Izuku.

To Hizashi’s surprise though, Shouta didn’t hesitate for long, he saw how he was first staring at Izuku, then an angry scowl took over his features and suddenly Shouta was up. Moving so violently that the chair almost fell over.

“Shouta…” Hizashi tried but he was already storming out and Hizashi was helpless to stop him. He glanced once at the doctor again and she gave him a reassuring smile and so he rushed to catch up to Shouta who was speed walking with long strides towards the exit.

Hizashi managed to get through the doors before they closed after Shouta (who had basically thrown
and was just about to reach Shouta when he reached the police officers waiting for them, to be more specific, Tsuragamae Kenji the Chief of the Police Force and Tsukauchi Naomasa the police detective they had met when they went over to tell about Izuku’s quirk (What was that? Less than a week ago? It seemed like forever).

“Who did this?!“ Shouta shouted, “Where are they? What happened to them?!”

“Aizawa please, calm down.” the Chief ordered, putting up a hand in a placating manner. He glanced this way and that taking in the other people around them, “Let’s speak in private.”

Shouta was possibly fuming. He looked like he was about to protest but the Chief lead them to a private room not far away and closed the door behind them, closing the blinds on the windows.

“I wanna know what happened! Where is the guy who took Izuku! I want to see him!” Shouta demanded.

“You can’t”, Tsuragamae answered sternly.

“He tried to strangle my son! He almost killed him!” Shouta roared and looked like he wanted to punch something.

“He’s dead.”

Shouta froze on the spot and stared at Tsuragamae in disbelief and shock. “What?”

“He died from two gunshot wounds to the chest. When the hero Snipe reached the scene he saw the attacker strangling Izuku. Exercising his judgement Snipe decided to fire two gunshots to get him off your son. He possibly saved your son but the attacker died at the scene.”

Shouta was shaking his head and then started pulling at his hair. “No, no, no… He can’t be dead! He CAN’T BE!”

“He is.”
“Who was he? What did he want? Why did he take Izuku? How did he find Izuku?!“ Shouta demanded.

Tsuragamae sighed and rubbed at his forehead, glancing at the detective who had remained quiet until now. Standing a bit off with his arms crossed.

“We don’t know”, detective Tsukauchi said with resignation.

“What? How? How can you not know!”

“We have tried to identify the man that tried to kidnap Izuku. Unfortunately both his fingerprints and face recognition came back empty. It almost seems like, officially this man couldn’t be found from any records, like he doesn’t even exist. We have no idea who he was and therefore we have no idea why he targeted Izuku. Since he’s dead, we can’t even interrogate him.”

Shouta was running his fingers through his hair desperately before he grabbed a chair from the meeting table in the room and threw it with all his strength at the wall with an angry curse, “Fuck!”

There was no stopping Shouta as he once again stormed out of the room even though both Tsuragamae and Tsukauchi tried to stop him from leaving, trying to appeal for their need to get an interview from him but it all fell to deaf ears.

“I’m- I’m sorry I don’t think I can be any use to you, I wasn’t there…” Hizashi expressed in regret as he was starting to head for the door, “I need to make sure Shouta is okay.”

Hizashi hurriedly rushed behind Shouta once again and this time couldn’t reach him until they were back at Izuku’s room. Shouta was back there, sitting beside Izuku’s bed, holding Izuku’s hand as his face was buried in the crook of his arm on Izuku’s bed, his shoulders shaking slightly but no sound escaping him.

Hizashi rushed to him, pulling a chair next to his and hugging Shouta from his side.

“We will get through this Shouta, I promise.”
Next followed a tense period of time as they once again sat by Izuku’s bed. Izuku wasn’t intubated anymore but he had a breathing mask over his mouth now. They had lifted off the anesthesia and some of the painkillers so that Izuku would, hopefully, wake up soon. The doctors assured them that he would but it had been a while now and fear was starting to claw at Shouta’s heart that he wouldn’t. What had happened to Izuku was… unforgivable. Traumatic. He had received severe injuries. He had been *strangled*. There was no sure way to tell how that may have affected Izuku’s mind before he woke up.

If he woke up.

Shouta felt horrible and he couldn’t stop *crying*. And he hated it. He hated how Izuku had been kidnapped from *him*, while he was holding his hand. He hated how long it had taken him to get to Izuku. He hated that he hadn’t been able to do anything but focus on Izuku. He hated that he knew that that had been the only option. Izuku would be *dead* now if he hadn’t but he hated, hated, hated that now the man that had attacked Izuku was dead and he couldn’t strangle himself. Couldn’t demand answers from him. Couldn’t *know* why this had happened. It all seemed so wrong and all he could do was keep praying.

Praying that Izuku would be okay. Praying that Izuku would wake up. Praying that they would get some answers and assure that this wouldn’t happen *ever* again.

Shouta was still holding Izuku’s hand, Hizashi’s hand on top of his, when all of a sudden he felt a twitch and his gaze snapped up to Izuku immediately. Izuku’s eyelashes were starting to flutter and with bated breath Shouta watched on as Izuku started blinking his eyes open. Unfocused and confused.

“Izuku…” he breathed out in a relieved whisper, his hand coming up to gently cup Izuku’s head where he didn’t disturb the breathing mask over Izuku’s mouth.

Izuku was blinking more and more, his eyes turning to try and take in his surroundings, the heart monitor telling them that Izuku’s heartbeat was getting a little faster.

“Izuku, Izuku it’s okay. I’m here, okay? You’re okay. Daddy’s here”, Shouta tried to sooth as Izuku’s green eyes finally found his eyes, staying there confused and afraid.
“You’re safe, okay? You are in a hospital. There was an... attack but your safe now, you are here with me and Papa.”

“It’s okay Izuku, we are here”, he suddenly heard from his side and he hurriedly glanced at Hizashi who was now on the other side of the bed, gently holding Izuku’s other hand. Izuku’s eyes moved towards the sound and to Hizashi, popping back and forth between his two fathers.

Izuku’s hand twitched in his hold and Shouta realised that it was trying to get free and so Shouta reluctantly let go of Izuku’s hand as it started reaching up, coming to the breathing mask over his face.

“No, no, Izuku. Don’t take the breathing mask off. It’s helping you breath. The doctor will be here soon, don’t worry”, Hizashi soothed Izuku and softly stroked Izuku’s hair and Izuku gave a small nod.

Just then in came the doctor and he walked over to Izuku. Giving him a gentle smile and Shouta reluctantly stepped away even though he desperately wanted to stay as close to Izuku as possible.

“Hey there strong guy”, the doctor greeted in a comforting tone, “You have been recovering really, really well after what happened. I’m going to remove the mask now and place this string over your nose instead, okay? Oxygen flows through it and it’s going to help you breathe. Is it okay that I do this?” The doctor asked gently, showing Izuku the see through tube. Izuku gave a small nod.

The doctor removed the oxygen mask gently and then placed the tube in its stead, it went behind Izuku’s ears and below his nose, connecting back together in a loop over Izuku’s chest in a loop, providing oxygen to Izuku but leaving his mouth free.

“Daddy… Papa”, Izuku whispered with a quiet and weak voice and looked to his two fathers with glimmering eyes. The doctor stepped away once again as Shouta rushed to be at Izuku’s side once again.

“We are right here. It’s okay Izuku”, Shouta assured.

Izuku gave a small sniff and he leaned his cheek against Shouta’s hand as it gently cupped his cheek, closing his eyes.
Shouta leaned in to bury his face into Izuku’s soft curly hair as relieved sobs took over.

Izuku was okay.

Chapter End Notes

Your shock and anger after last chapter made me giddy every time I read your comments XD It seems I successfully lulled you guys into a false sense of safety before dropping my cliffhanger bomb >:) Buhahaha, as a writer, getting strong emotions from my readers makes me very happy.

Now this was a really heavy and angst filled chapter, recovery, angst and fluff ahead!

At this point I would also like to state that if you feel inspired by this fic at all to actually draw fanart of it, please do❤️ I would be so honored and please link them to me❤️ I will cherish them and cry over them for forever
Returning back

Chapter Notes

Wiuh! Finally got around to updating! Busy weeks, lazy free time, long chapter

How have I fooled 1360+ people into reading this fic? Gosh, love you guys<3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They had some time to hold Izuku and whisper reassurances to him. Izuku was so very quiet but it might be also due to the fact that the few times he whispered Papa or Daddy, his voice was so very weak that it could barely form the words. Fear squeezed Shouta’s heart at the thought of what memories just might be playing Izuku’s mind right now. Over and over again like they were playing in his mind. Like a nightmare.

Shouta had cried in relief for awhile but then Izuku had started to cry. Everything must have been so very traumatic to the four year old so he had every right to cry but Shouta held back his tears and focused instead to soothing Izuku and making sure he wouldn’t upset him any further.

They had adjusted positions a little, Shouta was balancing on the bed to hug Izuku to his chest. Hizashi didn’t really have the room to do the same so he sat by Izuku’s bed and held his and stroked his hair. He had tears in his eyes too but he was smiling and looking at Izuku with pure love.

The only thing that managed to sour Shouta’s mind eventually was the appearance of Chief Tsuragamae and the detective Naomasa Tsukauchi in Izuku’s hospital room. Shouta glared at them with all his might over Izuku’s head, trying to tell them by look alone to turn tail and run for their lives. They didn’t take the hint.

“Hello everybody, I hope we are not disturbing”, Chief Tsuragamae said as a greeting. Tsukauchi took off his hat and gave a wave to Izuku with a friendly smile.

Aizawa felt the need to tell them that they were disturbing, “please” leave. But he didn’t because he didn’t want to upset Izuku with how angry his voice would be. At the same time he was terrified how the two newcomers presence might (will) upset Izuku.

“And hello Izuku! I believe that you don’t know just who we are yet. I am Chief Tsuragamae Kenji from the Police Force and this gentleman here is detective Tsukauchi Naomasa from the Police Force as well. It’s nice to meet you.”
Izuku looked at the two men with slight fear and nervousness in his eyes before looking at Hizashi, looking for reassurance from his Papa. Hizashi smiled gently and squeezed Izuku’s hand, “Don’t worry Izuku, they are friends. Daddy and Papa are right here with you.” Izuku nodded and turned to look at the Chief and detective once again, remaining silent.

“We were hoping you could answer some of our questions Izuku. We are currently doing an investigation of the incident and we could really use your help. Is that okay?” the detective piped up.

Izuku looked back at Hizashi once again. He didn’t nod until Hizashi had nodded at him once in reassurance.

“Thank you so much Izuku. We understand that the events that occurred yesterday must have been very traumatising for you so if you feel like you can’t continue on anymore, just say the word and we will go.”

This time Izuku gave a nod on his own without looking at Hizashi at first.

“To start off Izuku, have you ever seen the man who attacked you?” the detective asked. Izuku shook his head.

“Did you see anyone else besides the man who took you?” Izuku shook his head.

“Do you know how he took you?” This time Izuku hesitated for a moment before giving a small nod and then looking down at his lap. Shouta softly stroked Izuku’s shoulder with his fingers in a repeating manner, hoping to soothe Izuku and remind him that they were still there with him.

“Could you tell us?” Tsukauchi asked carefully.

They waited in silence for a response from Izuku. It took awhile.

“He-“, Izuku spoke in a quiet and weak voice, “He r-ran really fast. H-his quirk wa-was about s-speed.”
“Thank you Izuku, you are doing really great. Can you tell me what happened when the man snatched you from your father? It’s all right, take all the time you need, there’s no rush.”

Then all of a sudden Izuku’s eyes started to fill with tears and Izuku let out a whine as he tried to keep his sobs in.

“It’s okay Izuku, if you don’t want to continue anymore, we can stop right now”, Shouta assured and stroked Izuku’s hair and gave a kiss to Izuku’s temple.

Izuku said something so quietly and unclearly that no one in the room was able to hear it.

“What was that Izuku dear? I’m sorry we couldn’t hear you”, Hizashi said quietly.

Izuku sniffed and wiped at his eyes only for more tears to come.

“I- I’m s-sorry”, Izuku got out just as sobs wrecked his little body. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

“Izuku shhh… You don’t have to apologize. There’s nothing to apologize. You have done nothing wrong. It’s okay”, Shouta comforted as Izuku kept mumbling apologies between his sobs.

“I-I didn’t mean to…”

“Izuku..?”

Izuku was pulling up his knees and curling into himself.

“I d-don’t… I don’t want to go to jail, I’m sorry! I promise! I promise I will give it back!” Izuku wailed.

Shouta exchanged shocked Hizashi as they both understood at the same time just what Izuku was upset about.
“E-Everything got- got blurry and Daddy was gone... and I was s-scared… I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I promise I will give it back, please don’t take me to jail! I'm sorry!” Izuku got out between heavy sobs and almost hyperventilation.

Shouta pulled Izuku to him so he could hug Izuku against his chest. One hand was hugging Izuku while the other rested gently around Izuku’s head as if to block out the whole cruel world that would allow something like this to happen to Izuku. Izuku who was pure and good and kind and full of light. He tried to sush Izuku in a soothing manner and he kept repeating “It’s okay” to him but it really wasn’t. Nothing was okay. How could something this horrible and traumatizing happen to Izuku under his watch? And why, oh why did Izuku have to be so pure of heart that he would cry over the fear of going to jail over him taking his kidnappers, his attackers, quirk?

“I didn’t mean to take his quirk, I’m sorry, I'm sorry…”

“Shh… Izuku it’s okay. You don’t need to apologise. It’s okay. No one is taking you to jail.”

He just wanted to cradle Izuku in his arms for forever and never let anything bad happen to him ever again but Shouta really really needed to get Izuku to understand that he had done nothing wrong. And so he gently pulled away enough to gently raise chin upwards so he could look Izuku in the eyes and convey how serious he was.

“Izuku. You were kidnapped. You acted in self defence and you called for help. You did everything right and I'm so proud of you. Izuku you did nothing wrong. You’re safe now and nobody is taking you away from he okay? Do you understand me Izuku?”

Izuku sniffed and gave a small nod, Shouta pulled him close once again and let Izuku calm down in his embrace.

He glared at the two Police Force workers in the room. “We will finish this later”, he said sternly. The two gave understanding nods and exited the room.

Shouta looked over Hizashi. Their gaze held so much meaning that Shouta couldn’t even decipher all of them. But Hizashi understood.

The bed was pretty small for two grown men and a child but they made it work. They hugged Izuku between themselves and blocked out everything else.
In the end both parents were too tired to escape from sleeps hard pull anymore. As they soothed Izuku long enough for the exhausted little boy to fall asleep once again, Hizashi was grateful to see that at one point Shouta had fallen asleep as well. He gently wiped the hair from Shouta’s face and let his eyes close too.

The small family slept all through the night and didn’t wake up until the next morning’s light was just about to light up the room. It was actually Izuku who woke up first and observed that he was squeezed between his two fathers.

Izuku gave a poke to his Daddy’s cheek and a small smile tickled the corner of his mouth as Daddy’s face twitched. He turned to look at Papa and repeated the process. Papa’s eyes started to flutter after the twitch.

Hizashi’s eye slowly opened and then he focused his gaze on the two bright green eyes looking at him with a small amount of mirth in them.

“Morning Zu-chan”, he smiled. Relieved at seeing Izuku awake and not near tears.

“Morning Papa”, Izuku murmured.

“Did you sleep well?” He asked quietly, noting that Shouta was still asleep. Good, he needed as much time as possible to catch up on his sleep dept.

Izuku nodded.

“How you feeling?”

“Hungry…” Izuku murmured.

“Right… Of course you are, you haven’t eaten in forever…” Hizashi mumbled more to himself than
Izuku. “Let me go see if I can find some food for you?”

Izuku nodded and Hizashi slipped out of the bed and exited the room to go search for a nurse or a doctor or someone who could get Izuku food. Izuku was still an ICU patient and Hizashi didn’t feel like he was knowledge enough to know what food Izuku was supposed to eat right now.

Izuku was left in his Daddy’s arms and he felt less stuffed in and hot now that he wasn’t squeezed between two bodies. Although he did miss Papa already.

Izuku amused himself with drawing lines with his fingers on Daddy’s face and watching Daddy’s face twitch with the ticklish sensation. It didn’t take long for Shouta to actually wake up but he kept pretending to be asleep to amuse Izuku.

Izuku was a smart kid though and he squinted suspiciously at his dad when one twitch was accompanied by a small smile. The next thing Shouta knew was that his nose was squeezed between small fingers and he had no choice but twitch away and take a breath through his mouth. Then he heard a small sprout of a giggle and he just had to open his eyes to see Izuku with mirth in his eyes and a smile on his lips.

“Silly Daddy”, Izuku stated.

The amount of relief and happiness Shouta felt was overwhelming at seeing Izuku like this, however brief this moment might turn out to be.

“Oh I’m silly now?” Shouta asked with a smirk, “How about this?” Shouta gently tickled Izuku to make him twitch just a little and let out a giggle. Yet he didn’t dare to keep it up more than that, fearing how sudden movements might be harmful to Izuku’s recovery.

“Is Daddy silly, Izuku? Ha? Ha?” he asked while poking Izuku to each cheek.

“Yeees! Daddy is being silly!”

“Oh you…” Shouta murmured with an amused smirk as he pulled Izuku into a hug and kissed him on his soft curls. He allowed himself a small moment where allowed all his feeling just overwhelm him as he smelled the familiar smell of Izuku. All of his emotions were just a mess… Going from guilt, worry, panic and horror to relief, happiness and love with random intervals with absolute no
control. But he had to stay strong and smile for Izuku so he wouldn’t upset him.

He would do anything for Izuku.

And with his heart protesting against it he pulled away from Izuku to smile down at him. “Where has Papa disappeared off to Avokado?”

Izuku didn’t have time to answer as it was then that Hizashi reappeared, carrying a tray with food.

“Heeeere we gooo! I found you some delicious… hospital food”, Hizashi ended awkwardly after starting with fanfare. Shouta slipped away from Izuku’s bed so that he wouldn’t be in the way as Izuku ate. Hizashi pushed the small table with wheels over Izuku’s lap with the tray on it.

Izuku seemed excited at the promise of eating for a moment before he turned to look at Shouta and Hizashi with a puzzled look. “Where’s your food? Are Daddy and Papa not hungry too?”

Hizashi glanced at Shouta.

“No, no… We aren’t hungry, you can eat”, Hizashi tried to assure. Yet it was at that moment that Shouta’s stomach grumbled and he froze with the sound. Izuku turned to look at the stomach making noises and then turned his suspicious glare at his Daddy.

“Daddy is hungry! I don’t want to eat if Daddy doesn’t get food too!” he stated with a pout while crossing his arms and looking away from his food tray.

Shouta seemed frustrated with Izuku and betrayed with his stomach for outing him, that feeling of betrayal soon was turned towards Hizashi as he piped up, “Ah yes of course Izuku! Babeee, there’s a vending machine down the hall, how about you go get us some food so we can eat together with Izuku? Hmm?” He enquired innocently while batting at his eyelashes.

Shouta grumbled with defeat. Knowing that it was the easiest and fastest way to get Izuku to eat. Hizashi was happy that Izuku was finally getting Shouta to take care of himself.

Izuku was finally agreeing to eat his food as both his father’s were sitting beside him with juice
bottles, chips and some snack bars, not the best of meals but it was enough for now. But then he took the first bite and after swallowing he let out a whimper and raised his hands over his throat. Both Shouta and Hizashi glanced at each other in worry before looking back at Izuku.

“Zu-chan? You okay?” Hizashi asked.

“Hurts”, Izuku said in a small quiet force, turning away from the food even though he glanced at it like he wanted to keep eating it.

“It’s okay… Just take it slow and try smaller bites?” Hizashi suggested. Shouta was quickly losing all appetite.

Izuku nodded with slight uneasiness and tried another small bite of rice. But again, after swallowing his face scrunched up with pain even though he kept quiet.

“I- I’m not actually that hungry…” Izuku whispered as he pushed the tray a little bit away. His parents exchanged worried looks. Not knowing how to protest because Izuku was clearly hungry but they also didn’t want to see him in pain.

“I-it’s okay… I’m really not that hungry”, Izuku tried to assure with a weak smile, but then he noticed that both his fathers were also pushing away their food and his eyes started to instantly to fill with tears.

“Yu-you should eat though… P-please?”

Shouta didn’t want to be the person making Izuku make that face but his stomach was also turning with painful stabs right now. He wasn’t sure how well he could keep anything down right now.

“It’s okay Izuku, we aren’t that hungry either”, Shouta tried to assure him but Izuku’s lower lip just started trembling.

Shouta was about to force himself to eat if that meant Izuku would feel better but then the door opened. At the sight of two strangers at first glance in civilian clothes made him instantly alarmed and he got up to come stand between the newcomers and Izuku’s bed.
“Who are you? What are you doing here?” He demanded sternly. Hizashi had moved to stand beside Izuku. Izuku looked scared since the atmosphere had turned so serious all of a sudden.

Granted the newcomers didn’t seem that alarming. One was a short… dog, mouse, bear looking like person and the other also short and reasonably old looking lady with a syringe looking cane in her hand. But Aizawa had learned not to let appearances to deceive him, he didn’t lower his guard, ready to use his quirk and scarf at any moment, ready to do anything to protect Izuku.

“Calm down Aizawa Shouta, we are not here to harm you”, the mouse looking person said. It didn’t ease Aizawa’s tense posture at all.

“Let me introduce myself. Greetings! Am I a mouse? A dog? A bear? All you need to know is that I'm the new principal of U.A. High School. You may call me Principal Nedzu. And this here”, Nedzu said gesturing to the old woman, “Is the school nurse of UA, the Youthful heroine “Recovery Girl” Chiyo Shuzenji.”

As Nedzu spoke, recognition dawned on Aizawa and he relaxed his stance a little but didn’t remove his suspicious gaze from the two.

“What are you doing here?”

“I have come with an offer for you two, Pro Heroes Eraserhead and Present Mic! But the more important parts first. If you would allow, Recovery Girl here could heal your son with her quirk Recovery! It allows the human body to speed up the healing process. It make Izuku a little sleepy but would heal all his wounds in a matter of seconds! Of course the choice is up to you two whether or not you want this”, Nedzu explained.

Aizawa was alarmed of all the information the Principal knew about. He knew both of them, he knew Izuku’s name and he knew Izuku was their son. How did he know all of this? Why did he know it? He glanced at Hizashi and Izuku behind him. Hizashi seemed a bit worried and unsure himself as he looked at Shouta but then they glanced at Izuku, the dark bruises around his neck and the food that remained uneaten beside the bed because Izuku couldn’t eat it. Shouta and Hizashi shared a look once more and he knew they both wanted to see Izuku healed.

“Izuku?” Shouta asked carefully, “Are you okay with the hero Recovery Girl healing you?” After all, the agreement of Izuku was the most important part of this.
“W-Will it hurt?” Izuku asked carefully.

Shouta turned back to Recovery Girl for that, signaling for her to answer with his eyes.

“No dear. You will just feel sleepy after and might wanna take a nap”, Recovery Girl answered.

“O-Okay then. If you would be so kind”, Izuku agreed carefully. Shuzenji chuckled as she slowly made her way to Izuku’s bedside on the other side of where Hizashi was.

“A polite one it appears”, she stated and then leaned in to kiss Izuku on the forehead under both of Izuku’s fathers’ watchful eyes. Izuku blinked in surprise and then the bruises started to visibly disappear from Izuku’s neck that was on display. Once there was only healthy smooth skin left Izuku’s eyes started to droop a little.

“I- I do feel sleepy”, he mumbled.

“Does it hurt anymore?” Hizashi asked while stroking Izuku’s hair. Izuku shook his head while rubbing at his eyes.

“How about you try to eat some and then take a nap?” Hizashi suggested pulling the table with the food tray back to infront of Izuku.

At the sight of food, Izuku first took a tentative small bite. After swallowing he blinded the people in the room with the way his face just lighted up. It was a tough call not to clutch at one’s heart with the emotions it induced in anyone that saw it. The next thing they knew Izuku was stuffing food down his throat like his life depended on it.

At the noise of a chuckle Shouta turned back from Izuku to the Principal of UA High.

“A happy sight truly. I feel like you still want some alone time. I shall be waiting in one of the conference rooms until you are ready to come speak with me. Just ask a nurse for directions”, Nedzu stated nonchalantly while already making his way out the door. “No hurries, I have time to wait.” Was the last thing he said before disappearing out the door. Recovery Girl following behind him with a gentle smile and a friendly wave.
Shouta and Hizashi were left confusedly staring after him, wondering just what the hell Nedzu would want to be offering for them.

They pushed it away for now though to focus back to Izuku. Noticing his parents watching him, Izuku stopped gulping down his food and blinked at them. “You are supposed to eat too!”

Hizashi gave a shrug to Shouta and they settled to sit down. Seeing Izuku, bruise free, happily eating made Shouta feel so good that his earlier nausea was completely gone and woah how simple chips and snack bars could taste so good.

Izuku couldn’t finish his meal entirely before he was yawning and rubbing his eyes so much that it was becoming more of a work to keep chewing, it seemed. Shouta chuckled lightly and gently pulled the table away.

“I think it’s about time for you to take a nap Green Bean. Or else you’re going to fall asleep over your food”, he stated. Izuku was apparently so tired that he didn’t even try to protest, only nodding as he leaned more heavily on his pillows and Shouta lowered the top end of the bed a little lower so Izuku would be more horizontal. Izuku was out like a light in what seemed like a matter of seconds.

He looked so cute and sweet like this. Curled up in the adult sized bed with his green hair a mess. Sleeping with his mouth slightly open, steady breathing going in and out and the heart monitor beating out the steady rhythm of Izuku’s heart. The sight just made love bloom through each cell of his body.

Shouta glanced at Hizashi and saw him staring at Izuku with as much love in his eyes as him. It didn’t take for him to turn to his gaze to Shouta, though. Probably sensing him looking.

“What do you think about Principal Nedzu? What might his offer be?”

“Well… I do have a guess based on the fact of where he works…” Shouta answered while tilting his head considerably. “He knows a lot about us…”

There was a moment of silence. “Should we… Should we go speak with him now?”

Shouta did want to go speak with Nedzu but he really didn’t feel comfortable leaving Izuku alone even if he was healthy, sleeping peacefully and inside a safe hospital. His trust of strangers was
It didn’t take for Nemuri to arrive and Shouta felt comfortable enough leaving Izuku in her care as they left the room to find a nurse to guide them to where Nedzu was. They were led to a conference room not too far off where Nedzu was sitting beside the table, rifling through some papers.

“Aizawa! Yamada!” he greeted happily as they entered, “I’m so glad that you decided to come. Go ahead, sit down, we have much to discuss.”

“I have some questions first”, Shouta stated while crossing his arms over his chest. He had sitten down, though, like Nedzu had advised. They were seated on the other side of the table from the Principal together with Hizashi.

“Of course, feel free to ask, I’m an open book”, Nedzu stated but then added with a sly smirk, “When I want to be.”

“How do you know so much about us?”

“As your names and adoption of Izuku really that secret? I have friends in the right places and it wasn’t exactly top secret information. I have my ways of finding things out, my quirk High Specs helps.”

“How much do you know about us?”

“I know your names. I know your hero personalities. I know your closest family ties. I know you both studied at UA. I know your quirks… And I know Izuku’s quirk”, Nedzu ended with an ominous glint in his eyes. Aizawa squinted at him suspiciously.

“What about it?” he growled out. Nedzu only smiled slightly and looked at them calculatively before waving his paw nonchalantly.
“Nothing I suppose. It just really is quite a quirk. But more importantly… My offer for you two.”

“Which is…” Yamada piped up from beside Aizawa.

“Simple, I want you two to start teaching at U.A. High School as soon as possible.”

Shouta and Hizashi left the conference room, each with a work contract in hand. They weren’t signed but Nedzu wanted them to go over them and think about his offer. He had brought out points about steady nice paycheck, though Pro Hero work provided those too. Free access for Izuku into the campus as well. Flexible lessons they could take over. More regular schedules if they wanted to ease off a little from hero work but the option to keep doing it full time if they so wished. Really, the offer was quite good and slightly appealing.

But it was also a lot to consider and Nedzu had assured them they could take as much time as they needed.

They returned to Izuku’s hospital room where Nemuri was sitting beside Izuku’s bed, Izuku was still sleeping peacefully.

“How’s things been?” asked Hizashi in a whisper.

“Quiet and peaceful, he’s been sleeping the whole time”, Nemuri whispered back. “The doctor visited a while ago. Izuku seems to be recovering perfectly.”

Shouta nodded and went over to stroke his hand over Izuku’s head. He stood there a moment, thinking… Until a heavy pressure set into his shoulders soon. Thoughts about police. Thoughts about leaving this hospital soon because Izuku was completely recovered. Thoughts about telling Izuku the truth about what had happened. Defeated Shouta let his head droop as he quietly said, “We should call Chief Tsuragamae and the detective here.”

“Now? Right now?” Hizashi asked in surprise.
Shouta pulled away from Izuku to look at Hizashi. “Izuku’s healthy now. We can probably take him home tonight. I feel like we need to… Get it over with. Put it all out on the table so we can properly… Heal.”

“Right…” Hizashi mumbled with unsureness, “of course…”

They thanked Nemuri for coming but told her that this was a bit private for now. They would invite her to their home as soon as possible. Nemuri smiled in understanding and kissed Izuku on the forehead before leaving with a demand to keep her updated. Next they called the Chief and told him that he could come back. They didn’t wake Izuku up before both the Chief and the detective had arrived.

Hizashi went over to gently shake Izuku awake until he stirred and started blinking his eyes blurry with sleepiness open. Izuku’s gaze moved from Hizashi to Shouta to the detectives and there was a small flash of fear in his eyes as he recognised them. Shouta quickly took Izuku hand and squeezed it.

“It’s okay Izuku. You don’t have anything to be afraid of. Can you sit up a bit?” Shouta said gently and Izuku nodded, they lifted the back of Izuku’s bed back to more upright position.

“Now Izuku, and others”, Shouta stated with a stern glance at Tsuragamae and Tsukauchi, “we are going to do this a bit differently from yesterday. I’m going to tell you stuff and I want you to listen Izuku, okay?” Shouta stroked Izuku’s cheek once before retracting his hands to only hold Izuku’s. Izuku gave a small nod.

“First off… I’m so sorry Izuku that this happened to you… That I couldn’t…”

“No! No Daddy don’t blame yourself! It wasn’t…”

“Izuku”, Shouta interrupted him sternly but gently, “It is my job to keep you safe and this time I failed at that. And I’m sorry. And I promise I will do everything in my power never to let that happen again.” Izuku’s eyes were gleaming with tears once again but he nodded.

“Secondly, I am so, so, so proud of you Izuku. You were so smart and good. I don’t know if or how we would have gotten you back if you didn’t act so fast. You understood that you were in danger and used your quirk in self defense and you called for help, just like you should. And I was able to find you again. Do you remember what happened after you took the bad guys quirk, Izuku? Can you
“We- We fell. And it hurt. My- My hand hurt and my leg, I couldn’t get up”, a few tears escaped from Izuku’s eyes, “The man got… Angry. And he was yelling but I couldn’t d-do anything. I was so scared.”

Shouta noticed the detective opening his mouth like he wanted to ask something and he sent him a quick glare to shut him up.

“Do you remember what the villain was yelling you about?” He asked Izuku gently.

“H-he was mad because his q-quirk didn’t work and he wanted it back.”

“What did the man do after yelling?”

“Hurt me…” Izuku said in a really small voice.

“Yes, and that was the moment I finally was able to reach you again. When I came there the villain was over you and he was trying to…” Shouta took a deep breath to prepare himself to say the next thing, “Trying to strangle you. And it was a matter of seconds for me to get to you in order to save you.”

“A-And you did, Daddy saved me!”

“I… Yes. But I had help.”

“O-Oh okay.”

“The hero Snipe was there. And in order to save you Snipe shot him two times. Izuku, the kidnapper died.”

Izuku’s eyes rounded in shock and he leaned away from Shouta, his whole small four year old body tense. “W-What? N-No.”
Izuku turned to look at Hizashi and the police workers in the room with panicked eyes.

“He- he can’t be dead… I- I need to give him h-his quirk back”, he said, pleading with his eyes for someone to deny it.

“I'm sorry Izuku… But he is”, said Hizashi carefully. Izuku looked at the people around him, looking hopeless and lost before turning his gaze to his hands that were wringing the sheet of the blanket into a knot.

“But…”

“Izuku, the villain almost killed you, you don’t owe him anything. You acted out of self defence and you are only a child. A child who was put in a situation where you had to make an adult decision and Izuku you did nothing wrong, okay?”

Izuku still looked unsure, he still looked on the verge of tears. They waited for a moment in silence, unsure as to how to continue on from this.

Then all of a sudden Izuku raised his gaze to Shouta with pudding hope glimmering in his eyes.

“M-Maybe I can still give it b-back? Maybe I can still give his quirk back? Even if he is… E-Even if…”

Hizashi was instantly trying to catch Shouta’s eye as he violently shook his head in no to Shouta, a panicked expression taking over his features. Even Shouta was left speechless, unsure how to respond.

“I-Izuku…”

“P-Please? I can try, r-right? Please Daddy?” Izuku pleaded then turned around, “Papa?” Hizashi could only stare in shock, mouth hanging open, frozen.
“I-is he here?” Izuku was now directing his pleading puppy eyes to the Chief and the detective. “Is he here at the hospital too?”

Before anyone had time to respond, Hizashi interrupted with an alarmed tense voice, “Can I see everyone in the hallway, please? Now.”

They all followed Hizashi as he exited the room with stiff steps. Shouta leaned down to kiss Izuku on top of his head before he left with a whisper of assurance, “We will be right back, Izuku. Don’t worry.”

They walked a few steps away, so that Izuku’s room’s door was still visible but they weren’t in front of the big window into the room.

“I hope none of you are even considering this. We cannot let this happen”, Hizashi yell whispered.

Shouta grumbled that was neither a deny or a confirmation. Hizashi stared at him in disbelieving shock.

“Shouta…? You- You don’t actually…”

“Look, Hizashi, I don’t want it to happen either! But you know Izuku and you saw him, what if…”

“No what if!” Hizashi interrupted, his tone edging on on furious, “You know Izuku as well! We are not putting our four-year-old through the torment of seeing his kidnapper dead in the morgue! Because you know how Izuku will feel! He won’t feel scared or relieved that he’s alive. He will feel guilty at seeing the fucking villain dead!”

“He already feels guilty! And you as well as I do that it won’t just… just go away! He will never be able to move on if we won’t even give him a chance to ‘fix’ things his way!” Shouta exclaimed, their voices were close to loud yelling but still edging on the line of just toned down arguing.

Shouta sighed and rubbed his temples with his fingers, “I don’t…” Now Shouta raised his helpless tear glimmering gaze to Hizashi, “I don’t want Izuku to do it either. I don’t want to let him anywhere near that… that bastard. Dead or not. I don’t want Izuku to feel this way. I don’t want Izuku to have gone through something like this but I just… I feel that we have to. We have to let him try, whether or not Izuku will be able to do it… At least we will have closure and maybe… maybe we can start
moving on… Hizashi, I- I just want to take Izuku back home. Let’s just take Izuku home, please…” Shouta pleaded and Hizashi could feel his heart breaking from seeing the look of hopeless grief on Shouta’s face.

He stepped towards Shouta and pulled him into a tight hug. Shouta wrapped his hands around Hizashi and tried to hold on like his whole life depended on it. A few tears slipped from Hizashi’s eyes and he dried them to Shouta’s shoulder before pulling away.

He stroked Shouta’s cheek and gave him a nod, turning to the two police officers standing awkwardly next to them. “Can you… Can you let Izuku to see the man?” He asked, his gaze directed away from all of them.

“It… It’s unorthodox. But I suppose… I suppose we can make an exception. Detective Tsukauchi”, the chief Tsuragamae directed, “can you pawlease go on ahead to make sure it’s… alright for the boy to come?”

“Yes sir”, the detective agreed even though he didn’t seem thrilled about it. Tsukauchi headed to the other way as other three returned to the room.

They sent the Chief away for awhile. Since Recovery Girl had healed Izuku, they just needed the doctor to quickly agree that he could be discharged. The doctor was quite happy to do so, congratulating Izuku on his speedy recovery. Izuku, though, had noticed how tense his fathers were and was now quiet and shy and barely gave a nod back to the doctor. Izuku changed into his normal clothes from the hospital gown. The clothes had thankfully been brought by Nemuri.

Shouta picked Izuku up into his arms as they were leaving the room, carrying him all the way down to the morgue where the Chief was waiting outside by the door and as they stepped stepped inside the detective was there, standing beside a table covered with a white sheet. An obvious shape of a human corpse under it. Shouta held Izuku’s head gently so he wouldn’t be able to turn to look from where he was leaned over Shouta’s shoulder as he carried him. As they finally reached the table and Shouta had to finally stop, it still took him a moment to collect the strength to let down Izuku. He still didn’t let him turn around to look.

“Now Izuku, we are going to keep the sheet over the body, you can touch the villains hand to try and give him his quirk back if you want. If at any point you want to leave, just say the word and we will go okay? We will go home.”

“Okay Daddy”, Izuku said in a quiet voice. Shouta smiled at him and let him turn around to see the table, a table he was barely tall enough to see on. Izuku hesitated looking at the looming table in front
of him and the greyish looking hand that was the only part of the body not covered by the sheet.

He reached to touch the corpse.

It looked scary. Daddy and Papa were both so upset and tense and Izuku felt horrible, he felt like it was his fault. His heart was beating fast in his chest, in the eerily quiet room it was the only sound he could hear.

Izuku felt… conflicted. Memories, small snippets of what had happened kept popping up in his head. The blurriness, the way the ground felt when he fell down. The way the man yelled, the way he kicked and hurt… He was scared, he was scared to be hurt again.

But the couldn’t hurt him. He had Dad and Papa both here and even two Police Force officers! They would protect him. And well… The man was dead.

The man who had taken him. Who had hurt him. The man whose quirk he had taken.

A real quirk felt so very different than a copy. He had never had someone else’s quirk this long. It was different from his own quirk. Izuku felt the need to poke at it, see what would happen, discover what it would do. But he couldn’t, it was someone else’s quirk. He had taken it without permission and the man had been upset… He had been a bad man but it wasn’t right, he… he took it. He stole it. It was his fault…

But papa had also said that he had done nothing wrong. Papa had said he did everything right.

It was all so very confusing and upsetting. Izuku didn’t know how he was feeling when it felt like he was feeling so much.

Slowly and carefully Izuku started to reach for the hand so he could touch it just barely. It felt almost ice cold and he wanted to pull his hand away instantly but he didn’t. He closed his eyes and focused on the feeling of moving a quirk inside him like he had done before. The quirk responded to his call and he was trying to guide it… Trying to guide it back to the hand that he was touching. But the hand felt could and everything attached to it felt cold and empty too. Izuku could feel traveling all the way from all over his body into a concentrated forze in his hand, and he was even able to push that force all the way out of his body. But with only cold nothingness there to receive it, the quirk started
to pull itself back to Izuku as he tried to pull himself free and cut the connection he currently had with it.

Pushing it away made it move but trying to pull away from it before it had anything else to connect with made the quirk bounce back into him like a magnet.

Izuku pulled his hand away from the body like he had been burned and turned back to his father.

“I- It won’t work”, he said and sniffed as tears started falling down his cheeks, “I-I’m sorry Daddy.”

Daddy had pulled him into a hug as soon as he couldn't hold back his sobs anymore and he buried his face into Daddy’s chest. It smelled familiar and safe.

“Shhh… Izuku it’s okay. It’s okay”, he heard distantly, Daddy’s voice booming even from the chest he was leaning onto. “It’s not your fault.”

He had some time to cry before he pulled away to look at his father in the eyes. “W-What do I do now?”

“I’m so sorry Izuku that you have to deal with something like this…” Daddy said as he stroked his cheek. “But I’m going to tell you my honest opinion, okay? You may feel like that this quirk doesn’t belong to you right now. You were forced to take it in a threatening situation and the man you took it from was angry about it. And I know you would have given it back as soon as you would have been able to.

Izuku, you did not steal this quirk. The villain died and it wasn’t your fault. And right now you’re unfortunately stuck with it. And from now on, that quirk belongs to you. Whatever you will do with it is your choice.

But if there is one thing I know is that this quirk was used for bad things before, this is your chance to turn that around. If you ever choose to use this quirk and you’re able to help someone else with it, then you can turn around this horrible thing that happened to you.

I will support you no matter what you will decide Izuku. We both will”, Shouta said with absolute certainty and reached for Hizashi who was standing right next to them, “And you can take as much time as you want figuring this out Izuku. We will be right here for you.”
“You will?” Izuku sniffed.

“Always.”

Izuku nodded and then rushed back in to hug his father. Shouta wrapped his arms around Izuku and stood up with Izuku in his hold. Papa leaned in to hug Izuku as well, he could feel it.

“Let’s go home Izuku.”

Chapter End Notes

We had some serious topics to go through so sorry for the absence of fluff:( It will come!
As they were traveling home, Hizashi noticed that Shouta would carry Izuku in his arms everytime they were walking. Izuku was quiet and a bit solemn with a deep thoughtful look on his face. They barely spoke the whole ride home.

As they finally got home, Shouta reluctantly finally let Izuku down from his arms. Izuku walked quietly to the living room to go sit on the couch, still looking like he was thinking deeply about something. His shoulders were drooping as he watched his lap quietly.

Hizashi figured that he needed to do some food for them and set out to find something unexpired from their kitchen. Shouta was observing Izuku and feeling quite helpless. He wasn’t sure what more to say to him. Right now it seemed that it would be best to let Izuku figure his thoughts out by himself, even though Shouta hated it. Shouta joined Hizashi in the kitchen.

“We still don’t know how the kidnapper found Izuku and why he took him.” Shouta started with a quiet voice, “And we might never will because he’s dead.”

Hizashi was staring at the food he was preparing with a frown and nodded to acknowledge what Shouta was saying, “So… What do we do?” Hizashi asked.

“Do you think we should do some… precautions? What if it was because someone found out that Izuku was our son, the son of two pro heroes, we each have our own share of people who have a grudge against us for putting them in jail.”

“Do… Do you really think it was that?”

“No… The point is that we don’t know. It could be that, or it could have been a coincidence, a random kidnapper taking a random kid to… to do what kidnappers do with kids they took. Or…” Shouta faded off with a heavy voice.

“...Or?”
“Or it was someone who knew Izuku, before…” Shouta hesitated, making sure that Izuku was still in the living room and not listening in to their quiet conversation. He was still sitting on the couch, so deep in thought that it seemed he wasn’t paying attention to his surroundings at all anymore. Shouta turned back towards Hizashi. “Before Izuku was ours”, he finished.

Silence filled the kitchen, Hizashi’s shoulders were tense and he was gripping the spatula with a white knuckled grip.

“If… If it was the first or the third thing… What do we do? What can we do?”

“I don’t…” Shouta sighed, “Maybe… Maybe we should try to make it harder for villains to connect Izuku to us? Make his connections to us sealed informations, change… change his last name? So it wouldn’t be so obvious that he’s ours to strangers. We could move and maybe change Izuku’s school?”

“I want to keep Izuku safe too, Shouta. But that’s a lot of changes right after something traumatic happened to Izuku. He would be losing the home he remembers the most, the only friends he has in preschool, and Izuku probably wouldn’t want to change his last name from ours.”

Shouta rubbed at his temples and sighed. He knew that. He knew he was being paranoid. He knew that these changes could be more harmful than good but he just couldn’t… He couldn’t shake off the fear that there was still people out there that could be after Izuku. Or people in the future who would come after Izuku because they were enemies with either him or Hizashi.

“Okay… It’s probably better we don’t do everything at once. But we could try to start from somewhere? There is a chance that Izuku might have been or might be in the future, a target because of us. Because he has two pro heroes as fathers. Let’s just change Izuku’s last name? Hide the paper trail from the public connecting Izuku to us? Izuku might not like it but he’s a smart kid, he will understand.”

Hizashi was nodding as he sighed. “Alright… Let’s start with that.”

Izuku barely ate as Hizashi finally finished food. Not because it was painful, thankfully, but he still seemed too lost in thought and solemn. Shouta wasn’t even surprised when Izuku pushed the plate away and asked to be excused. They let him go and Izuku walked quietly to his room, leaving the door open and sitting on his desk with a notebook and a pen.
Shouta still felt the need to be practically glued to Izuku but he felt that Izuku also needed a bit of space so he let him be. Instead he and Hizashi started calling up people to hide the public records of them adopting Izuku and searching a file to change Izuku’s last name. Shouta even briefly looked up some property adverts but clicked off them in a moment.

The whole night felt tense and uncomfortable. They hadn’t even really brought up the new last name thing to Izuku yet.

At the same time, their night schedule was quite routine. At eight Shouta went over to tell Izuku to prepare for a bath. Izuku came in to the bathroom as Shouta was filling the tub with bubbles and warm water. Izuku was wearing an All Might themed bathrobe with a hood that had All Might’s signature hair tufts pointing up. Shouta smiled at him and after a moment Izuku gave him a tiny smile as well.

Shouta had trouble to keep that smile on, though, when Izuku took off his bathrobe and Shouta saw the small two inch scar on Izuku’s stomach where the doctors had had to open him up for surgery. It was small and already a healthy looking scar thanks to recovery girl but it was also a reminder of what had happened to Izuku. That small white line would probably stay there for forever.

Izuku also wasn’t his bubbly giggling self when Shouta was rubbing the bubbling shampoo to his hair. He got a few small giggles for acting like a silly person for a moment, but Izuku also turned to serious way too fast.

The constant serious atmosphere of the home totally sucked. Shouta was supposed to be the serious one and now with Hizashi and Izuku both like this… It was like all the life had been sucked out. Hopefully the good moments would return soon.

He and Hizashi were finally getting ready to bed themselves and crawling under the covers when suddenly they were surprised by a knock on the door and a shy Izuku opening the door to peek in.

“Izuku? What is it?” Hizashi asked carefully, with worry lining his voice.

Izuku hesitated for a bit before saying quietly, “Can- Can I sleep here tonight?”

They were both briefly surprised before Hizashi rushed to assure Izuku, “Of course honey. Come here.”
Izuku carefully made his way inside and closed the door behind him before pattering to Hizashi’s side where Hizashi gave a hug and a kiss to Izuku before he climbed on the bed and crawled between him and Hizashi. Shouta leaned in as well to give a kiss on top of Izuku’s head. Izuku was patting his pillow he brought with himself in place and then snuggled in to make himself comfortable.

“Night Daddy, night Papa”, Izuku mumbled out before closing his eyes.

“Night Zu-chan”, Hizashi whispered while clicking off the bedside lamp and laying down, facing Izuku and placing one hand close to Izuku’s hand at first and then gently taking Izuku’s hand in his.

“Night Izuku”, Shouta whispered as well, usually he would read or scroll through news or something before tucking in but now with Izuku there he didn’t want to risk disturbing him and so he clicked off his bedside lamp and was going to lay down as well when he noticed that Izuku had tensed a little. Shouta clicked the bedside lamp back on, noticing Izuku’s shoulders loosening once again.

Hizashi looked after him in question when Shouta suddenly got up and walked out the room. A few moments later he was back though and plucking in a night lamp into one of the electrical sockets. Hizashi laid back down in understanding and Shouta came back around to the bed. This time when he clicked off the bedside lamp, Izuku didn’t tense up because the room was still softly lighted up because of the night lamp.

Shouta was prepared to lie there awake for quite awhile because he usually went to sleep at a much later hour and all that. But with both Izuku and Hizashi, relaxed and peaceful, as they slept beside him, the tense feel of their home finally seemed lifted off. He had both of the two people he loved more than anything right there with him. They were safe, they were healthy, and they had each other to recover.

Shouta found himself falling asleep before he knew it.

The next morning Hizashi woke up first and discovered that a little four year old could take surprisingly lot of space in their king sized bed when he was sleeping like a starfish and taking up 50% of the space, leaving both him and Shouta with a corner of 25%.

He got up and took a picture of an almost falling off Shouta and Izuku before going over and starting
Izuku woke up next and was so sleepy and he barely noticed his Daddy as he half asleep traveled towards the delicious smell of breakfast from the kitchen out of habit. Shouta was left alone and without a blanket for some reason.

When Shouta, too, finally woke up, he groggily made his way to the kitchen to the sight of Hizashi amusing Izuku by wildly flipping pancakes on the pan. Izuku was laughing and the light and energy had returned to his eyes.

Shouta felt so grateful.

What kind of put a hitch to their normal and relaxed morning was Izuku asking when they would leave for school.

“Oh… You, you want to go to school today?” Shouta asked, fear already gripping his heart from the thought of not having Izuku beside himself.

“Yeah? Papa’s going to work and I’m supposed to go to school”, Izuku stated with an inclined head. Then he looked solemn once again and turned his gaze to his two pointer fingers rolling around each other. “I barely got back before I couldn’t go again… Kacchan must be really upset by now…”

Shouta felt incredibly uncomfortable, everything was moving so fast. They just had something horrible and traumatic, probably the most traumatic experience of his or Izuku’s life, happening to them and yes, Izuku was healed now and all but it had been just a few days! Were they actually supposed to just back to their normal routine and put this thing behind them? Pretend it didn’t happen?

Looking at Izuku, it was apparent though that none of them had really forgotten about what happened yet. And really, it wasn’t about forgetting but about moving on.
“Well… If you feel like you’re ready to go back to preschool today then when we will go”, Shouta agreed with a small smile.

Izuku looked a bit unsure for a moment before speaking, “At- At least for a little while”, he mumbled.

“Then you better start getting ready to go.”

“Right, okay”, Izuku said with determined nod and left the kitchen with a task to complete and the will to do it. Shouta turned to look at Hizashi who looked tense and fearful.

All of a sudden Shouta recalled back the last few days and thought about what kind of a hell it must have been to Hizashi as well. And at the start Shouta at least hadn’t helped much.

He quickly but carefully made his way to Hizashi to embrace Hizashi in a hug. They stayed there what was a bit longer than a normal hug until Hizashi melted properly into the embrace and after a moment they pulled apart enough to look at each other.

“I’m so sorry Hizashi. All of this has been so hellish for you too and you’ve had to be there for both me and Izuku and I haven’t been there for you equally”, Shouta spoke gently while stroking Hizashi’s cheek and then running his fingers through Hizashi hair that was still open and down on his shoulders instead of his hero look where he pulled it up with a crazy amount of hair products. Shouta really loved seeing Hizashi with his hair like this.

“It’s okay, you needed me and you’re supposed to lean on me when you need to.”

“We are supposed to support each other and I wasn’t there for you like you were for me Hizashi. I’m sorry. I’m sorry that this happened. Are- Are you ready to go back to work today? Are you okay with letting Izuku go to school today?”

“I’m… I’m scared. But I don’t want to hold Izuku back if he’s ready”, Hizashi admitted with a sigh.

Shouta leaned in to give a gentle kiss to Hizashi and after that lean their foreheads together. “Izuku is healthy and safe. And we are okay”, he whispered.
“Yes, yes we are”, Hizashi said back and Shouta felt him stroking his fingers through his hair as well.

“So… Will you go to work today or… or maybe we could do something together today.” Shouta smiled. “It’s been awhile since we did something just the two of us.”

“God, I would love that”, Hizashi breathed out in relief and they shared a kiss once more.

And so, they informed their agencies that they would be taking one more day off from patrolling. Izuku dressed and brushed his teeth and they drove to his preschool together the three of them. It was actually pretty nice, usually it was just him or Hizashi taking Izuku to school and then the other one picking him up after it. They walked in with Izuku both Hizashi and Shouta holding one of Izuku’s hands.

Izuku seemed equally nervous and excited, unsure and determined to go in. They made it to the vestibule where there was cute tiny lockers for each child and Izuku placed his jacket and backpack inside.

“Now Izuku, there is actually something we want to talk to you about’, Shouta said, kneeling to Izuku’s level.

“We should have brought this up earlier honestly but we actually weren’t prepared for you coming back to school just yet. But there’s something you should know”, Shouta told. Izuku stared curiously and with a small worried frown from Shouta to Hizashi.

“What is it Daddy?”

“Look Izuku, I don’t know how to tell you this… But, as you know, both me and Papa are pro heroes, and with that comes the risk of people who have grudges against us targeting the people who we love. We don’t know why the kidnapper attacked you, but there is a chance that it might have been because us. And even if it isn’t, it made us worried for something like that happening in the future.”

“And because we want to keep you safe”, Hizashi pitched in.
“We figured it would be best that the most obvious indication of you being our son to strangers would be to change your last name from Yamada-Aizawa to a cover last name “Midoriya”, Shouta finished.

“M-Midoriya?” Izuku asked with an unsure voice.

“Yes, you are by all means our son. And to all the people who matter, who we trust, it will be known. But we can’t always know just what the people we don’t know could do with the information of you being the son of two pro heroes. And so, from now on, we would like you to introduce yourself as Midoriya Izuku, is that okay?”

“I- I guess”, Izuku agreed.

“Good. We will also tell this to the teacher’s here. Now… Are you ready to go back to school?”

Izuku seemed to be thinking intensely once again, but then he surged in to hug Shouta tightly. Hizashi joined the hug too.

“We love you Izuku. We will be back to pick up in a few hours and if you want us to come sooner, just tell a teacher and we will come right away, okay?” Hizashi told gently.

“Okay Papa.”

“Now have fun will you, Colgate? Love you Izuku”, Shouta said while giving Izuku a quick kiss to the forehead.

“Okay Daddy, love you.”

Izuku started to slowly separate himself from his fathers and as he started walking away, he waved at them until he couldn’t see them anymore as he rounded the corner.

Shouta had to take a few deep breaths to calm himself down when Izuku wasn’t in his periphery anymore and he knew that he was getting further still and now he had to trust someone else to look after Izuku and keep him safe. Granted, nothing bad hadn’t even happened to Izuku in school. But
right now, Shouta still felt the almost uncontrollable need to keep Izuku right beside himself so he he could protect himself. Make sure he was okay at all times.

Hizashi gently took his hand and Shouta turned to look at him, he seemed worried and tense too but he gave a small smile to Shouta and a reassuring hand squeeze.

“He is okay. He’s going to be okay”, Hizashi said. Shouta sighed and nodded while squeezing Hizashi’s hands.

“Yes, he is. I’m just…”

“Scared.” Hizashi finished.

Shouta nodded with the tiniest of smiles, feeling love for Hizashi bloom in his chest.

“Yes, but it’s okay. I know Izuku is okay and you are here with me. We will be okay.”

“We will be”, Hizashi smiled.

It was at that moment that Shouta leaned in to briefly hug Hizashi that he felt a slight bump of an object leaning against himself in his pocket. And he remembered the engagement ring he bought before all the horrible shit happened.

Oh right...

Chapter End Notes

So this was a bit of an uneventful chapter in a sense, it could have been a lot longer with much more stuff but my schedule at the moment is ... a lot. Here in Finland we celebrate this thing that's called "Vappu" which is an Official Worker's Day -holiday. And as a new collage student, our Vappu is two weeks long with crazy amount of events happening and I'm supposed to get my school work and test passed and survive from my work shifts so it's ... a lot. And I finally had some time to write but I didn't have time to write anything longer and I have nooo idea when is the next time I have the time and energy to write and the last update has been a while ago so I really wanted to post at
least /something/ right now and explain that I can't guarantee the next update to be anywhere close.

At least I'm motivated to keep writing this because I have so many wonderful readers<3 Gosh, I really can't believe this fic already has 1640+ kudos?? Wtf?? Might we actually reach 2000 at some point?? How is that possible?? You guys are amazing, thank you for everything!

A special thanks to the people who started reading the fic from the start now that it already had 11 chapters and decided to leave multiple comments on all the different chapters<3 It was so fun getting those emails and seeing you proceeding on the story line and reacting to the stuff in fast forward:D And those comments really reminded me to keep this fic in mind and not forget it during my crazy schedule XD
Although Izuku did feel unsure and a bit shy about joining the others in the room where all the kids and the teachers of the pre school were staying, eventually Izuku swallowed his doubts and entered the room. He was a little discouraged with how all the hustle and bustle of the room made him scared for a moment. Scared that something might be after him to grab him. Izuku stood by the door, unsure about where to go in the room further than that. It was then that a sharp yell of his name made him snap his gaze up and towards Kacchan who was pretty much running towards him. 

For a moment Kacchan looked scary and big barging in towards him like that. A memory of a looming figure of a man over him and pain flashed in Izuku’s mind and he flinched and backed away from the approaching figure on instinct. Kacchan came way into his personal space at first but then he noticed Izuku’s body language with a scowl and he took a small step back. 

“What’s wrong with you? Where have you been? You left me alone with all these idiots again and didn’t even warn me! And the stupid adults wouldn’t tell me where you were!” Kacchan demanded. Izuku instinctively hunched his shoulders and turned his gaze towards the floor, his back was against a wall and he couldn’t back away anymore. 

“S-sorry Kacchan”, Izuku whispered with a small voice. His hands were shaking and his eyes were welling up with tears. It was Kacchan, it was his friend, but Kacchan was also angry and Izuku’s mind was screaming danger! and his hands were sweating and he felt trapped and new memories of the bad man came forth once again. 

“Izuku?”

Kacchan wasn’t often particularly sensitive to other people’s feelings. He could be harsh and offensive and resulted to anger more often than not. And he was still very young much like Izuku, and they had been just separated for six months before getting a day with Izuku until he disappeared again. But during that time where he couldn’t see Izuku at all, couldn’t even talk to him, he had come to the conclusion that everybody else were much more stupid and the way the extras kept following him around and just agreeing with him with everything was annoying… Izuku wasn’t him, wasn’t as smart and strong as he was but Izuku did have something those extras lacked. And
Kacchan had missed Izuku.

The adults of the school were stupid too with all their rules and never listening to him. Izuku was hunching into himself and his gaze flitted around the room at all the other kids and adults and Kacchan. Katsuki didn’t understand what was going on but there seemed to be more and more walls up around Izuku as the seconds ticked by and all of a sudden Katsuki decided that it was better if he could get the two completely alone once again.

“Come on”, Kacchan said and grabbed Izuku’s wrist and then he was pulling him along. At first Izuku almost yanked his wrist free, then he resisted a little until he resigned to following Kacchan and after that there was only resisting when Izuku couldn’t keep up.

Normally Izuku might have protested more, they were heading off away from the others, towards the outdoor yard where they were only supposed to go in specific times with all the other kids and teachers present. Right now they were totally alone. But Izuku couldn’t really get his voice to work or the words to come out, he still felt defensive. And so he put on his outdoor shoes with Kacchan and they ran outside together.

The yard was empty of people but they still headed further to find a more hidden place. They crawled under a slide and settled in together, sitting side by side. Izuku pulled his knees up and hugged his arms around them.

For some reason Kacchan didn’t start interrogating Izuku and settled into grabbing a fistfull of sand and getting all the bigger stones from it to throw off. For awhile they just sat there in silence and Kacchan kept throwing stones. Izuku was watching the stones as they flew off. He had tucked his chin into the cradle of his arms around his legs.

“Wanna see something?” Kacchan finally asked. Izuku turned his gaze towards him but didn’t raise his chin from the cocoon of his knees and gave a shy nod.

Kacchan lifted his left hand palm side up close to Izuku and then after a moment little explosions started to fly up sparkling like firecrackers and for a moment Izuku was so interested in that that he relaxed his position to look Kacchan’s hand more closely. “Woah, that’s cool Kacchan!”

Katsuki gave a knowing smirk and ended the mini explosions, wiping his hands together. “So you gonna tell me what happened? Where you were?” He asked casually and Izuku’s shoulders hunched again and he turned to look at his side.
“U-um… I was at the hospital”, Izuku mumbled.

“The hospital? Why?” There was edge of something like worry in Kacchan’s words.

Izuku hesitated, unsure how to say it in a simple way. What had happened, why he had ended up in the hospital… “There… There was a… a man, um… a bad man, wh- who took me”, Izuku was pulling at his fingers in nervousness, “w-who hurt me. He took me from Daddy but then-”

Izuku’s lips trebled and tears seemed to be close to falling from his eyes. How much could he tell? Could he really tell Kacchan everything that happened? What would Kacchan think?

“It- it was scary and I- I used my quirk on him”, Izuku whispered quietly, shyly glancing up to see how Kacchan would react. Katsuki was scowling and still looked a bit confused but he didn’t look particularly angry at Izuku.

“A-and then I yelled for h-help and heroes rescued me but I was hurt and I had to go to the hospital where I was healed”, Izuku finished.

“Wait… I saw that, it was on the news. Someone called for help so loudly that it echoed all around the city”, Kacchan said and stared at Izuku in bewilderment.

“I-it was?”

“Yeah, so wait… that was you? How did you scream so loud?”

“O-oh… It was my papa’s quirk copy. I used it to scream for help”, Izuku answered.

Kacchan was quiet for awhile, tilting his head and scowling at Izuku like he was trying to puzzle him out. “So… You all good now? You’re not dying, are you?”

“N-no”, Izuku shook his head, “no I’m all healed now, it’s- it’s actually thanks to Recovery girl, she came into the hospital to heal me”, Izuku said a small brief smile lifted the corners of his lips.
“Ok… Fine, good… You better not”, Kacchan grumbled.

“O-okay”, Izuku agreed. They turned to sit more side by side again instead of turned half way towards each other. Izuku felt a bit better now and instead of hugging his knees he crossed his legs. They were silent for awhile, just looking at the outside yard from what they could see from under the slide.

The silence was quite peaceful in fact, so much so that Izuku startled a little when Kacchan spoke up once again suddenly.

“Why does it read ‘Deku’ on your shoe?” Kacchan asked and poked the letters written at the soles of his shoes. Izuku himself leaned in to see what Kacchan was seeing.

“I-it’s just my name. Dad wrote it so no one would mistake my shoes for theirs you know?”

Kacchan snorted, “Like anyone else has the same shoes as you do.” He was probably referring to the bright all red color of his shoes.

“I-I like red.”

“No shit Deku”, Kacchan commented sarcastically.

Izuku tilted his head in confusion. “Deku?”

“It’s your name, isn’t it? It says so on your shoes”, Kacchan said and gestured to the mentioned accessory.

“Oh…” Izuku pulled his leg so he could read the letters himself. They weren’t exactly that good at reading yet. Izuku knew some simple words and stuff. Like how to write his name. To him the letters seemed much like all the times he wrote his name ‘Izuku’ but the first letters could kind of be read as ‘De’ too it would appear. Izuku decided to just accept his new nick name with a shrug.

“Kacchan…” Izuku said after a few moments of a lull in the conversation. As Kacchan turned to look at Izuku, he saw that Izuku was once again seeming more defensive.
“W-when the heroes came to rescue me… The bad guy was hurting me and so they… U-uh shot him… To stop him and he- he… died.” Izuku felt tempted to peek at Kacchan’s reaction but he didn’t. “But I had taken his quirk and then… I couldn’t give it back. A-and so now I have h-his quirk.” Izuku kept pulling at his sleeves in nervousness.

“W-What do I do Kacchan? What will I do with the quirk?”

“I dunno… Use it?” Kacchan said and shrugged with a scowl. “What else are you gonna do? Just not use it? Let it be useless?”

“B-But I took it without permission… He was mad at me for it… I- I stole it…”

“Well he was a villain anyway and obviously wasn’t using his quirk well. Fuck him, just use the quirk and stop being useless, stupid Deku”, Kacchan said and gave Izuku a gentle shove. Izuku blinked at Kacchan owlishly until he finally had to turn his eyes away sharply when tears started to well up in them.

“O-Okay Kacchan”, Izuku whispered. Kacchan gave Izuku another shove but it felt more like he was briefly shuffling his hair. It made Izuku smile a bit.

Their peace was finally interrupted by a slightly hysterical sounding teacher calling their names and so they had to scramble out from under the slide. As they ran up towards the voice, Izuku already feeling guilty and Kacchan already grumpy and annoyed, they were met with a very worried looking teacher who was briefly relieved when she saw them but then started scolding them about running off as soon as they were in grabbing distance. Izuku was appropriately scolded and Katsuki was just annoyed.

When Shouta and Hizashi came to pick up Izuku they were met with a smile. The two parents had had a small date day. Relaxed and normal. Some walking, lots of talking, some food, the chebang. It had been nice to be just by themselves for awhile but they were both equally relieved to see their son and get to hold him in their arms. Izuku was smiling and telling about how they had played and drewed and both parents just felt so relieved seeing their son acting out so normally after what had happened.

They went home together and Hizashi told Izuku they were going to be making Shouta food for that
dinner. News which made Izuku positively thrilled. The western spaghetti and sauce made their
kitchen spotted with red tomato stains and Izuku, too, was covered with stains. The bright smile and
joyful laughter of Izuku’s was well worth the mess though.

After cleaning up the kitchen and themselves they relaxed into a most domestic evening. Izuku was
drawing and writing something on his All Might notebook while Shouta and Hizashi were both
preparing for their upcoming workday tomorrow after their days off.

At one point a brief movement at his peripheral vision made Shouta turn his gaze towards Izuku who
had gotten up on his feet from the floor where he had been sitting. Izuku had a deeply thoughtful
expression on his face and he was mumbling quietly while staring intently at his notes. Shouta was
about to ask what Izuku had in his mind when he was interrupted by…

His son getting off at an incredible speed and smacking himself face first to the nearest wall in front
of him. This all happened perhaps under a second and Izuku had moved so fast that he almost hadn’t
been able to see it.

Now two responses arose in Shouta at seeing his son run face first against a wall. There was worry
for his son and the need to make sure that he was alright after that hit… But there was also the
need to laugh because the scene was admittedly pretty… comical.

Hizashi, too, had snapped his gaze to Izuku at hearing the loud smack he made when hitting a wall.
The two fathers shared a brief look before hurrying off their chairs to rush to Izuku.

“Zuchan are you okay? Did you hurt your head?” Hizashi asked, already fretting around Izuku like a
worried mother hen. Shouta approached a little more calmly and kneeled on Izuku’s other side to
peer at him closely for any sign of serious injuries. Other than the slightly red mark on Izuku’s
forehead, he seemed fine. Izuku was still rubbing his face with his face scrunched up.

“No… Not badly Papa”, Izuku answered.

“Now what was that just now, Kiwifruit?”

Izuku lowered his hands and turned his gaze to Shouta while biting his lip and pulling at his fingers a
little. “I- I uhm… I tried to activate the- the quirk”, Izuku mumbled.
Shouta and Hizashi briefly exchanged surprised looks before turning back to Izuku who had turned to look at his lap while twirling his fingers nervously.

“Oh the… the new quirk?” Hizashi tried to inquire gently. Izuku gave a nod.

“The one I took…”

“Was that your first time trying it?” Shouta asked.

“Y-yeah… I was surprised how fast it was”, Izuku admitted.

“You did move really fast, it’s probably wiser to use it in a bit more open area for now”, Shouta said, “Do you still wanna try it out?”

Izuku seemed a little hesitant but he turned his gaze to his father's shyly and gave a small nod.

“You seem a little hesitant, Zuchan. Remember you don’t have to do anything you’re not comfortable with”, Hizashi reminded.

Izuku did seem a little nervous still. “Ye-yes I know Papa. I- I do wanna try again. I-” Izuku hesitated once again looking from Hizashi to Shouta, “I want to use the quirk. I wanna do- do good with it. A-and I should- I need to learn to use it.”

“Okay then Izuku”, Shouta said with a gentle smile, “We’ll find a place for you to practise it in. But not tonight, maybe tomorrow, now come on let’s get up from the floor.” Shouta helped Izuku back on his feet.

“M-Maybe n-not just y-yet. No tomorrow”, Izuku said and there was just a twinge of fear in his eyes as he looked up at his dad. Shouta made sure to kneel down back to Izuku’s level as he put a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

“Okay. No tomorrow. There’s no rush Izuku. We will do this when you are comfortable with it. You just need to tell us.”
Izuku nodded. Shouta chuckled and ruffled Izuku’s wild curls fondly. “Just try not to run into anymore walls, will ya? Head still okay? No pain? No dizziness?” Izuku shook his head. “Good. It’s actually almost your bedtime, how about you go get ready for that now?’”

“Ohkay Daddy”, Izuku agreed. Izuku rushed to give brief hugs first to Shouta and then turning to give a hug to Hizashi’s legs too before rushing off to the bathroom to brush his teeth himself like the big boy he was.

They were still on the road for recovery and as Izuku once again crawled in to sleep between him and Hizashi that night, Shouta knew that they still had work to do to heal completely. But they were off to a good start.

The return to normal, to routine, to work was... surprisingly easy. Shouta and Hizashi soon realised that, at least for now, the new normal was for Izuku to sleep between them. But other than their sleeping arrangements, they started to continue on on their set routine of work, taking care of Izuku time and being together.

The pre school had been thankfully cooperating with the change of Izuku’s last name and making sure that all records of him and his parents were carefully protected. Not that there hadn’t been a confidentiality agreement before (it was just standard issue that the teachers didn’t go out shouting about their students and their private information) but the two parents were still a bit paranoid and the more they managed to hide the paper trail from any intruding people digging in illegally deep, the more secure they felt.

In the end the decision to accept Principal Nedzu’s offer for teaching jobs at the UA was actually a pretty simple one. It did mix up their schedule and they both had to cut back on patrolling hours to juggle two new teaching jobs, Hizashi’s radio show, their hero jobs and taking care of Izuku. What both did and did not surprise them was that their dear friend and Izuku’s appointed Auntie Nemuri, the pro hero Midnight, had also been offered a teaching job at UA and all three started at the same time.

While Izuku was pretty much his happy go self most of the time and eager to go to pre school and for his parents to get to a new job - ‘UA is the best school for heroes! And now you will teach there and all the new heroes!’ - there still were a few surprises along the way. Like the few times the school had called them to come pick Izuku up early because Izuku had started crying uncontrollably. At those times the fathers hugged Izuku to their arms tightly and let him cry it out in peace. Izuku could never really give a clear answer what had triggered what they had to sadly admit were panic attacks. Shouta did notice a pattern that sometimes Izuku didn’t sleep well despite the comfort of sleeping
between his parents and he had nightmares sometimes. And going to school after those nights could result… badly.

It had been a couple of months since the kidnapping. And with both Shouta and Hizashi now working at UA, also Izuku had started to be a usual appearance on the school grounds. They tried to keep Izuku hidden but there was some rumors going around. Mostly Izuku would only come during nights when both fathers were tied up in the school and he would hang around in the teachers’ lounge.

And frankly, Izuku was loved by all. All the teachers were positively enamored with Izuku and claimed he was ‘the cutest thing ever!’ Izuku, too, loved his new hero friends and surprised some of them by recognising them immediately, and if he didn’t recognise them immediately, Izuku made sure to learn just what kind of heroes they were as soon as possible.

There was one hero Izuku had especially bonded with, the slightly old hero Kiropi, Kido Azumi. The long retired pro hero had been known as a clever and strong protection hero with her quirk “Shield” she used both to fight and to protect in her rescue work. Izuku had spent a lot of time with ‘Zumi-chan’ these past weeks while he had to wait around for his fathers. The two had bonded like a house on fire.

Then finally came the night when Izuku shyly approached Shouta to tug him at his pant leg until Shouta turned to Izuku and kneeled at his level.

“What is it Pistachio?” he asked.

“I- I think I’m ready… To… To try the quirk again”, Izuku admitted quietly. Shouta was surprised only briefly before carefully schooling his expression to something reassuring and calming.

“Okay. UA has lots of training grounds. How about you come there tomorrow and you can test it out there. Does that sound good?”

Izuku cave a small shy nod to his dad and a tentative smile. Shouta ruffled Izuku’s hair fondly.

And so, the next day, the small family of three headed off together to one of the running tracks of UA. Izuku had running shoes and clothes on and seemed a little nervous but equally determined too.
“Okay Izuku, this running track around this playing field is just a little bit longer than normal ones. Your quirk makes you move really fast. Do you think you can handle the turning curve with that speed or should we go to a place where you can just run straight ahead until stopping?” Shouta asked.

“Um…” Izuku looked at the running track and its slow turning curve in thought, “I- I think I can handle it Daddy.”

“Okay, just be careful. If you feel like controlling the quirk gets too difficult the easiest way to stop is by falling. I doubt you will need to do that but just remember, to fall safely, tuck your chin to your chest”, Shouta demonstrated on Izuku by tilting his shin down gently, “and then bring your arms up in front of your face like this to protect your head. You might feel tempted to break your fall with your hands and knees but at least at the speed you are probably going to go that could result in broken bones so try not to do that. Keep your legs and hands bent, your head protected, don’t tense up completely and let your body roll so you won’t absorb too much force from hitting the ground. Got all that?” Shouta asked. Izuku gave a slightly panicked nod.

“I just told you that as a precaution. But you know how to control your quirk, you just need to stay calm and focus on heading into a direction where nothing comes in your way”, Shouta said and gave Izuku a smirk, “You ready?”

Izuku took a deep breath and then gave a nod, determination shining in his eyes.

“Then fly away.”

Shouta and Hizashi took some steps back from Izuku, positioning themselves on opposite sides of the track. Glancing up at his boyfriend Shouta saw that he was looking nervous but still gave Izuku an encouraging thumbs up and a smile. Izuku looked from one father to another one last time before leaning down a bit in a stance ready for a running take off.

“Do you want a countdown Izuku or do you just wanna go?” Shouta asked.

Izuku seemed a little excited at that and gave a nod with a smile on his lips. Shouta gestured for Hizashi to take the honors.

“Okay everybody readyyyyy?” Hizashi asked taking on his usual showman voice. It made Izuku giggle and relax and so it made Shouta smile too. “Here we go! Three… Two…” Izuku hunched a bit
more, legs tensing up, ready for take off. “And goo!”

The force and speed in which Izuku took off sent a cloud of dust in his wake and Shouta realised too late that he wasn’t prepared to keep his eyes on Izuku at the speed he was now running off around the field. After his initial surprise on Izuku’s take off he made the mistake of trying to catch up on Izuku with his eyes by turning in the same direction as Izuku was running the field. But all he could see was the cloud of dust from the soil Izuku had left behind him when he had speeded past those areas. Shouta was busy trying to catch up on Izuku with his eyes when Izuku already finished the round and was back at his starting position, clumsily stopping his stride. Shouta turned abruptly to see Hizashi running at Izuku in excitement.

“Woaaah! Zuchaan that was awesoome!” He rejoiced and scooped Izuku up to twirl him around in a hug. “You ran so fast! That was probably a track record, you are so great!” Izuku giggled and smiled and looked so alive in his father’s arms where Hizashi was excitedly bouncing Izuku up and down that the scene just made warmth and love bloom in Shouta’s chest and he couldn’t help the fond smile on his lips.

“How did it feel Izuku? What’s that quirk like? Did you just go zooooOMM?”

Izuku giggled some more at his father's antics. “It was- Um…” Izuku hesitated with a serious expression on his face, clearly thinking carefully how to explain the quirk. “I was so fast that everything that was normal speed was really slow. Like in the movies!”

“Like slow motion?” Hizashi asked.

“Yeah! It felt like I could have all the time in the world to… to catch something falling! Or- Or react to my surroundings and make sure I don’t hit anything! Everything was so fast but so slow and the quirk just filled me up with energy! I felt it especially on my legs but it was everywhere!” Izuku explained in excitement.

“That sounds really cool Zuchan! Do you wanna try it out some more?”

“I do!” Izuku whooped. Hizashi let Izuku down from his embrace. This time Shouta moved next to Hizashi so that they both were facing the track at all times and Shouta wouldn’t have his back turned on it. Izuku got ready once again and Hizashi repeated the countdown start.

Izuku was off like a lightning bolt - quite literally. This time Shouta was more prepared to keep his
eyes on Izuku, the large open field helped but it was still incredible how much he had to make an effort in order to keep up with Izuku. Izuku kept leaving reddish dust clouds behind him, so much so that when Izuku started his second lap the dust from the first lap hadn’t even settled yet due to how much it was blowing up and how little time it took Izuku to go around the field. This truly was a… a powerful quirk. And used in the wrong hands? Disastrous. Shouta felt that he could almost forgive himself for not being able to stop Izuku from being kidnapped. A surprise attack with that quirk? No one could be fast enough to do anything against it.

Izuku had taken three laps around the track before coming into a stop before them once again, panting a little.

“It feels so different! Like I could have the time to do almost anything!” He exclaimed in excitement and before his dads had time to say or do anything he was off again, bouncing around from side to side of the running track in what looked like impossibly sharp corners to do in that speed.

“Izuku seems to…” Shouta started, carefully trying to keep his son in his line of vision to really make sure he was seeing right. “I think he is… Is that green lightning?”

Every now and then it was like Shouta could see some kind of sparks and color of green around his son as he ran ahead.

“Wait really?” Hizashi asked. “Oh… I think… Those really might be that but it's difficult to see with how far off Izuku is and how fast he’s moving…”

Izuku was just starting out with this quirk and he was already this fast? Shouta had to wonder how much faster Izuku might get over time. This quirk truly was…

All of a sudden both parents froze when seeing their son tumbling down what seemed like a bad fall. Both of them took off running to where Izuku was without a moment of hesitation. They were running as fast as their feet would take them.

“Izuku! Izuku? Are you alright?” Hizashi exclaimed in panic. They reached Izuku and Shouta rounded on Izuku’s other side as Hizashi kneeled next to Izuku. Izuku was very much seeming like he was unconscious, he was covered in the red dust of the running track and there was scratches and lacerations on his skin where it had scraped against the ground from his fall. Shouta was quick to check Izuku’s pulse and breathing. Both were still there, the pulse especially beating very rapidly.
“Izuku?” Shouta asked, gently wiping the messy hair from Izuku’s face. Izuku was unresponsive.

“We need to get him to recovery girl”, Shouta stated grimly and looked at Hizashi in the eyes.

“A-Are you sure it’s wise to move him? What if he got broken bones from the fall? Spinal damage?”

Shouta’s eyebrows crunched up and he turned his attention firmly back to Izuku. Gently but firmly he ran his hands through Izuku’s hands and legs and back, save from the scratches there didn’t seem to be anything too worrying to be seen right away.

“I think we are safe on that front but I think we really need to get Izuku to Recovery Girl and fast.”

“Okay then.”

Shouta was the one to gently lift Izuku’s limp body to his arms and get up. They took off running, Shouta trying to keep his hold steady on Izuku. At least he was small. So small. And hurt again. Hurt on his watch.

There was still some distance left to Recovery Girl when Shouta heard a weak groan from his arms. He turned to look at Izuku to see his eyelashes quivering as Izuku tried to open his eyes. “Daddy… Papa”, Izuku mumbled, in a voice that was clearly tinged in pain and almost too weak and quiet to be heard.

“It’s okay Izuku. I’ve got you. We are gonna get you to Recovery Girl in just a moment. Don’t worry”, Shouta reassured him gently while running.

They ran like their lives depended on it. Or well… Like Izuku’s life depended on it. And Izuku’s life was way more important at any time, both fathers were ready to do anything to protect what was most important to them.

Hizashi had gotten just a bit more of a lead because he didn’t have to carry Izuku and so he barged in to Recovery Girl’s office first exclaiming her name.

“Recovery Girl! Please! Help us!”
The old heroine had only a brief moment to be confused before Aizawa came running in carrying the battered Izuku.

Taking charge of the situation right away, Recovery Girl instructed for Shouta to lay Izuku down on the hospital bed in the room.

“What happened?” She asked as she was taking out her stethoscope to listen Izuku’s heartbeat.

“Izuku was trying out a quirk for the first time. The one he took from the kidnapper. He was running around the field when he suddenly fell down”, Hizashi explained, panicked and a little out of breath.

Izuku groaned again weakly and he was clearly at the edge of his consciousness. His body moved weakly turning slightly from side to side. There was a clear sheen of sweat on his forehead. “Feel… Bad”, Izuku got out and then he was turning to a side and throwing up.

“How much did he run?”

“U-Uh… He ran really fast I didn’t really count.”

“That field is like five hundred meters. Did he run it twice? Three times? That would be one and half a kilometer already.”

“He ran it around at least five times, possibly going around a sixth”, Shouta admitted.

“While using an unfamiliar quirk for the first time?” There was definitely some clear scolding in Shuzenji’s voice. The Youthful Heroine was busy determinedly searching around the room and then coming up to Izuku to quickly and efficiently insert a needle to Izuku’s arm and a drip bag on the other end. “The boy is four years old! He shouldn’t be running over three kilometres in one go without breaks while using a quirk! His blood sugar and energy storage has gone dangerously low!”

Both fathers were properly feeling scolded and crestfallen, staring at Izuku with anguish.
“Will- Will he be alright?” Hizashi asked with a weak voice. Shuzenji was gently wiping Izuku’s sweaty forehead with a cool towel as the boy started to slowly relax into the bed. The heroine took on a more gentle expression and gave the parents a kind smile. “Yes, he will be okay. You acted out quickly and brought him here. The sugar drop will help to level out his blood sugar levels quickly. He will be completely fine”, she reassured in a tender tone.

Both Shouta and Hizashi sighed out in relief and then after a moment came closer to gently reach for Izuku. Hizashi took Izuku’s hand into his while Shouta placed his hand gently on Izuku’s shoulder.

For a while they were all quiet and now after the initial hurry, Recovery Girl had the time to work a little more calmly. The boy was more relaxed on the bed now and Shuzenji got to work on keeling his skin and wounds from the rest dust covering it. After Izuku was all cleaned up she also took care of cleaning up the small puddle of vomit so its pungent smell wouldn’t bother the room.

“Little Izuku has some scratches and cuts but most of them are pretty minor and I’ll put some bandaids on the worst ones. I don’t think I can kiss those to be healed right now with how much energy Izuku has already lost. If you don’t feel like letting them just heal on their own then you can come back tomorrow”, she explained to the keenly listening parents.

Izuku’s eyelashes were starting to quiver again like his eyes were starting to open and both fathers leaned in with bated breath.

“Izuku?” Hizashi asked gently and petted the hand in his hold.

“Papa?” Izuku mumbled weakly, still struggling a little to open his eyes fully.

“How do you feel buddy?” Shouta asked as he stroked his hand through Izuku’s hair and Izuku’s eyes finally opened to follow the direction of the voice.

“Tired… Hungry”, Izuku mumbled and leaned in to Shouta’s hand.

“That’s some of the symptoms of your low blood sugar dear”, Recovery Girl interjected, “We’ll get you something to eat soon but try to rest for now, okay?”

“Recovery Girl?” Izuku mumbled out a little confused now that he recognised the heroine, “Okay…” He then agreed and let his eyes rest closed once again.
“I’ll go get the boy some food, you can stay here”, Shuzenji said and left the room.

The two parents moved so that each of them got a side of Izuku’s bedside and they pulled chair for themselves to sit near Izuku and hold his hand as the boy slipped between resting and sleeping, a little out of it for now.

They spent the next few hours there, giving Izuku time to rest up, eat and the sugar bag to drip its contents to Izuku’s bloodstream to rise his blood sugar levels back to normal. They tried to keep a calm soothing feeling in the room as Izuku was collecting his strength back but finally it started to seem like Izuku was getting back to normal.

“Zuchan love”, Hizashi said gently as Izuku had just finished his last bites of the food Shuzenji had brought him. Izuku was now sitting up on the bed with the head of the bed lifted up to support him. “Didn’t you notice starting to feel bad? You should have stopped right then.”

“I’m sorry Papa”, Izuku apologized guiltily, “I- I didn’t feel it coming. I was running and it was so cool and different and then all of a sudden it- it hit me. I felt bad and tired and all the energy on my body was gone and- and then I fell and then I was here. I didn’t mean to worry you. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay baby. We just need to be more careful next time”, Hizashi reassured him.

“I'm sure you know that this is actually quite a common problem”, Shuzenji stated, “Lots of quirks need a lot of energy to use and in most cases that energy comes from the quirk users. Be it their energy they get from resting or the carbs they have consumed or something else, the users need to make sure that there’s enough to use for the quirk so that they don’t run out.”

“What should we do if Izuku wants to keep using this quirk? Should he be on some special diet or something?” Shouta asked.

“Well firstly I would hope you wouldn’t let your four-year-old boy run three or more kilometres in one go! But lucky for you, the need for extra carbs is quite common and you can find some really really high calorie energy bars from the store. Just buy some of them and let Izuku eat them when he’s using his quirk. If he doesn’t use it regularly then be careful when eating them because for non quirk users those energy bars are a little too high on calories. Izuku is also still a child so don’t go for the ten thousand calorie ones right away.”
Shuzenji shuffled to her desk and fiddled a little searching around her pamphlets stacked neatly on a shelf. “I’m sure you can find some more information online but here’s a start for you”, she said as she was handing the pamphlet to Shouta. The pamphlet had a headline of “Dummy’s guide for extra calories for quirk users!”

“Thank you Shuzenji”, Shouta said with sincere gratitude clear in his voice, “Thank you so much for everything.”

“You are welcome. Just remember to stay more aware in the future. Look after this cutie won’t ya?” she said while holding her hands on Izuku’s cheeks and shaking his head gently.

“And you too, look after your worrying parents and remember to play nicely!” she finished with a bop to Izuku’s nose and Izuku giggled.

“Yes, Shu-chan!” he replied.

“Come on Izuku, you ready to go home?”

“Yes Papa!”

While Izuku had gotten some of his energy back, he was still a little tired and weak on his legs and so Shouta lifted him up to sit on his shoulders. On the way home they decided to stop by the store to buy some of these high calorie protein bars made for quirk users who needed the energy. Getting out of the car on the store’s parking lot, Shouta lifted Izuku back on his shoulders once again and even wrapped his capture gear around Izuku’s legs so he would be more secure sitting there without falling off.

Walking in he noticed that Izuku started playing and moving his hair and he decided to just let it happen. Izuku was brushing his hair back with his fingers and twisting it around. He doubted Izuku would be able to actually do any kind of hairdo on him with the limited skills of a four-year-old.

“I’m actually go find us some food to make dinner from tonight, how about you two head to the energy bars… where ever they are”, Hizashi said while looking unsurely around the store, unfamiliar where those might be placed. “I’ll find you soon.”
“Okay”, Shouta agreed and leaned in to give a very brief kiss to Hizashi’s lips. He wasn’t big on public displays of affection. Izuku patted Hizashi’s head while in the reaching distance and whooped a happy “Bye Papa!” to Hizashi. Shouta headed into the store looking for the aisle for the energy bars.

A little confused and unfamiliar with the store Shouta browsed the aisles randomly, going back and forth reaching to see what products they had shelved there. When all of a sudden a voice interrupted him.

“Hi, do you need some help?”

Turning towards the feminine voice, the first thing Shouta noticed was that the woman didn’t have the store uniform and was actually just a regular shopper.

“Uh… I’m trying to find the energy bar section”, Shouta admitted a little varily.

“Oh! I think I know where they are, I can show you”, the woman said with a wide smile on her lips that showed her whole row of white straight teeth. She wiped a piece of her curled hair behind her head moved the basket she was carrying to the crook of her hand before starting to walk into a direction expectantly looking back at Shouta until he started following her.

The woman slowed down a bit so that Shouta was walking more beside her than following her. She pointedly turned her gaze up to Izuku and gave him a wave with a cheerful, “Hey there you! And who might this handsome boy be?”

Izuku wasn’t particularly shy with new people. Meeting all the teachers at UA he had been very open and friendly towards anyone, same thing in pre school and with anyone coming into their house. But right now, randomly meeting this strange woman in a store, a sudden burst of shyness made him turn his gaze firmly to his daddy’s hair without answering as he played with the hair some more.

“A bit shy are you? It’s okay, I don’t bite”, the woman tried to encourage but Izuku still didn’t answer. Izuku wasn’t sure what it was, surely this woman seemed very nice and friendly but there was a slight wibe to her Izuku didn’t respond to.

“He’s a little tired right now. We have had a long day”, Shouta told with politeness.
“Ah, I understand, those days are just the worst”, the woman said and then Izuku saw her place her hand on Shouta’s shoulder briefly. Shouta was quick to turn his shoulder a bit in a way that rejected the touch.

“So why are you looking for energy bars? Do you workout?”

“We need something that has high calorie values”, Shouta told.

“Oh my, and here I am buying only fruits and vegetables trying to get as little calories as possible!” the woman exclaimed and laughed. Shouta didn’t really know how to answer that and so remained quiet. “You must be a regular at the gym to be that fit if you don’t even watch out for carbs!” She was laughing again like she had made a really funny joke, Izuku was confused.

“Oh there the energy bars are”, Shouta said as they finally reached a shelf where there was signs of advertisement even to point out the high calorie protein bars. “Do you have any preference of taste Avocado?”

Izuku made a I don’t sound as he leaned his chin on his hands folded on top of Shouta’s head. He browsed the energy bars but he wasn’t even completely sure what some of them said. Indifferent Izuku looked on until a very specific one caught his attention.

“All Might cookie! I want that one!” Izuku exclaimed in excitement.

“A hero fan, are you?” said the woman and Izuku startled, surprised that the woman was still there and once again addressing him. Izuku nodded shyly and then turned to look elsewhere again.

“Do you only want them or should we get some others?” Shouta asked but Izuku was now feeling a little too conscious of himself and his audience to answer.

“How about this one?” Shouta asked, reaching for a bar and showing it to Izuku. Izuku mumbled something incoherent as an answer and Shouta decided to keep it.

“Ah there you are!” Hizashi said in relief as he rounded the corner and saw his family there scrutinizing the selection. He came up and took hold of one of Shouta’s hands without even thinking
about it. “I collected some items and I think I have enough to make dinner for tonight. How’s it going?” Hizashi even leaned in to give Shouta a kiss to the cheek. It was at this moment that Izuku noticed the woman still there with them and he turned slightly to look at her subtly. He watched as the woman was first surprised and then looking a little uncomfortable and embarrassed. The woman left quickly and Izuku looked at her in confusion when she hadn’t even said goodbye even though she had been very polite in a way until then. Shrugging it off Izuku didn’t really care to wonder about the woman anymore, neither did Shouta, who had actually barely even spared her a thought.

“Uu how about this flavor Zuchan? This one looks cool!”

“Mmhmm”, Izuku agreed with a hum and smiled, “Yeah, let’s take that one.”

“Woah there’s so much to choose from! How ever will we decide?” There was some extra flare and theatricality in Hizashi’s voice and the dramatic way he brought his wrist to his forehead made Izuku giggle.

“Let’s take one of each!” Izuku suggested.

“Yeah! Let’s do that!”

“No”, said Shouta in deadpan.

“But Shoutaaa! How can we decide which ones to take! What if Izuku doesn’t like them!”

“Then we will buy new ones. But we are not buying everything at once.”

“But it would be so fun!”

“No. You may pick… Five.”

“Shoutaaaaaaaaaa”, Hizashi whined and even resulted in hanging himself on Shouta’s shoulder.

“Five”, Shouta said sternly. “Your puppy dog eyes don’t work on me”, he stated.
“See Izuku, this is why you are up there. Shouta is defenseless against you, it was his evil plan!”

Izuku gasped. “He’s been plotting it for years!”

“How knows what else he’s got plan for us! How will we survive his evil schemes?”

“Oh Daddy how could you! How could you do this to us!” Izuku wailed and let himself slump on top of Shouta’s head like it was a fainting couch.

Shouta stared at the selection of energy bars like he was tired at the whole world before turning to Hizashi with a deadpan look. “This is your fault, you are teaching our son bad habits.”

“Lies! Slander!” exclaimed Hizashi.

“If I let you take ten different ones will you drop this?”

“Deal!” Hizashi agreed and raised his hand for Izuku to high five. Shouta sighed in exasperation.

They scrolled through the aisles of the store for a while after picking the ten flavors, Hizashi checking if they would ran into some more items that they still needed. It took a while and at one point Shouta felt Izuku crossing his hands on his head and soon a little more weight joined them and he could only assume Izuku was resting his head on his hands.

“You tired Izuku?” he asked. Izuku hummed as an answer.

“Don’t worry, we’ll get home soon and then you can rest.”

“U-huh”, Izuku mumbled sleepily.

They were at the line for the cash register when Hizashi looked up at Izuku and raised one eyebrow at the scene.
“I think he’s asleep”, Hizashi leaned in to whisper. Shouta couldn’t really turn to look, busy trying to keep his head in place for Izuku. Shouta hummed in agreement, Izuku’s body felt more relaxed now and he had been quiet for awhile.

“God we are so lucky to have him”, Hizashi said. His eyes were full of love as they looked at Izuku and when they came down to look at Shouta the love didn’t disappear. In fact, Hizashi raised his hand to Shouta’s cheek before leaning in to give him a gentle kiss.

“We are, we really are”, Shouta agreed.

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaand there we go! After almost two months of an hiatus I come back with a new chapter! Yay! Wow two months can really pass by really fast, but despite all my comings and goings, this fic has stayed dearly on my mind and I've followed how the kudos count has risen almost by 500 and we actually passed the 2000 kudos point, oh my god! Like wow! Sorry for the wait, I'll try to get the next chapter ready a bit faster this time:D

Once again I would like to thank all of you my awesome readers! I am so honored by the reaction this fic has gotten, I'm not sure if I lost some of you during my hiatus but if you were still interested enough to come back then welcome, welcome! The motivation and inspiration to keep writing this fic is all thanks to all of you and your wonderful comments and bookmarks and everything! I can't thank you enough:) I have even reached the ultimate goal: someone actually made art for this fic and like what??? oh my god! Like wow! Sorry for the wait, I'll try to get the next chapter ready a bit faster this time:D

Lol, there was a line where I really wanted to use a specific word. It's about Shouta sighing and I wanted to give it an... adjective? I can hear the word in my mind but I have no idea how to write it and I can't remember the correct Finnish translation to try and figure it out from there, if this makes sense to anyone then try to spell this word correctly for me: Shouta sighed in exparation? esparation?esperate? exparate? wtf fuck is the word I have no idea, maybe my head is making up words #notmynativelanguageproblems

Heh, anyway, how did you like the chapter that I fiinally finished? At least it was long! I was a bit tempted to cut it short at points and publish it in parts but I decided to keep it whole:D I think you might appreciate that I didn't put you through cliffhangers and such, lol XD Those I reserve for very very special occasions >:)

Until next time my lovelies <3
It was the start of the weekend, Shouta and Hizashi were both free from having to go to UA to teach but on Saturday they still had patrolling. Well, Shouta was supposed to have patrolling but he had already informed his hero office that he wouldn’t be coming tonight. Hizashi got ready for work like usual and gave a kiss of goodbye to both Izuku and Shouta before leaving. Left alone finally, Shouta approached Izuku and kneeled on one knee next to Izuku where he was sitting on the breakfast table.

“Leafyhead, today we have a very important job to finish”, Shouta said and Izuku looked at his father in question.

“What is it Daddy?”

Taking out the ring box and opening it up he held it up for Izuku to see. “Remember this?”

Izuku gasped when seeing the ring loudly exclaiming, “The engagement ring! We forgot to propose to Papa!”

“Don’t worry, we haven’t been in any hurry to do so. We have had a lot happening these past two months or so and this needed to be pushed back a little, Papa is gonna love it regardless”, Shouta calmed his fretting son.

“You will propose to Papa today?” Izuku asked with glee and excitement in his eyes, feet kicking out wildly.
“I was hoping that we would. Izuku, will you help me propose to Papa?”

“Yes! Yes, let’s propose! I will help!” Izuku was, in fact, so excited about it that he leapt from his seat and was jumping up and down in jitters. Shouta smirked as he closed the ring box and handed it to Izuku.

“Keep this safe, will you?” Izuku nodded with a very serious and determined expression on his face.

“Let’s go plan a proposal.”

Shouta wasn’t always that much into the cliche ways to be romantic. He liked to make Hizashi happy and show affection when he felt like it but things like… Valentine’s day weren’t always his cup of tea. The holiday was quite commercialized plus in Japan it was divided to Valentine’s day and White day, where the custom was for women to get gifts of chocolate to men on Valentine’s and men to return gifts for the women a month later on White day. Of course same sex couples made it their own but Shouta didn’t really appreciate the way people felt obligated to buy their significant others gifts on those days and only those days.

God knows Hizashi liked to give gifts, which Shouta accepted grumpily. And Shouta himself returned the favor when he ran into something that just spoke of Hizashi and made him think of him and making him happy with it. He didn’t like to force himself to find something because he had to, something that could easily result in buying something unnecessary and forced.

So yes, there you have some of Shouta’s views on being romantic, practicality and the desire to make his boyfriend happy over forced romantic gestures.

One thing Shouta also didn’t prefer was public displays. He loved Hizashi and he wasn’t going to hide their relationship but he also didn’t want to go running around announcing it at every random person. He liked to keep his private life just that, private.

And so it had been pretty clear to him that he would be proposing to Hizashi at the safety of their own home, with only the other most important person in his life there with him, Izuku.

But he wanted to make it romantic for Hizashi, he knew he would love that.
And so he and Izuku headed out to the store, spending money left and right on things to make the atmosphere in their home romantic as fuck. It was also expensive as fuck but Hizashi was worth it.

Plus he had a four-year-old with him as an arbiter of taste and the boy was not worrying about the prizes, oh no sir. The boy knew what he wanted for their proposal and Shouta just had to deal with it.

“You think we’ve got enough candles Izuku?” Shouta asked, just a little defeated already. Their cart was filled with candles already. Izuku assessed the assortment of candles in their cart for a while critically before finally nodding.

“Yeah, I think these will suffice”, he stated. Shouta gave Izuku a look, wondering who had taught him these ways.

“Anything else we need?” Shouta asked and realized his mistake too late. He was probably doomed either way but asking that just meant trouble. Izuku was, after all, only half his son. And the other half had been raised by Hizashi.

“Flowers!” Izuku was exclaiming at once, and it probably wouldn’t be the end of it. “And lights! We also need those nice little lights like at Christmas! And chocolate!”

“Aren’t the candles enough?”

“No Daddy!” Izuku stated and shook his head like Shouta didn’t understand anything. Shouta was just accepting his fate.

They got some cute small lights on a string and Izuku also demanded chocolates and then they were heading off to the flower section. Izuku, it turned out, was a very demanding customer. He was on a mission and not afraid to state which flowers were ugly and which suited his favor. Shouta just followed around, ready to pay the bill. The employee helping clearly saw the good selling opportunity and kept suggesting different things. Shouta was glad that Izuku was at least a little picky and wouldn’t agree to just about everything but he was also pretty carefree with the expenses of the flower arrangements, rose petals and flower crowns would accumulate on top of everything they had already bought.

“I think these are enough flowers, how about you Daddy?”
“Yes, I don’t think we need any more”, Shouta said and prayed, oh please Izuku, have mercy on your dad’s wallet.

“Hmm…” Izuku hummed in thought and stared at the bags (all carried by Shouta, there were many) in thought, “I wonder if we still need…”

“You know Izuku… I think we need to get back home if we want to have the time to set up all of this, we wouldn’t want to be unfinished when Papa comes back, do we?”

Izuku shook his head, looking scandalized.

“So how about we head home then?”

“Okay Daddy!”

Shouta tried to ignore the total on the cash register as he was paying. Hizashi was worth it. Izuku was worth it too.

They got home and Izuku was still very much determined about getting things just right. They were doing the proposal together indeed but right now Izuku was running the show. Hopefully Shouta wouldn’t be out shined when the actual proposing took place.

They set up the lights in the doorway and hallway leading into the living room. In the living room they placed the candles in various places to be lit up a little later. Shouta was careful about making sure they were safely placed and the flowers were far enough from the open flames.

Finally Izuku stated that there should be music and Shouta put on some beautiful classical piano pieces to set the mood but to not take the focus.

Looking around at how they had transformed their apartment, Izuku nodded with approval and smiled at Shouta. Shouta smiled back, it would be perfect.
Hizashi was pretty punctual with the way he arrived back home. It was sometimes touch and go since you couldn’t predict everything that might happen while patrolling (it wasn’t like you could just yell, “Sorry! My office hours just ended, let’s pause this fight and arrest you tomorrow, yes?” in the middle of battle) but this time they had been lucky and there had been no problems and Hizashi arrived home right on time.

“Honey! Izu-kun! I’m… H-home?” Shouta heard Hizashi call out and then finish off confused as he no doubt finally noticed the dimly lit apartment with only small lights lighting up the entrance and some flower arrangements left on display already at the foyer.

“Uh, Shouta?” Hizashi tried to call out again, a questioning tone in his voice. Shouta stayed quiet and hoped that Izuku would manage that too even though he was almost vibrating next to him from excitement. They could hear Hizashi taking off his jacket and shoes and walking on their way again calling out, “Izuku? Where are you g-guys…” Again Hizashi trailed off when he finally entered the living room and saw everything in it.

Hizashi was left gaping as he took in the flowers all around the room, even some rose petals scattered around on the ground, and the dozens of candles lighting up the place. With Hizashi finally in the room, Izuku leaned in to press play and some soft and gentle piano melodies filled the room. In the middle of it were Izuku and Shouta, each with a flower crown on their heads. Shouta’s was mainly yellow flowers while Izuku’s had peach roses. Izuku was holding a box for a third one for Hizashi, that one was made of red roses.

“W-what is this?” Hizashi asked, his eyes were already filling up a little with tears as he came closer.

“A surprise! For you Papa!” Izuku answered with glee and gestured for Hizashi to lean down so he could place the flower crown on his head. Getting up Hizashi turned to Shouta looking at him with wonder.

“Shouta?”

That was the moment Shouta kneeled down on one knee and took in his hand the ring box Izuku was handing over for him. Hizashi gasped a little before lifting a hand to his mouth.

“Hizashi”, Shouta started a small smile curling on his lips, “my love”, he chuckled just a little when
saying the endearing term.

“Really, this has been a long time coming and it has never been a question if we wanted to or if we were ready and more of a question of if we needed to. We have been together since UA and I have been so thankful that I got to meet you there. That I got to know you and love you. We have been together all these years and this barely came to my mind.

“Not because I wouldn’t want to marry you but because… when you are with the person you love. The one that feels like they are also your best friend. The one who makes everything so clear and simple that not staying together has just never been even a question and never will be.

“I have known for a long time that I would be staying with you as long as we live. I love you, I love our family, I love Izuku”, at this point Shouta turned briefly to a positively beaming Izuku to smile at him before turning his gaze back to Hizashi and letting all his love and affection show in his eyes.

“Yamada Hizashi”, Shouta said and opened up the ring box, “will you marry me?”

Tears were starting to flow down from Hizashi eyes but it didn’t stop the blinding smile from appearing to his lips and the violent way he started nodding before Shouta had even finished the question.

“Yes! Yes, oh god yes!” Hizashi exclaimed as soon as Shouta was done, falling to his knees to pull Shouta into a passionate kiss, “Yes, I will marry you”, he finished a little breathless once he finally pulled apart enough to free his lips, forehead still pressed to Shouta’s. Shouta couldn’t help the huge smile that rose to his lips as well.

“Izuku?” Shouta asked and turned a little to look at their son next to them, holding out the ring box for him. “Would you like to do the honors?”

Izuku had tears on his cheeks too but he nodded many times while sniffing and reaching out for the box. As Izuku took out the ring, Hizashi brought his left hand closer so Izuku could put on the ring on his ring finger. The ring fit Hizashi perfectly and Hizashi admired it for a second before leaning in to give a kiss to Izuku’s forehead and then turning to kiss Shouta once again, a huge smile on his lips the whole time even though he was still getting tears in his eyes.

“I love you. I love you both so much”, Hizashi said, voice almost breaking from all the emotions it was holding. Shouta gave him a gentle smile while stroking his hand through Hizashi’s hair.
“I know, I love you too, I love you two more than anything.”

It was so smooth how all the family members leaned in to envelop themselves in a group hug without anyone even gesturing for it, they stayed there embracing each other and Shouta couldn’t be more thankful for the family he had found for himself. It was perfect.

Chapter End Notes

Hizashi that night after realizing their king sized bed decorated with rose petals wouldn't be just for the two of them that night since their son still wanted to sleep between them: We need to get Nemuri to babysit as soon as possible

Lol, would you believe me if I told you that I have not read like almost any fics with Aizawa/Yamada pairings? I might have started one but I didn't even get to a part where they would actually be getting together before I realized I didn't really fancy the plot so yeah... I'm not that much of an Aizawa/Yamada shipper and here I am 58 500+ words in in a fic with the two of them as an family with Izuku added into the mix XD What was their ship name even? Was it EraserMic?
Hizashi was very excited to start planning out their wedding. Though, he was willing to compromise with Shouta and make it private and small, just their closest family and friends. But no matter if it was small or not, he still wanted it to look spectacular.

Calling up their family and friends had been tearful, at least on Hizashi’s part, and they had gotten congratulations on all sides. Hizashi had already purchased several wedding magazines to find references from. Shouta was content to let Hizashi take most of the control and just say his yes or no opinion on things presented to him. Some on the matter either this or this and some to make their budget more manageable. If Hizashi had his way on all things, they might not have enough money on food anymore.

Lessons were long over for the day and they had even picked up Izuku from pre school so he could hang around UA while Hizashi and Shouta had some after school hours things to do like planning for future lessons and grading papers and such. Shouta was still busy doing that while Hizashi had strayed into wedding planning once again.

“Hmm… Where should our venue be?” Hizashi asked, browsing some wedding venue pamphlets lazily. “Uu! This one looks cute!”

“We need to be careful about the place… And keeping this down the low if we don’t want fans and paparazzi to raid the place”, stated Shouta while taking the pamphlet Hizashi was offering for him and lazily checking it out, it was a cute place but…

“This one is too in the middle of the city and too expensive. We need something further off so we don’t need to focus too much on security.”

Shouta lazily glanced at the corner where Izuku was doing a puzzle with his favorite teacher in UA (after them of course… probably) Kido Azumi. Zumi-chan and Izuku were building a puzzle together and Izuku especially was very focused on it, not registering anything else around himself. It should be noted that it was not, in fact, a children’s puzzle but a grownup one with 500 pieces. It made Shouta immensely proud that his four-year-old son was doing it without much problems. Keen to find the little details to put the pieces together.

Before turning back to his paperwork Shouta glanced at Hizashi once again. Hizashi was browsing
the pamphlets yet again. They continued on with ease, Hizashi occasionally asking for Shouta’s opinion. The pamphlets of the “no” -pile where growing with size while the “just maybe” -pile only had a few.

“I’m getting the feeling that finding our venue will be the hardest part of planning our wedding!” Hizashi exclaimed at one point, “We have to think about location, price and the fact that some of the best ones have waiting lists of years! It’s not like we are in any hurry to get married but I don’t particularly want to wait three years either!”

“We will find a place. It will all work out”, Shouta tried to calm his fiance while also not stopping with his reading.

“But where! We can’t possibly do it at our place, it’s much too small and everywhere else it’s…” Hizashi gestured at the no -pile. “It’s impossible!”

“What is impossible?” piped in a new voice and Shouta glanced briefly where their principal had entered the room. Nedzu was holding a tea cup in his paws and mixing it with a spoon lazily.

“Finding a good wedding venue”, Hizashi whined, absolutely no regard about being too serious or professional even though he was pretty much talking to their boss. It wasn’t like their engagement was any secret among the teachers anymore.

“Oh? Is that so? What seems to be the problem?” Nedzu inquired.

“We need a place that’s more secluded and hidden but still nice and pretty and not too expensive! And it already seems hopeless!”

“Hmm… That does seem unfortunate”. Nedzu agreed while leafing through the venue pamphlets that had already been discarded. “With two pro heroes getting married you certainly do need more security.”

“Yeah, I have no idea how we are gonna find the right one”, Hizashi sighed.

Nedzu took a sip of his teas while giving a considering look to the two. Shouta happened to see it and was instantly a little more alert, he wasn’t exactly sure if that look was good or not…
“Why don’t you keep the wedding here at UA?”

“What! Really?” Hizashi was quickly to question, excitement already in his voice. “Oh god… That would be… Perfect! Oh Shouta just think about it! UA is the place where we met for the first time after all! And UA is so big, there’s so many places where we could keep the wedding and the reception! And it’s so close by too!” Hizashi gushed.

“UA would certainly be quite secured place”, Shouta said slowly, still trying to keep his cool while Hizashi was already picking rooms for the wedding.

“Exactly! It is perfect! Oh would you really allow it Nedzu?”

“Why of course, anything for my teachers”, Nedzu assured but he had a look… “Of course you both would owe me a favor.”

“Yes! Yes, this is amazing!” Hizashi rejoiced without a second thought. Shouta was frozen in place and still feeling unsure. It certainly was the perfect place that wasn’t the problem, just the look on Nedzu’s face…

It felt like they were making a deal with the devil.

And Hizashi was jumping in like that. Did they still own their own souls? Remains to be seen.

“Are you sure it’s okay? It’s gonna be some outside people from UA’s usual clearance passes. We could pay you a fair sum like any other venue if you want…”

“No, no, no! It is perfectly fine!” Nedzu assured, waving a paw not holding onto his teacup in a dismissing gesture, “Just give me the guest list in advance and I will make sure to give all of them clearance for the day and that will be it! It will be no trouble at all!”

“Oh this is great! And now we have more freedom to pick a day too!” Hizashi claimed in excitement, clapping his hands together happily.
“Yes of course, though it would probably be better if the wedding was on a weekend rather than a weekday”, Nedzu said.

“Yes! Now I can start planning everything else!”

Nedzu chuckled and took one last sip of his tea. “I’ll leave you to it then, keep me posted”, Nedzu said and was already strolling away.

Shouta was just a bit worried for their souls still but it seemed they had already made the deal with the devil and there was no backing out from it. Other than his slight trepidation of Nedzu it truly was a perfect place and the smile and relief on Hizashi face was too lovely to be ruined.

“Oh, I need really start looking for things now! I need my computer!” Hizashi exclaimed at one point and then was up and off the room right that. God knows where he had left his laptop this time.

Shouta glanced back to Izuku once again. Izuku was doing fine, still deeply focused on his puzzle. It was building up nicely, he just might get it done tonight together with Azumi. Glancing back on the pile of papers he still had to grade tonight, Shouta sighed and figured he should at least get some coffee if he was gonna survive it.

Getting back on his desk after getting a cup of coffee, Hizashi was still.. wherever he was.

Shouta was focused on reading one mediocre essay on hero politics but a part of his attention was quickly listening in when Izuku and Azumi started conversing with each other.

“So Izuku how do you feel about your parents engagement?” Azumi asked.

“It’s great!” Izuku exclaimed right away and turned for the briefest second to smile at Azumi before focusing back to finding a place for the piece he was holding in his hand, “I helped Daddy surprise Papa and everything! We had flower crowns!”

“Uu, that must have looked pretty.”

“Yeah! Papa took lots of pictures”, Izuku agreed.
“Oh is that so?” Azumi said and there was a hint of deviousness in her voice, Shouta glanced very briefly at the pair and saw her staring at him in just a little predatory like manner, “I’ll make sure I see every single one.”

Izuku and Hizashi weren’t really doing any favors for Shouta’s image he tried to set up. Underneath his grumpy stoic poker face he loved his family like crazy and the overly romantic proposal was much too evidence against him.

They were left in a moment of silence for awhile before Izuku let out a considerative hum looking at the almost done puzzle while stroking his chin. “Making puzzles is really careful and attention to detail kind of work. You need to be patient if you want to find the correct places for the pieces and if you hurry then you might make more of a mess than actually make the puzzle but when I was using my speed quirk it seemed like I could react to everything at the same speed as I was running which was really fast and it isn’t like that happens when I normally run.. if I run without the speed quirk I could easily trip myself on something because my reaction time doesn’t speed up from my normal one but using my quirk it definitely affected that too, to an incredible measure too. Papa’s and Shouta’s quirks are always so focused on specific places and this quirk also seemed to center its energy especially on my legs when I was running but it was all around too as it needs to be, of course, if it also influences my perception but I wonder how the quirk would act if I just activated it here when I was not running, would I be able to make this puzzle two times faster without hurrying like I would if I wasn’t using the quirk. The speed quirk doesn’t slow time, I just go fast and also can process things fast. But with making puzzles you always need to find the correct places, would I also find the places quicker or would I keep stopping unnecessarily. Or maybe the speed quirk couldn’t really work when I'm not running…”

“Wow, Izukun”, Azumi chuckled, finally stopping Izuku’s mumbling storm, something she had already gotten familiar with from time to time. Izuku stopped and blinked and turned to look at Azumi with a dumbfounded face as if he hadn’t realized at all how much he had muttered once again. “You sure analyze everything. You seem to have some interesting theories of your quirk.”

“I haven’t really used my quirks enough yet to really know them but my Sense part of my quirk helps really trying to understand them. I’ve only used the speed quirk a couple of times now, I kinda wanna go out again to try it out but this time I need to be more careful about understanding my limits since going fast, also my energy drops fast. Like a stop deep shore, just whoosh!” Izuku briefly makes a wave like gesture bringing his hands up and down in a flowing manner. Azumi chuckled.

“And it feels completely natural for you to use this speed quirk along side your original one?” Azumi inquired with an interested tilt of her head. She was quite familiar with Izuku’s quirk TGC (Take, Give, Copy) and his stories involving said quirk. She was the only teacher in UA who was in the known at this moment. (Excluding Shouta, Hizashi, Nemuri, Chiyo and Nedzu) Izuku took a moment to think what Zumi-chan had asked and then gave a nod with a smile.
“Of course I need to learn to use them both more carefully, but really, using other quirks don’t really feel bad. They just settle in”, Izuku shrugs and then continues, “Though maintaining the copy ones takes more effort! I’m still practising”, Izuku gives a proud grin over this.

“You sure are busy, you probably have mastered everything about your quirks by the time you turn five!” Zumi-chan chuckles.

“Daddy says you are being lazy and a one trick pony if you just settle with your quirk and stop finding new ways to use it and to stretch your limits, especially if you’re a hero”, Izuku says distractedly, once again focusing on the puzzle.

Zumi-chan laughs at this and Shouta sends just a little exasperated look at Izuku’s way. When does he even hear these things? He doesn’t remember saying that to Izuku. Izuku seems a little confused how amused Zumi-chan is by what he said, finding the statement very serious.

“What other wisdoms has your Dad taught you dear?” Azumi asks, smile still twitching her lips upwards. Izuku considers for a moment with a hum.

“That people are shitheads if they label someone by their quirks. And shitheads are bullies and should be dealt with ac-accordingly”, Izuku says, all seriousness in his voice. It had been a very unfortunate moment for Shouta to take a sip of his coffee as it almost comes out of his nose when he chokes, then he’s coughing like a dying man and Izuku turns to look worriedly at his Daddy while Azumi turns to look as well barely containing her amusement.

“Are you okay Daddy?” Izuku asks, clearly worried for his dad. Shouta is getting control of his coughing and gives a last couple coughs before swallowing and nodding at Izuku. “I’m fine, I’m fine, you don’t need to worry Izuku.”

Izuku seems just a little unsure but nods and agrees, “Okay Daddy.”

“Um… Zu-chan could you actually come here for a second?” Aizawa asks eyeing warily the smirking Azumi and gesturing for Izuku to come closer, “I need to talk to you.”

“Okay!” Izuku agrees and hops off his seat to hurry towards Shouta, stopping before his Daddy who turns and takes Izuku’s hands in his hands.
“First off… Izuku, dear, when did you hear me tell you that?” Shouta asks.

Izuku considers for a moment with an assessing tilt to his head. “Hmm… You were talking with Papa about it some time after I got my quirk”, he finally states, a happy smile rising to his lips at remembering. Suddenly the event flashes very clearly in Shouta’s head.

Hizashi was cooking breakfast, Shouta was making coffee, each one on their own area of expertise and done like it should be. It was one of the rare mornings when Shouta got up before Izuku and had a moment alone with Hizashi before the third wheel (who he loved very very much) was there once more. The coffee was dropping and coming up perfectly, and so Shouta took a moment to come up behind Hizashi to hug him from behind and tease his neck with his nose and lips, Hizashi leaning into the touch and humming in appreciation.

“Hmm… That’s nice, we should get a date night some time soon”, Hizashi murmured and turned his head so that they could share a kiss briefly.

“Mm… You’re right, maybe I should call up Nemuri today”, Shouta agreed.

“Oh… Right. Are you sure that’s wise what with Izuku’s quirk still being so new and all?”

“Izuku loves Nemuri, I trust that they will be fine”, Shouta answered. At the small possibility that Izuku were to accidentally take Nemuri’s quirk, at least ‘Somnambulist’ wasn’t that destructive… although it could be distratuous uncontrolled and almost impossible to be contained…

“How… How do you think people will react to Izuku when they learn about his quirk?” Hizashi asked, there was some obvious nervousness in the way his hands moved and his voice wavered. Shouta took a couple of seconds to think.

“Izuku will tell about his quirk to the people who are important to him. The ones who are smart enough to realise that Izuku is one of the best candidates out there to have a quirk like this will love him just like they love him now, the ones who will even consider judging him based on it are idiot shitheads and I will make sure they will learn to keep their opinions to themselves.”

“Right…” Shouta says, looking at Izuku. Sweet innocent Izuku who was just a little too prone to pick up things from his dads, it seemed. “Look Izuku… You know that word you used just now there with Zumi-chan?”
“Uh…” Izuku seemed a little confused, probably trying to figure out which word Shouta might be referring to that would be so out of the ordinary to even point out. “A-accordingly?” Izuku asked, feeling like Daddy just might mean the big word one of his preschool teachers kept using. Maybe he didn’t know what it meant! Izuku hadn’t, at first.

“No… No the word you… and I, used to describe the people who might judge somebody based on their quirk?”

“Oh, shitheads!” Izuku exclaimed, proud and smiling his trademark brighter than sun smile.

Shouta heard a snicker coming off from the puzzle table, god he was thankful that it was only the three of them at the room at this moment.

“Yes, that one.”

“What about it, daddy?”

“See Izuku… That word isn’t actually that nice and shouldn’t be used when talking about others”, Shouta said with all seriousness in his voice and Izuku listened intently.

“But you used it”, Izuku stated, seeming a little confused.

Shouta kind of wanted to go the age old route ‘I’m a grown up and can use these words’ but he kind of felt like like that way of forbidding kids from using ‘bad words’ was downplaying on children’s intelligence and would only make them use them more because sometimes kids found it funny to defy silly rules.

“Yes well… Daddy sometimes forgets that he shouldn’t use those words”, Shouta told, “And do you know why we shouldn’t use those words?”

Izuku shook his head.
“It’s because when those words are used, for example, in a moment of anger to *insult* other people, it can hurt their feelings and affect how they think about you and themselves negatively. If someone came and called you a shithead, how would you feel?”

“Was I being a shithead?” Izuku asked. Shouta felt the need to facepalm himself.

“You… uh… Sometimes people could use those words without there being any reason to.”

“U-um… I guess I would feel a little… bad?”

“Yes, so in the future try to remember that and not go calling people with bad words because you don’t want to accidentally hurt someone innocent’s feelings, do you?” Izuku shook his head.

“Good boy”, Shouta smirked and clapped Izuku on the shoulder, “Now one more thing tomato, if you ever forget that you shouldn’t use bad words and use them… And Papa or anyone else happens to hear you, what’s the one thing you need to remember?”

Izuku seemed really confused once more.

“If anyone asks where you learnt it from, just remember that you *didn’t learn it from me*, okay?”

“Uh… Okay Daddy”, Izuku agreed, even if a bit unsurely. Shouta smirked and gestured for Izuku to go back to his puzzle. Some damage control completed.

Now Hizashi was kind of incredible at times, it seemed that the wedding was well on its way to happening, they had already set the date too. It had been five months since the proposal and now the date had been set on on 19th of April, so a little under two months away.

Shouta was still quite content to let Hizashi work things out and only admire from a safe distance of the way Hizashi just powered through everything.

In the past months, Izuku had been real busy practising his quirks. He was getting better and better at
making quirk copies of his and Hizashi’s quirks and he wanted to make new ones almost everyday. Then there was times when Izuku was busy testing out how long he could store the quirk copies before they ‘died’ and other times Izuku kept randomly using them until they broke and then making a new one right away. Izuku got to mostly test out only Shouta’s quirk since it wouldn’t break anything in the house.

Izuku was also busy testing out everything he could think about his speed quirk. His quirk fanboying breaking through even when he sometimes still felt a little timid about using the quirk he had “taken without permission”. God knows Shouta wanted Izuku to be happy and learn to deal with the trauma he had gone through but at the same time…

Izuku used the speed quirk a lot.

From running around the tracks of UA, Izuku had also started to apply the speed quirk to… normal activities.

Meaning, his four-and-a-half-year old son would run around the house like a lightning bolt, sometimes activate the quirk accidentally when he was over excited and literally vibrating in place and pretty much jumping up the walls like a cat drunk on caffeine. (Oh God do not remind him of the time Hizashi had mistakenly given Izuku coffee instead of chocolate milk, that 48 hours had been literal hell for them both). They had gotten even some complaints from Izuku’s preschool when Izuku and his friend ‘Kacchan’ had gotten a little carried away playing with their quirks. It was a small blessing that teachers were slightly biased to kids with ‘good quirks’ so neither Izuku or Kacchan got anything severe as punishment.

Izuku was also getting more and more close with Kido Azumi, Zumi-chan babysitting Izuku even more often than Nemuri now that they all worked at UA. Azumi had less work and lessons than they what with her old age.

Today they were bringing Izuku to a fitting for a suit for the wedding. Izuku was excited and Shouta was worried that this excitement would have his son running on walls accidentally. (It had happened before)

“Here we are!” Hizashi said in excitement as they came up to a fancy suit shop. The three entered with a bell signifying their entrance to the employees.

“Welcome to Hero Suits!” said a thirty something lady with a bright customer service voice walking towards the trio. “I’m Kakusa. How may I help you?”
“Hello!” Yamada greeted happily, “We have an appointment for three wedding suit tailorings!”

“Ah, yes of course. Yamada, Aizawa and Midoriya, right?”

“Yep!”

“Alright then, you three all have separate fittings booked at the same time. So if you would please, Yamada please head off for the fitting room 5, Aizawa yours is number 2, your personal tailors are there waiting for you and that leaves Midoriya, you are with me. Is that okay?”

“Sure!” Izuku replied happily and smiling like the sun.

“If you need us, we will be right nearby. Just yell and we’ll come”, Aizawa told Izuku. Izuku nodded in understanding.

And so the three separated and headed off for their own fittings. Izuku followed the nice lady who had greeted them with a spring in his step. They entered a peaceful little room and the lady, Kakuchan, closed the door behind them. There were some suit bags hanging there on a rail. A cozy couch with a low table in front of it with some water and glasses on it. There was a separate corner closed off with a curtain.

“So Midoriya, I have already picked some suit options for you to try on. Different colors, different shirts, ties and vests to go with them. I figured you could try them out and tell your own favourite and then we could make sure the fit was perfect for you. How does that sound?”

“Great! Let’s do this!”

And so they did, Izuku tried on four different suits, a black one, a white one, a dark blue one and a grey one. And then Kakusa made him try out different shirts, vests and ties for each one. It took quite a while but Izuku was having fun. Kakuchan was funny and clever. He got to babble on about heroes and his dads’ up and coming wedding and they laughed together so much that it made their fitting stretch on even more.

In the end Izuku liked the simple black suit with a white shirt and a green bow tie and a grey vest
with green vines and flowers stitched on it. It looked nice and it brought out his green eyes and hair. “Daddy likes my hair!” “Oh does he now?” “Yeah, I have many nicknames about it!” Izuku had announced proudly.

Now Izuku was standing on a little pedestal and Kakuchan was going around him, pinning the suit and shirt in different places to make sure the fit was going to be perfect. Izuku was standing in a loose T-shape and Kakusa was putting more pins to his suit behind him. It had been quiet for a while, Izuku had already gotten out most of his babbling and so he was content to just stand there and let Kakuchan do her work.

Interrupting the calm silence, Izuku asked innocently, “Is your quirk why you wanted to be a tailor?”

Being behind Izuku and all, Izuku missed how Kakusa froze mid pinning and stared at Izuku’s back in shock.

“U-um… What makes you think that?” she asked, trying to remain calm.

Izuku hummed in thought, “Doesn’t it have something to do with your hands and fabrics or something? Sorry, I just kind of picked on it.”

“W-What do you mean?”

“Ah, I can kind of sense it, is all. It’s a part of my quirk”, Izuku said and shrugged before remembering that he was supposed to stay still, “It’s just a general feeling of something to do with changing objects... maybe? I didn’t really focus any deeper. Anyway, is that it? Does your quirk help you with your work?”

Kakusa was quiet for few moments and put the last few pins still needed to the back of the suit. She was silent for so long, in fact, that it prompted Izuku to ask, “Kakuchan?” tentatively.

“I’m quirkless”, Kakusa stated shortly and Izuku tensed up in confusion.

“What? No you’re not?” Izuku asked. Kakusa walked around Izuku back to his front to squat before him and make sure the pins had been put correctly.
“But I am. Have been all my life, my quirk newer manifested”, Kakuchan shared and gave a sad smile to Izuku. Izuku just stared at her in confusion.

“But I don’t understand…” Izuku said, “I can sense it? It’s right there!”

Kakusa tilted her head at Izuku in question. “How does that work? How do you ‘sense’ my quirk? Maybe you’re not reading it correctly. Because I’m telling you, I’m quirkless.”

Izuku’s eyebrows scrunched up and he focused more on trying to Sense Kakuchan’s quirk. Because it was right there, he could feel it. Like any quirk there was the general feeling around her body but it was especially concentrated on her hands, much like Kacchan’s quirk was.

“I can feel someone else’s quirk and if I concentrate enough I can understand it and if I can understand it, I can even make copies of it! Or well, a copy, I haven’t been able to make two copies of a same quirk at the same time though. One time Daddy let me take his quirk and I could still make a copy of it, though it didn’t last long along the original. The copies seem so fickle, I’ve been trying to figure them out and train them, I even made notes, I’m on my Quirk Notebook 2 already! Part of it is because my handwriting still needs practise but I’m getting better and better at writing and both Papa and Daddy have helped me a lot in learning, oh! And Zumichan! Zumichan has helped me maybe the most at learning! Wait… What was I telling again, did I start to ramble again? Oh I’m sorry! Papa and Daddy tells me that I ramble a lot sometimes and if I acci-accidentally activate my Speed quirk at the same time other people can’t even make sense of the words anymore since they are so fast!”

“Midoriya-kun”, Kakusa finally interrupted with a chuckle and Izuku finally stopped. Kakusa considered Izuku, trying to take in everything Izuku just rambled on. “What I could make out of that… It seems you’ve got quite a quirk. But what I’m more interested in is what you understand about my quirk… Are- Are you sure that you can feel me have one?”

“Yeah! I’m telling you, it’s right there!”

Kakusa stared at her hands with confusion and then raised her gaze back to Izuku. “Then… Can you tell me what it is? How it works? If your quirk allows you to do that, that is”, she asked tentatively.

“Sure! Of course!” Izuku agreed right away. He reached out with his hands and Kakusa placed her hands carefully on Izuku’s. Izuku closed his eyes to really concentrate on Sensing Kakuchan’s quirk. It took a few silent moments but then Izuku opened his eyes and let out a small sad “Oh…” as his eyebrows scrunched up and he looked at Kakuchan with a solemn look.
“I—I’m sorry… You do have a quirk… It’s just that you can’t use it”, Izuku told, his voice dripping with sadness.

Kakusa gave Izuku a gentle smile, “It’s okay, Midoriya-kun, it’s not your fault.”

“Young quirk is…” Izuku stopped for a while and his eyebrows scrunched up in thought, “U-Um… If, if a person had a quirk that could turn their skin to hmm… Steel for example? And if they had your quirk too then they could, by activating both quirks, turn another object to steel too like they can turn their skin to steel. The problem with your quirk is… That if you wanted to use it, you would need to have another quirk, one that would directly affect your skin in someway, be it to turn it another matter altogether or hmm… Maybe some mutant quirks might work as well I’m not completely sure… But… Uh… Anyway, since you only have one… And you can only have one I think, you…” Izuku looked at Kakusa with sorrow and an apology in his eyes, “You can’t use your quirk.”

Kakusa had listened to Izuku carefully and finally sighed as he finished his explanation, again giving Izuku a reassuring smile.

“It’s okay Midoriya-kun. I… I’ve been basically quirkless my whole life and sometimes it can be hard… Society is starting to lean on quirks more and more with each year it seems but really… I have adjusted and I’m actually quite content being quirkless. It was, in a way, nice to hear that I do have one, even if I can’t use it but in the end I don’t really need it. I like my job, I can do it without a quirk just as well and… it’s okay. This was… surprising and I guess I need to adjust to this information for a while. Thank you for telling me Midoriya-kun”, Kukasa said and gave Izuku a smile. Izuku smiled back.

“If I had a quirk that affected my skin, I would totally give it to you so you could use your quirk!” Izuku declared and Kakusa laughed a little.

“No, no… That’s okay. Like I said, I’ve been quirkless my whole life and I’m happy to stay that way, you don’t need to worry about me.”

Kakusa was already finished with the fittings so Izuku carefully undressed from the suit so he didn’t nick himself on the pins now attached to it. When they left the fitting room, they saw Yamada and Aizawa already sitting there waiting for Izuku on some sofas. Kakusa told them the tailoring would probably take a week and they could return then and have another fitting to make sure the alterations to their suits were correct.
Izuku said goodbye to Kakuchan by giving her a hug and waving at her as long as he could.

When they returned a week later, Izuku had another fitting with Kakuchan. They left with perfectly tailored suits packed away in differently colored suit bags (Yamada’s was yellow, Aizawa’s blue and Izuku’s a tiny green one) and Izuku left with a new friend and an ally, and just maybe something else...

Chapter End Notes

Hello again! Some time no see!:D I was asked if I had some sort of schedule for updating this fic and hmm... Noup. Maybe once the summer is over I can write more regularly and post a chapter once a week/two weeks/month, but right now what with my full time job with many shifts that are 6-9 hours and last to 23.00 (11 pm) I just don’t have much time or energy to write before or after it and with no time to write new chapters I can’t update either

So hang in there:D I’m not abandoning this fic just yet but the updates can take a while, your kudos and bookmarks and lovely beautiful comments keep me super happy and motivated to continue this<3 We are almost at 2800 kudos and just might break the 3000 kudos mark at some point??!!?!?!?!<3<3 Love you all! ★–(¯ω¯*)

This chapter was a little basic but oooh I have plot planned for you>:) It's coming, don’t worry:3c
I’m not probably gonna write the wedding btw, it would probably be cute and all but I don’t think it would contribute to the plot that much and we are almost 64k words in (125 pages) and this is officially probably the longest thing I have ever written (including my early writing of original books I've done) and we haven’t even gotten to UA yet??? I gotta wrap this childhood up soon but I fear there's still going to be at least... two chapters left of things that need to happen before Izuku enters UA:)

Anyway, hope you enjoyed it! See you next time!

I’m also a slow person and I got my very first fan art of my fic (●♡∀♡) awhile ago but it took me this long to link it to the part it's inspired from (chapter 6) and to it's notes and now to these notes too so you guys who wont be going back there can see it too:) (to the people who started reading this fic after I added the links today this is like the third time I'm linking the same art lol XD)
Hmm.. The link doesn't work so here it is as it is:
https://littlegirlbluegirl.tumblr.com/post/173279743693/another-fan-art-for-a-fic-i-read-because-i-cant
The Wedding

Chapter Notes

Me: says that I won't write wedding
Also me: writes the wedding

Also we reached 3000 kudos ♥‿♥ I'm so...?? Thank you all so much! It's thanks to you and your kudos, comments and bookmarks that I keep being so motivated and inspired to write this thing<3

I'm also a bit of a math nerdgirl so like I follow this fic's statistics a lot and try to understand what they might mean XD Like if we divide this fic's hits count with the chapter amount the number is like 374 less than the kudos amount which either means that some people haven't wanted to read all the chapters or that some people have managed to give double kudos.. Anyway, it's interesting to me to see how the kudos, bookmark, comment and hit counts behave in relation to each other:D so thank you for all of them!

I hope you find this chapter a real treat:3c

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Time really flies sometimes, especially when you are planning a wedding.

The last days leading up to The Day were hectic to say the least, Hizashi panicking about all the things that still needed to be taken care of and worrying about things that could go wrong. He even infected Izuku with his nervousness while Shouta tried to keep his cool and cool down the rest of his family.

But they made it. And now they were here. At the aisle, wedding music starting and all their guests waiting for them to come walking down the white carpet to the front to be… to be married.

They had thought about two walkways and walking up to the front one at a time but in the end it came down to Izuku and how they each wanted to walk with him, and so they compromised with walking up to the front at the same time all three of them.

Izuku was leading them and focusing really carefully to his important task of carrying the rings they would be exchanging soon. Izuku had been so excited the whole day that he could not stop beaming that thousand watt smile of his. His cheeks were bound to ache by now and yet his smile didn’t falter at all. Shouta and Hizashi couldn’t help but smile themselves when Izuku peeked over his shoulder at them to make sure they were still there, walking side by side and holding hands. It was all very sappy and romantic and Shouta felt full to bursting with love when his eyes met with Hizashi’s.
Neither of them were that religious so the ceremony didn’t really have anything like that written in. It was quite simple when it came down to it. A beaming (and wearing quite a risqué dress for a wedding) Nemuri was there to greet them when they finally reached the altar.

“Welcome all, Ladies and Gentlemen and everything in between and out of it, I welcome you here to witness as I fucking finally marry these two knuckleheads together!” Nemuri started with a flare and got a dirty look from Hizashi (and a bit milder one from Shouta) before they shoot a pointed look towards Izuku. ‘Watch your language’, Hizashi mouthed.

Nemuri continued on like she hadn’t seen anything but perhaps at least considering toning down the dirty words.

“I have been there for these two for the whoooole ride. I have witnessed the awkward first meetings and starts of a grudging friendship and then the budding relationship and I have witnessed them pining and hopeless and so fuc- uh… fricking in love that I seriously question why it took them so long to get here but…” Nemuri’s tone took on a gentler tone as she looked at the two of her best friends with warmth and fondness in her eyes, “But I can’t deny that they are so very great for each other and that, mark my words, this is forever.”

“So, without any pointless jabbering, I give the stage to you, I trust you have your vows? Please, go ahead and vow us”, she finished with a smirk and a wink and was met with fond shakes of both of the grooms’ heads.

Hizashi was the first to start. It took him a long take of breath and trying to tame the huge smile on his lips so that he could actually speak to start.

“Shouta…” he started and once again had to take a deep breath to stay calm, “My job has me speaking, screaming and making speeches most of the time and yet, when I sat down and tried to write out words of how important you are to me, how much I love you and how I want to spend the rest of my life together with you, I found myself speechless... Because there just doesn’t seem to be enough words in any language to express the level of feeling I feel for you. You are my one true love, my soulmate and I couldn’t be more happy that we are here to tell it to all our friends and make it official that we are for forever.”

Shouta smiled at Hizashi and squeezed his hands he was holding as he finished. And now it was his turn.
“Hizashi. I, too, were lost for words when I wanted to write my vows. But that was more because I so very rarely even need words when I am with you. You understand me better than anyone else and you always have. You make me a better person and make me want to be a better person each day. Without you I would be… alone, a workaholic and living off from frozen pizza. But because of you, I have a family, love and well… a proper meal schedule. You bring joy and happiness to each day I spend with you and I will cherish each and every one I get to spend with you from here to all the way to when we are old and gray with one foot in the grave.”

Shouta finished with a smirk but the love he felt shone bright and alive in his eyes as he looked at Hizashi. There was a few moments of silence before the two lovebirds turned to look back at Nemuri to show her she could continue.

“Well then, by the way, who knew Shouta was such a sap? Lost for words my ass”, Nemuri shook her head and chuckles rang out in the audience, Shouta gave her an unimpressed glare.

“But let’s not get stuck on these revelations! Will you, Yamada Hizashi, take Aizawa Shouta as your husband to be in sickness and injuries and all that stuff?”

Hizashi chuckled. “I do.”

“And do you, Aizawa Shouta, take Yamada Hizashi as your husband in good times and bad and everything in between?”

“I do.”

“Awesome! By the power granted to me by the internet I now pronounce you married! You may kiss!” Nemuri announced and Shouta was quick to pull Hizashi to him to give him a kiss, even bending him a little.

“Uh… Auntie Nemuri?” came a small voice from the side and Nemuri turned to Izuku who was gesturing to the rings in his hand in question.

“Ah shit fuck”, Nemuri muttered as she realised the step she had forgotten about. She gestured for Izuku to bring the rings forward and both grooms laughed as Izuku opened up the box and held it up for them to take the rings inside. They carefully slid the rings to each others ring fingers so that both men now had two rings (Hizashi had gotten an engagement ring for Shouta too).
“I pronounce you married again! You may kiss, again!” Nemuri said and Hizashi and Shouta were glad to follow the instructions once again. This time it was Hizashi who bended Shouta down as they shared a passionate (but closed lipped) kiss before their applauding audience. The beaming smiles of all three, Shouta, Hizashi and Izuku, almost blinded the eager guests when they finally turned towards them to smile and wave in thanks.

The small family walked down the aisle with Izuku now between them and holding each of his fathers’ hand. Shouta and Hizashi even lifted him up from the ground and swung Izuku back and forth for the five-year-old’s joy and laughter. They had a good wedding photographer who made sure to capture the moment.

The wedding reception was filled with hugs and congratulations. The guests arrived in a lean line to give good wishes to each groom before entering the wedding venue (one particularly large hall of UA’s decorated to look amazing) and going to search for their places from the seating arrangements.

Most of their guests were also excited to meet Izuku, who they had heard about but who most of them hadn’t met because aside from family, the few relatives they had invited were the more distant type and most of their friends were the hero type, busy doing hero work all over Japan and the world even that they simply had never had time to visit during these four years. Now when they were meeting up again, the amount of time spent apart seemed much longer than during it.

“Congratulations you two! I’m so happy for you!” said Iida Tensei as he finally reached the happy couple in the guest line for congratulation hugs. Alongside him came young Iida Tenya. The child was left for a moment to awkwardly wait for his big brother as Tensei finished hugging both Shouta and Hizashi, not really familiar enough (or at all) with the two to express the same kind of affection. But not wanting to be rude the boy nevertheless congratulated the happy couple.

“Congratulations on your marriage, it was a lovely ceremony”, he stated, pretty stiffly in Hizashi’s opinion for a five-year-old.

“Thank you so much!”

“Oh right! This is my baby brother, Tenya, thanks for letting me bring him here with me”, Tensei said as he gave his little brother a pat on the shoulder.

“Hizashi thought it would be nice for Izuku to have kids the same age as him here”, Shouta stated matter of factly and it was at that moment that little Izuku ran back to his fathers. For a while there he had been trapped with both Shouta’s and Hizashi’s mothers gushing since it had been a while since they saw him.
“Dad!” Izuku exclaimed as he ran against Shouta’s legs. With how fast he appeared, Izuku may have been using his speed quirk, but he also managed to put on the brakes on his speed enough not to make his father fall when he collided with him.

“Perfect timing Avocado, I want you to meet our friend’s, Iida Tensei’s, little brother, Iida Tenya”, Shouta introduced the boys together and Izuku turned to look the other boy and blinked a few times at him while taking his features in before beaming a big smile.

“Hi Iida! I'm Midoriya Izuku!” Izuku greeted and stopped clutching (and wrinkling) his Daddy’s suit pants to approach the other. Izuku seemed a little indecisive at first whether to hug the other or not but noticing his small hesitance he opted for a handshake with a friendly smile instead. Tenya hesitated only to glance at the hand before taking it and giving Izuku a smile as well.

“Iida Tenya”, he greeted as well even though Shouta had already introduced the boys to each other.

“Why don’t you show Tenya the room while we finish greeting our guests?” Hizashi suggested and Izuku was quick to accept the suggestion.

“Okay! Come on Iida, I’ll show you!” Izuku said and took Tenya’s hand and was already leading him on. The three old friends looked on for the kids as they disappeared from sight to the small crowds of guests, decoration and dining tables.

“Hmm… I think Izuku found a new friend”, Hizashi murmured and Shouta agreed with a chuckle and a nod.

“I think Tenya found one as well”, Tensei agreed.

Tenya quickly learned a few things about Izuku. He learned that after a couple of times of calling him ‘Iida’ and showing him the wedding venue he was already comfortable enough to switch up to Tenya-kun. He learned that Izuku was a huge hero fan and that he was meeting some new heroes today for the first time. At the same of learning that, he also realised that he himself wasn’t as good a hero fan as he thought, because most of the time when Izuku exclaimed a hero’s hero name and rushed to a guest’s side to ask for an autograph, it took a moment for Tenya to recognise said heroes even with knowing their names via Izuku.
Izuku also liked to share some tidbits of facts about these heroes with Tenya as they departed from them with newly acquired autographs. And there was always something new Tenya hadn’t known about before in these little facts.

Tenya also learned that Izuku’s bubbly and happy personality was easy to like and get comfortable around when all Izuku seemed to radiate was kindness. And so he joined in on the hero gushing and they were deeply emerged in just that when they were suddenly called upon to join the other guests in the dining table.

Tenya also found that his seat was next to Izuku’s near the wedding couple’s private table of two. The other six in the table were Tensei on Tenya’s other side and then, if he remembered correctly from the brief introductions earlier as he had so very hard tried to, there was Kayama Nemuri, Azumi Kido and both of the grooms parents (or a parent in Aizawa’s case).

As the night continued on, Izuku kept babbling about heroes to Tenya and their fanboyng continued on, only stopping when silence was required like during speeches and the first dance.

“Hmm… Does your quirk have something to do with your legs Tenya-kun?” Izuku inquired at one point, they had kind of sneaked off to explore the other nearby rooms of UA’s next to the wedding venue reception hall. They weren’t really sneaking off anywhere too far, Izuku had assured Tenya. It was nicely quiet and peaceful outside the room with all the guests conversing with each other in a continuous chatter of noise. Tenya glanced down at his legs at the question.

“Yeah, it actually does have”, he confirmed, “How did you know?”

“Oh… It’s part of my quirk, sorry.”

“It’s okay!” Tenya assured the blushing boy, “Here, see?”, Tenya said as he pulled up on his pant legs, “I have six exhaust ports on my calves. I have engines too that give me lots of speed!”

“Woah that’s so cool! So you have super speed too?” Izuku gushed as he leaned in to examine the exhaust ports up close.

“Yeah!”
“Me too!” Izuku exclaimed in excitement.

“Wait you do?” Tenya asked with little confusion. Hadn’t Izuku just said something about how noticing Tenya’s engines was part of his quirk?

“Yeah! Although, I don’t have engines like you do. My Speed quirk works kind of differently. Uu! Do you wanna play tag? I never get caught when I’m playing with others at my preschool, whether I use my quirk or not, strangely enough. I guess training my Speed quirk has trained my normal running too. Or I’m just naturally fast, I’m not sure really. Anyway… Wanna play tag? There’s so much room here too!”

“Are you sure it’s wise to venture too far from the reception?” Tenya wondered.

“Well we won’t go too far obviously! And it’s UA, I’m really familiar with this place already. Plus Papa can always yell if he needs to find me. Come on, it will be fun!”

“But our wedding suits”, Tenya still half protested. There was an edge to his voice and body language that he seemed conflicted about this where a part of him wanted to play but another was worried about rules and fancy party etiquette. Unfortunately for Tenya, Izuku had learned somewhat a rebellious streak from Kacchan, Nemuri and Zumi-chan and just a little from his fathers too.

“It will be fine! Come on! Heh, maybe you can’t even catch me”, Izuku teased and was already starting a light jog away, a little batting was definitely learned from Kacchan and it finally did the trick.

“I’ll have you know that I’m the fastest runner in my school!” Tenya yelled as he started to run and catch Izuku and Izuku took off running at full speed (without a quirk) while giggling.

Their tag was innocent enough, crisscrossing back and forth on numerous UA hallways and switching the chaser whenever the other caught the other. To both boys joy they found that they were somewhat equal in running speed when it came to normal running. But then they started adding quirk speed every now and then and then Tenya found himself lagging behind despite his best efforts.

For several minutes now Tenya had failed to catch Izuku who wasn’t even using his Speeding quirk the whole time, Tenya could tell by how fast and slow Izuku’s running seemed to alter and how some kind of sparks or light formed around Izuku when he used his quirk. In the end, the only reason Tenya managed to catch Izuku was because the boy had stopped to take a breath.
“S-Sorry Tenya”, Izuku got out between his hard breathing, “My quirk takes a lot of my energy, I think I need to go grab a bite to eat”, Izuku explained, and now that Tenya got a good look at him he realised that Izuku did look a little famished. He was about to offer to get back to the venue to go eat again when Izuku spoke up once again.

“It will only take a second, I’ll be right back!” Izuku announced and then he was… gone. Only leaving Tenya with a whoosh of air in his face before he even realised that Izuku was about to move. The very few moments he was left in that hallway alone, he realised just how much Izuku had been holding back when it came to his quirk.

And yes, quite literally in fact, Izuku was back what was only a handful of seconds. He had a half eaten energy bar in his mouth and a plate of wedding desserts with him.

“How about we take a break for a while?” Izuku asked. Tenya could only nod and shrug as an answer, a little dumbfounded from witnessing Izuku’s true speed.

The two boys sat down on the hallway floor with their backs against the wall and Izuku offered the plate to Tenya so he could take his pickings from the assorted treats.

“You were really holding back with your quirk there”, Tenya stated after a few quiet moments of each boy chewing the treats. Some people could maybe be upset about this, maybe feeling like Izuku had downplayed them or something, but Tenya was only impressed. “Your speed is just… Incredible.”

“Oh! Uh…” Izuku blushed and turned to look at his lap, “T-thanks, you too. Your quirk is really cool too! And I kind of need to hold back because the Speed quirk eats up my energy so fast when I use it that I might not even notice it if I'm not careful.”

Tenya hummed in understanding and the two boys continued to enjoy their treats, a comfortable silence falling between them.

But it was then interrupted by a quirk amplified voice running through the hallways, “Izukuuuu, Tenyaaaaa, wheree aree youu?” came the recognisable voice of Hizashi.

“Oh! That’s Papa! We better go before they get worried!” Izuku panicked a little and pulled Tenya
up, already making them run towards the wedding venue. Once Tenya got his bearings, they even used their quirks and Tenya got to experience how much faster he could run in Izuku’s pull. We was quite out of breath when they arrived in front of a now relieved looking Hizashi.

“There you two are! You shouldn’t run too far, you started to scare your Dad Izuku”, Hizashi scolded but he could never really reach the proper level of stern needed for that.

“Sorry Papa”, Izuku said looking a little scolded at least, those puppy eyes were quick to erase any further scoldings.

“Anyway, would you join me on the dance floor Izukun? I would love to get a dance with you”, Hizashi asked while offering his hand to Izuku. Izuku took it with an excited “Yeah!” and a beaming smile.

Hizashi walked Izuku to the dance floor and they started to dance. Since Izuku was still so small, Hizashi encouraged him to hop on the toes of his feet so he could move them better. The way Hizashi managed to waltz around the dancefloor made Izuku giggle.

In the sidelines, Shouta (and a few others too, it was an adorable sight after all) was watching on with a smile on his lips. Feeling relieved with seeing Izuku back in his sight. It had been months over a year in fact since the incident, yes, and Izuku had actually even recovered from his trauma quite well already. Children could be like that didn’t they, more vulnerable to being traumatized and yet able to recover faster than adults. It had taken some time but Izuku had pretty much managed to start sleeping in his own bed again, he was social and happy and had very little panic attacks anymore. There might be bad days and occasional bad dreams that could threw off the peaceful normalcy they had managed to get back but they were few and far between and very brief nowadays.

But while Izuku had bounced up back to his go lucky self, Shouta and Hizashi could be frozen with paralyzing fear at times when Izuku was not in their immediate visibility. Everytime he couldn’t be absolutely sure that Izuku was alright, he couldn’t help but fear for the worst. What was worse, there wasn’t really a solution for this. Izuku was a kid after all and kids wanted to play and runoff and what with Izuku’s Speed quirk, Izuku was very fast to disappear if he so wished. Then there was his and Hizashi’s busy schedules and inability to actually be by Izuku’s side at all times, which forced them to put their trust in other people and that was… nerve wracking at times. And finally, there was the fact that as much as he wished for it, his fears were not that imaginative in nature.

Because it was still true that they didn’t know why or how the kidnapper had gotten Izuku. They knew about Izuku’s biological father being one of the most dangerous people in existence but they didn’t know for sure what had happened to that man. He and Hizashi were also both pro heroes and that created its own enemies on its own, and yes, they might have changed Izuku’s last name and buried the paper trail and were sharing their relationship to Izuku and each other only to their closest
family and friends but there was always the danger of a wrong person finding out, rumors spreading and people targeting the ones he loved for revenge or to get something.

Izuku would always be a possible target to the dangers of the world and the bad people in it and there was no discarding that fact.

What Shouta could comfort himself with was the fact that usually it really just was Izuku running off without noticing, and that his son was far from defenseless, and that he had many people around him that could protect him too.

Yes, it was scary, but you couldn’t live by fear or you would miss on too many wonderful things and so you just had to deal with it. Oh my fucking God, Nemuri was right, he was such a sap. Fortunately nobody could hear his thoughts.

Walking up to the dancing father and son duo, Shouta interrupted them with a hand on Hizashi’s shoulder.

“Can I have the next dance?” he asked Izuku and Hizashi gave an excited Izuku over with a little forlorn but a fond smile.

The rest of the evening the small family kept trading which father got to dance with Izuku until they just decided to dance together all three of them. There was awkward dance circles and Izuku being carried by one of them on their arms or on their shoulders. It was breezy and fun but also tired them all out eventually.

One thing the happy couple weren’t going to have was a honeymoon. What with Izuku and being heroes they just didn’t have time, at least not right now, and fortunately they were fine with it. What they did have was a booked honeymoon suite in a fancy hotel for only one night and Izuku getting a sleepover with Zumichan tonight. The parting of the fathers from their son was tearful (on Hizashi’s part) and a little reluctant but Izuku was happy for his fathers and waved them sleepily goodbye from where he was resting his head on Zumichan’s shoulder while he sat on her lap. The little boy was starting to be pretty out of it with exhaustion and most of the quests had already left. Izuku had already said his goodbyes with Tenya.

“Just go you two knuckleheads, we will be fine. Go enjoy your night together”, rushed Azumi the two fretting fathers who were still lingering with their goodbyes and they finally relented, giving Izuku two last kisses on his cheek and then rushing off before they could change their minds.
“You know Izukun, I'm an old lady, do you expect me to carry you back to my apartment?” Zumichan inquired from the child in her lap and Izuku gave a small shake of his head.

“No, no, I can walk”, Izuku said sleepily and gave a big yawn at the end. The boy slid off Azumi’s lap and they started their slow and sleepy walk to get to Azumi’s apartment.

“And by the way Izukun, I have a wedding gift for you”, Azumi said.

“You do? There’s a gift table over at the venue for Daddy’s and Papa’s gifts, Nemuri will take care of them”, Izuku mumbled out.

“No, no. It’s a gift for you, a very special kind.”

“Okay then”, agreed the sleepy boy. They were already reaching Zumichan’s apartment since she lived so close to UA. Azumi fumbled with her keys and opened the door for them, leading Izuku inside and to the living room to sit on the couch. Azumi sat next to him and when noticing the more serious expression on the old woman’s face, the tired boy tried to wipe off the tiredness from his eyes and pay close attention to the woman.

“I guess I should just be frank with you Izukun”, Azumi started with a kind smile as she held on of Izuku’s hand between both or hers, “I want you… to take my quirk.”

This certainly woke up the boy more who blinked with bafflement and confusion.

“W-What? But Zumichan…” Izuku tried to start protesting but Azumi held up a hand to stop him.

“I understand that this is quite sudden for you and perhaps a little scary. But I have grown to know and love you these past months like my own grandson, and I have been thinking for this quite a while and I have put a lot of thought into this. I am sure Izuku, I want you to take my quirk and have it as your own.”

“But why? It’s your quirk Zumichan!”

“It has been my quirk for many years… And for many years I used it when I was still a strong
Izuku listened to Azumi’s explanation with rapt attention and looking a little sad for her but Azumi only cupped Izuku’s cheek and gave him a reassuring smile.

“I don’t want my quirk to die with me when I know there’s someone who could take it and carry it on, saving even more people and continuing its legacy. And making a legacy of himself along the way as well. I look at you and I can...” there were tears forming in Azumi’s eyes and she was quick to try and wipe them away so she could continue, Izuku was starting to cry as well, “I can already see the amazing hero you will become. I want you to have my quirk so that you can keep yourself safe too while you save others. I ask you Izukun, please accept this gift from me. You would be doing me the greatest honor by doing so.”

Izuku’s breath catches in his throat and tears were freely flowing down his cheeks and he surged forward to hug Zumichan tightly. Azumi embraced Izuku and leaned in to press her cheek against Izuku’s soft curls.

“Okay Zumichan”, came a mumble from somewhere where Izuku was pressed against her. Izuku leaned away enough to look Azumi in the eye with fierce determination shining in his eyes. “I will accept your quirk and I’ll become a hero you can be proud of and I will save as many people as I can with it. I promise.”

“Thank you Izukun.”

The next morning (or mid day really) Shouta and Hizashi were back to pick up Izuku from his sleepover after having a very successful (and satisfying) wedding night. Izuku greeted them happy and excited and Azumi assured the fathers that everything had been great before the three left to head over for their own home. They had a free day to spend together before they would return back to everyday life. And they were happy to discover that it was easy and nice, filled with laughter and joy. They made food together, they played together and Izuku convinced his dads to watch an All Might movie together too, Shouta was a little grumby about that but suffered through it and the overplayed action and world ending plots with skybeams and All Might smashing his way to victory. Not really his style but Izuku liked it.
And soon enough the two fathers were tucking Izuku to bed and waking up the next morning to take Izuku to school and Hizashi to patrol. They still had a free day from UA so Shouta was left with some paperwork at work before his night shift.

At school, Izuku entered the playground a little late from everyone else since he had went to the bathroom before it and well… ran into a rather upsetting situation.

Which was Kacchan with his weird occasional lackeys bullying another boy. Izuku was quick to rush over and stand between Kacchan and the boy on the ground with an angry and disappointed look on his face.

“Kacchan! What are you doing!” Izuku demanded, some frustrated tears in his eyes. He glanced at the boy behind him, while pointing an accusing finger at Kacchan and gesturing at the boy, Izuku exclaimed, “You made him cry!”

“He was asking for it, he’s just an useless extra!” Kacchan tried to defend himself but Izuku wasn’t having it.

“You are being a bully Kacchan! You hurt him!”

“So what? He’s weak, he deserved it!” Kacchan grunted, petulant.

“You are supposed to be a hero! You are supposed to protect the fucking useless extras!”

This made Kacchan speechless for a moment as he stared at Izuku. Finally the shocked expression was taken over by a frustrated angry expression and Katsuki kicked the sand on the ground with a shout of, “Fuck!” He then turned to the two lackeys behind him with a few explosions coming off from his palms. Originally it had been those two starting to bully the other boy before they had dared and bated Katsuki to join.

“Fuck off you extras!” Katsuki yelled, intimidating enough with his stance, yelling and explosions that the other two listened. Especially when a pissed off Izuku was behind Katsuki glaring at them with red eyes and floating hair.

When Kacchan stomped over to pull the other boy up from the ground, Izuku’s stern glare turned into a happy and satisfied smile.
“Come on, let’s go get you some bandages on those scrapes”, Kacchan grumbled and was pulling the boy along him towards the school house. Izuku followed happily beside him.

The other boy was still a little hackled and scared, especially in the pull of the angry boy but when he glanced at Izuku he gave him a reassuring smile and the boy felt a little better. Quiet all the way to the nurses office, the boy only mumbled a quiet thank you before disappearing inside to get bandages.

“There, you happy now Deku?” Katsuki asked, angrily gesturing to the closed door.

“Yep!” Izuku confirmed with a pop of the p and Kacchan rolled his eyes and started heading back towards the playground. But while walking, it was the distant sounds of a TV that suddenly got the two boys attention. It sounded like a newscast and with a glance at each other both boys decided to investigate further. Especially since it sounded hero related.

The sound was coming from the door of the teachers lounge that was partly cracked open. As the two boys peeked inside, they saw the TV the sound was coming from on the high corner of the room. It was playing a newscast about a hero fight, more specifically, it was playing a newscast about Present Mic fighting.

Seeing his father on TV made Izuku elated and a smile grow on his face. It was definitely the ending moments of some fight, the news reporter retelling earlier events as the news footage replayed the fight and showed the heroes gathered around, looking proud of themselves. Izuku, too, felt proudness over his father bubble up inside him.

It was then that it came such a shock that all of a sudden things… changed. Because one moment Izuku was looking at Papa in the background, smiling and talking to his sidekicks, and Izuku wasn’t even listening to what the news reporter was babbling on about as he was too invested at focusing on his father and then the next moment Papa was… gone.

Because a huge and ugly looking villain? monster? something, had appeared out of nowhere and taken everybody by surprise when he hit Present Mic and sent him flying off until he finally connected with a wall of a building and fell to the ground, limp and unmoving.

Everybody were frozen and shocked. Izuku could feel terror gripping his whole body. The news reporter had been cut off mid sentence and now he was just standing there looking on like everybody else, doing nothing. No sidekick or other hero on the scene was doing anything as the huge ugly
monster was starting to head towards Present Mic’s fallen form.

“Why aren’t they doing anything? Fucking extras! Look alive people, there’s a villain in your midsts!” Katsuki exclaimed in anger as he looked on at the scene with distaste. No one, no hero, no sidekick, no reporter nor a bystander was doing anything as the villain was getting closer to the fallen form of the hero he had just struck. If Katsuki remembered correctly the hero was called… Percent Mac? Wait no… Present Mic? That sounds about right, something about a yelling quirk and radio shows and stuff. Katsuki had listened to the radio show a couple times. He had nothing against the hero but he wasn’t particularly interested in him either. He wasn’t All Might after all.

But seeing him lying there, possibly unconscious or at least injured enough to not be able to defend himself while the villain was approaching him and nobody was doing anything, made his blood boil. Granted, he shouldn’t have been stupid enough to be caught off guard like that and hit like an idiot but Katsuki did admit that it was like the villain had appeared from nowhere so maybe it wasn’t his fault.

“Yes they fucking gonna just let that villain kill him or something?” Katsuki wondered aloud while gesturing disbelievingly at the TV, because now the villain was raising his powered up fist in to the air to struck down…

It was at this moment that Katsuki glanced behind him, expecting to find Izuku behind him but… he wasn’t.

“Deku?” Kacchan asked but all he was met was silence and an empty hallway.

Chapter End Notes

It's an important note that both Hizashi and Shouta had man buns at their wedding:D

Anyway, how did you like it?:) pretty neat chapter, right?
Izuku had never ran so fast. Really, it took him several kilometres to even realise that he was running because one moment he was at school with Kacchan, looking at the TV at that horrible scene with the monster approaching Papa and readying for a strike and the next thing Izuku knew was that everything was blurry around him and it felt like his feet were making him run without thinking about it. At least some part of him was still aware enough to at least run to the right direction.

As Izuku ran, he left behind him brief lightning, dust and wind. At some point there may have been the sound of broken windows but Izuku was gone so fast that he couldn't be sure. Not that he was registering things around him really, his mind was solely focused on not running into anything and heading into the right direction.

Really, all of Izuku’s training of his speed quirk hadn’t prepared him to how fast he could really be. Because it really was a matter of seconds before Izuku was on the other side of the town at the horrible scene of the villain bringing down his fist on Papa’s still form.

Seconds stretched into eternities as Izuku pushed himself more than he had ever before. He ran across the square and under the fist coming down and threw himself over Papa.

And as the fist connected it was not with the injured form of a hero or the back of a child but with an unbreakable shield suddenly around them.

And when that much force connected with an unbreakable object, it let out a huge booming sound and directed the force back to the one who had struck it.

The following stillness was met with absolute silence. All the people around them could only watch with growing shock at the sudden appearance of a power shield and how it had resulted in throwing the villain across the square before it finally met a skyscrapers wall. There was the sound of a window exploding into million pieces and the frame of the window bending under the force before the villain fell down to the ground.

Everything had happened so fast that pretty much no one could process it. But when they finally did, it was with hurrying action.
The sidekicks and other heroes who had been previously frozen in place finally took action and headed off for the villain to apprehend him. He was pretty badly beaten up but not completely unconscious as the heroes crowded him and made quick work of straining him. At the same time the reporters around turned back to their cameras, trying to recall back to what they had just witnessed. Some magazine photographers and bystanders were quick to take out their cameras to snap pics of the mysterious shield that had appeared, of the fallen villain and of the destruction that had occurred. And the rest of the bystanders were busy asking and wondering things with the people around them. Such as things like, “What just happened?”, “Where did that shield come from?” and “Where did that villain come from?”.

The hurried reports of one of the dozen channels currently reporting on the incident played out in the empty living room of the Aizawa-Yamada household. With no one there to watch it anymore.

Instead, Shouta was busy racing through the city and discarding almost all driving etiquette in his hurry. Thankfully all the pedestrians were smart enough to dive away from the speeding car while it left some property damage in its wake.

When Aizawa finally arrived at the scene, it was still complete mayhem. Maybe even more so with the arrival of the police and a few more heroes and the audience getting rowdy with questions. Everybody still too disarrayed to understand anything.

One person, Aizawa instantly spotted as he stepped out of his car, was one that brought some relief to him instantly.

“Cementoss”, Aizawa stated firmly as he approached the figure. The one called was quick to turn at the sound of his hero name.

“Create a block, don’t let the bystanders see the shield”, Aizawa ordered but then he added with a bit more plead and desperation, “please.”

Seeing the twinge of hopelessness in Aizawa’s eyes, a man he had only met a few times and who had been strict and cool with a perfect poker face both times, made Cementoss nod stiffly with agreeance. Seeing Eraserhead like that somewhat shook him because the scene was indeed quite a chaos but to actually shake the underground hero? Something must be seriously wrong.

The next person Aizawa headed for was one of Present Mic’s sidekicks. During the speed walk over there Aizawa took a deep breath and squared his shoulders once more, making sure his poker face was back with full force.
“Do you have a walkie talkie that’s connected to Present Mic’s?” he asked, voice cold and demanding, full of authority. The kind of young and still a newbie sidekick was instantly intimidated.

“U-Uh... Yes I d-do”, he stammered out with a shaky nod. Damn this guy was intense, the sidekick thought.

“Good, give it to me”, Aizawa demanded. Out of instinct the sidekick took out the walkie talkie and was kind of handing it to Aizawa.

“I-I’m not actually-” The sidekick tried to protest but Aizawa had already taken the walkie talkie from them, cutting off their protests.

“If anyone else has a walkie talkie connected to this frequency, make sure they have them turned off”, was Aizawa’s last order before he was already heading off towards the shield. At the same time the sidekick felt conflicted about taking orders from this apparent stranger but also fearful enough not to protest. His fears were slightly lessened when the Chief of the Police was suddenly there gripping their shoulder with a reassuring touch and saying, “Do as he says.”

There wasn’t much protests left after that anymore.

Shouta was walking up towards the powered shield still on, hearing his heart hammering so hard that it echoed in his ears, the walking talkie in his hold was gripped tight, like a lifeline. The half ball shaped shield with like a two feet diameter was so strong you couldn’t see through it. But Shouta knew exactly what lied behind the force field.

He was now standing beside the shield and Cementoss had sealed off the view from the public. The walkie talkie gave a quiet buzz when he clicked it on and opened up the connection.

“Izuku.”

Inside the shield Izuku was crying over the still form of his injured father. Hizashi was basically unconscious but he had such obvious and painful looking injuries that Izuku was afraid to shake him awake like he did in the mornings.
Everything around him was fuzzy and quiet, the only thing Izuku could focus on was his Papa.

“Papa! Papa, please”, Izuku begged as his small hands stroked Hizashi’s cheek, coming up bloody, “Papa please wake up. Wake up Papa!” Izuku begged and had begged for the last fifteen minutes. But the few times Papa had shown any signs of waking up or being… being alive, he had only made the smallest of movements, his face had scrunched up in pain and a quiet sound of distress had left his lips. Izuku was getting hysterical with how Papa wasn’t responding and was hurt and that monster was out there and had tried to kill his Papa.

A quiet calling of his name made Izuku’s sobs stop for a moment and he looked at Hizashi’s face with growing hope only to realise the sound hadn’t come from there.

“Izuku, can you hear me?” came the sound again and finally Izuku’s eyes located the source to a device on Papa’s shoulder. With shaking hands Izuku reached for it and brought it up closer to him.

“Izuku? If you can hear me, please respond. You only need to press the button on the walkie talkie”, the voice came again, different from normal through the device but still familiar, warm and comforting.

With shaking fingers Izuku pressed the button, “D-Daddy?” he asked with an unsure voice, shaking like a leaf.

“Izuku”, Daddy’s voice came through the receiver, full of relief. Outside Shouta let go of the call button long enough to whisper, “Thank fucking God”, before getting back on the line and speaking to Izuku.

“Izuku, it’s Daddy. I’m right outside, can you turn off the shield for me?”

“N-No… There’s a monster out there that is trying to hurt Papa”, Izuku answered, sobs breaking his voice and tears springing back to his eyes. “Papa’s hurt, I have to protect him”, Izuku pleaded, terror making his breath short.

“Izuku, Izuku please listen to me. It’s okay. The monster has been taken care of, he can’t hurt anyone anymore. Please let me in. It’s going to be okay. Just let me in.”
“I’m scared Daddy”, Izuku whispered, “Papa isn’t waking up. Papa is hurt.”

“It’s okay to be scared Izuku”, Daddy assured, “But I’m here now and I’m not gonna let anything hurt you or Papa. I’ll protect you, and Papa really needs medical assistance. You need to turn off the shield. You can do it Izuku. I will be right here, I promise.”

Izuku’s eyes stared at Papa and clutched the device in his hands. Daddy was outside. Daddy would protect them. Papa needed help and he couldn’t help Papa. He had to let go of the… the shield. Izuku looked around himself a little confused. Objectively he had been aware of coming here, of activating the quirk by instinct and let it stay up. Now that he actually acknowledged it he also realised how the pressure of keeping it up pressed down on him and he was very tired. He had to let go of the pressure and get to Daddy...

Objectively, Shouta had known what was waiting for him behind the shield. And yet, when the shield finally disappeared, and he was met with the sight of Hizashi lying unconscious on the ground, badly injured and with a hysterical Izuku beside him with his hands and clothes turned red by Hizashi’s blood, the sight still managed to be something he hadn’t been able to quite prepare himself for. The image was bound to be added to his nightmares.

Nevertheless, Shouta was quick to kneel down and pull Izuku into an embrace and hold him closely as he ran a calming hand through his back. His son was shaking like a leaf with his sobs and if he was saying something against his chest, it wasn’t really coherent enough to be understood.

“Shhh… Izuku, it’s okay. It’s going to be okay. I’m here”, he comforted as his analytical hero side was staring intently at Hizashi, cataloging his injuries. He had some bad bruises and swelling, some wounds bleeding blood, definitely some broken bones and he was unconscious but at the same time his chest was moving up and down with breathing. Shouta let out a relieved sigh at seeing that.

It was a bit clumsy but Shouta managed to shrug off his jacket without letting go of Izuku, he was quick to cover Izuku with it before standing up. Sidekicks and paramedics were already starting to rush to the scene and they seemed curious about what Shouta was carrying hidden under his jacket but didn’t start prying since there were more pressing matters. Like making sure the hero they were sidekicking for got medical treatment after they had failed to take action sooner. Aizawa tried to refrain himself from giving them dirty looks since they were now helping his husband when he couldn’t. He needed to make sure the hysterically crying and exhausted boy in his arms was okay and taken away from this chaos.

It hurt him to not be able to focus on Hizashi because he was his husband. But at the same time he knew that there were other people around, more trained in first aid and there to assure that Hizashi would be taken to a hospital where he really could get treated. Shouta knew already that Hizashi would want him to take care of their son instead.
And so Shouta stood out of the way but also carefully watched that Hizashi was treated like he should be. He stayed inside the walls Cementoss had created because it was crucial that the public wouldn’t see even a glimpse of Izuku.

Hizashi was raised to a stretcher and wheeled towards the ambulance. Shouta caught the eye of the Chief of Police, Kenji Tsuragamae. Shouta’s heartstrings pulled towards Hizashi and he hoped so very much that he could go to the hospital with him in the ambulance but he also knew that it was too much of a risk. The paparazzi would be ready to follow the ambulance and quite possibly be there at the hospital taking pictures when Hizashi got there. Being in the ambulance would risk people seeing Izuku or him. And so… With an aching heart, he headed towards the Chief instead.

“Can you get someone to drive us to the hospital?” asked Aizawa bluntly. Chief assessed him and the hidden figure of Izuku under the jacket. Izuku’s sobs had quieted down but Shouta could still feel his whole small body tremor in his hold like he was cold.

“I’ll drive you there myself”, the Chief stated. Then he was gesturing for Tamakawa Sansa, shouting that he was in charge.

What Shouta was really grateful for was that the Chief’s car was both close and it had tinted windows so that when they were inside nobody could see them anymore. It was at that moment that Shouta also realised that Izuku had gone still and limp in his arms.

Panic managed to grab him for a couple of seconds before his fingers managed to fumble for a pulse at Izuku’s neck. It was fast and panicked but there and strong and so he sighed in relief. Perhaps it was even good that Izuku was now unconscious instead of crying hysterically.

It was infuriating, the whole situation had his blood both boiling and freezing at the same time. He now knew that both Hizashi and Izuku were alive and that gave him some relief, but at the same time the fear didn’t completely leave him and he was so angry that he had to bite his tongue or else he might start yelling and snapping at anyone unfortunate enough to come too close to him. Right now that person was the Chief of Police and he was also driving the car so Shouta really had to focus on not bringing his wrath upon someone who was actually helping him.

Tsuragamae sent him a few side glances from the corner of his eye when he was trying to navigate through the crowds of people gathered at the square so they could get to the roads and actually speed up the car to a little faster than the crawl it was going now. Thankfully people were smart enough to make way for the car that they eventually managed and Shouta was also glad at seeing the Chief press down on the pedal to go a little faster at the same time of putting the sirens on. It was smart of him not to put the sirens on when they were still in the middle of the crowd or they might have
drawn more unwanted attention to themselves. Now that they were away from the scene of the incident, the sirens were helpful at making other cars and pedestrians make way for them.

“Today sure turned into a mess”, Tsuragamae stated finally, the car had been in almost blissful silence until now.

“A villain manages to land a damaging blow on a respectful Pro Hero, and the other heroes on the scene stay still like bitches under command when he was about to finish the job, and then we have a five-year-old rush in to save the day. Not only is he too young to be prosecuted for illegal quirk usage and vigilantism but we also need to make sure the public don’t find out about the pup. The paparazzi are going to have a field day barking about this on every front page of every newspaper. You sure like to make my job easy for me, don’t yah?”

Aizawa stayed silent, running his hand steadily on Izuku’s still back. They were finally reaching the hospital and the Chief was driving the car to a side door. Aizawa got a glimpse of people already by the entrance of the hospital.

The car ran into a stop and Tsuragamae opened the doors.

“Go wait by that door, I’ll make a few calls and someone will fetch you soon enough from there and get the pup into treatment.”

“Thanks”, Shouta managed to grumble out as he got up from the car. Tsuragamae answered with a gruff grunt.

“Just keep the kid safe, won’t ya? I’m off to go back and manage damage control. Goodbye.”

It might be considered rude that Shouta didn’t even say goodbye as he just slammed the car’s door closed behind him. But really, Shouta was too tense and wound up to really care at the moment about being polite. He had an unconscious kid in his arms and a husband probably in surgery. Making sure that both of them got better was the only thing he could really care about at the moment.

True to the Chief’s word, there was a doctor coming out of the side door quite soon after waiting outside of it for a few moments. They let Shouta in and Shouta followed behind him silently.

“The Chief filled me in a little bit. I’m doctor Tanaka. I specialize in Pro Heroes treatment, you are
Present Mic’s husband, yes?” the doctor asked as they were climbing down some stairs all the way underground.

“Yes. I need a room with two beds. One for Yamada, the other for my son. He needs immediate treatment for severe quirk exhaustion.”

Tanaka glanced over his shoulder at the form of a small body Aizawa was carrying still hidden under the jacket.

“Right, of course. Mr. Yamada won’t be unfortunately joining you right away. He’s currently in surgery, he had some internal bleeding and broken bones that needed a bit more attention than simple casting. After surgery he needs to stay in the ICU for some time for observation before he can be transferred into a normal room, if all goes well that might happen by tomorrow”, Tanaka explained to Aizawa. Shouta nodded stiffly, not really liking what he just heard but not protesting either. Intensive care units had their policies for a reason and while Shouta would feel more secure when he finally had both his husband and his son safely within his eyesight, he also understood that that couldn’t happen right now.

“Pro Heroes are treated here for extra security”, Tanaka explained when they reached the end of the stairs and he used his keycard to open up the door, “Less chance for aerial attacks, paparazzi taking photos through windows or trespassers wandering in what with the tightly set access passes. Everyone who works down here is under strict confidentiality agreement. Here’s your room.”

Again, Tanaka used his keycard on the lock by the door to let them inside the room. It was a big room with two beds like requested. Tanaka instructed him to place Izuku on the bed.

Izuku looked so small in the grown up sized bed. He looked pretty much like he was just asleep but he had smears of blood, tears and snot on his face, the blood was probably from his bloody hands when the kid had tried to wipe his tears away. There was also this edge of paleness on his face and his lips were almost bluish.

Tanaka pressed a call button on the wall and then stated that it was to call a nurse there with some equipment.

Shouta helped the doctors work by starting to undress Izuku from his dirty, broken and bloody clothes so he could be changed into a hospital gown. The nurse didn’t take long to come in and he handed Tanaka the asked things, like the IV needle and nutrients bag to help Izuku’s blood sugar levels come back up. Shouta tried to stand out of the way when he couldn’t help but also wanted to keep hold of Izuku’s hand and stay close by to watch like a hawk as the doctor and nurse worked.
He was a little paranoid at the moment, sue him.

All in all it didn’t take long for Izuku to look pretty much like how he had looked about a year ago when he had ended up in the hospital the first time. Shouta wasn’t really that happy at remembering that. And he tried telling himself that all the needles and monitors attached to Izuku now weren’t because Izuku was injured but because he was exhausted, dehydrated and malnourished from how much the speed and shield quirks had spent up his energy, which was a truly limited supply compared to an adult’s.

“I think we are all set up here”, Tanaka stated finally after checking the heart monitor and others were working properly. “Now we just need the kid to rest up and recharge back his energy and unfortunately that needs time. Now we just got to be patient.”

Aizawa nodded, his eyes firmly staring at Izuku’s peaceful sleeping face. “Do you have an update on Present Mic? How he’s doing?”

“He might still be in surgery but I can go find out more details if you wish.” “I do.” “Alright then, I’ll try to return shortly”, Tanaka stated and left the room, leaving Shouta alone in the room with Izuku. With the door closing behind him, Shouta let out a huge sigh leaning back in his chair by Izuku’s bed, still holding his hand. His other hand raised to massage his temples to try and maintain his aching headache under his skull. Now that he finally had a somewhat peaceful moment alone and away from all the chaos, he also had time to think and process.

The most pressing thing just constantly nagging in his mind was the shield. The shield Izuku had used. The shield Izuku had used alone. The shield that had endured God knows how strong a punch without breaking and had been strong enough to stay up for several minutes after. The shield that as far as Shouta, Izuku’s father, knew Izuku hadn’t had before all this happened. The shield that was scarly familiar, familiar enough that Shouta knew exactly whose shield it had been before. Whose quirk it had been before. And how Shouta was also familiar enough to recognise that this wasn’t one of Izuku’s copies he acquired and lost from time to time. It couldn’t be a copy because a copy would have never survived the force it was hit with by that villain.

Shouta wasn’t stupid. And he had pretty good instincts too. That’s why he had known the moment he saw the shield that had appeared as if out of nowhere right in the middle of the hero/villain fight that it was Izuku. And that’s why adding this and that wasn’t that hard what with all the evidence standing right there at his face.

Izuku had Azumi-chan’s quirk.
This fact brought up many conflicting emotions and questions in Shouta’s mind that he felt were better to try and process bit by bit but at the same time he couldn’t stop thinking about it even though he didn’t want to start getting mad while he was sitting by his son’s hospital bed. (A truly challenging feat as he was so fucking mad at everything right now)

Shouta only moved his gaze from Izuku because there was a knock by the door and instantly it was like his hackles were raising and he was prepared to protect Izuku from any threat that was knocking the door. A moment later the red dot by the door turned green and it was revealed that it was Tanaka once more.

“Mr. Aizawa? I have an update about your husband.”

“How is he?” Shouta asked and Tanaka stepped properly into the room, closing the door behind him.

“He’s pulling through. His surgery is almost over and then they will be moving him to the ICU section for a little while. They made sure that the internal bleedings were taken care of and installed some internal supports to the worst bone breaks. His spine avoided damage luckily but his shoulder was almost completely shattered, including his collarbone and they are hard bones to heal. We have a specialist here at work whose quirk is great at fixing broken bones but unfortunately Present Mic needs to heal and gather his strength more properly before she can come in for a session and we had to make sure that the bones were aligned for the healing process which needed the support parts and casting.”

“He didn’t have anything fatal? He’s going to be fine?” Aizawa asked.

“The internal bleedings would have been fatal but I can’t say if it was a matter of a few hours or more. They have now been taken care of and he’s under close observation. Aside from any possible complications, I believe he’s going to pull through just fine.”

Aizawa couldn’t help the relieved sigh from leaving him. This was still a… huge mess. But at least he now knew that both Izuku and Hisashi were going to be fine eventually and that was a huge relief.

“There’s something else”, Tanaka stated and Shouta raised his gaze back to the man, suspicion rising in him.

“What is it?” he asked on guard.
“There’s a visitor. She’s requesting to come here.”

“Who?” Shouta asked, wondering if it might be Nemuri, or possibly one of Hizashi’s female family members.

“Kido Azumi.”

Shouta’s hand that wasn’t holding Izuku’s hand gripped tighter around the chair’s armrest for a second, his heart seizing up and dozen conflicting emotions bubbling up. Shouta pushed all that down and responded with as calm a voice as he could, “Yes, send her in.”

Tanaka left with a nod and it didn’t take long for him to open the door again only to let Azumi in before closing it again and leaving them by themselves. Shouta stared at the old woman standing by the door for a while before turning his gaze back to Izuku and trying to calm down all his emotions inside.

The silence stretched out for quite sometime, the air inside the sterile hospital room getting more and more tense when finally Azumi started to approach closer. She came up on the other side of Izuku’s bed and she pulled up a chair to sit by him like Aizawa did. Shouta followed her movements like a papa bear ready to attack and a part of him wanted to when she gently took Izuku’s hand between her hands but he suppressed that urge because he knew she wasn’t doing anything bad or ill intended and because Izuku cared for Azumi a lot. The silence continued for a while as they both just sat there holding Izuku’s hands. Aizawa noticed tears welling up at Azumi’s eyes as she looked at Izuku.

“I don’t know whether to curse you or thank you”, Aizawa finally broke the silence and Azumi raised her heartbroken old gaze to Shouta.

“I’m sorry Aizawa… I never meant for anything like this to happen”, Azumi said and Aizawa could see her sincerity in her eyes.

“When did Izuku take your quirk?”

“I gave it to him when he came to sleep at my place after the wedding. I meant to tell you two once I got the chance to practise with Izuku a little.”
“You should have told us *before* you even gave him your quirk! He’s five! We are his fathers! We should have been in the know about this from the start!” Aizawa couldn’t help the brief surge of anger that rose up with his words but he kept his voice in proper volumes as not to disturb Izuku.

Azumi stared at Aizawa for a while in silence before carefully starting, “I had to give Izuku my quirk when he was young so that he could learn how to use it and as not to miss my opportunity to do so. Maybe I should have told you two first but at the time I felt like it was between me and Izuku even if he is only five right now… But I never meant for him to use it like… like this. I didn’t even know he could. It took me years to make *that strong* shields. I don’t… I don’t know how he did it.”

Aizawa sighed and massaged his nose between his eyes. “You should have *told* us. This wasn’t your decision to make. Not when Izuku is still just a *child* and just can’t make these kind of life altering decisions without some serious discussion.”

“Would you have stopped me?”

Aizawa huffed and gave Azumi an annoyed stare. “No. We wouldn’t have. But this decision needed some serious discussions instead of… instead of this!”

Aizawa gestured at Izuku’s unconscious form and regret filled Azumi’s eyes when she turned to look at Izuku again. But it didn’t take long for Aizawa to sigh again in defeat.

“But… If… If you hadn’t given Izuku your quirk, I fear this day would have ended a lot worse. Because it wasn’t your quirk that told Izuku about the fight, I have no idea what did really, he should be at school right now. And it wasn’t your quirk that made it possible for Izuku to run across the town in a matter of seconds. In fact if it wasn’t for your quirk…”

Fear and pain gripped Shouta’s heart when he pictured the scene with frightening clarity in his head. The villain over Hizashi, about to hit him with full force. And then Izuku appearing out of nowhere to protect his papa with nothing more than his five-year-old body… “Izuku would still have been there. But he wouldn’t have had anything to protect himself or Hizashi. And… They would have…” Shouta just couldn’t end that sentence, not when it was his worst fear came to life and it was a miracle that it hadn’t happened.

“So… As angry as I am for giving Izuku that quirk without talking to us… I think I should also thank you.”
Without her, without Izuku having that shield quirk he would have lost both his son and husband with the same blow.

Shouta couldn’t help the what if from playing out in his mind. And soon he couldn’t help the tears from welling up in his eyes.

He had been so close to losing everything.

Azumi got up so he could go comfort the broken hero.

Azumi stayed with Shouta as unsaid emotional support, which Shouta appreciated even if he didn’t say it. Izuku stayed asleep throughout the whole day and Shouta was hellbent on staying up throughout the night too to keep watch over him and be there if Izuku would be to wake up during the night. Azumi also seemed to have an agenda over him and Izuku and despite his protests, Shouta still found himself waking up in the morning with his head supported against her shoulder with no idea when he fell asleep. Izuku was still out like a light.

Shouta groaned as he raised his head and felt the muscles in his neck protesting, totally jammed up from the awkward position.

“Morning sunshine”, Azumi stated.

“What time is it?” Aizawa croaked while trying to rub the sleep from his eyes.

“8.21”, Azumi answered after checking it from the wall clock.

“Right okay”, Aizawa sighed and tried to stretch the pain from his neck. His eyes returned shortly to staring at Izuku.

“Has there been any update from Hizashi?”

“I believe the doctor is supposed to come here around nine to check up on Izuku. Maybe they will
give us an update then. He can probably be transferred into this room today don’t you think?”

“Yeah… They said his case wasn’t too serious, and things generally move up a bit faster here at the hero section.”

Azumi chuckled without humor. “That they do. Gotten a little bit too much of experience from these places.”

Shouta turned his gaze to Azumi with some curiosity in them. “You ended up here often when you were a hero?”

“Yes. Don’t everybody? In my case it was exactly this more often than not though unfortunately. Sitting in the waiting room, stressing about your partners. Not knowing what’s going to happen and having to settle only for waiting for the time go by. Replaying all your mistakes and wondering if you could have done something more, something better. It never gets easier even if it gets much too familiar”, Azumi sighed, a faraway solemn look in her eyes. In the eyes that had seen a lot, so much so that all that had piled into this kind of heaviness in her gaze.

Aizawa gave her an agreeing hum and a long sigh. Feeling all the stress and tenseness in his whole body still even if they were getting on the better side of this whole mess.

“I have no idea how to handle this really”, Aizawa opened up after the familiar silence had enveloped them for a while. “I mean… How can I handle this? How can I tell about everything that happened to Hizashi when he finally gets here and wakes up? How can I even begin… What am I supposed to say to Izuku? Am I supposed to berate and punish him for saving his father’s life? I can’t do that. But I also can’t encourage him either! This should happen… never again. But there’s also the fact that without Izuku it was quite clear that Hizashi would have died. So I don’t want Izuku to ever put himself into that kind of danger again but it’s not like I want my husband to die either? How- Just how am I supposed to handle this?”

Azumi sighed heavily while trying to figure out an answer for Aizawa. “It’s true… This is a bit of a hard case to solve parenting vice. You need to make sure that Izuku doesn’t end up protesting too much if you do scold him. Saving his father isn’t inherently a bad thing. But putting himself in danger? Using his quirks publicly and without caution? He should understand that he can’t do those things. It’s… It is a fine line and a difficult topic for sure but you will get through it. You two are great fathers Shouta.”

Azumi reached out and took Shouta’s hand.
“You will get through this”, Azumi assured and stared Shouta down with the kind of conviction that there was no saying no to it.

Time seemed to just growel onward from its normal speed. Each 10 minutes feeling like a hour and each hour feeling like a day. The doctor had come in to check up on Izuku but there wasn’t much to say. Apparently he wasn’t too dehydrated and malnourished anymore what with the strong supplements given to him. Now all they could do was wait and let Izuku rest and collect his strength back. Patience.

Hizashi was also doing good and he would be moved to this room soon enough but Tanaka couldn’t give an exact time. And so Shouta was stuck staring at the clock… waiting. The room felt stiff and still and Shouta had no idea what to do with himself.

He had made the mistake of checking the news only to realise that yes, the whole incident was front page news everywhere with headlines like “Pro Hero almost killed!” “Who saved Present Mic?” “The government conspiracy - find out more!” Shouta clicked out of those soon enough and only briefly eyed the messages people had bombed him with. He had managed to send some brief texts last night and people needed to settle for those for now since he wasn’t much of a texter even on a good day.

Azumi had reluctantly left eventually. She had wanted to stay with him but she was also needed elsewhere and Aizawa needed her as a messenger of sorts for UA. It wasn’t like he thought Nedzu wasn’t smart enough to figure out that 1. One of his teachers was in the hospital 2. Said teacher’s son was probably in the hospital too because Nedzu sure as hell would figure out too that Izuku had saved Present Mic and 3. Said teacher’s husband and second father of Izuku’s and also one of his UA teachers would probably prefer not to leave his family’s side and so he wouldn’t be seeing them in work for now. Shouta was pretty sure that their jobs would still be there when they returned even though they didn’t give notice of their leave of absence. Shouta needed Azumi more to update all their friends and loved ones that might be worried and in the dark just now.

Aizawa was sitting by Izuku’s bed, holding his hand like he had pretty much for the last 24 hours when the door to the hospital room finally opened and in rolled another hospital bed pulled by the already familiar nurse and pushed by another nurse Shouta hadn’t seen just yet. Finally seeing his husband once more, Shouta was quick to stand up and rush to his bedside even before the door had barely closed behind them.

“He’s still sleeping unfortunately. We lifted the anesthesia a while ago and he woke up briefly but he’s under a lot of pain medication and his body has been under that much stress that he still needs to
rest”, the unfamiliar nurse explained when Shouta reached Hizashi and took his hand in his. Hizashi was lying in a bed and there were more monitors and other things attached to him than Shouta could count right away. The oxygen mask was hiding almost half his face right now. There were some cleaned up cuts and bruises littering his usually smooth cheeks.

“Right…” was all that Shouta could answer.

“He still needs to stay in this bed so we are going to move the other one from this room. Here’s a call button for a doctor or a nurse to come as soon as you use it, this button is for him to up his pain med dosage if he wakes up and feels like the pain is too much, this one is an emergency call button that will call the nearest doctor to the room when pushed. You should use it if anything alarming comes up. Mr. Yamada still needs to be checked on regularly so we will come by every few hours or so to make sure everything is still alright.”

At times it was hard to focus on the nurse as she explained everything as it seemed like the white noise in Shouta’s ears became louder. The other nurse was already moving the empty bed previously in the room away and then Hizashi’s bed was moved to replace it. The nurse that was probably signed to Hizashi’s case checked that everything was alright before excusing herself to give them some privacy. Leaving the small family by themselves in the room, two unconscious in their beds and one standing there between them unsure which bedside he should sit by when he couldn’t reach both at the same time. Izuku was still sleeping peacefully and so Shouta excused himself from his side with a brief kiss to his son’s forehead before moving to Hizashi’s bedside, stroking his fingers carefully through Hizashi’s long hair he could reach and touch without disturbing all the wires and tubes connected to him.

Shouta couldn’t help the exhausted sigh from leaving him or the way relieved tears gathered in his eyes. He let himself lean his head for a moment on the hand now holding Hizashi’s with their fingers linked.

“You goddamn idiot…” he whispered. “My stupid idiots…”

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaand there we go, wiuh, finally an update heh... sorry for the two month wait after leaving you with a cliffhanger. I tried to finish this chapter like loooong ago, this fic had like 3200 kudos then and now we have reached 3600+ kudos already (Thanks guys, it's amazing<3 I appreciate every single one) But I didn't manage it and then I had a 9 day work streak and collage started again and my schedule rn is just _crazy busy_, I went
abroad and... oh god I've just been so busy that I haven't had the free time or the energy to write

But yay! I managed to write this to a point I actually can publish it, it's already long but like I think originally this was supposed to be even longer XD well you'll get the rest in the next chapter, hopefully more soon than in two months

Oh yeah that reminds me, some of you have asked about my update schedule and uuh... I don't have one? When I have the time, I'm motivated and inspired I can update this week in like a week but if I don't manage that then... Well then it can take up to two months ups XD and really, my life is so busy right now that I don't think the next update will be that soon, I'll try though!

That said, I hope you enjoyed the update! Comments are welcome!:) I will answer them with the next update so see you then!
Recovery

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was Izuku who ended up waking up first of the two patients. Shouta had been sitting by Hizashi and holding his hand at that point but he had been watching over Izuku’s sleeping form and so he noticed immediately when he started to stir and was quick to change places to be by Izuku’s side.

He gave his son time to wake up and orient himself back to the present. He watched as Izuku’s eyes blinked open little by little until he got them to actually stay open and then his gaze searched his surroundings until finally finding him. Shouta gave Izuku a smile that he hoped would be reassuring and gentle. He couldn’t be sure if he succeeded, smiling wasn’t always his strong suit.

“Hi there Broccoli, how you feeling?” He asked calmly. Izuku seemed still a little blurry about actually being awake as it took Izuku some time to take in the room and find an answer to his dad.

“Tired”, he finally got out in a quiet murmur.

“Does anything hurt? Are you hungry?” Shouta asked carefully, petting the hand between his hold. Izuku gave an unsure hum and a shrug.

“Do you remember what happened?” Finally… The loaded question. It took some time for Izuku to process it and dig in his memories but the response was so immediate that Shouta knew exactly the moment when Izuku finally remembered what had happened. He tried to sit up abruptly while he took in a shocked breath, eyes going wild and his heartbeat increasing in tempo in the heart monitor.

“Papa! W-Where’s Papa!” Izuku started questioned while panicking. Shouta reached to put one calming hand on Izuku’s shoulder and the other on his chest and gently pull him back to resting on the bed. He shushed Izuku to soothe him.

“Izuku, Izuku it’s okay. Papa is okay. He’s there, see?” Shouta said pointing at Hizashi’s bed with his husband on it, “Papa is right there. Take a deep breath for me okay? Let’s just try to calm down, Papa is okay.”

When Izuku recognized his other father in the bed next to his he relaxed just a little before also noticing all the hospital equipment attached to him and starting to panic once again.
“Papa’s hurt! He’s hurt! The monster hurt him! He **hurt Papa!**” Izuku panicked and even mixed in the copy quirk from Hizashi’s quirk to his voice in his panic making Shouta feel like someone had attached a speaker to his chest and rung out a few really resonating bass sounds out of it. It was certainly enough to make his ears hurt.

“Izuku Aizawa-Yamada”, Shouta said sternly while activating his quirk to make sure Izuku couldn’t use the Voice copy again. After seeing his father’s glowing red eyes and hearing his commanding voice, Izuku completely froze in shock before soon enough bursting into tears.

Shouta sighed and pulled Izuku closer to hug him tightly against his chest, petting Izuku’s green curls of hair on his head and reassuring him over and over again that it was going to be okay, Papa is healing and he’s going to be okay. It took a while to calm Izuku down and then finally when he was calmed down enough, Shouta explained the things to him as much as he could to a five-year-old.

“So Papa’s going to be okay?” Izuku asked quietly, his voice still rough from his crying.

“Yes, Papa is going to be okay. Right now he just needs to sleep”, Shouta assured once again. Izuku kept staring at Hizashi in his bed while he hugged a stuffed bunny to his chest. They had moved to sit by Hizashi’s bed with Izuku on Shouta’s lap. Shouta petted Izuku’s green tufts of hair in a calming manner as the silence settled over them for a moment.

“So Cucumber, wanna tell me how you ended up there? Because I was under the impression that you should have been in school”, Shouta asked slowly and Izuku tucked his cheek in to his chest with his gaze low.

“I-I was in school…” Izuku muttered quietly.

“Mmmmm… And then what happened, Pickle?”

“I-I saw Papa uh… In the TV. He was r-really cool b-but then uh…”

“Uhhuh…” Shouta hummed, already connecting what Izuku had seen next in those news, having seen it himself, “And this TV… How did you find it?”
“I-It was in the teacher’s lounge… The door was o-open…” Izuku said, still mumbling and twirling his fingers nervously.

“Alright… So… You saw what happened to Papa in the TV. And then you…” Shouta tried to encourage Izuku to continue the sentence by leaving it hanging.

“I- I don’t know. I was watching Papa… I saw t-the monster… And t-then I uhh… I was running, a-and then I was there a-and then Daddy came too a-and… uh…” Izuku started to sound even more unsure as even the little bits of memory he had from the incident disappeared starting from the moment he had been crying hysterically against Shouta’s shoulder before passing out.

“It’s okay”, Shouta said calmly, trying to prevent another panic attack. He was starting to connect the dots anyway even if Izuku’s explanation of how he had ended up in the crime scene was flimsy at best. But he could also understand that this had been more of a knee jerk reaction from Izuku’s panic from seeing his Papa hurt than a rational or even thought out decision of vigilantism. Izuku was only five after all.

Shouta sighed heavily. This was still a huge mess and he wasn’t exactly sure how he could handle it.

Izuku fell asleep once again at one point, still really tired despite being practically in a coma for the past 30 hours or so. Shouta was left to sit in the silence once again looking over his family while ignoring the way Izuku’s weight robbed his right leg of blood flow. Izuku was practically a cat; it was illegal to move when he was asleep in your lap.

It was at the early morning hours of the next day when Hizashi finally opened up his eyes. Izuku was sleeping heavily with his head on Shouta’s shoulder. It couldn’t be more than five or six o’clock at this point. Shouta wasn’t really sure of the exact time.

Hizashi was certainly more cooked up in meds than Izuku had been when he woke up and therefore Hizashi was way more disorientated and it took a bit longer to make sense of his surroundings. The oxygen mask over his mouth fogged up when he managed to turn his head enough to spot Shouta and Izuku sitting next to his bed. Tears welled up in his eyes from the sight.

“Shh… It’s okay”, Shouta soothed in a whisper and reached to hold Hizashi’s hand gently. He spoke quietly so that he wouldn’t wake up Izuku. “I’ll call up the doctor, I think he needs to check up on you first before we can talk.
The doctor came. He was able to remove the oxygen mask for a less disturbing oxygen cord under Hizashi’s nose. He checked Hizashi’s vitals and then explained Hizashi’s medical condition to Hizashi and asked him some standard questions. In the end it was clear that Hizashi remembered anything of importance about himself, and when it came to the fight Shouta assured him that he would fill Hizashi in the parts he just didn’t remember or even could remember with how he had probably lost consciousness from the hit that sent him flying. But Hizashi remembered who he was, who his family was and everything that had happened before the fight in reasonable terms when it came to an average memory. Shouta couldn’t be more relieved.

The doctor left once he was satisfied of Hizashi’s current condition and assured that he would come back once it was more of a proper time to discuss things further. What with them being limited to whispering because of Izuku, conversing was a bit more difficult.

Shouta and Hizashi sighed deeply at the same time after the door closed behind the doctor and they were in private once more. The coincidence made them smile softly at each other, it was a relieving moment even if both of their eyes were clouded in worry and fatigue.

“Have you slept… like at all?” Hizashi questioned as he saw the dark circles around Shouta’s eyes. Not that his husband looked that chipper at any given day but he was certainly looking more worn out now than usually.

“I slept some the first night, when Azumi was here”, Shouta said defensively.

“And that was?”

“... Maybe a day ago”, Shouta admitted but was quick to add, “It’s not like this is the first time I’ve stayed up for more than 24 hours, I’m fine.”

Hizashi gave a doubtful hum. “Yeah, right.”

Shouta gave Hizashi an exasperated look, “I would be more fine if I didn’t have to sit by the bedside of my whole family.”

“Wait… What?”

It was then that Shouta realised that Hizashi wasn’t really in the know about how Izuku was
involved at this. Hizashi’s gaze moved from the sleeping form of Izuku to the second bed in the room without a blanket, said blanket was wrapped over Izuku in Shouta’s lap and as Hizashi turned his gaze back to Izuku he also noticed the collar of the hospital gown on Izuku.

“I-Zuku? Was Izuku hurt someway?” Hizashi asked, panic flowing into his gaze.

It took a while for Shouta to answer, his eyebrows crunching up as he tried to think of a way how to explain everything. “So you don’t remember anything after you were hit?”

“No… I remember the day quite clearly, how we had managed to capture one villain and then… nothing. I don’t even remember being hit. I only know that from how I feel right now and what you told me.”

“Well yes… You and your side kicks had managed to capture a villain. You and your sidekicks were taking a breather after the fight and then… I saw it play out in the news, the villain, I don’t actually know just who it was, but my guess is he was somehow connected to the villain you had just captured and he had a significant strength quirk. Anyway, the villain came from nowhere and managed to hit you. You flew across the square and hit a building before collapsing to the ground unconscious.”

“Ouch… No wonder I got knocked off”, Hizashi said with a chuckle, trying to light the atmosphere and maybe pry a smile from his woeful husband.

“Yeah…” Shouta agreed, “Well… Everybody at the scene were quite shocked from the sudden event that they all froze up and the villain started to head your way, quite clearly readying for another strike even though you were already down.”

“Oh…”

“I was home, watching this fold out in the news, and quite stuck myself because there was no way for me to come and help you. And I couldn’t turn away from seeing what would happen, if anyone would manage to come to your aid even though no one was moving…” Shouta paused, readying to tell the end of the story, the worst part for Hizashi to hear.

“And… They must have, right?” Hizashi asked in an unsure voice, “I’m here aren’t I?”
“Yes… But it was not thanks to anyone at the scene with you.”

“Then who was it thanks to?”

“Izuku.”

To say Hizashi was shocked and terrified at hearing that he was alive because his five-year-old son had ran into a middle of a villain fight and used a shield quirk to protect him from a very powerful villain would be putting it lightly. It was pretty much the kind of news that shocked your whole view of life.

Hizashi was also filled in how Izuku had gotten the Shield quirk from Azumi, how he had seen his Papa hurt and in danger from the news while in school and how they had thankfully managed to keep Izuku out of the public eye but right now the whole incident was blasted on every single newspaper, gossip magazine and news. Practically every channel was trying to figure out the mystery behind Present Mic’s rescue.

“This is… a lot to take in”, Hizashi said seriously, something that was kind of not that typical for the loud and boisterous hero. Shouta gave an agreeing hum.

“I don’t even know how to feel about everything…”

Shouta eyed the way Hizashi was staring angrily at the wall and squeezing his blanket in his fists, whole body tense to the point that it seemed he might flung out from the bed like a furious spring ready to take his anger out at the world. Shouta nodded in silence even if Hizashi wasn’t looking at him to see it.

“The most important thing is that Izuku is fine, you’re fine and the villain was caught and is now in custody.”

From the way Hizashi’s mouth opened and his eyebrows scrunched up in anger told Shouta that Hizashi had been gearing up to go on an angry tangent and get all his frustrations out, but unfortunately for Hizashi, it was at that moment that Izuku stirred up in Shouta’s lap and started blinking his eyes open. Hizashi zipped his lips closed the second he realized this and took a deep breath to calm himself down before Izuku managed to wake himself up enough to see Hizashi.
“Papa!” Izuku exclaimed the second he saw his father looking at him from the bed. Izuku was out of Shouta’s hold and scrambled up on the hospital bed hugging Hizashi before Shouta could think Detroit smash.

Izuku was crying almost instantly, and Hizashi was left to soothe his son and hug him to his chest. There was a small relieved smile on Hizashi’s lips as he got to hold his son and feel that despite everything that he had heard, Izuku was fine, he was here and he was okay.

Looking over Izuku at Shouta, Hizashi managed to let go a bit of his frustrations in a deep exhale. They were going to be okay.

Izuku’s energy levels were starting to be totally recovered now that he got to rest, drink and eat. And now that Hizashi was awake, it only took a day of testing if everything was healing in a proper manner and a couple visits from specialist with healing quirks and Hizashi was announced to be healthy enough to return to home. It was kind of shocking actually. And the thought of leaving the safety of the hospital walls where they were only seconds away from medical care and closed away from the rest of the world left them… a little unsure and panicked.

But it was also important, especially for Izuku, that they could go home and start recovering from everything that had happened in the familiarity of their own home. And so they dressed up, got discharged and headed to the hidden entryway where a familiar car with tinted windows was waiting them to take them home.

They entered the car and the gruff voice of the police Chief was heard from the front seat, “Good to see you healed up, Yamada. Howl you feeling?”

“Heh, a little sore but mostly tired, the doctors did their wonders already and I’m pretty much all healed up”, Hizashi answered with some cheer in his voice at last.

“Good to hear that. But rest pup for a day of two still before returning on the play field won’t ya?”

Hizashi chuckled a little. “Alright, sir.”
Shouta noticed how the Chief’s eyes glanced over at Izuku in the middle seat through the rearview mirror. It had been a long day for Izuku while they waited for Hizashi to be discharged and although he was beat tired, he was still resisting sleep while he leaned his head on his Papa’s side. The Chief’s gaze moved to Shouta’s and Shouta gave a small shake of his head. It wasn’t the time to discuss the situation.

The rest of the ride was spent in silence and when they finally reached their home, they pretty much just fell into the bed all three of them to finally sleep side by side.

The next morning was quite peaceful. What was it like waking up in the same bed with your whole family you ask? Crowded, but safe. Shouta was very grateful of the feeling of security he got from seeing his husband and son sleeping peacefully, sleeping in a normal way without the whole hospital setup really. It was normal. It was perfect.

They were both pretty much totally recovered from any injuries and such they got from the incident, Shouta reminded to himself. There were parts of him that felt conflicted about this since… It was so fast. Just like things worked at the Hero ward of the hospital since their main goal was to get the heroes that ended up there back into work as soon as possible. Now they had only one day left before they had to return back to work and even that was stretching it, their hero agencies (an teaching jobs at UA) would more than prefer that they returned right away.

Luckily, they got the one day of mental health day and they sure as hell were going to take everything out of it. Which meant… staying the whole day at home just enjoying a relaxed fun day together as a family.

It was to these thoughts that Shouta fell asleep onvce again only to wake up to an empty bed and sounds of talking and giggling from the kitchen. Sleepily Shouta made his way to the kitchen where he found his husband and son cooking together.

“Morning”, he greeted them to get their attention, they both had big happy smiles on their faces when they turned towards him.

“Morning Daddy!” Izuku announced happily and Hizashi greeted him with a bit more chill and warm with love, “Morning darling”, as he pulled Shouta to a side hug to give him a quick kiss.

“What are you doing?” Shouta questioned.
“Waffles!” Izuku announced, proudly showing the small pile of waffles already made.

“Looks yummy”, Shouta said while ruffling his son’s hair.

In fact the waffles more than looked yummy, they were indeed delicious. Even more delicious than that? Spending time with his family.

They managed to do exactly what they wished for; nothing special. They enjoyed breakfast, watched some TV (staying away from hero news), played some games and played with Izuku. Perfectly domestic.

All throughout the day Hizashi made an extra effort to give physical comfort to Shouta but because even in the privacy of their own home he still sucked at starting displays of affection. And the good husband Hizashi was, he also recognised that Shouta was craving some physical assurance that he and Izuku were there and alright. Every time Hizashi noticed Shouta was aligned towards him but staying those few inches apart, he made sure to close the distance, give him a hug, a gentle stroke or a quick kiss. He also made sure to include Izuku with encouraging him with words like, “Go give your Daddy a hug Zuzu!” and “Who wants to ride on his Daddy’s shooouuuulldeeers?” Shouta also recognised his husband’s efforts and managed to give a grateful kiss and a smile as thanks.

Come night and Hizashi has just reminded Izuku to go pack his school bag (an extra one since his usual was… still at school) when Izuku freezes on the spot and looks to his fathers with this edge of fear.

“I- I have to go to school tomorrow?” the fear is evident in his voice. Shouta and Hizashi share a look and realise that they need to have the talk at last after avoiding it the whole day.

“Why yes of course you do, Dish soap? You have already missed enough days as it is. Don’t you want to see your friends?”

Izuku’s eyes turned towards the ground and he wrung his hands with unsureness, “Yeah I do…” mumbled but it was clear that there was more.
“Buuuut?” Hizashi prompted.

“A-Are you going back to- to work? Heroing…?” Izuku asked turning his full terrified puppy eyes towards Hizashi and it was a tough look to face without one’s heart breaking. The fathers couldn’t help sighing in defeat when the dreaded and waited fear was slammed in their faces.

“Well… Yes we are. We need to eventually and the citizens needs us… out there, saving them from bad things… like heroes do, right?” Hizashi said and gave a soft encouraging pet on Izuku’s shoulder.

“Right…” Izuku agreed but his gaze was down and voice unsure.

There was a moment of silence before Shouta figured it could be time for some harsh love even if reassurances and snuggles might do the trick, it was unfortunately only a temporary solution. Izuku was smart enough to understand some heavy talk.

“Look Izuku… We need to talk”, Shouta said and then guided Izuku to sit on the sofa with him and Hizashi sitting on either side of him.

“You have just witnessed the harsh truth… That hero work is dangerous and it might get your dad’s hurt, or even… dead.”

The look of absolute fear that entered Izuku’s eyes made it hard to continue.

“There have been some instances of us getting hurt before… But they were minor enough that you never found out about them or you were too young to remember them anymore.”

“What really?” Izuku questioned and turned to his other dad for confirmation. Hizashi nodded solemnly.

“The difference with those time and… the recent one was that… You saw it. And you interfered.”

“But the monster his Papa really hard! And nobody was doing anything! I was watching it and… and then I was just there! I had to help Papa!”
“While we understand how and why this happened… And we are very grateful that you and Papa are both alright, it doesn’t change the fact that you shouldn’t have been there.”

“What you did was very dangerous”, Hizashi continued.

“And it even broke the law. You are not a licenced hero to be using your quirk out and in the public like that.”

“But… Furthermore… Our most important job is to keep you safe.”

“But… Furthermore… Our most important job is to keep you safe.”

“Tears were quickly welling up in Izuku’s eyes. “I-I’m s-sorry...”

Shouta sighed and gave Izuku a gentle squeeze in the half hug he was holding him, “We don’t really want you to apologize Izuku. The truth is… You probably saved Papa’s life, but we need you to understand the gravity of the situation. And we need you to promise that you will never again do something like this.”

Quiet tears were spilling over Izuku’s cheeks and he gave a small nod.

“We love you Izuku. And you are only a kid… You shouldn’t be facing dangers like that for many many years. Not until you are actually a licenced hero”, Hizashi said gently.

“We do love you, we love you so much. Will you promise not to run towards danger? Some situations can be complicated… Sometimes we can’t control what life throws at us, and if you ever end up in danger? You can run, you can fight if necessary. We trust you to know the difference and act on it. But we want you to promise us that you will stay safe, okay?”

Izuku nodded, wiped tears and snot from his face and then gave a determined look to both of his
fathers. “I promise.”

Both fathers sighed in relief. “Good, and you know what? In return, we promise to always…”

“Always.”

“Fight like hell that we can come back home to you. Being a hero is dangerous…”

“But even if there comes a time when things look though, we will fight and fight to get through it. For you.” Hizashi ended and Izuku looked from one fiercely determined and set gaze to another a small smile starting to grow on his lips even through his tears.

“You will?”

“You bet, Avocado salad.”

“Oh! Which reminds me, I should go prepare some lunch for us tomorrow. We need to leave a bit more early so that we have the time to be there as you apologise to your teachers for running off from school. Izuku, go pack your backpack who don’t you?”

Izuku let out a small ‘oh…’ at the mention of an apology and then left dutifully to do what his Papa told him to. As Izuku left the room to head for his, Hizashi and Shouta shared a look and a relieved sigh with having handled all that…

And we handled that pretty well, Hizashi’s eyes said. Better than I thought we could, Shouta thought.

Chapter End Notes

Hoooooo boy this took long for me to post? I'm kind of an advocate for writers not apologizing about how long an update takes but heh... Sorry. Usually after I update I give myself a bit of a permission to take a break and this time the break stretched out a little and then I didn’t have that much inspiration to write these scenes (and I did shorten this a bit). To be honest we are kind of at the filler chapters, before we get to Izuku's UA
age. The next chapter will be bits and pieces of fun:3 little things though out Izuku's childhood all 9 years ahead before get to the high school age XD (Originally planned to go in this chapter but uh... I felt like this was starting to be like a million words when it actually was like just 4k ^_^”) And hopefully you will get that MUCH sooner than this took.

But yes, thank you for being patient with me, you are really wonderful readers! And welcome back if you didn't loose interest after all this time... I'm amazed that there is 4,2k kudos already??!!<3<3<3<3<3 This is kind of my early Christmas present to you:) And who knows? Maybe I get to update again at Christmas, we'll see

As always, comments are welcome<3

Edit: Oh and I almost forgot! I made a tumblr page for this fic! You can come there and say hi and stuff if you would like:) (hopefully the asks work...) Right now I have just reblogged random things that kind of are so me when I'm writing new chapters:) If you ever make fanart of this fic and post it on tumblr you can send it to me to this blog!

https://www.tumblr.com/blog/kopiothefic
The next morning as they all headed to drop Izuku off to school, they begun with searching some teachers, and Hizashi and Shouta stood close by to make sure Izuku would give an appropriate apology. Luckily for them Izuku was quite good at sincerely admitting his wrong doings and apologizing for them. The teacher gave him some scolding but also accepted his apology and Izuku was free to join the other kids and the fathers could leave for work.

Izuku knew exactly that he just had survived the easy part, the easy apology. There was one person he still had to find and he had a feeling he would not be anywhere near as merciful with Izuku, more like furious and explosive possibly.

Izuku found Kacchan in some more secluded corner throwing a ball against the wall over and over again with this angry expression. Izuku was pretty sure this could be something the teachers wouldn’t approve of and he wondered whether Kacchan had been told to stop and he had just ignored that, or had the teachers not been courageous enough to try with how angry Kacchan looked, maybe they just hadn’t caught him doing this yet.

Izuku approached Kacchan without him noticing him. It wasn’t until Izuku spoke a shy and kind of quiet, “Hi Kacchan...” that Kacchan catched the ball he was throwing and froze without throwing it again. It took a few seconds for Katsuki to actually turn to look at Izuku, who was covering where he stood under Kacchan’s angry gaze. A few moments passed in silence until Kacchan turned and continued throwing the ball against the wall without actually acknowledging Izuku.

“U-um… Kacchan?” Izuku tried again tentatively.

“What do you want Deku”, Kacchan growled and the nickname Deku was gritted out with such venom that it felt more like a curse than the endearing, in its own way, nickname that it usually was.

Izuku hesitated a bit, wondering how to go about apologizing to Kacchan.

“Just spit it out already! Even without your annoying muttering I can practically feel you overthinking”, Kacchan prompted in his own brute way. Izuku took a breath to ready himself and…

“I’m sorry Kacchan. I’m sorry for disappearing like I did. I’m sorry that I was away for three days
without saying anything.”

Kacchan stopped his throwing once again just murderously glaring at the wall as he rolled the ball in his hands.

“It was you wasn’t it?” Kacchan finally said and Izuku was instantly confused, not really sure what Kacchan was referring to. Izuku answered with an eloquent questioning, “Uh…?”

“It was you who saved that hero in the TV. We were watching it live from the news, you disappeared and”, here Kacchan made this wondering wave with both of his hands, “surprise motherfuckers! Some mysterious shield appears out of the nowhere to save the day! Leaving everyone wondering who the fuck it was.”

“Um…” was all Izuku could answer with, avoiding Kacchan’s gaze and pulling at the hem of his shirt in nervousness. His dads had told him to keep it a secret since it was really important that people wouldn’t find out that it was him. Katsuki was not satisfied with this answer and was all of a sudden up and right at Izuku’s face.

“So what was it? You just wanted to play the hero. Go out there and be the fucking knight in shining armor to what? Get that stupid hero’s attention? Get praise and glory and make sure the heroes would remember it? Because you are such a tough guy, are you? Huh?” it was here that Kacchan actually pushed Izuku hard enough to send him flying on his ass and Izuku looked up with hopeless and scared eyes at Kacchan, afraid since he had never seen his friend angry like this.

“No…” Izuku got out quietly.

“No?” Kacchan mocked, “I beg to differ Deku . You are nothing but a fucking ass kisser to that stupid incompetent hero wannab-”

“He’s not stupid!” Izuku protested, now with some fire in him since it was his Papa Kacchan was insulting.

“Oh yeah? Then what is he? And why did you feel such a need to go save his stupid ass?”

Anxious tears were welling up in Izuku’s eyes, “He’s my father!”, he yelled in frustration.
Suddenly all of Kacchan’s anger dropped out, he leaned away from Izuku in disbelief and confusion. “What?”

“He’s my Papa…” Izuku said quieter, his shoulders deflating down along with his defences as he sat on the floor.

“A pro hero is your father?” Kacchan still questioned, suspicion in his eyes.

“Yes, two actually. Kind of. Daddy is more of an underground hero.”

Kacchan looked confused again and so Izuku felt the need to explain before he could question it again.

“Present Mic is my Papa. And the underground hero Eraserhead is my Daddy. They are… They are my family.”

Kacchan kept looking at Izuku suspiciously as he processed this information. He had already known that Izuku had two fathers, referring to them as Papa and Daddy quite often. And after a moment he kind of… accepted what Izuku had told and there was this ‘Oh’ -moment on his face when he realised just why Izuku had went and played the hero.

“He’s your father…” Kacchan mumbled. Izuku wasn’t sure if he even meant to say it.

“Yeah…”

Kacchan’s eyebrows scrunched up as he looked Izuku up and down as he tried to figure out how this new information played on his opinion on this whole incident.

“I guess that Radiohead qualifies as a somewhat decent hero”, Kacchan grudgingly muttered, “Fuck knows there’s a lot more butthole heroes out there who can’t tell the difference between punching and kicking.” Katsuki reached down and pulled Izuku up and Izuku couldn’t help the smile pulling at his lips. Kacchan scowled at him the instant he noticed Izuku smiling.
“Now come on… Let’s go throw this ball or something”, Kacchan grunted out while already turning and starting to walk away. Izuku chuckled or well… more or less blew air out of his nose in an amused way. Knowing his best friend this was the best he was getting as far as any kind of an apology could be expected. In any given situation the likelihood that Kacchan would admit he was wrong and also apologize for it? Not likely. No this sort of compliment for Present Mic, changing the subject and “hey, let’s forget everything that just happened” -meanor was Kacchan’s way of saying that he gets it, he forgives Izuku, he’s sorry and let’s just move on. Izuku was sure of it.

As time went on, both Shouta and Hizashi were relieved when eventually the whole “Who saved Present Mic” -scandal pretty much died out and was left in the forgotten mystery box for most of the population. New scandals emerged with other people and Shouta had never been more relieved for useless celebrity gossip that sidelined their scandal. Now the only people interested anymore were the “Earth is flat” kind of crazy conspiracy theorists and to some of the more obsessed mystery and/or Present Mic fans who weren’t ready to move on from this hidden mystery. Shouta and Hizashi considered them harmless enough when they mostly remained on their online platform discussions.

Izuku’s sixth birthday came and went with only small fanfare and it was not long after that that Izuku made an important discovery. His dads both had long hair and he had messy hair that was... much much shorter. And so came forth the important and very serious decision that Izuku wanted long hair too! Long hair that was just like his Papa’s and Daddy’s!

The fathers didn’t really protest this but after a while since first skipping Izuku’s usual cutting time they realised that Izuku was now at that awkward phase where his mop of green hair was long enough to cover his eyes but still too short to put on a pony tail. And so, to avoid Izuku looking like e.g the Old English Sheepdogs or the Puli dogs, they had a phase of silly looking bang ponytails (which in turn made Izuku look much like those lhasa apso dogs with their bangs tied up) and lots and lots of hairbands, in all possible colors and prints and models. They really were the best way to tame Izuku’s hair enough to keep it out of his face.

And eventually, of course, they were rewarded! First came the times when they were able to put all of Izuku’s hair on a ponytail! (Even two if they felt like being wild) And from then on Izuku’s wild messy hair was just a bit easier since it could be braided or tied up pretty much every day.

The photo they took with all three of them with hair on two ponytails (possible only because Izuku begged and Hizashi endorsed him until Shouta begrudgingly admitted defeat) with silly faces sits framed on top of Shouta’s bedside table.
As Izuku got older and older, passing the age of seven and continuing on (like kids do, much too fast it seems) his life started to turn to more and more serious training. While Shouta and Hizashi had a looming feeling that Izuku was going to fulfill his dream of becoming a pro hero, they still considered it also possible that Izuku’s interests might change over the years. Not a big chance since heroes were a huge aspect of Izuku’s life from how the media glorified them and since most, if not all, of his closest family and friends were in one way or another in the hero industry, but there might be… hope… maybe.

Nevertheless, hero or not, Shouta especially felt like in this world of superpowered villains and certain aspects of Izuku’s history it was important for Izuku to learn basic defence techniques and different styles of martial arts. Shouta believed in the art of diversity and unpredictability while fighting and so he wasn’t settling on teaching just one thing to Izuku.

Izuku had already started these trainings officially when he was past six years old when they entered him on some official martial arts classes to learn the basics along with other young students. At home Izuku practiced mostly with Shouta, he corrected his stances and acted as a live punching bag to practise some punching and kicking moves. Once Izuku started getting older and more familiar with fighting techniques they also started light sparring.

And while Izuku was learning to fight and defend for himself, he was also on a quest to learn everything about his quirks. The Shield and the Speed quirks were quite straightforward with how they worked and what their limits were. Izuku just had to train them. So with his Speed quirk he trained so that he could run faster, in multiple different ways and surfaces, with more agility and precision. He was methodical about measuring how fast he could go and cataloguing different tricks he could do using his Speed quirk.

With his Shield quirk he got to learn with Azumi’s guidance how to channel his energy to keep the Shield up, how to make it larger and stronger, how to make it tiny and efficient so he wouldn’t need too much energy to use it. He learned simple limits it had, like he could only make a shield in a significantly small area around himself. He had the ability to stretch it to a decent amount but he could not make a small shield and send it to protect someone else far away from him, no, he kind of had to be there. Luckily his Speed quirk would certainly be of use when trying to reach people to shield them, he concluded.

The more and more he trained and learned, the more they felt like his quirks, not just quirks that he had gotten. Especially since he had gotten them so young, quite close to getting his original quirk in fact. He pretty much could remember always having them and these days they actually felt a very natural and essential part of him.

When it came to his og quirk, Izuku realized that naming it when he was four years old had not been the best time… These days he found the name TGC for Take, Give and Copy much too clumpy, literal and hard to remember. He needed something… lighter, more teasing, more fun. After all
quirks were usually named in pretty simple ways, eg. Erasure, Explosion, Voice, granted these quirks were also pretty self explanatory and didn’t have such distinctive different ways to use them in the same quirk. Izuku’s quirk was almost like four quirks together! He could take a quirk from someone and give it back, of course. But he could also sense quirks, it was almost like seeing them and then understanding what they were like and how they worked but really, Izuku still couldn’t really find a proper way to explain just how he felt the sense part. It was like a completely different way of feeling something just like touch, smell, taste, sight and hearing were all completely different from each other. In a way it was a sixth sense for him. When he was sensing a quirk, he could with a quick “glance” get a general idea of the quirk, on a more deep and concentrated “look” he could start understanding the different ways it could be used and some hidden aspects even the owners might not have found out about yet.

And of course the sense part was essential for him when making copies. Making copies on the fly with a completely unfamiliar quirk? Practically impossible if he wanted the copies to last more than five seconds. No, Izuku always needed time, concentration and the host quirk. Over the years Izuku’s main practice quirks were almost always his fathers’ quirks Voice and Erasure. And after dozens of times of copying them, they started to be pretty much engraved in Izuku’s mind. He could remember exactly how to make them but he could not make them without the original quirk being nearby enough.

By far, when learning about the aspects of his quirk, the copy side had been priority number one. Mastering taking and giving was pretty easy and straightforward and copying a quirk from a distance also trained taking a quirk from a distance so what with Izuku not planning on taking that much quirks, he wanted to focus on copying them.

So things that he had learned; there were three main rules to copying. Number one rule of copying: Can’t do it by memory or imagination. Izuku could, as stated, learn to remember exactly how to make them though and so he could copy them almost instantly once he was close enough to do so at least.

Number two rule of copying: They would never last. With practise Izuku was getting better and better at making the copies, which did prolong their life expectancy significantly from the first times he made them. But they would always break and disappear eventually, even without using them. It almost seemed like there was an invisible expiry date on them. The more simple, less energy demanding quirks lasted longer, used or not, than the more complex, flashy, energy consuming quirks. But without a doubt they never lasted forever. Using them made their existence period a lot shorter, usually making them break while in use. This was pretty important thing for Izuku to always consider, because while Dad’s quirk Erasure was a great quirk to copy and use (in Izuku’s hypothetical future situation of fighting villains where he could use Erasure to his advantage just like Dad), there was a really big chance that the copy would break and he could not make a new one alone. And so Izuku made sure to remember that he couldn’t rely on his copies that much.

And then there was number three rule of copying: They were cheap. Ignoring the fact that the copies might disappear mid use, they also weren’t perfect copies. They were never as strong, never as
quick, never as flawless as the originals. In his mind Izuku compared them to fake copies of a brand product. Seemingly the same but when you looked closer and more carefully, you noticed the differences and the flaws. The copies not being as strong as the originals could possibly be from not being able to train the copy like you would a quirk or the copying aspect not just being able to touch and create a perfect copy what with it relying on Izuku’s sensing abilities to understand the quirks when making copies. Izuku wasn’t exactly certain what the cause was but he had accepted that it would always be like that.

These were the main limits Izuku knew about his copying ability. But with training he could try to minimize these limits as much as possible and so he did.

What with all that done, back to the new name Izuku had been considering for his quirk. Something simple and a little more fun, he thought.

Izuku set the notebook down looking at the text on the cover with a sense of sureness and “Yes, this will do” -mindset, it read “Quirk analysis I; Cut, Copy, Paste”.

When Izuku was eight, his father asked him an interesting question.

“Hey Zuzu”, Hizashi started with English as Izuku was already trying to learn it, “have you ever tried giving someone’s quirk to someone other than the person you got it from?”

Izuku had been busy writing on his notebook, after hearing the question he straightened his back and turned towards his Papa with a thoughtful look as he thought about it.

“No… I don’t think I have actually”, Izuku finally answered. “It hasn’t really occurred to me to even try actually...” And now that he had acknowledged it he started to wonder why he had never considered trying that out.

Hizashi was already getting excited as you could imagine what he wanted to try next. “Let’s do it now! You can flip my and Dad’s quirks! Hey Shouta, come here!” Hizashi yelled out towards the living room.

It took awhile for Shouta to walk into the kitchen, slightly annoyed and with one eyebrow raised in question. “What?” he asked, ever so straightforward.
“We need your help with an experimentation!” Hizashi informed happily.

“And that would be exactly?” Shouta asked, still a bit sceptical while leaning on the kitchen’s door frame.

“Izuku taking your quirk, giving it to me and then giving my quirk to you!”

Shouta raised his eyebrows and turned his gaze from Hizashi to Izuku while thinking.

“Do you want to do this?” Shouta asked Izuku.

“I hadn’t thought about it before but now I do think that it could be an interesting thing to test and discover. There might even be situations where it could be applied to! Maybe... I haven’t really gotten the chance to properly consider it. But maybe I should try and find out if this is even possible”, Izuku said, hand on his chin as he thought and half mumbled.

Shouta sighed but also shrugged, used to being Izuku’s guinea pig in his quirk training. “Alright then, let’s get this done. I still have some work to do”, Shouta said.

“Okay!” Izuku exclaimed, now excited too as he jumped from his chair to reach Hizashi first. He placed his hand briefly on his shoulder while he took his quirk. To Hizashi it was only a brief warm feeling before he could feel that his quirk was now gone. Next Izuku walked to Shouta and repeated the process of taking his quirk and giving the Voice quirk to him all in the same touch. Izuku retreated slowly, feeling out if the quirk might somehow reject this new person and jump back to him much like a whole quirk would always return to him like a magnet to iron if he tried to push it away without placing it back to its owner. While Izuku waited for the pounce back he thought how that would mean that he also had a special ability to also store other people’s quirks while others couldn’t.

The quirk never came back and Izuku took a deep breath and let go some of his tension that had gathered during this brief moment.

“There, you now have Papa’s quirk. How does it feel?” Izuku asked Shouta with a smile.

Shouta hummed in consideration and his hand raised up to feel his throat. “I do feel it in a way... As
if something changed just slightly just now. But it doesn’t hurt or feel wrong really”, Shouta answered.

“That change is probably from how your quirk affects your eyes but Papa’s affects the vocal cords.”

“Be careful now too! We don’t want our eardrums bleeding”, Hizashi piped in with finger guns.

“Yeah, yeah”, Shouta agreed.

Izuku was now walking towards Hizashi and, excited, Hizashi offered his hand for him to take. With concentration Izuku now focused on the Erasure quirk he had to transfer from him to Hizashi. It transferred pretty much the same as with Shouta and well, any other time he gave a quirk back to someone. Hizashi blinked his eyes rapidly as Izuku could sense the quirk settling there.

“Ha… You can kind of feel something changing you’re not used to changing”, Hizashi agreed once he stopped blinking from the strange feeling.

The transfer was a success! Quirks could be given to other than the original owners. This meant so many things, Izuku had to be sure to remember to write everything down a little later…

“So, should we try out using our quirks?” Hizashi asked with a smirk. One second later his eyes were turning red and his hair that was open and brushed out on his shoulders raised up, but much in a different way from how he styled it for his hero look. Izuku was surprised to feel this small tinge of… fear. Red eyes and spookily floating hair? Totally normal when it came to Dad, Izuku got to see those eyes almost every day if he activated his Speed quirk unintentionally. But now those same features in Papa? Papa who was always full of energy and smiling and loud and fun and would ruffle his hair even if he had a moment ago berated Izuku of some little thing… On Papa the red eyes looked scary.

“Woah cool!” Hizashi said, “And damn… Keeping your eyes open is hard man. My eyes are itching already…”

Izuku was feeling more and more uncomfortable as Hizashi activated the quirk again after blinking. “What do you think, Izuku? Cool right?” Hizashi asked Izuku but as he turned to Izuku he noticed the way fear was etched in his eyes.
“Woah Zuzu, you okay? Is something wrong?” he asked, worried, while he pulled Izuku close to give him a hug. Izuku wiped his eyes even though he hadn’t even cried yet and shook his head.

“You- You just looked so different. It looked scary”, Izuku admitted while avoiding his Papa’s gaze a little, feeling childish about the way he reacted to the whole thing. Hizashi just hugged him closer and pressed his cheek to Izuku’s braid.

“It’s okay Zuzu, it’s still me.” Izuku gave a small nod and was already feeling better.

“And anyway it’s Daddy’s turn. Show us what you got tough guy”, Hizashi challenged with a smirk and Izuku turned to look at his Dad with new curiosity in his eyes.

Shouta looked a little resigned about the thing but obediently took a breath and with an activated Voice quirk said, “Testing, testing, one, two, three”, in the most monotone voice possible and it sounded like someone was testing the loud speakers. As he ended he gave a shrug and said, “Seems to be working.” Hizashi was giving him a look for “Really? Can’t you be at least a little excited about this?”.

“Wow! You really can use each other’s quirks even though they are not yours! Why hadn’t I ever thought to test this out before?”

“That’s great and all Palm tree, but I should return to some silly paperwork, how about you change our quirks back now?” Shouta asked and reached a hand for Izuku to come take.

“Okay”, Izuku agreed without that much objections. He could always test this out more later on. He quickly walked over to Shouta to take his quirk (he could do this from a distance of course but a touch made it just a bit easier so..), he was then returning to Hizashi to take the Erasure quirk back and give him the Voice quirk.

But Hizashi pulled his hand away before Izuku could reach it, “Hey wait a second, if this was your first time giving a different quirk from their own to someone, you haven’t ever given someone more than one quirk either, have you?”

“Well… No, I haven’t”, Izuku agreed thoughtfully.

“Should we test that out too? Two birds one stone and all that, right?”
“Yeah, I think we could!” Izuku agreed excitedly.

“Lay it on me”, Hizashi encouraged while offering his hand as if for low five, Izuku gently slammed his hand to his Papa’s.

While moving the quirk from himself to Hizashi Izuku did feel this… small resistance. Yet the quirk also quite willingly fitted itself from Izuku back to its owner and it didn’t jump back when Izuku pulled his hand away. Izuku watched his Papa with his head tilted as he followed how he would react to it.

“Huh…” Hizashi said, his eyebrows scrunching a little, “this does feel a bit… weird.”

“Do you think you can try using one of them? Or two like I do?” This might be pushing it because even Izuku had to concentrate really hard to be able to use more than two quirks at the same time and he was just learning how to get the hang of it.

“Yeah sure just give me a second”, Hizashi mumbled, there was a bit of sweat gathering over his temples and he seemed tense. “Okay, okay… Here we go…”

Again, Izuku felt a bit uncomfortable when his Papa activated the Erasure quirk and his eyes turned red and glowing. It was fine at first even if it did make him feel a bit uneasy, but then Hizashi opened his mouth and barely any sound left and he seemed to…

“Papa”, Izuku asked tentatively. Papa’s gaze was set forward and unmoving and he still had the red eyes. He wasn’t moving at all, at all.

“Papa”, Izuku repeated with a bit more alarm and even reached out to shake him out. The red was so intense… Like staring straight into a burning flame that burned and burned... It was… spreading. Red lines were starting to appear around Papa’s eyes.

“Papa!” Izuku exclaimed, this time really shaking him, even trying to take the quirk away or do… something. Of course he couldn’t because the red eyes were staring right at him, erasing all of his quirks. “Papa stop!”
“Izuku, take the quirk away”, came Shouta’s stern voice behind him. Really, Hizashi hadn’t been frozen more than a handful of seconds but the red lines were definitely spreading and getting stronger.

“I can’t, I can’t use my quirk”, Izuku said, panic lining his voice. Then Dad’s hand was there covering Papa’s eyes all together and Izuku could feel the rush of being connected to his quirks once more. Gripping even tighter where his hands were connected to his Papa’s arms, Izuku reached out for the Erasure quirk and yanked, which was a very violent way of taking a quirk than Izuku had done… like ever. But the results were also immedient. Hizashi took a huge gulp of breath into his lungs and leaned away from them, breathing heavily and reaching out to hold his head and cover his eyes with his hands.

“Hizashi, are you alright?” asked Shouta, clear and strong. Yet Izuku barely heard it over the beating sound of his heartbeat in his ears.

“Fuck…” Hizashi muttered.

“Let me see your eyes please”, Shouta said and reached gently for one of the hands Hizashi had lifted to cover his eyes. Slowly Hizashi let his hand be removed and to their relief the angry lines had faded considerably even if they could still see the faint lines there.

“Are you alright?”

“Yeah… Yeah I think so. I just got a headache”, Hizashi answered.

“Maybe you should go lie down for awhile”, Shouta suggested and Hizashi nodded. Izuku watched with worry from beside them.

“B-But what if it’s something more serious? Shouldn’t Papa go to a doctor?” Izuku asked, a tinge of panic still keeping him in its hold.

“It’s okay Zuzu”, Hizashi tried to assure but the smile he gave to Izuku was shaky and pained and it didn’t convince Izuku at all, “The headache is already easing, I just need to rest for a bit, okay? It’s gonna be fine.”

“But…” Izuku tried to protest but was lost for words as Hizashi got up from where he had been
sitting. Shouta was still supporting him.

“Just a small nap okay? I’ll go to a doctor if the headache won’t go away, but I’ll be fine, I promise.”

Izuku didn’t know how to protest anymore and Hizashi and Shouta were already walking away slowly. Hiding his lips and dropping his voice to a barely heard whisper Shouta leaned close to Hizashi to ask, “Are you sure you’re okay?”

Hizashi could barely respond, “I don’t know I feel…” when he fainted on the spot.

“Papa!”

Luckily Hizashi hadn’t stayed unconscious for long when he first passed out, just long enough to really worry Izuku and Shouta. After that they hadn’t accepted Hizashi’s protests and they had went to the hospital to make sure nothing hidden was looming anywhere to create unnecessary pain and danger. The doctor had been able to clear him of worries about brain bleeds or anything more serious after some brain scans and tests. Hizashi wore sunglasses to ease his eyes from the light and got some pain pills to take in case he couldn’t sleep because of the headache. After the hospital visit and Izuku spending the rest of the night being borderline hysterical, the three returned back to their home. Fortunately enough Hizashi assured that he was starting to feel normal when he woke up the next morning after a tense night of Shouta worrying and Izuku waking them up a couple times when he came to make sure Papa was still okay.

It really seemed that they had survived with only a scare. But Izuku would never forget what it looked like when Papa’s eyes burned red with lines burning his face and how he fell to the floor like a puppet without strings when he fainted.

Izuku now swore to himself to never give multiple quirks to anyone ever again.

Izuku was getting pretty experienced with his hand to hand combat styles. He completed the stances and moves with the right technique and little by little Shouta had to work just a little harder when they were sparring. Of course, Izuku was still years away from reaching his level but he had learned
a lot. Izuku was not a prodigy but he had learned and sharpened his skills with hard work and dedicated practice.

Izuku was now ten. All of the training he did had made him lean with muscle as much as a ten year old could or should be. Meaning he pretty much still looked like a twig but also packed a mean punch. Izuku was also pretty deadly with how small, fast, agile and flexible he was which gave him an advantage sometimes.

But Shouta didn’t really realise the kind of opponent he had created before he introduced the idea of being able to use quirks while sparring. For now it had been very clear that they wouldn’t spar with any extra powers other than their skills and muscle. When suggesting the idea of using quirks, Izuku was quick to be excited about the idea. And it took Shouta about one second to regret his decision when he found himself flipped to the ground literally a second (or less) from Hizashi announcing to start. He lay there on the floor baffled and trying to figure out what happened while laughter rung out from the sidelines.

“Oh… Oh God…” Hizashi could barely get the words out over his laughter, “I wish I could have gotten that on like super slow mo because I just know I missed something great with how fast Izuku did that!”

“Dad are you okay?” asked Izuku while leaning over to look at Shouta’s face, his braid falling over his shoulder when he tilted his head in question.

“Oh… Yeah, no worries Zucchini”, Shouta got out, finally shaking himself out of his surprise. It wasn’t like this was the first time ever that Izuku had downed his dad on the floor. Sometimes it had been for practise so that Izuku could know how to get someone pretty much twice his size down on the ground without too much exertion. A few times Izuku had even managed it in sparring but Shouta never fought him with full force or dedication really so even in those times if it had been a real fight, Shouta could have managed to find a way to block it or turn the situation around. This time Shouta hadn’t had time to even realise what was happening before it happened and he had been caught completely by surprise.

“You sure Dad?” Izuku asked and Shouta nodded while already moving to a starting position.

“Yeah, yeah, come on let’s try again.”

And so they did. And this time Shouta managed to keep himself from getting thrown on his ass in a millisecond. But as they kept practising more and more while using quirks, Shouta quickly realised that he would meet the ground or take some pretty good hits if he failed to keep his quirk activated
on Izuku from the moment they started. The only chance he had on winning was to take Izuku down as quickly as possible while erasing his quirks or he would find himself losing sight of Izuku for only a blink which allowed Izuku to activate his speed quirk and with that Izuku was *really* hard to catch, even with his eyes, which in turn meant that Izuku would come for lightning quick strikes and takedowns. Sometimes even enforcing the copy of *his* Erasure quirk on *him*, so that he couldn’t use the Erasure on Izuku at which point he was opponent on Izuku’s speed and shield and pretty much always defeated pretty quickly.

For years it had been Shouta teaching Izuku and taking their sparring with a sense of ease, but with quirks involved, Shouta found himself on the receiving end of training and learning. He had noticed that these lessons had actually *improved* himself when it came to being quick, agile and taking his opponent down fast. But sometimes he also wondered if he should be wary of the fact that his eleven-year-old son could defeat him if they ever fought for real.

Those thoughts were always brief and incredulous when Izuku always came to make sure his Dad was alright when ever their spar had ended. And Izuku would always smile and hug him and be so happy that he got to train with his Dad that Shouta was extremely positive that there just was no chance of Izuku ever hurting him or anyone he cared about intentionally or with evil intentions. No he was just too pure for that.

When Izuku was almost fourteen he decided to give his father a heart attack.

“Papa isn’t really my father is he?”

Shouta could only thank the God that he had just been *about to* take a sip of coffee and had not actually taken it just yet so now he just froze in place after hearing the question instead of spitting it out or choking on it or something else nasty like that. The coffee cup was raised to his lips ready to be sipped as Shouta sat completely still and tried to process The Question.

“Why do you ask that, Izuku?” Shouta finally asked as a response and set the coffee cup down without taking a sip, looking at Izuku seriously.

“Kids have a mother and a father, and they usually inherit their quirk from one of them, getting something similar of of one of the parent’s quirk or getting a mixture of both”, here Izuku gave a small pause looking at Shouta for confirmation and he gave a slow nod to agree, “Well, the Voice
quirk is nothing like mine. And the Erasure is somewhat similar, probably extremely mutated from the way you can disconnect people’s quirks and I can completely remove them. So if I have a mother and a father and you are both men, meaning only one of you could be my father then it must be you and not Hizashi. Right?” Izuku spoke in his familiar analytical way meaning he had given this a lot of thought but there was also a edge of nervousness in him that Shouta noticed.

Shouta took a long pause to consider how to approach this conversation. He decided to prolong answering just a little. It wasn’t like they hadn’t expected the topic to arise eventually and they could consider themselves lucky that they had gotten through thirteen years before this faithful event. At last it seemed that Izuku would get to know just a little bit more about himself.

“How would that make you feel? Would you think differently of Hizashi or think him less as your father than before?” Shouta asked.

Izuku gave this a moment of thought with his eyebrows scrunching up before answering, “No… He still raised me, he’s still my Papa, that will never change.”

“Okay well… You are partly right. Hizashi… isn’t your biological father. But the thing you got wrong is that despite me having a similar quirk to yours, I’m not your biological father either. In fact, we adopted you.”

Izuku let out a tiny “Oh…” and stared at the kitchen tabletop for awhile. “Do… Do you know who they were then?” He finally asked and there wasn’t much mistaking who “they” were.

“We don’t… Not for sure at least. The way we adopted you wasn’t that… conventional…”

“Then how did you adopt me?”

Shouta sighed. He would have preferred that Hizashi was here too for this conversation but he was at work and there wasn’t really a way to put off this conversation since it had already started. He was… scared, in a way, of how Izuku might react to hearing all this. How it might change the way he viewed himself or them.

“It’s a long story… But I guess the gist of it is that the police force had recovered information about a possible villain hideout. There was a raid where a team of heroes arrested some wanted villains and found evidence of illegal activity. But there was one thing we found that wasn’t expected. A baby”, here Shouta stared seriously right at Izuku’s eyes, “That baby was you.”
“I was… I was found from a villain’s lair?”

“Yes… You needed a home, we fell in love with you and adopted you… We never found your biological parents. There is a chance that you had been kidnapped but there hadn’t been any kidnapping cases in your age frame anywhere in the area. Any record of you being born couldn’t be found. And so there is the possibility that you might be biologically…”

“A villain’s son”, Izuku finished before Shouta could. Izuku’s eyes were round with shock and his hands were squeezed into fists.

“Yes…” Shouta said, not elaborating any further even though he could go on that they had a strong suspect who could be Izuku’s father, All for One. In thirteen years there had been no sign of him. Chief Tsurugamae remained convinced that All for one was dead and Hizashi liked to believe it too but Shouta never could quite shake the feeling that it might not be so.

Izuku had remained silent for awhile and Shouta felt the need to make something sure.

“Look Izuku, I hope this doesn’t change anything for you. Even if you are biologically a villain’s son, it does not define you. Your DNA does not define you. The people who you love, the people who love you, the things you have experienced, the things you have done, the things you want to be and what you dream are what define you. You are you and only you and no one can tell you who you are but yourself.”

Izuku chuckled. “Papa’s right, you are a sap”, he said with a smirk.

Shouta snorted and reached out to ruffle Izuku’s hair even if it was on a ponytail. “Smartass”, he commented.

Izuku seemed to sober up a bit while still seeming a bit slumber and so Shouta knew that this wouldn’t be leaving Izuku’s mind for awhile. Despite that Izuku gave his dad a small smile and told him he still had some homework before leaving and heading to his room. Shouta watched his back as it disappeared from sight and sighed, raising his hands to rub his temples and try to let go some of his anxiety over the situation. He had to remember to tell about this to Hizashi later on.
The conversation did not stop bugging Izuku. It kept popping into his mind more than once all day every day. He found himself researching villains and their quirks and wondering if one of them were his biological parent. Was his father a villain? Or his mother? Were they both villains?

Izuku wasn’t really bothered that he was adopted or that neither Dad or Papa were his parents biologically. He knew they were his fathers no matter what. He also knew that if he found who his “real” parents were he could not see them as his parents. They shared his DNA, yes, but they hadn’t raised him and so Izuku didn’t feel that connection to them.

If he had been just a normal adopted kid, he was pretty sure he could have just been fine with not knowing about or ever meeting his parents. But the fact that they might be villains… That they had done bad things and hurt other people, killed other people? That was the part Izuku couldn’t let go, it seemed. He felt… tainted in a way even though his fathers assured him that his DNA did not define him. What if they weren’t just villains, what if they were evil? What if something like that was inside Izuku too?

“Deku.” A finger poked at his cheek and Izuku turned with a startle. Kacchan was looking at him angrily and Izuku realised he had been lost in his thought, again, for quite awhile. Just walking ahead robotically. He probably would have hit a wall if one had been in his path.

“What is wrong with you? You’ve been acting all weird for days!” Kacchan demanded angrily and Izuku ducked into his shoulders in embarrassment.

“S-Sorry… There’s a lot on my mind right now.”

Kacchan gave a dry unhumorous chuckle, “When isn’t that head of yours full to the brim with all kinds of nonsense. It never stops you from muttering a fucking dictionary from your mouth every second of the day. So what the fuck is it, Deku?”

Izuku sighed and closed his eyes, knowing there was not much of a way to get out of this now. He had to tell something.

“I uh… I found out I was adopted”, he finally said.

Kacchan gave an understanding grunt, “Right… I guess that might upset you.”
Izuku was silent for a second too long before agreeing with a hum. He… He couldn’t tell Kacchan that it wasn’t the adoption that bothered him. He couldn’t tell him that he might be a villains son. They walked in silence for a moment and Izuku shyly peeked out of the corner of his eye at Kacchan to see what he was thinking. Katsuki seemed to be pondering on this new information with scrunched eyebrows. At least he wasn’t demanding more details, which well... wouldn’t be much like him anyway.

They were almost at the school when a shout from another road stopped them. Confused they stopped and looked towards where the sound game from. It was a smaller street, practically an alley. With a glance at each other they started walking towards the sound.

What they found was a kid, on the ground, younger than them, covering in fear and another kid, standing above him, seemingly older than them, with their hand squeezed into a fist and looking down threateningly at the kid.

“Give me your money, you runt, or you will be sorry”, said the attacker. How cliche of him.

“Hey!” Kacchan yelled sharply and the boy turned towards them. “Leave that extra alone you fucker!”

“Or what?” the boy chuckled, “You’ll make me?” he said mockingly.

“Oh you just watch”, Kacchan growled.

In a moment Kacchan had sent off some explosions. Pretty harmless ones with how strong Kacchan’s explosion really could be but strong enough to make the boy stagger. Izuku used his Speed to get to the kid on the ground and bring him back to the crossroad where he could get to school.

“Go on, get to class, we will take care of that guy”, Izuku assured to the baffled boy and nodded his head towards the bully.

“T-Thanks”, the boy muttered before rushing off. Izuku turned back to Kacchan and the bully.
“You ready to beg on your knees for mercy now? Or do you need a better asswhooping for your bad behavior?” Kacchan asked mockingly with a smug grin on his face. He knew that it was now two against one bully, a little unfair maybe, but he deserved it if he was going around threatening kids younger than himself. The boy was practically seething but didn’t say anything.

“Didn’t think so”, Kacchan remarked and turned, ready to leave for school again. If they didn’t leave for school soon, they would be late to first class. Izuku smiled at his friend, satisfied that together they had protected someone from a bully without anything too dramatic.

They hadn’t been able to walk more than few steps before a shout was heard from behind them.

“You know what asswipe? Take this!” And before they could do anything, Kacchan was suddenly inside a pinkish bubble.

“Izuku!” Izuku exclaimed and reached to touch the bubble and Kacchan raised his hands to touch the surface too from the inside. They both quickly realised that it was solid and hard. Kacchan tried punching it but it didn’t even make a noise outside of the bubble.

Izuku turned to the bully who was now smirking as he watched Kacchan trapped inside the bubble. “Let him go!” Izuku demanded.

“No?” he said incredulously, “That fucker had this coming.”

Izuku turned back to the bubble and banged his fist against it yelling Kacchan’s name. Kacchan didn’t seem to hear him. In fact he didn’t even seem to see him. Izuku watched as Kacchan was looking around the bubble assessing his surrounding before pointing each of his palms on either side of the bubble and firing some explosions. Izuku could see the explosions but he could not hear them and they did not affect the bubble. Kacchan was getting visibly more angry and frustrated, furiously firing and firing explosions on all sides of the bubble without causing any real damage.

It all seemed to change quite fast, Kacchan’s explosions were getting smaller. They seemed to have left some soot marks around the bubble but nothing more. Izuku realised the true danger when he saw Kacchan reaching for his throat and gasping for breath.

He heard a chuckle and turned to look at the bully, “Usually it takes quite a while for the oxygen to run out but I guess your friend’s explosions speeded up the process a bit. Combustion does burn oxygen after all…”
Panicked, Izuku turned back to Kacchan who had sunk to his knees and was visibly asphyxiating for air. “Stop this! He can’t breathe!” Izuku yelled but the bully only smiled. It didn’t take Izuku long to realise that he would need to take action.

He tried some quick strikes at the bubble from all sides using his Speed and fighting skills. They didn’t do anymore damage than Katsuki’s explosions. And so he turned towards the boy, activating his Erasure copy and staring murderously at the boy with his red eyes and flowing hair. Yet even that didn’t have an effect on the prison surrounding Kacchan.

*His quirk must work in an on-off way. He’s not keeping this bubble up with his quirk, it’s getting its energy from somewhere else and only he can make it disappear. The Erasure quirk won’t help.* Izuku realised as he stared at the bubble in sinking horror. Kacchan had completely collapsed to the bottom of the bubble by now and he was breathing very shallowly. Izuku didn’t have much time.

Still thinking quickly he used his Speed to get to the boy, a punch was enough for Izuku to rip the fucking Bubble quirk out of the boy before rushing back to the bubble with Speed to slam his hands on the bubble’s surface. None of this taking more than a second.

Activating the off switch of the Bubble quirk Izuku made it pop and Kacchan dropped to the ground breathing in a huge gulp of breath when air returned back around him. It made him cough and gasp for more breath and Izuku kneeled beside him to place a soothing hand on Kacchan’s back.

“It’s okay. You’re okay. Just breathe, just breathe…” Izuku guided, borderline panicked as well but feeling relief overflow him now that Kacchan was free again.

Little by little Kacchan managed to steady his breathing but he was obviously a little exhausted from almost choking to death. Izuku kept rubbing at his back.

Their cooling down moment was ruined by an angry shout, “What the fuck did you do to me? Where’s my quirk!” Izuku reluctantly turned to scowl at the boy.

“I’ll give it back, you undeserving fuck llama if you learn to shut your a-hole”, Izuku growled out and even activated Erasure because burning red eyes could be quite the intimidation factor. The boy did look visibly startled but also conflicted about demanding for his quirk back.

“You stole it! Give it back!”
“Shut up!” Izuku yelled, activating the Voice copy. It was loud and powerful enough to send the fucker on his ass.

A movement under his hand caught his attention and Izuku quickly turned to Kacchan, worry overwriting the previous fury on his face.

“Kacchan, are you okay?” He asked as he started to sit up and even stand up. Izuku quickly got on his feet as well. Katsuki’s breathing was still a bit labored but definitely calmer. The look in his eyes was nowhere near calm as he stared at the boy down the street.

As he started to march for the boy Izuku decided to just let him go. The boy was stupid enough to get up from the ground and open his mouth to no doubt demand something again when Kacchan landed a punch on his face that sent him on the ground again. Izuku walked leisurely to the duo.

“That’s for almost asphyxiating me you motherfucking dumb beetle”, Kacchan growled.

Izuku looked from the seething boy on the ground to Kacchan before placing his hand gently on Kacchan’s shoulder. Kacchan startled like he was ready to bite his hand off before realising it was him and relaxing.

“We should head back to class, we are gonna be late”, Izuku said calmly. Kacchan looked at the boy on the ground in a manner one would look at stepped shit on their shoe. With a grunt he turned and started to stomp his way off.

“You’re fucking villains! You will pay for this!” the boy threatened weakly, quite clearly not having much fire behind his words anymore.

Izuku turned to look at the boy again, feeling eerily calm as he tilted his head and tried to figure out the boy. He leaned over him and actually took a hold of the front of his shirt to lift him up a little.

“If you ever hurt my friend, or anyone else for that matter, I will find you and I will hurt you. I will take your quirk and suffocate you with it myself before I pull your spine out of your ass and sent it to your mother. Do you understand me?” Izuku whispered with his eyes glowing red. Stunned to the point of being frozen like a statue the boy could barely nod. Izuku smirked with satisfaction and dropped the boy with his quirk back, calmly turning and starting to walk away.
He never heard a peep from behind him.

They arrived to class late of course but the teacher barely scolded them because kids with powerful quirks sometimes got a bit of special treatment. They walked to their seats and for almost the rest of the day Izuku sat frozen, not hearing a single word from the teacher all day as he kept repeating the events that had just unfolded in his head.

He kept seeing Kacchan gasping for breath. He kept hearing the boys words. *You stole it. You're a villain!* He kept repeating what he said to the boy in the end over and over again until it started to feel like an out of body experience. *Give it back!* Rang out in his head and an entirely different voice was shouting it than just the bully, older, stronger, angrier. A way more bigger man over him. Hurting him. *What the fuck did you do to my quirk you fucking brat?* Kacchan was gasping for breath. He was gasping for breath, trying to claw the man’s hands from his throat with his small hands. *You're a villain!* Your parents might have been villains. Villain, after villain, after villain, quirk after quirk. Was he my father? He killed five people. Was he my mother? He tried to rob a hospital out of medicine. He took his quirk. *You stole it!* He was a villain, a villain, a villain…

“But why bother… You all know you want to go to the hero track!” The teacher announced while throwing a bunch of career aptitude tests into the air and the whole class broke into cheers and demonstrations of their quirks which finally broke Izuku out of his internal panic and back to the real world. The student were all very excited and the teacher tried half assedly to calm them before Kacchan’s voice called out over everyone.

“Hey teach! Don’t lob me in with these bunch of losers.” *Kacchan*... “Me and Deku are the real deal. These guys will be lucky to end up as sidekicks to some busted D-Lister, hah!” he announced cockily and sent the rest of the class into outrage and Izuku tiredly sinking into his desk. Kacchan continued to challenge the class until finally the teacher’s notation of Kacchan aiming for UA quickly sent all of them in awe. Izuku kind of tuned out once again when Kacchan jumped on his desk and laid out how he and Deku were gonna bust their way into UA and rise up to the very top of the hero world, even past All Might.

Usually Izuku would have confidently agreed that they would apply for UA together and become heroes. But right now the word *villain* kept repeating and repeating inside his head. *Could he really be a hero?*

The class and day was over before he knew it and Izuku was startled out of staring at his notebook by Kacchan when the whole classroom had already emptied out of all else apparently.
“C’mon Deku. Let’s get going already!” Kacchan demanded and Izuku blinked slowly at him, his brain seemingly working with only half its usual speed.

“I- I actually have an errand I have to do in the opposite direction”, he lied, “You can go on without me.”

Katsuki stared at Izuku with a long doubting look before shrugging and turning.

“Alright, fine then. See you tomorrow!” he called out with a wave as he walked out the door without looking back. Izuku sighed with relief that his lied had gone through because he really needed some time to himself right now.

His walk home was slow and immersed with all thousand and one thoughts running through his head. The theme didn’t much differ from what he had been thinking while in class.

He was just passing an underground and still so lost in his head that he completely missed the sound of a manhole covering flying open and something coming out of it. Yet something did catch his attention and he had just turned and registered a hulking green mountain of sludge before him when that sludge was already lunging for him and quickly shoving itself down his throat and nostrils.

“I can’t breathe! Izuku tried to claw the sludge surrounding his mouth away but the liquid only passed through his fingers. He could barely move in the substance. And in his panic he couldn’t figure out anything to do to defend himself from an attack like this. He was completely at this villains mercy and quickly losing strength with how he was running out of oxygen.

No, this can’t be the end… Somebody! Help!

“Have no fear, you’re safe! Now that I am here that is!”

Being blown out by a Texas Smash that completely annihilated the sludge around him wasn’t exactly gentle but Izuku was still very thankful for being able to breathe before passing out. Strangely
enough, he thought that he saw All Might right before the world turned dark.

Chapter End Notes

See now I hope you don't think of this as a cliffhanger since all the exciting bits already happened and you kind of know what's coming next? Anyway hoo boy did I give you a long update (likeee.... sixteen pages:D and in under a month even! Go me! I hope you enjoyed it:) I hope it didn't feel too rushed:) There was a lot of stuff that happened and I would really appreciate your feedback about them<3

We are at UA age ou yeah! Canon plot points introduced to the fic! And it took me only like... 90k words lol XD

Also: thanks to wancemcwain for the Zucchini nickname suggestion! Used that and I think Shouta will use it again too because it really is a good green nickname for or Zuzu boy! Thanks to Roxxane_Uminazo, I decided to include the first Kacchan scene inspired by them! And thanks to MirrorShard who had mentioned Cut, Copy, Paste quirk name, I decided to take that into use:) I really love your suggestions and theories so go ahead and tell them and I might include them if they fit! Green related nicknames are very useful! I love your comments and gasping 4,5k+ kudos so much! Thank you all! It's because of you I want to keep working on this fic!

I've adopted myself a cat resently and while she is cute as hell she is also quite good at distracting me from writing XD and demanding I give her attention or go to sleep at times... In the future blame her for late chapters, lol

Again my tumblr page is https://www.tumblr.com/blog/kopiothefic
if you wanna check that out:) I have a habit of answering comments here on ao3 only when I update the new chapter so you can get more instant replies to your questions about this fic on tumblr!
Quick recap: Izuku got old, found out about his villain background, fought a really mean boy who said some really mean stuff, got attacked by the Sludge villain and is now about to meet All Might...

When Izuku’s consciousness finally started to come back to earth from the dark nothingness, he blinked his eyes open and immediately shut them tight again to block out the burning sun right in front of his eyes. Only, his eyelids did not help in the matter because it was not his sight and sun blinding him into oblivion but his Sense and a quirk.

All these years Izuku had concluded that the Sense part of his quirk was quite untasking and subconscious so he didn’t really bother to figure out how to turn it off, but now he found himself quickly trying to figure it out, or at the frigging least dim it down a little! It was going to give him a headache by this rate.

Moderately successful Izuku blinked his eyes open once more to finally see who this person with obnoxiously attention seeking quirk was.

“A-A-All Might!” Izuku couldn’t help but exclaim when he recognised the hero leaning over him. As a response All Might straightened his back and let out a booming All Might -laughter.

“Ikeonely observed, my boy! I’m happy to see you’re alright! Sorry, I didn’t mean to get you caught up in the middle of things!”

Izuku was freaking out, barely listening to All Might speak, distantly he wondered why he was freaking out so much even when he knew and hung around so many Pro Heroes in his life on regular basis but the answer was quite clear anyway, IT WAS ALL MIGHT, THE ALL MIGHTIEST HERO OF ALL THE MIGHTY TIMES! wait uuh what?
“Well, I’ve gotta get this guy to the police”, All Might said tapping the goo filled soda bottles on his pockets, “so they can take care of him. Stay out of trouble, see you around!”

Wait… He was leaving... already?

“All Might launched himself to the air and to both his and Izuku’s surprise, Izuku had tightly wrapped his arms around All Might’s thigh and was now fighting against the wind pressure on his face as they flew over the city. The wind was so loud that Izuku could barely hear anything but he did manage to hear All Might ask in bewilderment, “Hey, hey, hey, what do you think you’re doing? Let go of me!” Thankfully All Might stopped trying to shake him off as he screamed that he would die if he let go.

They landed on some random rooftop and Izuku could feel his whole body shake as solid ground was once more under his feet. Apparently flying through the air while desperately hanging on to someone’s leg could get one’s heart beating quite hard.

“That was quite reckless young man! You could have gotten seriously hurt!” All Might scolded him.

“S-s-sorry”, Izuku stuttered out, still quite shaken.

“Why on earth did you do it anyway, my boy?” All Might asked sternly with his hands on his hips and Izuku was finally shaking a bit less than a few minutes ago. He got up to address All Might more properly.

“I…” he started but all of a sudden found himself lost for words. What did he want to ask All Might so desperately anyway? Or more like… How would he ask it.

“D-Do you think some people could be born to be v-villains? O-Or that someone could have more villainous quirk t-than others?” He finally stuttered out. Not at all satisfied with the question even himself because if anyone else was in front of him, asking the same question he was asking, there’s no way in hell he would ever tell them anything but that quirks didn’t define people and villains didn’t just be born villains. So why did he even need to ask this from All Might? Was it really so hard to believe in it when it was yourself? Was he just a hypocrite?
Izuku had been so wrapped in his thoughts again that a few moments had just gone by without him even noticing. Had All Might already answered him? He really needed to stop zoning out all the time. Izuku raised his gaze back up to focus back on All Might only to find…

A cloud of smoke? A-And a man so skinny he was basically only skin and bones.

“W-What?!” he exclaimed in alarm, “Where did All Might go? Who are you?” he asked. Wondering if All Might could have actually jumped so inconspicuously that he hadn’t even noticed and some stranger had walked in in his place, again unnoticed?

“Y-You’re not All Might, right? You’re an imposter!” Izuku said and pointed at the skeleton man accusingly. The man looked back at him with clear annoyance.

“I assure you I am All Might”, the man said but could barely finish when all of a sudden blood was dripping out of his mouth and down his shin. Izuku could barely keep himself from screaming because what???

All Might went on to say something about guys in a.. pool? Something? Izuku was zoning out again as his disbelief was so strong.

“Look, kid, I’m counting on you to keep this a secret. Don’t go talking about this online or telling your friends.” He said and without so much as a warning lifted up his shirt to show him the crueling scar or more like a crater on his side. “I got this in a big fight like thirteen years ago. My respiratory system is basically destroyed. It’s been a struggle to even get this far with this kind of wound, all the surgeries only adding on more stress to my body… And the time I can keep my All Might persona up keeps getting smaller and smaller each year, each month.”

“You’ve battled with this for… thirteen years?” Izuku asked in disbelief and All Might gave him a tired grunt as an answer.

“I’m supposed to be the guy who’s always smiling, right? The symbol of peace… People everywhere have to think I’m never afraid. But honestly… I smile to hide the fear inside.” All Might stares at his clenched fist for a moment, lost in thought, before shaking himself out of it.

“So… Yeah that’s how I look like this now”, he ended a bit awkwardly.
“Right…” Izuku could barely answer, still so shocked from the world breaking secret he had just uncovered.

“To return to your earlier question…”

Izuku startled in shock for a moment as he had almost totally forgotten his first question by now.

“People aren’t born to be villains, and quirks are only villainous if they are used in that manner.”

… Izuku stared blankly at All Might.

All Might’s answer was perfectly proper. Quite politically correct, in fact. And a lie .

It was just the kind of opinion Izuku had wanted to hear but All Might was… He was lying. Not even that convincingly really. No it was clear from the way he hesitated, how soulless the answer was, how he couldn’t look at Izuku and how his eyes seemed to gloss over by thoughts Izuku couldn’t know as he looked to the side. No, a part of All Might didn’t believe in his answer. A part of All Might believed that some people were evil from the start? that some quirks were villainous no matter what? One or the other… Or both.

Izuku gulped, this cold sinking feeling settling in his gut. All Might’s words already forgotten because what he didn’t say felt like the very confirmation to his every fear he had ever had.

“Right…” Izuku said, his tone as hollow as he felt, “Thank you All Might…”

And so he started to walk away, only feeling colder by the second and not turning back to look at All Might anymore even when he felt his eyes on his back. His steps echoed in the stairwell as he walked down and it felt like the only sound in the world that could exist. All his fears were screaming louder than ever in his head and it was deafening enough that the whole world faded away as he walked aimlessly through the streets. He could be getting lost or maybe his feet had some idea where to take him to get him home.

The bubble around him wasn’t broken until he came across a large crowd of people and the sound of explosions quite literally seemed to pop the sounds back in to his life. With a startle Izuku looked
around only to need to push himself into the front so he could really see.

Multiple heroes were on the scene already and the street was literally on fire, panic and destruction all around. And in the middle of it all was actually the sludge villain who had attacked him!

Izuku couldn’t believe it for a moment. After all, he had just witnessed All Might himself capture this villain! So how on earth could he have escaped… Izuku could barely finish the question in his mind before he already saw the answer with perfect clarity. The bottles in All Might’s pants, All Might jumping and Izuku desperately hanging on to his legs like an idiot. It was him. He had knocked the bottles off and now the villain was here, terrorizing all these people like a maniac. All his fault. 

*You’re a villain, a villain, a villain. Look at you, already helping your “co-workers” like the true fucking bastard you are.* Izuku couldn’t shake the voice in his head that was saying all these things louder and louder. Distantly he wondered why on earth couldn’t he? It wasn’t some other person in his head, these were his thoughts. So why couldn’t he stop kicking himself until he was covering on the ground, desperately begging for mercy from himself that would never come.

It was the sound of explosions that, once again, broke him out of his thoughts. Izuku raised his gaze and realised with a sinking feeling that the sludge villain had a hostage. The hostage was sending out explosions out of his hands that were out of the sludge. Not much like the rest of his body that was completely hidden under that green disgusting muggus, the only things visible were his hands and...

and his eyes…..

One moment Izuku was standing there and the next he was running. He was running even before he truly realised that he had recognized those eyes. It was Kacchan, and Izuku had never seen his eyes scream that much fear and desperation before.

Izuku didn’t have much of a plan. In fact, in that moment none of his quirks felt like they could work that well against this villain. At least he couldn’t come up with a plan with his current mindset. But his body was already moving and fortunately it seemed to have at least half the idea what to do. He pulled the backpack from his back and opened it wide before throwing it with all his might at the villains eyes. Distracting him for a few blissful moments that were enough for Kacchan to get a chance to breathe.

Kacchan didn’t really seem that grateful when he used his precious airtime to yell angrily at Izuku. “What the fuck are you doing here you fucking idiot? MMmph-!” Kacchan might have continued but his mouth was blocked once again by the sludge.

If you asked Izuku afterwards what happened, he wouldn’t really be able to tell you. Even in the moment everything was just fast and blurry in his panic. He was desperately trying to claw the sludge away from Kacchan but all his efforts seemed futile. His mind was on overdrive trying to
think of a plan, a quirk that might help in this situation, all seemed useless at the moment.

Luckily for them, All Might came to the rescue once again. With catchphrases and Smashes and all the famous All Might glory. Izuku was starting to feel quite dizzy at this point when all of a sudden the sludge villain was there no more, literally blown to pieces by All Might’s strength, and he had made it rain with how strong his punch was.

Izuku still wasn’t blessed with clarity in the aftermath of the whole incident. Distant thoughts like, are my fathers gonna kill me for this, am I dissociating, is Kacchan mad at me? kept flying by his thoughts with no actual grip as some heroes (that Izuku would definitely recognise if he just focused for a moment) were lecturing him. Izuku nodded the best he could with agreement but felt a brief wave of relief when he finally could start walking back home. Kacchan had, at best, sent him some glares before escaping from the crowd and adoring heroes and Izuku filed that to the “consider this later”-box in his mind.

When the streets finally started to be less in the city and all the people vanished around him and peacefulness surrounded him, Izuku’s mind finally started to get into more proper gear to actually process his whole day. He didn’t have much time to himself though before- “I am here!” All Might landed in a fucking hero pose right in front of hiium- oh my fuckin- hell, I’m gonna have a heart attack by this rate…

Izuku was clutching his chest, trying to steady his breathing from the shock once more. “A-All Might? Why are you here? How did you find me?”

All Might might have went on some heroic speech after his boisterous laugh but then he once again deflated in a gust of blood and was left coughing blood, getting way more serious once he got that under control.

“Young man… I came here to thank you… But also to discuss your question from earlier. I’m… sorry for the way I answered it. I could see it in your eyes right away that you believed me as much I believed in myself… And I just let you go… But then with that villain, if you hadn’t run in to that fight… I would have been a worthless bystander watching from the crowd… So thanks.”

“O-Oh- Wait n-no! It was my fault he was there to begin with! I got in the way of your hard work… I wasted your energy… And your time… “

“No my boy, you were lost and you needed some guidance… And all I gave you was a half truth… I… Have had some truly bad experiences that clouded my judgement for a moment. I do believe that no quirk can make anyone villainous, that people choose their own paths, that the people you love
will help you if you ever might lose your way. Some people unfortunately just can’t get back on the right path… But that doesn’t mean they were born to be villains. I see hesitance and fear in your eyes, my boy, and I feel these questions you asked weren’t just because of general wonderment?”

“No…” Izuku admitted in a small voice, not able to look his hero in the eyes, “I’ve… struggled with these thoughts since I found out I was adopted…”

“Mmh… I see. Well my boy, I have something to say to you.”

Izuku startled as all of a sudden All Might’s hand was on his shoulder and that weight there grounded him in the present more that anything else had lately.

“When I saw you charge in to help no matter what, you inspired me to help too. There are stories about heroes… How they became great… But most have one thing in common… Their bodies moved before they had a chance to think, almost on their own”, All Might’s voice was deep and reassuring, his blue eyes had the same conviction in them as when he was rescuing hundreds of people, “Today… that was you. Young man, you are a hero.”

Izuku couldn’t help the tears welling up in his eyes any longer. All Might didn’t give up an inch, he just radiated belief in his words. And to hear this from him, after the headspace he had been in these last few days? The amount of relief and soothing warmth that erupted in him was… overwhelming. It was like he could finally really believe it. Izuku just sobbed as all these emotions were running him down.

All Might didn’t give him that much time to process all this though before he decided to drop the next mountain on his back.

“I deem you worthy of my power. My quirk is yours to inherit”, All Might proclaimed and Izuku froze, staring at All Might in shock.

“Wait what? No- No I can’t, I can’t take your quirk!” Izuku was quick to protest in shock only to be met with All Might laughing like he had just said the biggest joke. Izuku was thoroughly confused.

“You should see your face right now! Don’t worry, I’m not gonna force this thing on you. But listen well! This is your choice. Do you wanna accept my awesome power or not?”
Izuku remained silent. Shocked because he couldn’t even recall telling All Might about his quirk so how on earth did he know? And why would he all of a sudden want to give up his quirk to him, practically a total stranger, when he was still the number one hero, the symbol of peace. All Might’s sudden retirement could be disastrous with how important he had become with keeping villain activity on the low.

“There is couple things you should know about my abilities… Journalists always guess my quirk is super strength or some kind of invulnerability. When people ask in interviews, I always make a joke and dodge the question. That’s because the world needs to believe that their symbol of peace is just a natural born hero like any of them… But I’m not. There’s nothing natural about my ability… I wasn’t born with this power, it’s a sacred torch that was passed on to me from someone else!”

“S-Someone gave you this quirk? No way...” Izuku asked in disbelief. He had never heard of anything like this! A quirk that could be passed on from person to person? It was unbelievable!

“Yes way. And you’re next! I can give you my abilities!”

“W-Wait! This is a lot to process! It’s true that there’s a lot of debate as to what your quirk actually is, nobody’s ever figured it out! It’s one of the world's greatest mysteries! People are constantly talking about it online but well the idea that passing on a quirk or inheriting it just doesn’t make any sense to me I’ve never heard of anything like it before powers are supposed to be unique to each individual and since the first superpowers nobody’s ever been able to just give someone else their power like a present that’s crazy! even if this is true it would cause us to reimagine everything we think and know about quirks while yes I should be able to believe this more than others might given my quirk it is still a quirk with a quirk power and makes a lot more sense than a one specific quirk being able to just get passed on to others on its own how does that even work if the quirk itself is the ability to pass down quirks then how come it also makes-”

“Enough!” All Might exclaimed and shook Izuku out of his muttering tirade, “You’ll have to adjust your reality to accept this new truth! I can transfer my quirk to someone else! And that’s just one asset of my secret abilities! The true name of my power is One For All!”

“One for all”, Izuku repeated with wonder.

“Yes! One person who carries the power and then hands it off to another person and it continues to grow as it’s passed along! It is this cultivated power that allows me to save those who are in need of a hero! The truth behind my strength!”

“But…” Izuku couldn’t help but ask helplessly, “why would you choose to give me a gift like that?
What makes you think I could live up to it?”

“I was on a long hunt for a worthy successor… And then I watched you jump into action as the rest of us stood idly by, you might doubt yourself but you tried to save that kid! You acted like a hero should.”

Izuku stared at All Might in awe, feeling wonderment fill himself with the conviction All Might was saying these things even when he had just met him today… He had even told him the secret of his powers! A secret that was surely guarded with the utmost carefulness with how much it revealed? Was there anyway for him to say no? How could he ever turn All Might down?

“O-Okay! I’ll do it, yes! But…” Izuku said and paused for a moment, “But first I want to prove to you that I really am worthy of inheriting your quirk!”

All Might smirked at Izuku’s words. “That sounds reasonable enough, my boy.”

And so All Might sent Izuku on his way to finally return home with pretty much the biggest whiplash of the century. This day just kept adding and adding stuff on his mind to go through. He was set to meet All Might as soon as tomorrow morning at 5.30 a.m sharp. Giving him only some feeble hours to process all of this.

“Young man…” These two words were said almost immediately when Izuku opened the door and the way they were said was about as far from how All Might had addressed him as possible. Those two simple words managed to inflict such terror in him that Izuku was frozen in the doorway and remembered quite suddenly that he was most probably in some biiiiig trouble.

“You have some explaining to do”, Shouta finished, arms crossed over his chest, halfway hidden in a shadow as red eyes burned Izuku to the spot. Izuku opened his mouth but no words came out.

“Care to enlighten me with how you ended up on the news as some random kid who ran in the middle of a villain fight?”

Izuku gulped and slowly dropped his backpack on the floor, furiously trying to think what to say.

“They didn’t really mention your name and they didn’t have a lot of footage to show from you but you can be damned right that I will recognise my problem child when I see one. So… Care to
“Technically I didn’t do anything illegal… because… I didn’t… use my quirk”, Izuku quipped but his voice kept getting smaller under the harsh glare of his dad that was quite clearly saying “this is not a time for you to be a smartass”.

Izuku sighed and tried to properly look at his dad as hard as it was under that glare to really convey his feelings. “I… I didn’t think. I didn’t plan it. I wasn’t considering that it could be dangerous or that I might not be able to help. My- my body just moved on its own when I saw Kacchan’s eyes screaming for help. I didn’t really have time to think but even if I had… Honestly I probably still would have done it. I’m sorry Dad.”

Shouta finally sighed and let the intimidating posture and glare fade away. “I believe that you’re sorry… I also believe that a part of you is not sorry. And really… I’m not even surprised something like this happened”, he said while shaking his head and rubbing his temples. “You’ll get a pass this time. But one more stunt like this and you’re grounded for life”, he said sternly while pointing an accusing finger at Izuku. Izuku was quick to nod along, surprised that he was getting away scot free this time.

Satisfied with the intimidation in his son’s eyes Shouta laid off once again. “Did you get hurt?” he asked. Izuku shook his head. “Okay good well… I made us some food, Papa is still at work. How about we eat something?”

“Okay…”

The rest of the night was quiet. Papa was apparently getting a lot of overtime because Izuku heard the front door opening only after he was already in bed. He pretended to be completely asleep already when his bedroom door opened and, he could only assume with his eyes closed, Papa came inside. Izuku could feel him sitting by his bed and swiping his long hair behind his ear and just staying that way for a moment. Papa leaned in to give him a kiss on his temple before leaving and Izuku wondered if he had had the time to see the news as well or would Dad have to explain everything to him now. Izuku didn’t get the chance to wonder quite that long much about anything because peacefully lying on his familiar cozy bed brought out just how tired he was from the day quite quickly....

The next morning Izuku got up at the crack of dawn and left a note for his fathers that he was going for a jog before leaving. Not a lie per say when he literally did jog to the Dagobah Municipal Beach to meet with All Might. All Might didn’t really joke around when the first thing he made him do was
try and pull a double refrigerator freezer all on his own while he sat on top of it in his hero form. Izuku was pretty proud that he managed to drag it at least a little but then it started to sink in the sand and the sand piled up in front of it and it was simply impossible. All Might’s encouragement wasn’t the best either when he finally collapsed on the ground.

“People move these everyday, you know. Most of them don’t even have any kind of super strength.”

Apparently even the counter argument that All Might was sitting on the freezer wasn’t good enough either since All Might had apparently lost weight.

“Great, much better”, Izuku replied sarcastically. “Why do you have me dragging trash across the beach anyway?”

“Well take a look at yourself, you’re not ready for my power!”

“I-I thought you said I was worthy?” Izuku asked confused.

“I mean you’re not strong enough! One for all is a whole lot to handle! The combined physical abilities of everyone who has ever used it creates a hurricane of pure force! An unprepared body wouldn’t be able to handle it without breaking!”

“O-Oh…” Izuku said quietly. While yes, he could quite literally Sense just what kind of power All Might was trying to describe, it was slowly dawning on him that this would be way different to the times when he took a quirk. It wouldn’t just be getting it in a whole new way. The quirk itself would be a whole new ballpark compared to any quirk he had ever had! “How- How much stronger do you think I need to get? I- I’ve already trained pretty much my whole life. Right now my body is best suited for running, parkour and sparring to use the opponent’s force against them. I guess that’s not enough?”

“I’m afraid not my boy! That’s why you will be cleaning this entire beach to build up your muscle and strength! Of course that’s not the only reason! You see, I did some online research last night and discovered that this beach used to be one of the most beautiful ones to hang around back in the day before the ocean’s current brought all the trash people throw in the ocean here! People exploited that when they were illegally dumping their trash and now everybody avoids this place! Heroes these days are all about showing off but really, public service is what matters and really shows your true side! That is why you will clear the coastline for this entire section of the beach!” All Might proclaimed while impressively squishing the two meter long freezer into a barely thirty centimeter high cube, letting the sunshine behind it blind Izuku for a moment.
Realizing what All Might had just said, Izuku looked over the dump of a beach in dawning horror, wondering if such a feat could even be possible.

“Young Midoriya, you want to go into UA, right?” All Might asked and Izuku turned back to him.

“Well yeah, of course! You went there, so it must be the best hero school around right? I know it will be hard but I’ll try my hardest to get in!”

“You’ve got a lot of spirit Peaboy! I’m glad you’re being realistic about this though. UA is the hardest hero course to get into! So that means…”

“I have only ten months to prepare my body for your quirk!” Izuku realised. After all, UA’s entrance exam would be in ten months time.

“Keenly observed young Midoriya! Not to worry though! I’ve prepared the ultimate American Dream Plan to help you get your body to the strength it needs to be for my quirk!”

All Might handed him a stack of papers and even a quick look through it revealed that he had pretty much planned every minute of his day… Not that Izuku was going to complain but this was a lot to take in. He knew though that there was no backing out of this now, Izuku was all in.

The training didn’t start out that easy, not even with Izuku’s already defined physique. After all it wasn’t defined to be dragging things like lockers, tires, kitchen appliances, couches… The dump pretty much had it all, and Izuku was due to clear it all up in ten months…

“All Might, my old friend, how are you doing?” All Might announced in his typical All Might fashion as he suddenly entered the man’s office, startling the poor detective.

“A-All Might! Wha-what are you doing here?”

“Well I came to see my old friend of course! No need to look so shocked!” The clap on Tsukauchi’s
back almost sent the man flying from his chair.

“Ah, yes, right… I was surprised that’s all”, he explained. All Might rounded the desk Tsukauchi was sitting in front of to go sit on the other side, finally setting the two Starbucks cups on a cupholder down on the table and letting his hero persona fade away in favor of saving his time and knowing it was safe to do so in front of his friend.

“So… How have you been Tsukauchi? It’s been long since I last saw you in person”, Yagi asked as he took one of the coffee cups and pushed the other closer to Tsukauchi. He didn’t hesitate to take it and drink from it because he could trust that All Might would remember how he took his coffee even after all this time.

“Ah yes, I’ve been fine. Work as usual. I live with my sister and she’s… Ah maybe let’s not get into that. How have you been?”

“Well… It’s been strange… Coming back here after all this time. But good I suppose. I even might have found my successor!”

“You have? That’s… That’s great, congratulations.”

“Thank you”, All Might replied and all of a sudden they relapsed into silence. A tense atmosphere surrounding the room that All Might couldn’t figure out. Was it simply because it had been so long since he saw the detective?

“Tsukauchi, forgive me if I’m being rude but you seem… tense”, All Might finally admitted when the silence was becoming a touch too long. Tsukauchi looked All Might finally in the eyes after mainly staring at the coffee cup in his hands.

“I suppose I am…” he admitted.

“... Can I ask why?”

“There’s… Something I’ve put off telling you. Something I’m not exactly supposed to tell you. And I felt that telling you when you were away wasn’t all right but now you’re here…” Tsukauchi sighed.
“My friend… I hope you know you can tell me anything?”

“I… can’t tell you all the details. But I feel I must tell you ‘cause it kind of involves you too.”

There was conflict in the detective’s eyes when he looked at Toshinori and Toshinori couldn’t help but feel apprehensive.

“To put it simply. Thirteen years ago there was a villain lair raid and a baby was found. The baby was placed into the custody of two heroes to be raised. Only a hidden video tape showing an unidentified man was discovered and for a long time was the only lead in the case. When the child turned four, they got their quirk and the quirk has been the biggest lead as to who the child’s biological father might be… As the child has the ability to take other people’s quirks.”

Silence followed Tsukauchi’s words but All Might’s reaction was imminent. A sharp intake of breath, shocked eyes, fists squeezing closed until he almost crushed the cardboard mug in his hand.

“No… You’re saying that All for one has a child? A child who has the same quirk as that monster?!” While All Mights volume didn’t raise up into yelling, it was getting close to that with his clear outrage. “What have you done to deal with this?”

“Nothing. The child has not shown any kind of tendency to act upon the way his father did. He’s being raised by two respectful heroes and will, in fact, most likely become a hero.”

“What? A hero? With a quirk like that? All for one’s son could never become a hero!”

Tsukauchi sighed as he realised he had slipped and forgotten to speak in genderless terms.

“Yagi-san, please, calm down. I’m telling you that the kid is not a danger. He’s been raised his whole life by heroes not villains! And I’ve been checking up on him. He has an amazing school record. He’s kind and caring and smart. A total fanboy for heroes and quirks. He has taken exactly one quirk forcefully in his life and even that was a villain who tried to kidnap him when he was four and not properly in control of his quirk. And from what I’ve heard the boy didn’t even want to keep that quirk but couldn’t give it back as the villain died in the altercation. While I personally don’t know the boy, I do believe that he has a good heart and won’t be following in his father’s footsteps.”
“Who is he? Where is he?”

“I can’t tell you that Yagi-san. And I hope you will find a way to really believe me because you know I would never lie to you.”

All Might still looked visibly frustrated. Not at all ready to accept that his ultimate enemy’s child wasn’t a threat.

“Thank you Tsukauchi. I think I’ll take my leave now”, All Might said tensely and got up. Barely giving a curt goodbye to the detective before exiting the room.

The next day All Might returned to the beach to watch over Midoriya’s training. They had been training for a little over a month already and All Might was pleased to already see results in Midoriya. Each day had only proved the boy to be more and more deserving of his quirk because while he sometimes struggled, he never complained and he always got up when he fell. Determinedly continuing his task.

Midoriya truly was a hardworking, kind individual with a character that would one day make him a great hero. Seeing him determined to clean the beach, not just for training, not just because he had been told to do so, was really telling of his beliefs and convictions. All Might truly believed that even if he was to call the whole thing off, giving Midoriya One for all and training him, the boy would still continue on to clean this whole beach and train with everything he had to get into UA. The more All Might witnessed it, the more it started to confuse him why on earth had young Midoriya ever doubted himself? Why had he ever thought that he might have something villainous about himself? Could there really be something he wasn’t seeing about the boy when his gut was so sure that Midoriya was who he was meant to pass One for all to.

It was in that moment as Midoriya was cleaning the beach by himself under All Might’s watchful eye that a sinking feeling started to stir in his stomach. All Might could feel himself visibly pale as a truth he didn’t even want to consider seemed to be staring him right in the face. He tried to shake it away, tried to ignore it, tried to convince himself that such a thought simply couldn’t be possible but the way his heart was beating in his chest couldn’t be overlooked.

“Midoriya”, All Might called and the boys head turned to him like an excited puppy, “Could you come here for a second?”
“Yeah, of course!” Midoriya called back as he hurriedly jogged over to All Might. “What is it?”

“When we met… You asked if a person’s quirk could be villainous by default… But you never actually mentioned what your quirk is…” All Might left the question hanging, trusting that Midoriya would understand his meaning.

The boy looked instantly nervous which did not calm Yagi’s increasingly beating heart.

“Ah yeah… I suppose it’s time to tell you…” Midoriya mumbled while pulling at his fingers, “It’s not like I’ve been intentionally keeping it from you but I have been nervous to tell you… I um… My quirk is called Cut, Copy, Paste. It allows me to take quirks, copy quirks and give them back. I uh, I also have three additional quirks that I have received. I have super speed that I got from a pretty traumatic event when I was a child. Then I have a quirk that I haven’t really been able to use just yet. I call it Quirk On at the moment, not sure if I’ll change that later, basically it requires a transformer type quirk that directly affects the users skin and I don’t have one. It can’t be used without another quirk so the person who had it decided to give it to me. And then one of my dear friends, I don’t know if you recognise her, Kido Azumi who back in the day went by the hero name Kiropi… She uh wanted me to continue her legacy so she gave me her quirk ‘Shield’ and uh… Of course I have some quirk copies but they break all the time so I don’t really see the point of listing them and uh yes… That’s… That is my quirk… uh… Quirks”, Izuku finally finished after his rapid fire rampage of trying to explain his whole quirk situation as fast as he could.

All Might couldn’t really respond as his earlier fear had just been proved true. The silence went on long enough for Midoriya to start nervously glancing around, occasionally daring to look towards All Might.

“I… Does this change things? Knowing about my quirks? I uh… I-It’s okay if it does, I-I don’t blame you, this is your legacy after all! Y-you can’t just be giving it away out of obligation for your earlier statement. It’s okay if you don’t want to give your quirk to me anymore. Really it was an honor that you even considered me and I’ve been so grateful for you training me, it’s been amazing. E-Even if you don’t want to give your power to me I would be really glad to just keep training under your tutelage o-or if you don’t want to continue even that that’s okay too, you probably want to go and find a new successor for your quirk and you can’t be training me at the same time, right, yeah, I understand, don’t worry about it, I’ll just…”

“Midoriya, please calm down.”

Izuku was quick to shut up and sip his lips closed with a nervous fluttering smile.
“I… This doesn’t change things, I’m glad you told me. You should go back to training, you haven’t completed your daily cleaning quota just yet.”

“Uh… Right, yes! Yes- I’ll- I’ll do that okay!” Izuku agreed nervously and ran back to continue his earlier work.

The rest of the evening went on seemingly normal, but there was certain tenseness in the air now that neither Toshinori or Izuku could deny. All Might even excused himself earlier than he had planned, citing something about forgetting he had to be somewhere but halfheartedly encouraging Izuku to stay and keep working on the smaller trash that wouldn’t pose a danger while he was gone. Izuku said goodbye to him with a heavy heart, not able to shake the feeling that something had changed between them…

Training continued on as it crueling as it had before. All Might was being very strict, through and professional about the whole thing. And it was seemingly just like it had been from the start yet… not.

Honestly balancing school, training, cleaning up the beach and sleeping was proving to be… an effort to say the least. Dad and Papa were as awesome as always, seemingly buying his online research story about where he got the American Dream Plan and agreeing to adjust his diet to it. Izuku still regularly sparred with his Dad but he was also seeing them way less than usual with how busy he was training with All Might and cleaning the beach. He was also feeling increasingly more guilty about not telling his fathers that he was training with All Might, that All Might might be passing on one of the most powerful quirks in the world, that he didn’t even really have good reasons why he wasn’t telling them the truth…

Really, Izuku was feeling more alone than he had ever felt and it seemed to be all his fault. Since the Sludge villain incident Kacchan had been adamant about avoiding him and Izuku couldn’t figure out for sure why that was. Was he angry at him? Did he not want to be his friend anymore? Why wouldn’t he just talk to Izuku? Add not seeing his dads or anyone else for that matter anymore and the tension between him and All Might and Izuku was feeling pretty isolated, with nothing but constant training in his life.

It was one dawning morning that Izuku had arrived early on the beach and noticed the sun slowly starting to rise above the sealine. Discarding clearing for a moment, Izuku decided to climb up on one of the trash piles to sit on top of an abandoned car’s hood to watch the sunrise. The light kind of blinded his eyes but he couldn’t turn away from how beautiful it all looked. It had been months since he last remembered to appreciate something like this.
It was a calm but sudden, “Young Midoriya”, that managed to startle him to the core with how much he had been concentrating on the sunrise. He raised his chin from where it was tucked on top of his arms that were folded over his knees to turn and face All Might who was approaching him.

“What are you doing my boy?” All Might asked gently while surprisingly sitting down next to Izuku.

“Oh I um… I was looking at the sunrise”, Izuku admitted quietly and turned back to it. By now the sun had actually risen all the way and beautiful morning light was glimmering on the surface of the ocean. “It’s been a while since I last remembered to appreciate beautiful things.”

All Might agreed with a hum and together they watched over the glimmering sea, an actual peaceful and relaxed silence between them for once.

“You have come a long way my boy. The beach is almost entirely cleared up. The training has noticeably improved your body to the point it needs to be for my power. Only a month or so left before the entrance exam.”

Izuku hummed, his eyes closed, already feeling the sun’s warmth on his skin. “I hope people will start coming to the beach once more once I finish. Maybe seeing how beautiful it is here once more will help with the illegal dumping too.”

“Ah yes, let’s hope so. Ocean is not a place for trash after all”, All Might agreed.

There was a moment of silence and then Izuku chuckled. All Might turned curiously to look at him. “What’s so amusing, young man?”

“Ah… Nothing, just a silly memory I just remembered. I was on a beach, not sure which really, and maybe about five at the time? My parents had been able to conjure up a free day so we could all go together. It was fun, we swam and made sandcastles and then the sand was just everywhere”, Izuku couldn’t help but smile as he was recalling the memory, talking almost on autopilot and forgetting All Might was even there to listen, “Then for the life of me I can’t remember why, I started some silly tantrum, wait… I remember eating a pretzels and I think I dropped a piece… Then a seagull ate it and I got upset so I threw the whole cup of pretzels oh God, of course the seagull- no seagulls came and ate all of them too. And it pretty much turned into a pile of screaming seagulls and we had to hurriedly retreat with all our stuff but in the caos I even forgot to be upset anymore and we just laughed…” Izuku hummed with a few chuckles, satisfied with the silly memory. “It was actually a really great day…”
All Might watched from the side as Izuku seemed to be lost in the memory for a moment. A fond feeling in his chest even when he had not experienced it himself. There was just something so real and precious about this moment when Midoriya opened up to him in this silly perfectly normal way. Nothing about training or heroes, just… a piece of the boys life he had not gotten to see just yet.

“I do think it’s about time you start your morning training though, don’t you?” All Might finally encouraged after a comfortable moment of peace and enjoying the pretty view. Izuku hummed and nodded, getting up and heading off to start his day.

There was a sparkle in the boys eyes that All Might loved seeing. And the tense atmosphere seemed to have been forgotten all together.

The morning of the entrance exam All Might arrived a little later than he had planned. It had actually been a few days now that Izuku had already finished cleaning up the beach as much as he was supposed to. All Might had deemed that a few days of lighter training might be more beneficial for the entrance exam than exhausting young Midoriya all together.

So it came as a surprise to him when he arrived at the beach to see it a completely cleared. With not a single trash to be seen anywhere you looked. All Might stood there and stared and his jaw had actually dropped with how surprised he was. A loud scream of victory was what startled him back into focus to see Midoriya at the end of the pier with the small hut, screaming his lungs out towards the sea and rising sun. All Might hurried over to reach the boy, even turning into his hero form.

“Excellent work my boy!”

You could see that Midoriya was quite exhausted at the moment, he gave All Might a tired grin, wobbling a little where he stood but standing strong.

“I finished everything. All Might, I did it! Do you think I’m ready now?”

“Yeah, you did good kid. I’m impressed. I knew you had it in you but damn! You have come so far! You have gotten so much stronger! There’s still a long road ahead of you before you can use the whole power of One for all but it is starting to look like you can do it! Now, for your reward, inheriting my power!”
All Might pulled a single piece of his golden hair with over dramatic performance. “Now! Someone told me once; There’s a difference between with being lucky and deserving, one an accident the other a reward, never get the two confused! Take that to heart young man! This gift, you earned it with our own value and efforts!”

All Might handed Izuku the strand of hair and Izuku stared at it with pride but also with growing hesitation...

“All Might. I have to ask you one more time, are you sure? I know we have spent ten months to get here, I’ve bled blood and sweat for this to prove to you that I could deserve it but… Are you sure I’m deserving of this power, of this quirk? I know you have said that I can become a hero, but that’s just it… I already have a quirk, quirks in fact. And two of them are perfect for attacking and defending. What I already have is more than anyone else does and I know that there can be times when they wouldn’t be enough… When I wouldn’t be enough because One for all is so powerful that it can bring hope into the most hopeless situation.” Izuku raised his gaze to All Might and tried to plead with his eyes for him to really listen.

“I could become a hero without your quirk. And if you don’t give this to me then you can find someone else… Someone who could be perfect for heroics as well. Someone who might not have the tools to make it there, whether they are quirkless or their quirk isn’t suited for heroics. This power could mean the world to them! What if I am robbing someone from getting the chance someone once gave you?”

“Are you sure I’m the right person to give this quirk to?”

Entering the grounds of UA Izuku had about a thousand and one thoughts on his mind. Izuku couldn’t help but wonder how much different UA felt right at that moment. He had been here dozens- no hundreds of times yet it all looked and felt so different at this moment. He wasn’t going to be just a visitor anymore, he would be a student, a hero in training.

Of course first he had to pass the exams…

“Stupid Deku…” was heard from his back and Izuku turned to face Kacchan with surprise.

“Kacchan!” Those were pretty much the only few words Kacchan had spoken to him for the last ten months, they weren’t exactly kind…
“Get out of my way now before I set you on fire”, Kacchan grumbled while walking straight ahead. But this was the most Izuku had gotten off him in months and Izuku wasn’t having it.

“What is your problem Kacchan? Why have you been avoiding me for months? What’s going on?”

Kacchan was glaring at the hand on his chest that was firmly pushing him back, surprisingly strong and unyielding like a wall. “None of your damn business”, he growled, trying to turn and actually walk around Izuku. Again Izuku wasn’t having it and wrapped his hand around Kacchan’s collar.

“Yes. It. Is. You are my friend and I’m tired of this. Why are you mad at me?”

“Fuck off Deku”, Kacchan growled, head turned, refusing to meet his gaze.

“Can you stop being a baby and talk to me”, Izuku challenged, knowing this was the only way to get anything out of Kacchan. He had been Kacchan’s friend for years now and he had learned how to handle the angry firecracker. While this kind of silent treatment was completely new to him, they had had their scuffles in the past.

Kacchan forcefully yanked himself out of Izuku’s hold. “Fuck you. I’ll go out there and beat every one of these extras! Including you. Then we will be on even ground again and you can stop looking down on me for saving me!” Katsuki growled into Izuku’s face and sharply started walking away.

Izuku stood there shocked for a moment. Finally at least some light had been shined on why Kacchan was acting the way he was. Izuku was surprised though because he would have never thought that Katsuki could think he was looking down on him. That Izuku would think himself to be better than Katsuki simply because he had saved him? Izuku could never fathom such a thought since he had always seen how amazing Kacchan was. And through the years they both had repeatedly helped each other out when they were dealing some play yard justice against bullies so why the sudden change?

Izuku sighed and figured it would be better to let Kacchan go and talk this out once the exam was over.

Trying to put Kacchan once more out of his mind, Izuku raised his chin up and tried to conjure the right mindset once again for getting through this exam. It was going well enough but then… Then Izuku tripped on his own damn legs and as the ground was coming up to meet his face a fleeting
thought of or maybe I'll just die made it through his mind only to… Not happen. Because the ground was no longer getting closer and he was hanging in the air?!

The answer to this sudden development came quick as someone righted him back on his legs from flailing around in the air and Izuku could feel gravity return to him.

“Sorry about that! Didn’t mean to use my quirk on you so suddenly but I figured falling wouldn’t be exactly good luck”, came the cheery response to the unasked question from a cheery looking girl. All Izuku could do was stare.

“Isn’t this kind of nerve wracking?” The girl asked and only some pathetic sounds escaped Izuku’s mouth. “Well, I guess I’ll see you inside!” the girl said cheerily and turned to walk towards the entrance once more.

Izuku stood there completely baffled why his brain had just fried over talking to a girl.

The auditorium was pretty imitating with what was probably thousands of other applicants all sitting around in their assigned seats. Izuku made his way over to his seat only to discover that he was actually sitting next to Kacchan. Ih awkward… Trying to cause as little confrontation as possible, Izuku quietly took his seat.

The opening presentation started with some spotlights coming on and UA’s logo being represented proudly on this giant screen. Then came the familiar voice and Izuku was instantly excited at seeing his Papa’s hero persona live on stage.

“What’s up UA candidates? Thanks for tuning in to me, your school DJ! Come on and let me hear yah!”

“Yeah!” Izuku responded excitedly, expecting all the others around him to do the same… Yet he was the only one.

The feeling of all thousand and more students around him turning to look who the hell was stupid enough to respond pretty much made Izuku’s soul leave his body. Red as a tomato from the face he sank under the table to escape what was honestly probably going to be the most humiliating moment of his life. Luckily his dad didn’t make him suffer under the stare of the audience for long and
quickly tried to diffuse the situation. Izuku could hear Kacchan chuckling from his side and couldn’t help but elbow him on the ribs as an instinct. It didn’t stop Katsuki’s chuckles.

“Great! Let’s skip straight through the main show! Let’s talk about how the practical exam is going to go down, okay? Are you readyyyyy?”

This time Present Mic was met with complete silence and Izuku slowly dared to sit back up. He just might live through this after all. Present Mic went on to explain how they would have mock battles in urban settings. Everyone had an assigned mock city to go to from A to G.

“I see… They are splitting us up so that we can’t work with any of our friends”, Kacchan quipped from his side, eyes on Izuku’s card that showed he would be going to battle city B while Kacchan would be going to A.

“Ou yeah, you’re right”, Izuku agreed.

Present Mic continued his presentation on. Explaining about three different kind of robots they would be up against with points from one to three. The points were determined by the level of difficulty and their goal was to get as many points as possible. Also mentioning how attacking other examinees was a huge nono before he got interrupted.

“Excuse me sir but I have a question!” yelled out some tall student from the crowd.

“Hit me!” Present Mic announced and a spot light shined the boy, Izuku squinted his eyes as he seemed familiar from somewhere…

“On the print out you have listed four types of villains not three! With all respect, if this is an error on an official UA materials then this is shameful! We are exemplary students, we expect the best from Japan’s most notable school! A mistake such as this just won't do!” The boy announced and then quite surprisingly turned to point straight at Izuku, “Additionally! You there with the unkempt hair! You’ve been muttering this entire time, stop that. If you can’t bother to take this seriously then leave. You’re distracting the rest of us!” he announced.

Muttering had always been a bit of a bad habit of his and Izuku closed his hands over his mouth muttering an apology. Getting the attention of the entire auditorium again was quite cruating. But then Izuku heard a pissed off grunt from his side.
“If that extra can’t concentrate because of a little bit of muttering then he shouldn’t be trying to apply to be a hero at all”, Kacchan stated, loudly enough that Izuku was pretty sure the boy would hear. Izuku turned to look at him, surprised and kind of touched that Kacchan would defend him.

“All right, all right, examinee number 7111 thanks for calling in with your request!” Present Mic announced, getting all the attention once more. He went on to explain that the fourth villain type was worth zero points and was just an obstacle thrown in their way and would be better avoided all together. The boy who had interrupted thanked and sat down once hearing this information.

The preparation was winding up to a close and as a last way of trying to pump up the students Present Mic called out, “Let’s hear a plus ultra! Good luck!”

Of course the written part of the exam was before the practical, but once that was done they moved up to head for their battle cities. Seeing the enormous gates looming before him with all the other determined examinees around him was a pretty sure fly way of getting some nerves buzzing. Izuku’s palms were constantly getting sweaty and he kept wiping them on his hoodie.

After all this would be it… Ten months- wait no- more like ten years of training had lead him to this point. And now it was all going to be put to the test, it was time for him to give it his all!

_I will become a hero._

Chapter End Notes

Guys please have mercy on my, I am horrible at naming things... I have no idea where I even came up with the name Kiropi for Azumi’s hero name??? I suppose I tried to be clever in some way but I have no idea how? Quirk On?? Is that even a good name for it? I’m horrible with these things, if you want to suggest something else, please do, I don’t think it will take a lot to come up with better names than I do… (¬_¬)

Also regarding names: For anyone that this might not be completely clear: Hizashi is Papa and Shouta is Dad (he has lost the Daddy term now that Izuku is older) They are basically like their names to Izuku so I capitalize them (probably not grammatically correct but oh well), dad/dads could be referring to either one or both of them.

Anywayyy.... Wiuh it's been almost 4 months since the last update! Time sure flies doesn't it? I know I've been crazy busy at least so yeah, writing this almost 10k update took awhile ^_^ I hope it was satisfying! :)
I feel like I'm making a ton of milestones here! I reached 100k words! There's a gasping 5270 kudos on this fic like what?? I have been writing this without abandoning this for a year and four months now? Like woah, never would have thought almost any of that possible! Thank you so much!! Your kudos and comments are seriously the best! Sorry that I don't always answer all of them... My habit is answering the last chapters comments when I update the new chapter and sometimes if I can't think of anything else than a sincere thank you to reply I might not. Just know that I read each and every one of them and cherish them so so much! Sometimes I return to read them when I try to find motivation for writing again so they do help a lot:) Especially when it's been almost four months and a sudden new comment reminds me to continue with this fic once more heh ^_^"

So yes, thank you and I'll be seeing you once again in the next chapter!
Standing in front of the enormous doors of the entrance exam’s battle city, Izuku couldn’t help but wonder why no one else looked nervous like… at all. Izuku felt at least fairly confident in his quirks to make it through this test but he was basically shaking with nerves. At the same time all the other examinees looked totally calm, almost relaxed even.

Izuku’s wondering and panicking was interrupted for a moment when he noticed the girl who had saved him from breaking his nose on the pavement at the beginning of all of this. He didn’t even know her name. He hadn’t stuttered like a single word to her. He didn’t even thank her! Maybe he had time to do that now before the test began… Who knows if he would even see her again as much as he hoped that she would make it to the hero course too, she seemed the right character for it.

Izuku was about to head over to her and had even stepped forward already when a hand on his bicep stopped him. Startled, Izuku first looked at the arm and then followed it up to meet the interrupter’s face.

“I hope you weren’t going to interrupt her… She looks like she’s focusing on the trials ahead. Are you going to distract her and ruin her chances to succeed?”

Izuku was going to answer but was distracted at looking at the guy, he just seemed so familiar. And not just from the beginning presentation where he managed to humiliate him the second time that day. The memory was right there just a little out of his reach… Izuku let his eyes travel down the boy’s frame, finally stopping at his calves exposed from under his shorts, they had exhaust pipes.

“Wait…” Izuku said, the memory finally reaching him, practically a miracle because it had been so many years, “Tenya-kun?”

Izuku raised his eyes back to Iida’s face to catch the startled expression flashing on his features. Iida took a second to recall as well but the nickname seemed to have sparked his memory.

“Izuku?”

It was Iida Tenya! It had been so many years since he last saw him. Unfortunately the wedding had been the only occasion where he got to meet Tenya since he didn’t live near enough to visit and over
the years he had actually totally forgotten about the boy. Now the brief memories he could recall from playing tag and having fun with the boy were just flashing before his eyes, bringing forth a childlike joy at seeing his friend again.

Unfortunately neither of them had any time beyond that to reconnect or say much else because all of a sudden Present Mic’s voice boomed through the speakers.

“Right let’s start! Get moving!”

Izuku’s instincts kicked in immediately, he activated his Speed quirk that did not only make him run faster but process things faster too, the brief second that Izuku had to think those words through was more than enough to make him realise the test had already begun. They only had limited time and so he wouldn’t have any seconds to spare just standing around.

Instinctively Izuku grabbed Tenya’s hand and started running, luckily Tenya had quick reflexes too and also activated his engines when Izuku pulled him along. They had already gotten a decent headstart when the others started to realise that the test had begun too. Especially when Present Mic yelled out, “There are no countdown’s in real battle! Run, run, run, listeners! You’re wasting airtime here!”

Deeming that they had gotten far enough that robots would start appearing any moment now, Izuku slowed down and let Tenya get his bearings back.

“Good luck Tenya-kun!” was all Izuku had time to say to the other boy before he activated his Speed quirk once again and ran off. Tenya didn’t even have any time to respond before he was already gone.

Believing that the robots would be more scarce at the front of the battle city and more rich further back where it would take more time for the examinees to reach, Izuku headed there. Faster than anyone else, he reached it in a matter of seconds from the exam’s start and was pleased to notice that yes, there was indeed an abundance of robots here, they were mostly 2 and 3 pointers, and Izuku was the only one there.

Not wasting his limited time, Izuku got right into business. It should be noted that between arriving and noticing the earlier three facts Izuku had not stopped to look around and had, indeed, detected these while running. Now the first two pointer was coming up in front of him.
Izuku jumped.

And crashed right into the robot while covering himself with an all round Shield. Effectively making himself into a human cannonball.

The Speed quirk’s momentum was definitely powerful enough to bring massive destruction and fortunately the Shield around Izuku acted as the perfect buffer so that Newton’s third law didn’t come back to bite his ass for this stunt. The robot was instantly destroyed and the Shield absorbed all the backlash.

A happy and satisfied smirk rose to Izuku’s lips when he saw that his plan would work. With a little bit of momentum left, Izuku continued to run the second his feet met the ground and he headed for the next robot.

It was a pretty plain strategy. Run, jump, Shield, smash the robot, repeat. But most certainly it was an effective strategy. Between smashing the robots Izuku looked around and planned the route he would take for the most efficient robot smashing. He was going so fast and even with his Speed enhanced reflexes and thinking, Izuku pretty much had time only for focusing on hitting his targets. He had no idea how many robots had been left as pieces behind him and he had no idea what type of robots they had been. For all he knew he had smashed the zero robot too.

Feeling the telltale signs that dehydration and fatigue were starting to creep up on him, Izuku finally slowed down to a stop to catch his breath. He didn’t have any water to help his dry throat but he did have a high in calories and protein Quirkbar that he had been allowed to bring into the test with special permission. He had been using two of his quirks on such overdrive that he pretty much inhaled the bar before he could collapse.

Izuku looked around and noticed that it had been long enough for the other students to finally reach his position. Unfortunately for them though, all was left to find was a few scraps of robots that Izuku hadn’t really missed, more like they had come after he had smashed all the robots previously here. Deeming that he probably had already reached the high scores of this battle ground, Izuku decided that he could slow down a bit. After all it wouldn’t be fair to the other examinees if there weren’t enough robots for them to fight too to prove their worth. That thought did make Izuku wonder if it was even a real threat… UA was definitely prosperous enough to possibly have back up robots… But part of the test was built on the fact that the fast ate the slow.** If you weren’t fast and a quick thinker, and had a powerful quirk good for quick destruction, you pretty much couldn’t succeed in this test.

Izuku ran some quick approximate calculations in his head and felt confident that his scores could get him into the hero course already. He felt a little cocky and overconfident in thinking that, like he wasn’t going to give his all in this test but the truth of the matter was that he didn’t need to be number
one on the score board and he already knew the average score that had been enough to get a person into the course over the years and he was confident that he had that much already so… Why over do it? Why rob someone else from their chance at making it through?

He did decide he couldn’t just stand idly by. That would just be disrespectful to the exam, to UA and to the other examinees.

And so activating his Speed once more, which also helped to digest the health bar he had just eaten, Izuku took off, running through the battleground with no particular destination or idea, possibly to take out a few robots far from anyone else on it too.

But quickly Izuku found himself noticing potentially dangerous situations the other examinees were getting themselves into and rushing into help. Izuku was there, was it falling ruble to destroy before it fell on someone, or pulling someone out of harm's way, were it robots or possibly even another examinee being careless with their quirk and attacks, unintentionally almost hitting someone else in which case Izuku stopped for a moment to yell to them to be more careful. Izuku almost did all this as a passing thought when passing by since most of the cases were minor enough to not have even been able to inflict any serious injury. Most of the time Izuku was too fast for the other examinees to even properly realise that he had been there or that they had been a moment away from getting hurt.

Izuku did end up destroying a few one pointers on the outskirts of the exam ground where no other examinee had bothered to venture but left all the other robots be. There wasn’t much time reserved for the exam and several minutes had already gone by, Izuku had managed to do a lot given his limited time but the exam would surely be over any moment now.

All of a sudden a massive boom of crashing made Izuku stop and turn towards the sound. He was far enough away that he couldn’t even see what had caused it, only some stirred up dirt flying over the roofs of the multi-storey buildings but he felt that he should go and find out what it had been just to be sure. If something had gone wrong and someone had gotten hurt unintentionally from whatever that had been, Izuku wanted to make sure that they wouldn’t need any help.

The Speed quirk was truly amazing with how useful it was, in a matter of seconds Izuku found himself at a stop and surrounded by fleeting students as a huge ass robot loomed over everybody. The robot was massive enough to crush buildings just by leaning on them a little. *Could that really be the zero pointer? Wasn’t this a little bit extreme?* Izuku couldn’t help but think when feeling like an ant at the robots feet. The other students pretty much had the right thought in running away from that thing. Even he didn’t know if he could do anything against it!

About to follow the others example, Izuku was turning when a shout of pain made him stop and freeze. He turned back and saw a girl trapped by her foot being crushed under some fallen ruble. And not just any girl, the one who had helped him. The one who had stopped him from starting his
exam with a flat face and a fractured skull. She was lying on the ground, struggling to get herself free as the robot was approaching.

Izuku couldn’t really claim that he gave much thought for what he did next. Or any thought for that matter. All he knew was that the robot was bringing down its front claw, aiming for the girl and he moved. In that moment Izuku truly recognised something new inside him for the first time. A power that seemed to fill every inch of his being. Reaching for it Izuku jumped, flying higher than he ever had before. Seeing his limited seconds tick by as the robot threatened to crush the girl under itself Izuku pulled his hand back and with every fiber of his being concentrated to bring his hand forth once again.

From the depths of his heart, Izuku yelled out, “SMASH!” as his fist connected with the robot. Releasing a destructive force he had never dealt before, absolutely blowing away the giant of a robot, even causing a chain reaction of explosions to further destroy the thing on its way to the ground where it finally broke even more apart.

Izuku gulped over seeing, and feeling, what he had done, what One for all was truly capable of.

Hizashi liked to be the commentator for the exams’ pretty much every year while Shouta usually was one of the teachers on the panel who evaluated the students and if the occasion arised, voted on the rescue points.

This year they both obviously had a conflict of interest what with their son competing in the exam and so Shouta couldn’t be one of the voting teachers. He was together with Hizashi on the announcing booth where they could see what was happening on all the battlegrounds through various tv screens and cameras recording everything happening during the exam. Hizashi was busy in his zone, finding moments where he might quip up something but they were actually pretty scarce now that the exam had started and the students needed to focus on what was happening around them and could not afford to be distracted.

Shouta had noticed his bias since he pretty much couldn’t stop following Izuku with his gaze. Izuku was using so much of his speed that they didn’t even really have the time to register everything he was doing. The footage would surely be combed over later on with some super slow mo to properly evaluate his actions and even to calculate his scores that were rapidly rising up as he left robot after a robot as screws and ruble behind him. Shouta was even a little proud at his son’s technique even if it was plain and heavy on force but in this kind of an exam it couldn’t really be helped. The plan was simple, efficient and didn’t seem to leave any injuries on Izuku so it was pretty perfect for this situation.
“Remember the time when Izuku was five and promised us that he would run away from danger?” Shouta couldn’t help but remark as Izuku smashed yet another robot.

“Ah…” Hizashi hummed with solemn acceptance, “It was good while it lasted.”

Everything was going well, Izuku had even slowed down on the destruction of the robots and had been running around, even helping the other examinees on occasion when they were close to getting hurt.

Then came the zero robot.

Shouta wasn’t particularly surprised when Izuku ran over the moment he heard the robot emerging. He wasn’t surprised when Izuku stopped and didn’t run away like everyone else when he heard someone cry out in pain. But then his son jumped like 50 meters into the air and then punched the mountain of a robot into bits. Both fathers were on their feet with shocked yells, staring at the screens with bewilderment.

Not only that, now the robot was on the ground, severely destroyed and Izuku was falling from the sky with both of his legs and right arm clearly broken in multiple parts?!

“NO!” Hizashi yelled out, desperate, his emotions making him forget to handle his quirk. The volume of his shout even cracked some of the screens. Shouta couldn’t help but feel the panic too. They were so far off, they had absolutely no way of getting there to help Izuku. In fact, no one did because he would be hitting the ground in a matter of seconds and there was no one there! It didn’t help when UA’s cameras were fancy enough to really focus on their falling son and the desperation and panic on his face too.

When all hope seemed lost and their son’s fate of crashing into bits on the ground seemed imminent, a slap came to save the day. The girl Izuku had ran out to save had managed to float herself up far enough to slap Izuku on the cheek to activate her quirk just before he reached the ground, leaving him momentarily floating just inches from the ground weightless before the girl released her quirk. And soon enough her stomach too…

Hizashi was visibly shaking, and collapsed into his chair almost on the verge of fainting. Shouta was boiling with rage.
Lying on the ground, Izuku could only distantly wonder how the hell he was alive. He would thank the gods or some higher power but really, he had been saved by a goddess today. Twice.

It didn’t really erase the fact that Izuku now knew what being smush felt like. Three out of four of his limbs were completely broken, and it did not feel good. Impending doom was looming over him and he had no one but himself to blame, All Might had warned him after all.

“Are you sure I’m the right person to give this quirk to?”

All Might was silent for a moment, his gaze deeply set on Izuku, assessing him.

“I can’t deny that I haven’t had my doubts. In fact, this has been the hardest decision I’ve had to make in my life. You bring up very valid points, my boy, things I’ve considered myself. There are a lot of reasons why I could choose someone else, there are a lot of reasons why I can’t choose anybody else. As much as logic didn’t always seem to be on my side when making this decision, I couldn’t ignore my gut.

A hero needs to make many hard decisions during their career. And there comes times when you can’t answer something purely out of logic, when the only thing you can depend on is your gut feeling.”

Izuku heart pounded wildly in his chest. He wasn’t sure what he wished to hear from All Might. Hearing that All Might had doubted his decision was a surprisingly harsh blow.

“I just can’t ignore it… Something in me is just saying this is the right decision. This is the only decision. You are not just worthy of One for all, I feel like you were meant to have it.”

At that point Izuku really had to fight off tears because he was getting pretty emotional. There was no backing out anymore, this would happen.

To show All Might that he accepted, Izuku ate the hair. Feeling a little more apprehensive the moment he had to start chewing and swallowing the thing down… It was not pleasant. Nevertheless All Might smiled proudly when he managed to swallow it down with a grimace.
“I’m proud of you my boy. You will continue on to do incredible things, I’m sure of it”, All Might said.

Izuku looked at his hands with confusion.

“I don’t… feel any different though?” he asked with confusion. After all, when using CCP he got the quirk immediately.

At this All Might laughed.

“Well of course not! You have to digest it first! Hmm… It should take a few hours I think, plenty of time for it to kick in for the exam. Be aware though! You may have molded your body into a proper vessel but you did it in a hurry, so be cautious. The physical backlash of One for all can be intense.”

Intense, seemed to be putting it lightly when he felt like a pile of broken sticks at the moment.

“Very nice! Good work all around!” came the cheery quip of Recovery Girl as she approached. “You are all heroes in my eyes every one of you!”

She handed out some gummies and said something about rewarding themselves. Izuku was too busy panicking over his fathers to even feel relief that she was here.

“Oh my goodness!” she wondered with shock when she finally reached him, “You were hurt this badly sonny?”

Izuku let out a painful groan as an answer before raising his desperate eyes to the healer.

“Recovery Girl, please, just let me die here in piece. At least it will save my dads from a lifetime in prison for murdering their own son.”

“Oh now, now. I don’t have time for your theatrics boy. Time to heal up!” she said before planting a kiss on top of his head, the healing effects of the kiss pretty much immedient. Izuku groaned again.
Finally starting to recover from his panic, Hizashi stuttered, “W-What was that? Where did that come from? How could he do it?”

Hizashi was utterly and completely baffled and had even missed announcing the end of the exam. Only the loud voice signal telling the students that it was over.

“Where did he get that quirk?” he muttered with a really small voice because there was no way that was anything else but a quirk they hadn’t known about before. A copy could never be so strong and none of Izuku’s quirks could do that. How was it so strong? Who gave it to him? Why hadn’t Izuku told them? How on earth did it just shatter Izuku’s bones when no other quirk had ever reacted badly when Izuku used them?!

“Shouta?”

Finally managing to turn to look at his husband he found the man shaking with barely contained anger. Shocked at seeing the kind of fury Shouta had in his eyes, Hizashi wasn’t sure how to react.

“Shouta?” Hizashi tried again gently, careful as if he was poking a sleeping bear.

“The applicants seem truly potential this year don’t they?” said someone from behind them and Hizashi turned to see who it was. For a second the skeleton like appearance threw him off but both he and Shouta were part of the teachers that had been briefed about All Might joining their teaching ranks next semester and about his condition and so he managed to recall that this man indeed was All Might.

“There are no combat points awarded from taking on the humungus villain, but there is opportunity. A chance to shine, to show what you’re really made of! To show truly who you are and embody what it means to be a hero!”

Completely clueless to the tension of the room, All Might failed to notice what kind of effect his words had. And so it pretty much came as a surprise for him when all of a sudden he was thrown against a wall with a scarf strangling him as burning red eyes kept him in their hold.

“It was you.”
Hi again! Hope you enjoyed this chapter ^_^

A few people pointed out that I completely forgot to count how my timeline went in the last chapter and there were some numbers that didn't make any sense... If you were left confused just know that it was me, a student specializing in math, forgetting math existed. I'm gonna go and fix those parts right now. If there ever is inconsistencies or other odd things in this fic just point them out to me because I probs have just forgotten to think when writing them, sorry XD

End Notes

Hope you liked it, comments are love❤

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