Summary

“Wings?” Izuku blurted before he could stop himself. “You-you can see my wings?”

“...am I not supposed to?” All Might asked, tone heavy with hesitation.
“No,” Izuku spoke and his eyes glowed a ring of gold as his wings pulsed with heat, spreading out just the tiniest bit longer. All Might’s eyes went wide as he watched the display, something in him cracking, clenching, and burning at the sight. “You aren’t.”

Notes

Hi thanks for stopping by. This is a crappy piece of shit story that I just had to get out WHOOPS.

This is going to play with the Soulmates Idea, along with Angel Wings Izuku and everything in between. :) Its going to have some religious undertones. Get ready for that.

Here’s my shitty prologue! Hope you enjoy.

See the end of the work for more notes.
A child knelt there, thin lips moving silently in a fast pace.

His hands were clasped in front of him, slender fingers linked together. His head was bowed over his hands, green curls brushing against the back of the wooden pew. Around him, the candles’ flames flickered and wavered, raising and dwindling in sync with his breathing. The shadows twisted and curled, stretching out as if shying away from his knelt figure.

The sun casted in through the colored panes of glass lining the walls, casting his form in blotches of translucent hues, blues and pinks splashing across his freckles cheeks as the rest of his form was basked in strips of yellows, greens, and reds. The child unclasped his hands, raising to his feet.

His eyes slipped open, their shade a green the color of grass soaking under the direct attention of the sun. Tiny flecks of gold encircled the blacks of his eyes, unnoticed unless you stared close enough.

Footsteps sounded behind the child and he turned, watching the priest stroll down the aisle of benches.

“Oh, a visitor. Are you here to pray, my child?” The elderly man asked, hands tucked together behind his back as he stopped at the child’s row of wooden benches. “It’s rare to see someone so young come to ask for guidance.” The child gave a soft smile, gaze tender as he approached the priest.

“No one is ever young enough to speak to Him,” the child spoke and the priest backed up, giving space for the child to leave the row. “Thank you. Have a wonderful day, Father.” The child bowed his head low, turning on his heel.

The priest watched him, hands coming up to rub at his narrowed eyes as the lights from the window panes seemed to focus down on the child like a spotlight. Bursts of light sparkled from his back, two small wings unfurling from his back. Their color was like stained glass painted shades of the Earth, shimmering and glistening. They were small, probably only the length of the child’s forearm but glowed with the warmth of a kindling fire. Bells chimed with each light footfall of the child, singing a song of harmony as he slipped out of the church.
“Was I just blessed?” The priest wondered aloud as he turned, staring at the marble statue placed on the back alter. “Did you just grant me a meeting with an angel?” Silence met the man’s inquiry and he shook his head, looking down the row to see a single feather left on the wood of the pew bench.

“Stop - hey wait! Deku!” A girl called out, rushing over to a small child with unruly green curls and hunched shoulders. “Hey, Deku! Freakin’ - I’ll throw something at you!”

“Yes?” The child asked, looking up as he stopped walking. He pushed up his blocky, outdated glasses and staring curiously at the girl as she finally stopped in front of him, gasping for breath.

“You live near Bakugou-kun, right?” The girl asked, tucking a lock of her aqua colored hair behind her head. “Can you give him this for me?” She shoved a pink envelope out in front of her, gaze expectant.

“What’s my name?” The child asked instead of raising a hand to grab at the letter. The girl stared, face impassive. She huffed, rolling her eyes after studying him for a moment.

“Midoriya Izuku,” she responded and he smiled, taking the letter. He was careful in tucking it into his book bag, patting it for affect.

“See?” Izuku asked as he looked up at her. “If you treat someone with respect, you get respect in turn. If you hadn’t known my name, I wouldn’t have taken the request.” The girl huffed and crossed her spiked arms over her chest.

“You’re a weird one, Deku,” the girl snorted and turned, her hair nearly smacking Izuku in the face as she rushed back to her group of friends.

Izuku pursed his lips out as he watched her go before turning back to continue walking home. As he walked, he flipped through his notebook, gentle as he leafed through the aged pages.

“Hm,” Izuku hummed to himself as he eyed the sketch of Midnight, “If her quirk is a sleeping agent,
The sewer lid popped off, slamming into the ground in front of Izuku. Izuku’s mouth fell open as he turned slowly, a shadow descending over his form.

“You’ll do nicely,” the Sludge Villain cooed and slammed down into him.

[Midoriya Izuku had been four when he found out he was Quirkless. He had been four when his hopes and dreams had been crushed into a thousand pieces of burning hot embers.

He’d been four when he realized that the wings resting on his mother’s and his backs were in fact not due to a Quirk.

“Mama,” Izuku gave a snuffle, burrowed under a mountain of blankets and pillows, “why can’t anyone else see our wings, besides Papa?”

Midoriya Inko’s wings were like stained glass window panes of a Catholic church hall, shimmering in the sunlight that sliced through the living room balcony sliding door. When she moved, her feathers sang a song of wind chimes in the summer breeze. A touch to her wings would reveal a pulsating heat, like the beating heart of a dragon was bled into every single strand of every single feather. They stretched wide when they weren’t tucked up against her back, a constant position they kept when she was inside. People never seemed to notice them or touch them and more than once, Izuku had caught her wings phasing through someone’s head when she’s unfurl them.

Inko smiled, dropping onto the couch beside the lump that had become her child. Izuku, unlike Inko, had tiny clumps of peach-fuzz on his own back, resting between his shoulder blades. They looked like tiny weeds when compared to his mother’s wings, their colors clashed into ugly mixtures of dirt and sunlight.

“Well,” Inko began as she leaned down, gently peeling the blankets back to see her son’s red-faced, swollen expression, “that’s because they don’t share my soul.” Inko reached a hand out, brushing her hand through Izuku’s hair. Izuku curled tighter into a small ball, his wings fluttering like leaves in a harsh wind. Inko giggled.
“Share your soul?” Izuku whispered, tone empty of any usual joy or curiosity. Inko’s giggles fell silent, her face saddening. She collected Izuku into her arms, drawing him to her lap. She hugged him, one of her hands ruffling through his tiny wings. Izuku squirmed, giggling at the tickling sensation.

“People who can see my wings,” Inko began as she slowly leaned back, pinching Izuku’s cheeks jokingly, “share a tiny piece of my soul. If they can see your wings, that means they have a tiny piece of your soul in them. You are bound to them for life. They are your precious people.” Inko smiled as she patted Izuku’s cheeks. “Or your beloved enemies destined to constantly clash with you.”

“So that’s why Papa can see your wings, but Auntie next door can’t?” Izuku asked as he reached tiny hands up to grab at Inko’s feathers over her shoulder. Inko hummed and unfurled her wings, the sounds of bells in the air encasing the family.

“That’s correct,” Inko smiled. “Kind of like how Mitsuki can also see my wings.” At the mention of his friend’s mother, Izuku perked up.

“Kacchan’s mom can see your wings?” Izuku gasped, eyes widening. Inko nodded, moving to stand up. She dropped Izuku back onto the couch and ruffled his hair.

“Yep! That’s why we’re such great friends,” Inko smiled and Izuku tilted his head, thinking back to how his mother and Mitsuki always looked like they were arguing. Frowning at the supposed friendship, Izuku shrugged his shoulders. Must have been an adult thing.

“So don’t worry, Izuku. Your precious people will come to you. Just be patient, dearie,” Inko explained and bustled into the kitchen to make dinner. "And they’ll love you even without a Quirk."

Izuku laid on the couch cushion as he watched his mom move around the kitchen, mesmerized by her wings. His eyes slipped closed as the ringing of bells lulled him to sleep.

A flash of green. The tight feel of pressure shoving against his chest. He couldn’t breathe. He couldn’t breathe. He couldn’t breathe. A glimpse of a small child, red eyes wide as he held a clump of bloody feather in a blistered fist. The endless retching stench of soiled waste, sewer water, and rotten food. A hymn, sung low and shaking him to the core. Black. Bell chimes, a brief glisten of gold. A gentle hand brushing through his hair. White.
“For I know the plans I have for you. Plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.”

There was something tapping at his cheek.

“Hey, hey kid, hey.”

Izuku shot up with a gasp, eyes wide as he turned to look at his savior.

He stared.

All Might, in all his muscular, defined glory, crouched down next to him, body language conveying his nervousness and concern. “Hey kid, you okay?”

“All Might,” Izuku breathed out, pushing his bangs out of his face. His entire body smelt and he shuddered, remembering the Sludge Villain. “You— you saved me.” All Might was in front of him. Actually in front of him. Physically in front of him. If Izuku wanted to, he could reach out and touch those bulging arms that have saved countless lives.

“You’re okay,” All Might soothed and helped Izuku to his feet. His grip was firm and warm, something burning singing in Izuku’s chest at the contact. “I’ve trapped the Villain. Do you need medical attention?” Izuku blinked tears from his eyes, trying not to sniffle. He could smell himself, smell the residue from the Sludge Villain. He involuntarily shuddered, his wings ruffling out to get the sticky layer clinging to them off.

“I—I think I’m okay?” Izuku wheezed out, eyes flashing down to his glasses. He gasped and scooped them up, shoving them onto his face before meeting All Might’s gaze. “Thank— thank you for saving me.”

“I think you should see a doctor,” All Might argued, coughing slightly. “Let’s hurry.” All Might patted his pant pockets, two soda-bottles full of the Villain.

“O—oh no, I’m fine,” Izuku tried to argue, only to falter when All Might sent him still with a stern gaze. “Um, sir.”
“Kid, I don’t have the time to argue,” All Might spoke and coughed again. Izuku frowned, something in his chest clenching at the wet sounding cough. Something deep inside him screamed and thrashed, hearing the pain in All Might’s tone. What was wrong with him? “So let’s just go to the police station.”

“I’m seriously fine, All Might. Just - just go turn him in. Trust me, I’m okay.” As if trying to prove it to the man, his small wings stretched out in a show of health. All Might chuckled, maybe finding his words funny.

“If you say so, young man. Tend to your wings though-” the world was crashing down around Izuku as All Might geared up to leave- “since they look like they were coated pretty thickly in the slime.”

“Wings?” Izuku blurted before he could stop himself and All Might paused from jumping, turning to study the child. “You-you can see my wings?” All Might turned to him fully, his smile faltered.

“...am I not supposed to?” All Might asked, tone heavy with hesitance. His body looked like it was beginning to shrink, strangely enough, and that screaming part of him was growing more and more insistent.

“No,” Izuku spoke and his eyes glowed a ring of gold as his wings pulsated with heat, spreading out just the tiniest bit longer. All Might’s eyes went wide as he watched the display, something in him cracking, clenching, and burning at the sight. “You aren’t.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading~!

Here is a visual of Angel Izuku!

Come join the discord. It’s wild

https://discord.gg/VpJHbH3
“I-I have to go,” All Might coughed out, backing away from the child. Something in his gaze was ancient, older than time itself. Those rings of gold broke apart, shattering back into those tiny flecks as the child blinked.

“Wait-wait, no!” Izuku shrieked and lunged just as All Might leapt. Izuku clung tightly to All Might’s thigh, the wind screaming in his ears as his chest seemed to crack open and consume his body in a raging fire. His heart swelled at the physical contact with All Might and something in his mind connected.

Oh Lord in Heaven, no. Why All Might? Father, how dark your humor seemed.

“What the- kid!” All Might yelped as he landed them on a building, eyes roaming to those wings. They rustled and fluttered, trying to neat themselves out from the trip. “Kid you can't just-”

Whatever All Might wanted to say was cut off by a glob of blood shoving past his lips, punctuated by the steam that encased his body.

Izuku shrieked at the blood, his mind screaming at the obvious pain. His wings stretched out, feathers splaying against the breeze as Izuku stared at the skeletal man before him. Skin and bones. The man was literally skin and bones. Dark shadows circled his sickly flesh, his face taunt enough to outline his skull structure. His clothes hung off his body, revealing his protruding collar bone and making him look all the more fragile.

This was All Might?

“Crap,” was all the man could say. He wiped at the blood trailing down his chin, beady blue eyes
unable to look away from those wings. They seemed to glow in the sunlight, little twinkling sparkles drifting around them. They looked otherworldly, but then again, Toshinori had seen weirder Quirks. “Kid, I don’t know why you’re so worried about your Quirk—”

Toshinori stopped, looking down at his pant pocket, noting how weighless his pockets felt. He groped at his empty pockets, paling. “God dammit.”

“You shouldn’t say His name in vain,” Izuku blurted, unable to look away from the guy—All Might that was All Might but not All Might but it was but at the same time—as he looked up at Izuku in disbelief. “What’s—what’s wrong?”

“The...the Villain….I lost him.” Izuku’s jaw dropped. “He must have fallen from my pocket.”

“Oh Heavenly Father, I made you drop him!” Izuku shrieked, covering his mouth with his hands. “This is my fault! All my fault! What if he—” Izuku’s face shut down and he turned his head, just as an explosion went off. Toshinori whirled, eyeing the rising smoke cloud in exhaustion.

“Stay here,” Toshinori demanded and quickly transformed again into All Might, disappearing with a powerful jump towards the direction of the smoke.

Izuku’s eyes gained a ring of gold as his pupils seemed to narrow into thin slits.

“Kacchan,” he breathed out and his wings shuddered. Izuku burst down the stairs, intent on going after All Might. The bells were shrill as they rung at his heels, reminiscent of the large bell tower chimes.

Toshinori leaned against the pole, looking at the destroyed strip as the Sludge Villain struggled with its newest hostage. A young boy with some sort of explosive Quirk, judging from the explosions he was setting off with his palms.

He was putting up a good struggle, Toshinori noted. He was a fighter, not likely to give up. Good. That could—
Toshinori grunted, putting more weight against the pole as he clenched at his side. He’d used up too much time dealing with that child, too much time spent staring at those wings, feeling his entire body light up on fire from a single touch of the child-

—and he couldn’t breathe, his knees nearly buckling as a heavy, suffocating pressure slammed into him. Toshinori couldn’t stop the tiny trail of blood that slipped past his lips as the world around him seemed to darken. No one else seemed effected, too busy focusing on the Heroes trying to save the teenager. But Toshinori felt it. Saw it.

It was like black inkiness was overtaking his vision around the edges, filtering what he saw. Grey grainy particles were sprinkling through the air.

Then suddenly, a burst of light.

He couldn’t breathe. He couldn’t breathe. It felt like a hand was squeezing around his throat, gradually tightening as the seconds passed. His vision was spotting, his heart hammering in his chest as he clawed and used his Quirk against the slime slowly pushing into him. His eyes rolled towards the back of his skull as more slime shoved down his throat, his tongue dying slowly from the taste of sewage and muck.

Until Katsuki’s thoughts were snapped taunt, feeling a warmth bubbling up. He heard the Sludge Villain give a confused trill in his throat. His mouth was released and he coughed and spat, vomit shoving the residual slime out of his body.

And then he saw him hauling ass towards him, face twisted in a vicious snarl. Katsuki felt his lung constrict for an entirely different reason as he saw those gold-ringed eyes lock in on his and those four ghost-like wings flicker into existence for a brief blink before disappearing again.

Izuku slammed into the Sludge Villain, hands clawing and punching against the slime holding Katsuki. Izuku’s eyes stayed on Katsuki’s and his eyes burned, tears trickling down his purple cheeks as Izuku bared his teeth.

“You do not touch what is mine,” Izuku spat and All Might was suddenly there, punched the
Villain off him. Katsuki was weightless, breathless, and dizzy as Izuku wrapped his arms around him, hugging him to his chest. Katsuki’s eyelids fluttered as the world sunk around him, seeing those two chiming wing lift up as if ready to take flight.

“Shitty-Deku-” Katsuki choked out, his lungs burning. Izuku hugged him close, eyes losing their ring of gold as his pupils went back to those full circles.

“Rest,” Izuku whispered and Katsuki’s eyes rolled as he heard the beginning of a hymn hit his ears.

[“What do you mean he doesn’t have a Quirk?” Katsuki snapped out, glaring at his friend. “Of course Deku does! He has his-”

“Bakugou-kun,” the teacher stepped in, frown in place as Izuku just continued to eat his lunch. “It’s not nice to lie. Midoriya-kun sadly doesn’t have a Quirk. You don’t have to lie for him.” Katsuki stared at the woman as if she was stupid, his eyes moving to those tiny little mounds of green, brown, and yellow peach fuzz poking out of his back.

“But-but...his...his wings…” Katsuki stuttered out, confusion hitting hard as his teacher frowned at him.

“What wings, Bakugou-kun?”

Katsuki saw Izuku deflate, saw those green eyes grow murky, saw those tiny little wings seem to droop. No one saw them? No one saw his wings? Izuku met eyes with Katsuki and he shook his head, mouth pressed in a sad smile.

Katsuki heard those bells chime in his ears as he exploded the desk in a fit of rage, his shrieks attempting to drown out the soft tinkling.]
Katsuki came to a moment later just in time to see All Might part the clouds with a single punch. His body didn’t feel exhausted, his lungs normal compared to their constricted burning not minutes before. His jaw didn’t throb from the bruising grip the Villain had had on it, keeping it pried open to better jam down his throat.

Katsuki shoved himself away from Izuku, seeing those wings flutter in agitation. Their color were darker, looking like grass in the shadow of a cloud rather than in direct sunlight. Katsuki snarled low in his throat, grabbing at Izuku’s collar.

“Don’t fucking do that,” Katsuki hissed low as Heroes rushed to the two of them. “Don’t you fucking do that freaky shit with me again, Shitty Deku.” Izuku’s wings drooped down at Katsuki’s scathing tone and Katsuki’s face scrunched up, looking like he was about to vomit again.

“Are you two alright?” Katsuki turned away from Izuku as the Heroes began fussing over them, chiding Izuku over interfering. Katsuki watched out the corner of his eye as Izuku kept his head down, hiding those gold-flecked eyes away from everyone.

All too soon they were free to leave and Katsuki and Izuku walked home in silence.

“Kacchan-“

“They got bigger,” Katsuki cut him off, back turned as he walked ahead of the green haired child. “They look longer.”

“...you must be imagining it,” Izuku responded as he glanced up at Katsuki’s tense shoulders. “Are you in any pain?”

Katsuki whirled, stomping up to him. Izuku squeaked as Katsuki grabbed him by the collar, snarling in his face. “No I’m fucking not because you fucking stole it you piece of shit!” Katsuki released him and backed up as if burned, shoving his hands into his pockets. “Stop following me.”

Izuku stood there as Katsuki stormed off, his wings furling up against his back tightly.

“You two don’t seem very friendly,” All Might spoke as he popped up around a corner. Izuku yelped, windmilling his arms back as he tried to regain his balance. “You alright?”
“I-um— I should be asking you that,” Izuku stuttered out as smoke exploded, cloaking All Might until he was Toshinori once more. Izuku looked around, complexion pale as he searched for any onlookers. “I—I am so sorry for causing everything.”

“It was not alright,” Toshinori agreed, “but in the end, it was settled. Tell me, what exactly is your Quirk? It- I don’t know—”

Izuku blinked before giving a startled bark of laughter. He shook his head, his wings beating once as if humored by his question.

“I don’t have a Quirk,” Izuku spoke finally. “I’m Quirkless.” Toshinori’s eyes slid back to those wings, noting their darker shade.

“...uh-huh…” He spoke, not convinced in the slightest. “My boy, I’d believe that if you didn’t have wings growing out of your back.” Izuku’s smile fell and he fiddled with his fingers.

“Not everyone can see my wings,” Izuku admitted softly. “If you asked anyone at the moment if they could see my wings, they’d answer no. You being able to see my wings...that’s...that’s important.” Izuku closed his eyes, breathing in loudly. “Please, come touch my wings.”

“Kid—”

“Please,” Izuku pleaded and turned around, stretching his wings out as he ducked his head. He shuddered as he heard those dragging footsteps grow closer. A tentative poke at his feathers sent electric shocks through his entire body as images crashed into him. Izuku’s eyes shot open wide, gold swallowing the green as he wheezed.

A burning light, warm and glowing, passed along through years and lives. A woman’s beaming smile. Blood. Blue, yellow, white, and red blinding his eyes until it was all he knew. A ringing chuckle, chasing away fear and darkness and only summoning light—

“What—what was that?” Toshinori wheezed as he stumbled back, expression dazed. Izuku turned to him, clasping his hands together as if to pray. The gold shrunk back into those thin rings, his pupils narrowed as his wings curled up against his back.
“That,” Izuku spoke and those rings of gold were trying to entrap Toshinori with their burning intensity, “was me sharing with you my soul.” Toshinori stared at him for a moment, mouth hanging open. His mind chased away the last of the dizzying, cluttered images, unable to make sense of any of the scenes he was presented with.

“What?” Toshinori found his voice and Izuku gave a nervous smile. His gaze wavered, his pupils shrinking before almost engulfing the gold. A almost drunkenness came over the child, his eyes glossy and gleaming as if he’d been shown the secrets to the world.

“My mother can explain better than I can,” Izuku spoke, voice empty of any emotions. He dropped his hands, wings drooping. “I...am not lying when I saw I am Quirkless, Yagi Toshinori.”

“What-what?” Toshinori’s steps came to a halt as Izuku walked back him, bells ringing in the air as they past.

“You saw the memories, right? When you touched my wings?” Izuku clarified, continuing to walk, and Toshinori hesitated - nodded. “I saw your memories. That cemented on connection as soulmates.” Toshinori coughed up blood as he stumbled after the child, enraptured by the sunlight seeping through those almost transparent wings. For a split second, he could have sworn he saw 4 other wings settle against the child’s back like a cape.

“S-soulmates?!” Toshinori called as he fell into step with the child, warmth radiating from the boy.

“Like I said, my mother can explain,” Izuku spoke emptily. “Let’s go.” Toshinori was left lost as he stumbled next the child, eyes somehow always drawing back to those wings.

It was only when they got to the child’s apartment did he realize his side didn’t throb as painfully.

[They used to start off as soft singing, gentle caresses to his cheeks or hair, and endless warmth. He was never able to recall the details, only remembering that soft voice, the warmth, the stretching voids of white and gold. He’d wake up in tears, gasping for air as he longed for something he no longer could recall. He’d struggle to wake up, lost to the memories he only kept in his dreams.]
They used to start off as soft singing, gentle caresses to his cheeks or hair, and endless warmth. They slowly dyed to raging pain, cracked open rib cages and shredded hearts, unbearable pain in his back, 6 times over as darkness dyed his flesh like watery puddles.

After Katsuki burned him the first time with his Quirk, his dreams stopped altogether.

There was a heavy tension in the air as Izuku settled next to Inko, basking in the warmth her wings emitted. He leaned into her side as Toshinori sipped awkwardly at his tea.

“You can see his wings,” Inko repeated, face carefully blank. “You touched them?” Toshinori nodded, setting his tea down. “It is...hard to explain, to one who won’t believe.”

“Those images I saw,” Toshinori cut off, closing his eyes at the images flashed across his darkened eyelids. Blinding sunlight. A warmth that was unlike anything Toshinori had ever experienced. Endless love and comfort. No pain, no fear, no exhaustion. Beautiful wings, 6 of them, stretched out to encompass the sky like a loving hug. “What...were they exactly? He said they were his...soul...?”

“A fragment, yes,” Inko confirmed, sipped on her own tea. “The blood that runs through my blood, and in turn Izuku’s, is old and timeless. But only those who share a piece of our souls sees our wings.” Toshinori jerked, looking for a glimpse of her wings. Inko smiled despite the mood. “You can’t see them. You don’t share a fragment of my soul.”

“...what...” Toshinori licked his lips, feeling like he already knew the answer. He didn’t know how but he knew. “What are you, exactly?”

“People have called us many names, throughout history,” Inko explained softly. “I believe the most popular one is angel.”

“Angel.” Toshinori released an exhale and blinked. “An angel? You- you are rather open about sharing this information.” Inko giggled and it sounded pleasant enough.

“You can see my son’s wings,” Inko stated simply. “Why would I hide anything from you? It’s not as if you truly believe us anyways.” Toshinori shifted in his seat, feeling spread bare at how easily
“Your son...he said he was Quirkless,” Toshinori coughed, trying to catch the blood before it dribbled. He withdrew his hand, startled by the lack of blood.

“Yes,” Inko spoke, looking at him curiously. “Is something the matter?” Toshinori looked up from his hand, other hand moving to touch his side.

“I-um, am not in the best health,” Toshinori admitted. Thank god Izuku had kept silent about him being All Might. “Some-sometimes I, um...cough...up...blood?” All Might rubbed at his side, a perplexed expression on his face. “But-”

“You feel no pain and aren’t coughing up blood?” Inko guessed, eyes sliding to her son. “Izuku, did you...?”

“He was in pain,” Izuku spoke in a quiet, uncertain voice, his eyes glowing that eerie gold again. There was no green to be seen, just endless gold. “It hurt to feel his pain.” Toshinori choked, looking startled.

“Feel-feel my-my pain?” Toshinori wheezed out and those gold eyes settled on him. Suddenly Toshinori couldn’t breathe, feeling the age of those burning orbs brand into him. They were tearing him up, picking him apart, putting him back together, and for the first time in years, he inhaled deep and didn’t feel that stabbing twinge in his lungs. “What did you do?”

“Angels are miracle workers, as the humans like to tell it,” Izuku spoke lightly, his voice not his own. Toshinori seized in his chair, Inko giving a resigned sigh as Izuku’s wings stretched out. “I cannot have my precious person die within the year after finally meeting you. I healed you.”

“You healed me.” It came out without any emotions, just a blunt statement as his mind crashed and burned. “You healed me?! I’m missing half my stomach!” Toshinori ripped his shirt up, only to gasp along with Inko when smooth skin stretched across where the scar was supposed to be. Toshinori just stared.

“It’ll take a while for your body to process the changes,” Izuku spoke, his eyes wide as Toshinori’s shirt fell from his numb hand. “But, on the plus side, you aren’t dying anymore.”
“...what did you do?” Toshinori whispered, body seeming to sag. “What did you do?” There was a bone-deep weariness in his tone as he gingerly touched his healed side. His hands were trembling, everyone crystal-clear and jumbled at the same time as he tried to understand just what was going on.

“Saved you,” Izuku responded just as quiet. “Why do you sound so sad?” Toshinori leaned forward, planting his elbows on his knees as he wheezed out a long exhale. He rested his forehead against his laced fingers, staring at the wooden floorboards.

“I resigned to my death years ago,” Toshinori explained, words choked as he blinked his vision clear. “I had prepared myself for my end. I had my plan, my motivation to find a successor for my- my legacy. I had been told there was no help, no deus ex machina to save me. But you-” Toshinori’s chest heaved “-you just bluntly state you healed me. I don’t-I don’t know what... why?”

“Yagi-san, you can see my wings,” Izuku spoke as he slid from the couch, kneeling down in front of Toshinori. Blue met watery green and Toshinori blinked as he saw those wings raise as it to encircle them. “That means that you are supposed to be in my life. That means that we’re tied together by something that was decided before the two of us were even born. I protect my precious people, Yagi-san. I couldn’t stand the pain you were suffering.”

“You felt it?” Toshinori asked, hands dropped. Izuku nodded and he plucked one of his feather, holding it out to Toshinori. “What’s this?”

“If you decide you do no not want my gift,” Izuku spoke with a stuttered breath, “then just wish it. The feather will take my Grace from you.” Toshinori’s head was spinning, everything too much. He looked between the feather to the child, back to the feather.

Toshinori gingerly plucked the feather from his fingers, holding it gently to his chest. “Thank you.”

“I’ll heat up more tea,” Inko spoke after a moment of watching the two. She stood up and left, leaving them in the living room.

“You’re looking for a successor?” Izuku whispered softly, eyes squinting as he tried to stop the tears from forming. “For your Quirk?” Toshinori nodded slowly, exhaustion crashing into him.

“Yes, because my time is - was - running out fast. I...feared leaving this world without the proper protection to insure that the Light always prevailed.” Izuku smiled softly up at him, still knelt down in front of him. Toshinori cleared his throat and Izuku seemed to understand his discomfort. He
stood, his wings stretching out.

“Well, it looks like you have a bit more time to decide your successor then,” Izuku spoke with a kind, open smile.

“...you’re Quirkless,” Toshinori breathed out. “With those things, it’s hard to believe.” Izuku gave a shy laugh, wings tucking back up. “Have you ever thought of doing anything with them?”

“I can’t really do anything with them,” Izuku confessed. “And with me being Quirkless, it means I’m basically unable to be a Hero.” Toshinori raised an eyebrow as Inko came back in with new tea.

“You want to be a Hero?” Toshinori questioned in alarm. Izuku nodded, suddenly looking embarrassed.

“I’ve- um, always looked up to you. Before they told me I was Quirkless, I was adamant about being a hero,” Izuku confessed with a sheep smile. “But my angelic traits are basically useless to everyone but my soulmates, so…” Izuku shrugged as he moved to get his cup.

Toshinori was stupid. He was stupid and impulsive and always listened to his heart before anything else and it was all but screeching at the moment.

“...May I,” Toshinori coughed more on reflex than anything else. “May I...come by again tomorrow?” Inko and Izuku shared curious looks before Izuku nodded.

“Why?” Inko inquired, the air around her reminding Toshinori of her son when his eyes glowed gold. She didn’t look any different though. The feather in his hold heated up slightly.

“I believe I’ve figured out why I’m connected to Midoriya-kun,” Toshinori explained, feeling light for the first time in years.

Chapter End Notes

So obviously this is gonna get OOC real fast but hopefully not as bad. lol
“So,” Izuku spoke up shyly, adjusting his glasses. “Why-why are we here?” Izuku looked around the litter-riddled beach, eyes darkening as he looked at all the trash.

“Being a Hero isn’t just about saving lives,” Toshinori spoke as he cleared his throat. “It’s also about doing the minimal tasks no one else wants to do. Like, cleaning this beach.” Izuku’s eyes sparkled with life as he turned to Toshinori with a smile.

“We’re going to clean the beach? I’ve tried a few times myself but it seemed like every time I put a dent in the mess, it was just filled back up the next morning,” Izuku breathed out, wings positively humming as his feathers stretched out.

“...You’ve...tried to clean this up before?” Toshinori asked slowly, eyeing the child’s lean frame. Dressed in a short sleeve shirt and sweatpants, the child looked like a wet noodle.

“Multiple times. The Earth is His greatest creation,” Izuku spoke softly. “Besides humans, of course. I will do all I can in my power to preserve his precious creations.” Toshinori shifted his footing, nodding slowly.

“I see,” was all he said. Izuku stretched his arms out, wings copying the movements. The air was filled with the tinkling of bells as the sun filtered through his transparent, glass-like wings. “That’s still amazing.”

Izuku gave a sheep smile, eyes moving to stare at a broken down washing machine. “It takes a while to believe, doesn’t it? Before I found out I was Quirkless, I thought these were my Quirk.”
“Really?” Toshinori asked as Izuku bent down and grabbed an empty bottle. Izuku hummed, shifting through the sand as he grabbed a trash bag.

“Yep. I never realized that our wings were something...otherworldly,” Izuku chuckled softly as he grabbed another bottle, gently placing it in the trash bag. “But, my dreams helped me understand. I can share my memories with you again, if you’d like?” Izuku looked up to Toshinori, who shook his head.

“I am...slowly coming to terms with what you say you are,” Toshinori spoke cautiously. He sighed. “I...have your feather.” Izuku smiled softly at him. “I am keeping it in a safe place as my thoughts sort them out. If I will away your...Grace, was it? Do I lose the ability to see your wings?”

Izuku stared at him silently, expression unreadable. He turned back to the trash, sand sifting through his fingers as he grabbed a broken bottle.

“If you will it, it will happen. God created man with free will. Not even us Angels can oppose his powers,” Izuku spoke seriously. Toshinori nodded, frowning. That gave him more questions than any answer he was looking for. “So, how are we going to move the heavy stuff?”

“You’ll have to figure it out,” Toshinori spoke as he unfolded a small chair, plopping down. “This is training, Kid.” Izuku gaped at him.

“Wha-what? But - this stuff has to weight like, tons!” Izuku stuttered out as he collected some crumpled paper wrappers. He tossed them into another trash bag and with a jolt, Toshinori realized he was separating the trash by material.

“Aren’t Angels supposed to be strong? Warriors or whatever it says in the bible?” Toshinori asked, unfamiliar with the religion. “Can’t you just use your Angelic Powers or whatever to lift the heavy stuff?” Izuku gave a startled bark of laughter, dropping the broken CD in his hand.

“I wish! Sadly, we’re watered down Seraphims compared to the amazing ones mentioned in texts of Him.” Izuku gave a bright giggle as he placed a broken plank of wood in a pile with other pieces of wood. “I do not have otherworldly strength and my Grace cannot work as you believe. Honestly, outside of my soulmates, I am basically a normal human. Aside from my eyes, of course.”

“Your eyes?” Toshinori asked gently as he watched Izuku work, taking in how delicate he was with the rubbish. Izuku raised a hand, pointing to his glasses.
“You probably noticed, but my eyes glow gold, right?” Toshinori nodded and Izuku hummed. “Unlike my mother, I’m currently unable to suppress my Grace from my eyes. This is basically a clear sign that I’m not fully human. My mother’s eyes looks normal to you, right? She’s able to conceal her Grace inside her body without effort. Me, not so much.”

“Oh,” Toshinori blinked. “I...don’t really understand but okay.” Izuku gave another laugh and fell silent as he concentrated on cleaning up.

“Why are you wanting me to be your successor? Just because we’re connected doesn’t mean that automatically. I’m supposed to take up your mantle,” Izuku spoke an hour later, sweat trickling down his face. He’d shed his shirt, his wings contrasting against his flesh. Toshinori couldn’t help but stare, taking in how they seemed to grow out of his shoulder blades like roots, always phasing through his shirts to appear against his skin. “I don’t - I don’t know if I can be a Hero.”

“I’m getting old, my boy,” Toshinori sighed out. “I think it’s time to pass on the mantle. I like to think that this was meant to be, you becoming the next holder of One For All. You’re Quirkless, wings notwithstanding. You wasted no time in hurrying to save that child and you’ve already shown your heart is in the right place.” Toshinori swept a hand out to the cleaner little circle Izuku had made. “You have all the makings of a Hero. You’re a literal angel. If that isn’t the criteria for a Hero, I don’t know what is.”

“Kacchan was being attacked,” Izuku justified seriously and there was something heavy in his tone. Toshinori blinked, rubbing at his eyes when he saw a flash of black in those green eyes. “No one is allowed to hurt my soulmates.” Toshinori’s jaw worked open.

“That child could also see...?” Toshinori gestured to Izuku’s wings and Izuku turned, picking up a smashed cardboard box.

“Yeah,” Izuku spoke and his tone told Toshinori all he needed to know. He didn’t bring it up further. Toshinori settled back in his seat as Izuku went back to cleaning, the silence filled with his soft singing.

“Holy,” Izuku sung quietly as he hefted up a busted microwave, placing it on the back of the truck Toshinori had rented. “Holy, holy, Lord, God Almighty.” Toshinori watched as his wings seemed to quiver to the somber tone, his eyes half lidded as he tossed another can into the bag. “Early in the morning, our song shall rise to Thee.”
“...do you think he’s real?” Toshinori asked and Izuku looked over to him. He gave a soft, open smile, words unable to properly convey what he wanted to say in answer.

“There are many mysteries in this world, Yagi-san,” Izuku spoke, grunting as he picked up another microwave. “We can’t have all the answers.”

[It was only once, that he had the dream. The chants of ‘holy’ echoed, etching into his skin, into his bones. A glimpse of gold, twisted from bones and veins and clouds into a throne. Blinding warmth, burning into him. A gentle caress to his head, a press of lips to his skin. A whisper against his head, a ringing voice that shuddered his heart and broke his soul over and over again in eternal love.

“He’d awoken to screaming, belated in realizing it was his own hoarse voice calling to the heavens. His mother was cradling him to her chest, shushing him as her wings wrapped around them like a blanket.

“It’s okay,” she whispered as she wiped at his tears. “It’s okay sweetie. It won’t happen again. It won’t happen again.”

Izuku didn’t ask her how she’d know that. But true to her words, he never have the dream again. It didn’t stop him from hearing those ghostly whispers of ‘holy’ when he daydreamed. It didn’t stop him from dreaming of those fleeting images of tender touches and indescribable love.

It didn’t really stop.]

“Hey Shitty Deku,” Katsuki snarled as he planted a foot firmly on the wall, trapping Izuku. Izuku peered up at him, eyes obscured by his glasses. “The fuck this I hear about you trying to go into UA? You’re fucking Quirkless.”
“...I mean, if you think about it, my eyes-”

An explosion set off beside his head and Izuku clamped his mouth shut, staring straight into Katsuki’s molten gaze.

“Don’t,” Katsuki gritted out, “finish that fucking sentence. I was right - they have gotten bigger. Who - who the fuck is it?” Katsuki leaned closer and Izuku stayed unblinking, face impassive.

“I don’t have to tell you anything, Kacchan,” Izuku whispered, voice holding the barest of wavers. This close, he could feel the hurt coiling off his childhood friend in waves. His heart clenched, wishing to ease Katsuki’s suffering. “Why do you even care?”

“What are you trying to play at?” Katsuki hissed low in his ear, hands planting on Izuku’s shoulders. Steam coiled in the air and Izuku stayed still. “Why the sudden decision to be a Hero? What, has your new friend talked you into it?” Replacing the hurt was anger, pure anger. Izuku raised a hand, touching Katsuki’s wrist.

[Leave me, going to leave me. Better than me. Mocking me. Hurt. Leave me, going to leave me. Protect. Hurt. Leave. Leave. Leave]

Katsuki growled and threw his hands off Izuku, knocking his grip off him. “Stop while you’re ahead, Deku. I’m the only one from this school who’s going to UA, got it? Learn your place, you Quirkless freak.” Katsuki pivoted on his heel and stomped off, hands shoved into his pockets. Izuku exhaled and slid down, tilting his head back as he tried to calm his thundering heart.

Izuku closed his eyes, feeling the warmth of his feather pulse as it hung around Katsuki neck like a charm. He smiled softly to himself, pretending his shoulders didn’t throb and burn, his legs weren’t shaking, and his wings didn’t ache like broken bones healed wrong.

“You haven’t willed my Grace away,” Izuku commented one morning as Toshinori greeted him with steaming styrofoam cups of tea and donuts. He grunted, knees knocking together as he slammed a washing machine onto the back of the truck.
“I am...still debating on what to do with your...gift,” Toshinori spoke slowly, trying to articulate his thoughts. “I need more time.”

“Take all the time you need,” Izuku smiled. “I will not rush you and I wish for you to not rush yourself.” Izuku exhaled as he tossed a microwave into the back of the truck. “Yagi-san, where do these go?”

“I donate them to local businesses who can use the scrap metal,” Toshinori responded and Izuku made a curious noise in his throat.

“Are you sure you want to give me your Quirk?” Izuku asked softly. Toshinori raised an eyebrow. “Yagi-san, I’m...I fear that if the time comes, I cannot hold up to your expectations.”

“You’re doing fine,” Toshinori soothed. “I believe in you.” Izuku nodded up from a glass bottle, his wings drooping down with his mood.

“Thank you,” Izuku whispered and fell silent.

It was two weeks before the entrance exam that they met. He’s been walking down the street, grocery bags hooked against the crook of his elbow as he mentally sung to himself.

“You should really apologize,” a voice spoke and electricity shot down Izuku’s spine as he turned. A teenager, looking like the same age as himself, was standing up to three older adults. They looked pretty intimidating, towering over him. His back was facing a smaller girl, who was clinging to the teen like a lifeline. “You were the ones who bumped into her after all.”

Izuku just stared, taking in the teen’s wild purple hair and dead looking eyes. Something was tugging at his chest, his heart swelling as he continued to stare.

“Hah?” One of the men snarled as he leaned into the teen’s personal space. “Wanna repeat that?”
“Yeah, if anything, that little miss gotta apologize to us.” Man number 2.

“Uhuh, apologize!” Man number three.

The teen tilted his head up, back straight as he smirked. He opened his mouth.

“Leave us alone,” the teen spoke and the three men stiffened. They swayed awkwardly before tittering around and away, eyes blank. The girl gasped while Izuku’s eyes brightened.

“That was so cool!” Izuku blurted out as he made his way over. His wings fluttered wildly behind him. “Is that your Quirk? Manipulation? Mind control?” The girl scooted back, looking at the teen warily. The teen sighed as she bowed and rushed off, leaving Izuku and him alone.

“Go away,” the teen ordered and the words sunk into Izuku’s mind like fairy dust. A heavy dong of a bell echoed throughout the air and the teen jolted when Izuku’s eyes flashed gold.

“What’s your Quirk? How does it activate? Oh, I’m so sorry, where are my manners? I’m-”

“Go away!” The teen demanded more firmly, eyebrows pinching when Izuku’s head just tilted.

“Oh, are you trying to use your Quirk on me right now?” Izuku asked, eyes sparkling. “I’m sorry, but I’m afraid you can’t.”

“Q-Quirk Nullification?” The teen warily shifted back and Izuku gave a joyful laugh, his heart swelling as his wings chimed. The teen’s eyes shot to his wings and his face scrunched up in alarmed confusion.

“Oh no, I’m Quirkless,” Izuku waved flippantly and beamed when the teen choked on air. “I’m Midoriya Izuku. That was an amazing Quirk. What’s it called? How do you activate it?” The teen reeled back as Izuku seemed to materialize a small pocket notepad into his hands.

“What-Quirkless? But - you’re wings…?” The teen fell silent as Izuku’s eyes seemed to glow gold
for a second.

“You can see my wings?” Izuku asked, suddenly realizing why his chest was swelling so much.
“You can see my wings?” The teen eyed Izuku with an unreadable expression on his face, body tensing.

He didn’t like what was happening. Not one bit.

“...I’m just going to...go…” the teen spoke and tried to make an escape. Izuku stood there for a second as the teen scurried down the sidewalk.

“Wait!” Izuku called as he hurried after the teen. “What’s your name?!” The teen nearly tripped as he tossed his name over his shoulder.

“Shinsou Hitoshi!” Izuku came to a halt as Shinsou disappeared around a corner.

Izuku’s wings pulsed and grew just the tiniest bit more, humming happily as church bells deafened the air.

Chapter End Notes

Hahahaha I have no idea what I'm doing -lays down to die-

Sorry my chapters are so short. They'll get longer, don't worry.
"You're wings have gotten longer," Inko commented as she set another serving of rice down in front of Izuku. He looked up, chopsticks bit between this teeth.

"You think?" Izuku asked and looked over his shoulder, staring at the subject of their conversation. "I couldn't really tell. Inko hummed, settling down across from him.

"They do, they do! Congratulations Izuku! Will I be able to meet your newest soulmate?" Inko beamed happily and Izuku flushed.

"I scared him away," Izuku admitted softly. Inko stared at him for a moment before bursting out laughing.

"Oh, don't worry! You aren't the first angel to scare a human away!" Inko giggled into her bowl of miso soup.

"Moooooom!" Izuku groaned loudly.

Katsuki stared at those damned wings, eyes narrowing. They looked longer. *Again*. A growl ripped through his throat at the realization, hands sparking. He’d met someone else. He’d met with someone else who probably fawned over him like he was a fucking saint.

*[But he kind of was, when you heard those chimes and watched him move as if he wasn’t really touching the ground. His very being screamed ‘holy’, so wasn’t he a saint?]*

Katsuki watched as Izuku shuffled up to their teacher, talking in low tones and fiddling with his homework. The teacher just sighed and shook his head before accepting the papers.
Izuku’s wings sang a song of sorrow as he passed by Katsuki.

“You can do it, young man!” Toshinori cheered as Izuku smoothed out the wrinkles in his shirt. Izuku stared up nervously at him, gnawing at his bottom lip.

“You think I can?” Izuku asked and Toshinori nodded.

“I really do,” Toshinori promised and eyed Izuku’s wings. “Is it just me or have your wings…?”

“They’re grown,” Izuku confirmed and his nervousness broke under the weight of his sudden sad smile. “I met someone who could see them, but he ran away.”

“…he…ran away…?” Toshinori questioned warily as Izuku nodded, stretching out his arms. He’d just finished cleaning up the beach, the two stopping for a talk before Izuku had to go home and wash up for the entrance exam.

“I think I scared him,” Izuku guessed. “His quirk-”

“*His Quirk?*”

“-didn’t work on me, so I think that made him very uncomfortable. Add my wings that have nothing to do with a Quirk and, well…” Izuku tugged on a green curl. “I think I scared him?”

Toshinori sighed, shaking his head. He checked his watch, only to nearly sputter in alarm. “My boy, we have to hurry or you won’t have time for your exam!”

“What!” Izuku squeaked out, scrambling. “Oh no, oh no, oh no!” Izuku scurried over to his abandoned shoes, plopping down to tug them on.
“Wait, wait, the Quirk!” Toshinori chased after Izuku, who’s head snapped up in alarm.

“Oh Heavenly Father Guiding us, I completely forgot!” Izuku gasped out, skin pale as he clambered up onto his feet. “I am so sorry!”

“We’re both out of our element,” Toshinori chuckled, holding a hand up. “Wait, my boy. I need to pass on my Quirk to you.” Izuku froze, body stiffening like he’d been turned into stone.

“...I feel like I’m cheating,” Izuku whispered as Toshinori tilted his head to the side. “Here I am, having you help me with this…” Izuku looked up to his Hero. “Doesn’t it feel unfair, that you are pushing me to do this?”

“Do you think you’re cheating?” Toshinori spoke and touched Izuku’s shoulder. “Look around us.” Izuku did so, taking in the clear beach. The rising sun’s rays shimmered off the calm ocean, spreading lights that looked like a cheap imitation of Izuku’s chiming wings. “You did this. You. How is this cheating?”

“But-”

Toshinori shook his head, sighing. “My boy, look at the work you’ve done. This was done by your own efforts. There was no unfairness at all. You deserve all the praise and acknowledgements.” Izuku sniffled, fat tears threatening to spill over sand-covered cheeks.

“I...thank you,” Izuku choked out, ducking his head. “I am so blessed.” Toshinori laughed, patting him lightly on the head.

“Now, for our reward!” Toshinori coughed and forced his Quirk to work, his body doubling in size until All Might was in his place. He raised a hand, silently marveling in how alert he felt. His body didn’t feel like it was working on strings. He plucked a blonde strand, holding it out to Izuku.

“This is the power you’ve earned from your own efforts,” All Might explained as Izuku rubbed at his tears. “You made this possible with your strength and strength alone.”

Izuku hesitantly raised a hand, reaching for the strand of hair. “What...what do I do with this?” Izuku took the strand of hair, mouth parting as he slowly brought it back down to him.

“What?” Izuku asked after a moment of silence. All Might laughed.

“One For All is passed down from vessel to vessel by DNA. It could be anything. Blood, saliva…hair.” All Might stared at the strand of hair pinched between Izuku’s thumb and forefinger. “Eat up.”

“I’m not-!” Izuku shoved his hand back towards All Might. “Give me a drop of your blood! I’m not eating your hair! That’s disgusting!”

“I shower! It’s clean!” All Might protested as he pushed Izuku’s hand back towards his chest. “I don’t have lice!”

“No!” Izuku shoved back as All Might, eyes glowing rings of gold. “Give me a drop of your blood instead! I can’t - that’s unsanitary!” All Might shot a hand out, grabbing Izuku by the jaw.

“Eat,” All Might demanded and Izuku’s horrified wails echoed in the rising sun as a single blond strand of hair was shoved down his throat.

His wings reminded her of glass wind chimes, singing songs in the wind as he walked. He looked nervous, she thought, hunched up and mumbling to himself as he walked towards the entrance. His steps were shuffled and his head ducked.

Ah, he was tripping, and without thinking, she patted his shoulder before he face planted. He gave a soft squeak as she levitated him in mid-air, his breathtaking gold-ringed eyes meeting hers. His wings fluttered and the air left her lungs, some weird nostalgic pull on her very soul leaving her dazed and numb.

“Wouldn’t it be bad if you’d tripped?” Uraraka Ochako asked with a nervous tilt in her voice, something in her clenching at the sight of his eyes and wings together. It reminded her of the images
she’d see when she surfed the web, of art of angels and otherworldly beings. Without helping in, she whispered, “They’re so pretty.”

She didn’t know if she meant his eyes or wings - both were breathtaking.

“W-what? Oh, uh, thank-thank you?” he stuttered out, eyes wide as his eyebrows pinched. Uraraka watched at those rings of gold scattered like stardust blanketing the sunset and exhaled, her eyes itching for some unfathomable reason. “U-um, are you-are you okay?”

Uraraka blinked, eyes widening as she realized she’d been staring at him in an almost daze. How embarrassing! Cheeked heated, Uraraka stuttered out a affirmative.

“Good-good luck!” Uraraka stuttered out as she began to walk past the winged boy. “Do-do your best!” Uraraka escaped, ear tips burning as she heard those windchimes chase after her.

Uraraka rushed into the building, finding everyone lingering about until it was time to go to their testing rooms. She wheezed, leaning back against the wall near a blonde boy.

“Ah, how stupid!” Uraraka berated herself softly, shoulders hunching up. “Just staring at him. Stupid Ochako, stupid!” Uraraka looked up, seeing the boy of her current self-talk walking into the room. “But...those are such pretty wings.”

The blonde teen near her flinched, hands clenched into fists at his side.

Izuku could feel it, churning in his stomach as his body worked to break it down and spread it throughout his body.

Izuku could feel it, the power All Might gave him. Izuku could feel it fighting with his Grace, the two battling to dominate his body with its mystic abilities. Izuku could feel it, pumping through his veins.
Katsuki looked at him from the corner of his eye, arms crossed. Izuku’s wings were tucked in tight, tips phasing through the desk behind them. No one was aware. No one else could see them.

At least, besides that girl that’d been talking to herself. Katsuki gritted his teeth as Izuku muttered to himself, eyes sparkling. His wings were singing in happiness, even from their furled position. It hurt Katsuki’s ears, that melodious chiming. Like laughter on a summer day, basking under the warmth of the sun, bathed in light.

“Shut up,” Katsuki growled out and Izuku stopped talking, looking at him. “Shut them up.” Make them stop chiming a calming lullaby over Katsuki, washing away the tension along his shoulders.

“Sorry,” Izuku murmured and ducked down, biting at his bottom lip. The melody of his wings declined softly until it was a faint buzz and Katsuki’s ears picked up someone sighing in relief.

Katsuki’s teeth gritted further, giving him a headache from the strain of his jaw.

How was he supposed to concentrate when that teen’s wings were making such a distracting noise? Everyone else seemed to be ignoring him, probably out of courtesy. Iida Tenya could understand - they were wings, he couldn’t very well stop them from chiming like bells.

Though Iida wondered just what kind of Quirk the teen had with his wings that make such a noise. It reminded him of an old organ playing in the echoing halls of a cathedral. An odd image, considering he was of Shinto faith, but it came to him nonetheless at every tinker of his feathers rustling in the breeze.

“You,” Iida spoke as he saw the teen move towards a girl who was clearly trying to concentrate. “You’re going to bother her. Are you just here to sabotage others from passing? You’ve been a bother.” Iida reached a hand and pointed directly at the teen’s wings. “You and these noisy wings.”

Iida watched in mild fascination and curiosity as the teen stiffened, eyes widening. His glasses slipped down his nose, making his gold-speckled eyes all the more captivating as he stared Iida right in the eyes.
“...my wings,” the teen spoke, words articulated with precise stress in all the right letters. “My...noisy wings...?”

“That’s right,” Iida agreed, wondering why the teen was suddenly acting stiff. "I understand if you can’t possibly control the sounds that are made from your wings but that doesn’t excuse the fact that you’ve been disruptive since you’ve been here. You should just stay in your lane and leave everyone else alone.”

“...my wings…” the teen muttered and Iida shifted back, nodding. Iida looked away, seeing a blonde teen strutting his way towards them.

“Excusez moi,” the new arrival spoke, eyes zeroed in on the wings on the teen’s back. “What marvelous wings! How do you make them sparkle like they do?”

“E-eh?!” the teen shrieked out, many people glancing over at the loud noise. Before anyone could talk, the exam was called to start.

Izuku’s mind was a whirlwind, his wings pulsating on his back. Two people had seen his wings. Two people. His wings had inched out further, nearly touching his wrists now. A fire coiled through the bones of his wings, burning him with each brush of the tips to his sensitive back.

His wings yearned for their touch, for that solidifying bond that’d cement them as soulmates. Izuku saw how happy Inko was with Mitsuki, with his father, with her other soulmates. How brightly she shined like His Love was bursting from her very insides.

Izuku wanted that. He wanted the shared memories, the ability to feel his grace coating them like a second layer of skin, an impenetrable protection. He wanted them to surround him like His Love, cherishing every moment with them.

And they were there, distant but there. There. Not even realizing what he was, what they saw, how they were different from everyone else. They thought it was his Quirk, accessories on display.

“Hey, hey, hey,” the girl from earlier called as she skirted around a robot arm. “Um - WINGS
Izuku tripped and slammed against the ground, white noise filling his skull as he jerked up onto his elbows. The girl rushed towards him, breath labored and complex sickly.

“You-you-you-” Izuku stuttered out as his wings stretched out wide, heating up. They were inches longer now as she bent down in front of him, gasping for breath.

“You-your wings-! Um, you look-” the girl seemed to be struggling with what she wanted to say, her voice cracking as she tried to calm her heaving chest. “I know there’s no time but you looked like you were struggling and.”

The world exploded as the Zero Point robot arrived. Flying rocks slammed into the girl, catapulting her into the air as the world seemed to slow down around Izuku.

She hit the ground, rolling into a broken metal panel from a destroyed robot. Blood trickled down her temple from the gash along her temple, her body limp. Examinees were rushing away from the gigantic robot. Izuku stayed knelt down, on the ground, his world dead silent as he stared at the girl’s prone, unconscious body.

Iida slammed to his knees, gasping for air as an unexplainable pressure crashed into him. He saw the blonde teen from earlier stagger, crashing into a robot and using it for support.

A trembling, bone-vibrating gong resounded throughout the air as the very surroundings seemed to freeze like the very core of winter had fallen upon them in a blink of an eye. Iida looked back, jaw falling open.

Toshinori doubled over in his chair, many of the teachers yelping in alarm as Toshinori’s gaze stayed locked on the screen. He could see from one of the screens as Bakugou Katsuki also stagger, slumping to his knees as he clawed at his chest with heaving gasps.

He was no better, his chest constricted as his vision flickered a filter of black tendrils and deafening tolls of a church bell. Many teachers gasped as Izuku launched himself in the air, limbs lighting up
with the traces of One For All.

Someone sucked in a sharp breath from behind him. He couldn’t remember who was there.

Toshinori saw them though. He was probably the only one in the room who did, though judging by Iida Tenya’s and Aoyama Yuga’s reactions, they were witness to it to. The four other wings that flickered into existence for a brief moment, twisted like deformed bones over clumps of stretched cloth. Izuku slammed his fist into the faux villain, sending it reeling backwards.

He lingered there for a moment, his body suspended for a few seconds as his wings stretched out behind him. He looked like a true angel, the wind tosling his hair. There was almost a glow around his body, a faint white that broke off into gold sparkles. The camera observing him zoomed in, showing his clear, glasses-free face.

His eyes were pure gold, pupils thin slits. Toshinori jolted when he saw a few teachers gasp loudly, their expressions slacking. Beside him, Nedzu was clapping excitedly, joyfully bouncing up and down in his seat.

He couldn’t feel it.

His legs were mangle, twisted awkwardly. He couldn’t feel it.

His arm hung limply at his side, bone sticking out and blood steadily flowing from the torn skin. He couldn’t feel it.

All he felt was that burning desire to protect what was His protect protect protect His soulmate His - his - His - soulmate precious person his his his-

His eyes fluttered and he arched backwards, gravity taking ahold of him once more. He dropped like a rock, the air whistling around him as he fell. He barely registered yelling, his ears clogged with soft whispers and gentle hums of forgotten songs. Tears itched at his eyes as unconsciousness began to claw at him.
His eyes rolled to the back of his head just as he felt two pairs of arms wrap around him.

“THE EXAMS AAAAAARE OVER!”

Chapter End Notes

Still have no idea

https://discord.gg/VpJHbH3
Chapter 4

Chapter by widdlewed

Chapter Notes

Sorry it's so short lmao dealing with IRL stuff right now so haven't had a lot of time to really write.

‘For He will command His angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways. On their hands they will bear you up, lest you strike your foot against a stone.’

“What’s that mean, Mommy?” Izuku asked, settled in his mother’s lap as she brushed through his curls. His eyes crinkled up as she curled her finger around a bouncy lock, giggling when Inko just hummed thoughtfully.

“Angels watch over humans. Guide them, guard them, observe them,” Inko explained as she turned Izuku in her lap, his hands reaching up to grasp at her wings. “Angels protect humans, wherever they may go.” Izuku’s chubby little fingers grazed her wings and the sounds of wind chimes tinkered in the air merrily.

“So we protect them?” Izuku asked, eyes bright as his tiny little clumps fluttered wildly like a humming bird’s beating wings.

“Yes,” Inko cooed as she tapped Izuku on the nose. “We protect our soulmates!”

Izuku failed. He had to have failed. How could he have not failed? He hadn’t gotten any points during the exam and had passed out right after destroying the faux Villain. He had set himself up for failure. The Big Fat Zero on his Practical practically dung his grave for him.

Inko stared at him in worry over her bowl of rice, taking small bites as Izuku continued to just smile distantly at his fish.
“Izuku?” Inko spoke and Izuku looked up at him. “You’re wings have gotten longer.” Izuku nodded, glancing at the new subject of conversation.

“I met three people at the exam.” Izuku confessed finally. He hadn’t really talked much during the week since the exam. Hadn’t felt like talking. His mother took it in stride, offering silent support during his time of shutting down.

“Oh my,” Inko spoke after a moment, eyes lingering on the new length of her child’s wings. “During the exam?” Inko’s eyebrows pinched up. “Did you...did you trade contact information with them?” Izuku deflated and shook his head, sighing.

“Oh sweetie.” Inko cooed and was up in a second, rounding the table to hug him. She cradled him to her chest, swaying back and forth as Izuku just sat there, letting her comfort him. “I’m so sorry. That must hurt so badly.”

It honestly did. His chest panged with a loneliness he couldn’t fill, knowing his soulmates were out there, within reach, but so far away. He didn’t know their names, what schools they went to…

The doorbell rang and the two looked up, startled by the sudden interruption.

“Are you expecting anyone?” Inko asked and Izuku shook his head, untangling from his mother’s arms to stand. The two went to the door, Izuku peeking behind his mother as she answered the door.

“Yagi-san!” Inko greeted with a confused smile, Izuku’s eyes brightening as he caught sight of the skeletal man’s frame.

“Hello,” he greeted out as he was let into the apartment. “Forgive me for disturbing you so late. I am here on official U.A. business.”

“They make house calls?” Inko asked, looking between her son and one of his soulmates. “You work for U.A?”

“I volunteer for certain things, like house calls,” Toshinori explained vaguely as he slid his shoes off. Izuku pattered into the house, a notable bounce in his step as Inko led him to the couches. “I am here
on behalf of the school to give Midoriya-kun his test results.”

“My test results?” Izuku echoed, color draining from his face. “Um, maybe we should-”

“I have to go anyways,” Inko spoke up as she returned from the kitchen with a cup of tea, handing it off to Toshinori. “Please take your time. I’ll be back in a few minutes.” Inko parted with a bow, leaving the two alone in the apartment.

“Yagi-san… I’m so sorry,” Izuku blurted as Toshinori took a sip of his tea. Toshinori continued his long sip, beady blue eyes staring at the child over the brim.

“For what?” Toshinori asked finally as he settled his tea down. He rummaged through his pockets, pulling out a metal ring type device.

“For failing the exam.” Izuku couldn’t look him in the eye as he admitted it, wings drooping into the couch cushions. Toshinori stared at them for a moment, probably wondering how that worked before he huffed.

“Watch this, and then apologize,” Toshinori spoke and placed the metal device down. It lit up and Izuku jumped at the projection of All Might.

“Ah, this is kinda embarrassing,” Toshinori admitted as he stared at his super form on the projection. “I was late getting you to because I had to fill paperwork out.”

“Paperwork?” Izuku dazedly asked as he stared at the image of All Might explaining why it had taken him so long to talk.

“To work at U.A.,” Toshinori spoke with a smile.

“Oh~?” Izuku hummed out, distracted, before blinking. “Wait, what?! You’re going to be working at U.A.?!?” Izuku nearly jumped up at that and Toshinori nodded, just as the All Might Projection (or ProMight as Izuku was dubbing it) said the same thing.

“I’m going to be teaching there this year,” Toshinori spoke as the ProMight got into a bicker with
someone off screen. “Surprise?”

“Oh my holiness!” Izuku gasped out as ProMight explained Izuku’s failure at acquiring points. Izuku opened his mouth, only to clamp it shut as the projection changed to show the nice girl from the exam.

“Excuse me,” she called, looking completely healed. Recovery Girl must have healed her too. A tiny clench in his heart loosened at seeing her unharmed. “Um, the person with the curly hair, and the freckles, and the pretty wings…um, do you know who I’m talking about?”

Hearing her acknowledge his wings made them stretch out and Toshinori eyed them. “You found another soulmate?” Toshinori questioned and Izuku nodded wordlessly, lips parting.

“Is it possible to give him some of my points?” Her voice shook as she talked to Present Mic, fidgeting with her draped coat. “Um, I saw him racing around during the exam and he didn’t seem to gather any points, so I’m assuming he was at zero points and…”

Izuku stared, speechless. He turned his gaze to Toshinori, who was silently watching him. “Is this for real?” Toshinori nodded solemnly, expression serious.

“If anything, at least the points he lost from me!” Her voice rose a pitch in distress. “He saved me!” Izuku’s eyes sparkled, his wings fluttering out as the girl began to practically beg. “Please! Please! Please!”

“Why is she trying so hard?” Izuku breathed out, his wings all but humming behind him. Toshinori raised an eyebrow. “Why is she begging for me?”

“You saved her life,” Toshinori began slowly, eyebrows furrowing. “Why wouldn’t she try and help you?”

“I protect her,” Izuku spoke easily enough, as if it were a simple fact. “I protect my soulmates, not the other way around. Of course I was going to save her - she’s my soulmate.”

“…is that…an angel thing or…?” Toshinori gestured to Izuku’s wings, visibly uncomfortable. “Is that why you healed me?” Izuku tilted his head to the side, blinking curiously at Toshinori.
“I already explained why I healed you,” Izuku spoke. “It’s the same with her. I don’t want her hurt. She may not be my bonded soulmate yet, but I still want to protect her.” Izuku’s attention was stolen again to the projection, where ProMight revealed the twist to the exam. Izuku stared as the projection came to a close.

His wings fell limp behind him.

“I...I passed?” Izuku whispered. Toshinori fidgeted in place, nodding. “I passed?!”

Izuku shot up onto his feet and for a second, Toshinori swore he lifted off the ground for a second with how fast his wings were beating.

“Congratulations. I knew you could do it,” Toshinori spoke up and Izuku hopped in place, looking ecstatic. “Now, about the repercussions of One For All…” Toshinori coughed, looking down at his clean hand out of habit when no blood spat up.

“It’s fine,” Izuku spoke as he danced side to side. “I couldn’t feel the pain. It’s another one of my angelic abilities.” Toshinori’s jaw fell open as the front door opened, Inko shuffling in hesitantly.

“Izu...?” Inko looked between Toshinori’s gobsmacked expression to Izuku’s over-the-moon look and beamed. “You got in!” She all but flew over to her son, eloping him into a hug. Toshinori couldn’t see them, but Izuku beamed happily at the humming-bird like beats of his mother’s wings. “Oh my sweet boy! You got in!”

“I did!” Izuku laughed and Toshinori coughed, rubbing at the back of his neck.

“I, um, I’ll be going now.” Toshinori made to get up, only to falter when Inko gently guided him back down into the seat.

“I’ll make more tea! We should celebrate! Ice cream, I have ice cream!” Inko flurried into the kitchen and Toshinori studied Izuku again.

“You can’t feel pain?” Toshinori asked softly and Izuku hummed.
“Nope! Unless it’s inflicted by my soulmates, I can’t. I mean, I can...to a certain degree. But the, uh, drawbacks? Didn’t hurt at all,” Izuku spoke simply with a nervous grin. “A perk of not being fully human, y’know.”

“No...fully...human. Oh, oh yes. That’s...that’s true…” Toshinori slumped back into the seat. “I forget.”

“It’s okay,” Inko hummed as she returned, ice cream and tea drawn towards her from the kitchen. “You’ll slowly get used to it.” Inko settled down everything and sat next to Izuku. “So, how have you been?”

“1-A...1-A...where is 1-A?” Izuku wandered, looking at the labeled doors. “This school is too big. I’m lost!”

“Are you lost too?” Izuku jumped, spinning to see the nice girl from the exam. She beamed happily, waving cheerfully and Izuku’s wings warmed at the sight of her. “We can find our classes together! You 1-A or 1-B?”

“I-I’m 1-A!” Izuku stuttered out and the girl’s smile seemed to widen. “How about you?”

“Me too! Ah, um,” the girl bowed low. “I’m Uraraka Ochako! Thank you very much for saving me!” Izuku bowed back, flustered. Uraraka’s eyes slid to his wings and they seemed to stretch out at the attention.

“I’m Midoriya Izuku! Of course I’d save you!” Izuku blurted before he could stop himself and his cheeks heated. “I mean, um...you...you can see my wings, right?” Uraraka’s gaze snapped to Izuku and her lips pursed out into a pout.

“Yeah? Why wouldn’t I be able to? Oh, does it have something to do with your Quirk?” Uraraka skipped closer, a hand raised. She paused, looking embarrassed. “Oh, sorry. Just, your wings are so pretty...”
The two stood there in the hallway, awkward as they studied each other.

“Do you...do you want to touch them?” Izuku licked his lips, his wings furling up as Uraraka’s expression brightened.

“Can I? Oh, pretty please!” Uraraka reached her hand out and Izuku turned, ducking his head as he felt a meek poke. Uraraka’s palm flattened against his feathers and he inhaled.

A burst of warmth, bittersweet smiles at working parents, joyous laughter, salty tears, late nights staying up waiting for parents to come home-

“Whoa,” Uraraka wheezed out as she stumbled back, blinking rapidly. “What-what was-what was that? Those-....those aren’t normal wings from a Quirk, are they?”

Izuku gave a soft smile and Uraraka’s breath hitched in her throat. “I can explain it all to you at lunch, if you want? We should get going, we don’t want to be late.” Izuku reached up and plucked a feather, passing it over to Uraraka. Uraraka took it without thought, cradling it to her chest as she continued to blink.

“This, um,” Uraraka stammered out, “is pulsing. Your feather is pulsing.” Uraraka stared at Izuku with wide eyes. “Does it have to wait until lunch?” Izuku gave a apologetic smile and nodded, holding a hand out. Uraraka clasped his hand without thinking, once more, her mind and body instantly trustful of this teenager. She didn’t know why, but maybe it had to do with the images she saw when she touched his wing.

A burning light, scattering feathers, bell-like chimes that vibrated in her ribcage. Her heart was swayed, already won over by his boyish charm, dotted freckles, and dimpled smile.

“Ah, here we are!” Uraraka spoke and the two took a moment to stare at the gigantic door. “Huh. They must design it for everyone.” Izuku gave her hand a tight squeeze before letting go, opening the door.

“Oh Father, you tease me,” Izuku mumbled to himself as he caught sight of the two boys from his exam, Glasses and Sparkles as he’d dubbed them, and Katsuki.

“Deku?” Katsuki snarled the moment he caught sight of Izuku. His eyes narrowed at the sight of
Uraraka at his shoulder, peering innocently into the classroom. “The fuck you doing here?!”

“Deku?” Uraraka whispered. “Is that a nickname?” Izuku shrugged his shoulders, maintaining eye contact with Katsuki. Uraraka stuffed her feather into her skirt pocket, feeling as if she had to hide it when Katsuki glared daggers at her.

“Kacchan,” Izuku greeted and then jumped backwards when Glasses was suddenly in his face.

“Excuse me,” Glasses spoke and bowed. “I’m Iida Tenya. I would just like to say that I found your act of heroism very admirable.”

“W-what?” Izuku stuttered out, shrinking away as the teen nodded vigorously and leaned closer. “H-heroism?” Uraraka patted his shoulders and gestured for him to get into the classroom. The two stepped into the classroom and many eyes were on them.

“You jumped in, despite knowing your time limit, the amount of points you had, and the waste of time defeating the faux villain, to save Uraraka-san here,” Iida spoke as he gestured to Uraraka. “You saved her life after she was rendered unconscious by a flying piece of debris from the faux villain’s entrance. That was very admirable of you, my friend.”

“Why?” Izuku spoke, eyes gaining a ring of gold around them as he peered seriously at Iida. “I would save her without any hesitation. Why do you act like such a thing is something to be in awe of? You care for and protect one another, do you not?” Izuku’s wings ruffled in clear agitation.

Katsuki snarled loudly and kicked violently at his desk, jerking it out of place. A few students jolted at the sudden scratch of metal legs against the tile flooring. “Stop fucking preaching, Deku. We ain’t at church or wherever the fuck you think this is! Sit down.”

“Actually,” a new voice spoke up and Uraraka squealed, pushing into Izuku as the two turned, peering down at the adult in a yellow sleeping bag. “It’s better if you stand.”

Uraraka shoved Izuku further into the classroom as the man slipped out of the sleeping bag, appearance looking worse for wears. He dug through the sleeping bag, pulling out a handful of jumpsuits.

“Everyone, change into these, and meet me at the P.E. grounds,” the man spoke and tossed Iida,
Uraraka, and Izuku a uniform. “I’m your homeroom teacher, Aizawa Shouta. Nice to meet you. Let’s move.”
Chapter 5
Chapter by widdlewed

Chapter Notes

As a birthday gift to myself, I decided to update a few of my stories. This was one of the chosen stories. Happy birthday to me! lol

Iida could only stare, mind racing. Midoriya Izuku, as he’d introduced, was stripping off his white uniform shirt. Iida could not, for the life of him, look away.

Now, Iida was not a pervert. He had common decency to know not to stare at someone when they were changing. But it seemed that himself, and basically all of the boys in their class, had forgotten their manners as they unashamedly gawked at the freckled teen.

How could they not though, when his wings seemed to *phase* through the material as if they were transparent apparitions? How could they not, when his wings chimed and sung sounds of church choirs and left shimmering lights to dance across the room from reflected sunlight?

The only two not zoned in on Izuku was Mineta Minoru, as he’d introduced, and Bakugou Katsuki. As Katsuki zipped up his gym uniform front, he shoved past Izuku, causing the teen to stumble.

“Stop dragging your feet, you fucking background characters!” Katsuki snarled and stormed out of the classroom, the girls lingering as they waited for the boys. The rest of them hurried, Izuku’s wings seeming to pass on through his gym suit as if they weren’t really there.

It was the most particular thing Iida had ever seen about someone’s Quirk.

“Midoriya-kun,” Iida called as he carefully folded his uniform up, placing it on his desk. Izuku looked up, smiling in greeting as Iida made his way over. “If you don’t mind me asking...what is the circumstances of your wings? I understand they are part of your Quirk but-”

Izu raised a hand, gesturing for Iida to stop talking.
“You can see my wings, right?” Izuku asked softly and Iida nodded, expression twisting into one of analytical confusion. He was picking apart what Izuku was saying, or rather, what he wasn’t. “For now, can you please keep quiet about them? There are...special circumstances with my wings, okay?” Izuku gave a sheep smile and Iida nodded.

“Of course. Forgive me for prying into your personal life,” Iida apologized and Izuku shook his head, eyes glowing brightly with those rings of gold.

“Never apologize to me, okay?” Izuku laughed and Iida blinked, eyebrows furrowing.

“Um, yes. Of course,” Iida spoke and the two left the classroom, tagging along behind the rest of the classroom. Iida’s eyes trickled back to Izuku’s wings, watching them seemingly sway in a invisible breeze. This were honestly beautiful and Iida couldn’t stop himself from reaching out and touching them.

It was instantaneous.

[ White, white, white, gold, black, gentle touches, whispers, a lost name murmured on lips without a proper body. Father. Creator. Yahweh. God. Lord. Him. He. Warmth, endless warmth, tender and caring and gentler than anything he’d ever felt before.

Thousands of voices crescendoing together, escalating into a almost deafening pitch of chants of his Holiness, of his Presence. Millions, maybe billions, of wings swarming the sky, drowning him, burning him, keeping him afloat as he fell-]

Iida stumbled back with a shuddering breath, eyes clearing up to see Izuku stumble forward, his foot catching on the back of his opposite heel.

“What-what was that?” Iida wheezed, seeing Uraraka gradually slow her pace until she was almost next to them. “What was that?”

That wasn’t normal, couldn’t be normal. Did he have a Duel-Quirk? But what he saw, those images...they weren’t human. They were otherworldly. And the implications …

“Deku-kun?” Uraraka asked as she saddled up beside him, the hallways awkwardly quiet as the class made their way to the P.E. grounds. “You two okay?”
“D-Deku-kun?” Izuku stuttered out, color draining from his face. “Um-um, please don’t call me that. I-Izuku or Midoriya is fine, but please not-” Izuku looked down- “please not Deku.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry! I heard that one guy call you it and thought it was a nickname. Kinda reminds me of Dekiru, y’know?” Ochako beamed and Izuku drew back, eyes widening.

“Oh,” he breathed out, a small smile making its way onto his face. “I can kind of see that. I-I like how you think that. It’s...it’s okay to continue to call me that.” With that, Izuku wordlessly plucked a feather out, holding it out to Iida.

“I’ll explain at lunch,” was all he said and Iida robotically grabbed the feather. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the teen with the two-toned hair watching them curiously. Uraraka’s mouth fell open and, as if to share a moment of camaraderie with Iida, revealed her own feather tucked in the pocket of her gym uniform. Iida followed suit and stashed his away, mind skipping as he realized it was warm and pulsing. Like a heartbeat.

Like an actual god damn heartbeat.

Iida’s mind crashed. He must have had a seizure or a stroke because suddenly he was outside, Izuku and Uraraka on either side of him. Aizawa was speaking and Iida jolted because what.

“Pay attention please,” Izuku whispered and for some reason, Iida felt himself calm down. “It’s okay. I’ll explain at lunch, okay?” Iida nodded mutely and chanced a glance at Izuku’s wings again.

They were longer.

He was intrigued. He’d never seen wings like that before, not from someone’s Quirk. They were almost otherworldly, something other in a way he couldn’t exactly describe without feeling uncomfortable.

He wasn’t religious, his father having beaten the mentality that you grasped for things yourself, not
wishing on some make-believe deity for all the answers to your problems. He wasn’t religious but that didn’t stop him from immediately comparing his classmate’s wings to those religious figures the Christians believed in. Angels.

They were musical, reminding him of the wind-chimes his sister would hang up in the summer and spring. They were transparent, like painted glass, creating breathtaking collages of blotched colors along his skin and the ground, the sun’s rays dancing through them as if to compliment them.

Todoroki Shouto watched as his two other classmates, Uraraka and Iida he remember, showed each other their feathers and for some reason, a childish desire to have a feather brewed deep in his heart. Which was weird, because why would he want a feather? But the longer he stared at those wings, the longer the desire to go over and pluck one grew and festered.

He couldn’t explain why he was feeling what he was. He couldn’t explain why his stomach twisted and clenched in a way that only ever was felt when his mother would smile at him. He couldn’t understand why looking at those wings brought up every single good, cherished memory of his mother, of her laughter and smiles. He couldn’t put into words why his heart clenched and any tension that was almost embedded into his bones slowly melted away at the sight of those wings, hearing them chime, seeing the student smile.

Those gold-ringed eyes were calling to him on a incoherent wavelength that he wasn’t privy to yet.

He caught the words, “I’ll explain at lunch,” and decided he had found some people to eat with that day for lunch.

Soon he’d be on their frequency, and maybe his chest would stop trying to cave in on itself.

Katsuki was up first. He wowed the class with his throw of over 700 meters. Izuku hung back, nerves eating him alive. He was kind of afraid to try anything. He wasn’t very well trained in his Quirk yet, and while his Angelic Grace could help in on some occasions, physical activities were not one of them.

“Good luck,” Uraraka cheered to both him and Iida, patting the two on the shoulder. She smiled and Izuku gave a weak smile, unable to muster anything else up when his thoughts were too loud for him to concentrate.
The last ranked kid would be expelled. Izuku squeezed his eyes shut tight and exhaled. He wanted to be a Hero. He wanted to do good in the world, follow what his Father would want. What is expected of him. Izuku’s eyes slipped open, the rings of gold burning like dying embers in a fireplace.

He would not be last.

Better said than done, however.

As mentioned, Angelic Grace was good and dandy when it didn’t involve physical fitness. Izuku, despite his months of training, could not meet the standards his classmates were setting.

“Why don’t you use your wings to fly?” Uraraka asked softly and Izuku’s wings drooped in sadness.

“I can’t fly,” Izuku whispered back, pushing back the phantom sting of burning feathers. “Not right now, at least.” Uraraka frowned before nodding. The tests continued, Izuku finding himself in last place each and every time. He groaned, bending over to catch his breath.

It was time for the pitch. Izuku would use One For All. He didn’t feel pain anyways, so it wouldn’t matter if he mangled his arm. With his Angelic Grace, he’d heal by the end of tomorrow at most, depending on how bad the injury was. Nodding to himself, he went to throw the ball.

Izuku’s mind tingled as if fairy dust was being sprinkled over his head. A heavy dong of a bell echoed throughout the air and his eyes burned fully gold. The ball left his hand without the help of his Quirk and Izuku’s wings stretched out and flailed in agitation.

“46 meters. I erased your Quirk,” Aizawa explained and the field went silent as those burning gold eyes bore into Aizawa’s glowing red gaze. “How did someone like you get into the academy? You can barely control your Quirk, from what I’ve seen.” Aizawa marched towards him, his bandages shooting out to grab Izuku.

Or they tried to. The moment they got close enough, they reflected off his wings, recoiling as if burned. Izuku stared up at the Hero, gold eyes slowly retreating to the green with gold ring. Aizawa’s eyes drifted to Izuku’s wings.
“Another thing,” he murmured softly as he stepped into Izuku’s personal space. “What is the deal with your wings? Are they a part of your Quirk? You have Strength Enhancement, don’t you?”

Izuku’s mouth parted and he stumbled back when Aizawa raised a hand. His wings tucked up against his back, burning for the touch but also wary of the man’s emotions.

“You—you can see...my wings?” Izuku stuttered out ducking further away from Aizawa. “They—they’re special. Um, the-the test.”

“How you’ve used your Quirk is amateurish at best. You’re going to end up being the one who needs saved. Do you want that?” Aizawa watched him, lips tugged down in a frown. Izuku’s face slackened and he shook his head.

“I won’t,” he whispered and then louder, “I won’t be the one who needs saving. Let me use my Quirk again. I’ll show you.” Aizawa stared at him for a moment before his eyes slopped glowing and Izuku felt the new but comforting glow of One For All in his system.

Aizawa went back to the students and Izuku sighed. He picked up the ball, calling on his Quirk.

“Forgive me Father for my selfishness,” Izuku whispered softly to himself as he drew his arm back. “Forgive me for my greed and desire to show off. Forgive me for straying from my path during this moment. Forgive me for the fear I feel in this very moment. Please continue to Guide me, Father. Amen.” Izuku surged all of his power into his index finger as he pitched the ball, the wind and ground under him cracking as he shot the ball into the air.

Izuku looked down at his hand, seeing his mangled, ugly finger drip blood. He pushed his Grace towards his finger, watching with sick fascination as the digit slowly twisted itself into its correct position. His focus was disrupted as Katsuki roared, charging him.

Aizawa shot his bandages at him, only to jolt when they were recoiled. Katsuki tackled Izuku, sending them tumbling. Katsuki sat on Izuku’s stomach, knees pinning his wings to the ground. Izuku stared up at him, chest heaving at his eyes dilated.

“Why the fuck are you here?!” Katsuki roared. “What the fuck was that!? More of your freaky shit?!” Katsuki raised a hand, sparks sounding in his palm, and Izuku’s face went blank, gold overtaking the green.
“Katsuki,” Izuku murmured and Katsuki went rigid. “Get off me, please.” Katsuki wavered, eyebrows pinching up, before he clambered off Izuku. Izuku did a somersault away from the volatile teen, standing up as he flexed his wings. Katsuki went to charge again, only to be grabbed by Aizawa.

“Stop it,” Aizawa snapped and Katsuki stilled under his hands. “I don’t know what you two have, but leave your beef at the gates. Do I make myself clear?” Aizawa looked between the two and they both nodded silently. Aizawa released Katsuki, expression pinched.

Why had his bandages recoiled from the violent teen? He eyed Katsuki and then saw it, peeking out of his uniform collar. The tiny tuff of a feather, colors matching Izuku’s wings.

What.

Izuku barely paid attention as Aizawa explained his Logical Ruse™ to the class, wings tucked up defensively as Uraraka and Iida flanked his sides. Katsuki was on the other side of the students, glowering at nothing. Aizawa bid them a good day and left, leaving them to chatter amongst themselves.

“Let’s go get changed and get lunch!” The loud redhead called, the pink girl giving a cheer of agreement.

“We have a schedule!” Iida called out, making hand-chopping motions. “After we change, we have orientation and then-”

“Shut the fuck up!” Katsuki roared, stomping away from the class.

“What a jerk,” Uraraka grumbled to herself and nudged Izuku’s shoulder. “You okay?” Izuku looked up at her and smiled gently.

“Yes, thank you.” Izuku felt his heart swell when Uraraka nodded happily and began to skip after the class. Izuku trailed behind, wings drooping.

Now he just had to deal with lunchtime.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Welp here is another chapter. So sorry for the length, as usual. I'll try to make the chapters longer but no promises lololol

See the end of the chapter for more notes

All things considered, his first day at U.A. was going pretty decent. Sure, it had been a major let down that he couldn’t be in the Heroics Course, but he wasn’t going to let that tear his spirits. If anything, it urged him to push harder than the rest to prove to the world that they were wrong, that he was Hero material. So what if his Quirk didn’t do any damage - the test was flawed and he knew it.

His classmates seemed nice enough, all things considered. They were a little on edge, hearing of his Quirk from testers that also didn’t make it. He didn’t mind. He was used to it. It didn’t bother him much. People didn’t look at him or his Quirk in awe. No one but his parents did.

[But that was a lie, because someone did. Someone with gold-ringed eyes and a pure smile, and-]

The lesson plans looked solid and interesting, and-

“Shinsou?”

-he was booking it out of there before he even sat down at his table.

*No no no no no*, Shinsou screamed to the heavens as he turned to see that blasted kid with the wings speed walking his way over to him, those fluttering wings chiming like musical bells. “Shinsou! It is you!”

“Go away,” Shinsou desperately tried to manipulate him, only to die a little inside as Izuku bulldozed right on towards him. Izuku latched onto his arm and his chest thrummed in warmth. “Oh my god. You’re a stalker.”
“What? No. We’re sitting over there for lunch,” Izuku gestured over his shoulder and Shinsou saw a
girl and a boy in a secluded looking table in the back corner wave at him. “Come sit with us!”

“I’m sitting-” Shinsou turned to his classmates, only to see them all avoiding him. The traitors. “...if I
say yes, will you leave me alone?”

“No promises,” Izuku smiled and tugged on Shinsou’s free hand, careful not to make him topple his
lunch tray. “Come on! I’m so happy we got to see each other again!”

Me too , a tiny part of Shinsou whispered and he stomped down on the warmth of that tiny voice. It
had to be the warmth or those strange gold-ringed eyes. It had to be the reason for that traitorous
voice wanting more time with the weird teen.

“So,” Izuku spoke as he pushed his glasses up, gesturing to the occupants at the table, “this is
Uraraka-chan and this is Iida-kun. Guys, this is Shinsou-kun and-”

“I’m Aoyama Yuga,” Aoyama spoke as he all but threw himself onto the table, sprawling out as he
posed elegantly. “Hello.” They all stared at his sparkling form.

“I’m Todoroki Shouto,” Todoroki spoke as he stiffly slid into the chair across from Uraraka.

“Um,” Izuku blinked. “Hi?” Izuku looked to Uraraka and Iida, who stared back just as confused.
“Are you wanting to join us-”

“I just want to know what you do to make your wings so gorgeous,” Aoyama spoke and without
pause, stroked a hand down Izuku’s wing. Izuku and Aoyama stiffened, Aoyama releasing a whoosh
of air as he slumped down into a seat. “Oh la vache.”

“What.” Shinsou should leave. Just YEET on outta there like All Might punched him into the sun.
Just leave.

“Sit down,” Izuku gestured to the table, “please.” Shinsou wavered before he went ‘screw it’ and
plopped down next to the still Aoyama. Izuku settled down between him and Uraraka and sighed.
“First off, you can all see my wings,” Izuku spoke, plucking a feather from his wing. He handed it over to Aoyama, who jerkily moved to grab it. As he did so, Todoroki’s eyes followed after the feather in almost a feverish trance. “Is that correct?”

“...why wouldn’t we be able to?” Shinsou asked slowly, shoulders twitching upwards when Izuku looked at him. “Is-am I missing something?” Shinsou jerked away when one of Izuku’s wings raised up towards him.

“You can touch it if you’d like,” Izuku instructed softly, kindly, without pressure or expectation. Shinsou’s hand stayed gripping his milk carton.

“Do it,” Uraraka chanted in a whisper. “Touch it, touch it, touch it.” Was this a cult? Shinsou ducked his head, immediately regretting his decision to sit with them. What was he getting into? God, if someone walked by right at this moment…

“So, um,” Izuku shifted nervously in his chair, running a hand through his wings to straight the strewn feathers, “how to put this lightly…” Izuku pressed his lips together. “Normal people can’t see my wings.” The table fell silently as 4 pairs of eyes stared at his wings.

“Normal people.” Shinsou breathed out noisily through his nose, face deadpan. “Can’t see your wings.” Izuku fiddled with his lunch, popping a rolled up piece of bread into his mouth.

“No,” Izuku swallowed the bread, “they can’t.”

“Because they aren’t from a Quirk, are they?” Iida asked, hands laced together on top of the tabletop as he stared seriously at Izuku. “Those images...they weren’t human.”

“Images?” Shinsou asked, Todoroki looking just as confused as the two turned from Izuku to Iida. “What images?”

“If you touch my wings,” Izuku spoke and stood, his wings folding over him. Iida stared, the wings phased through the table. Uraraka’s mouth was parted as Todoroki raised a hand. “You’ll understand.”

Aoyama looked around the cafeteria, catching more than one person staring at them, or more accurately, Izuku. He hummed, thumbing the feather he was gifted. It was warm, filling him with a
sense of comfort and peace. He felt *protected*, as if being wrapped in one of his mother’s hugs.

Shinsou watched Todoroki brush his fingers through the sparkling feathers and those two-toned eyes went wide before glossing over. Izuku’s body tensed and went rigid, hands curling into fists.

*Aw to hell with it,* Shinsou spoke and planted a hand firmly on Izuku’s wing, near his bone.

*[Church bells ringing, a solemn choir singing a song of mourning. The sounds of thousands of wings beating in the air on takeoff. Deep, resonating weeping that shook him to the very core. A gravelly voice, choked of life from all the death they breathe in.]*

*“Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled and do not be afraid.”*

*Wings tinkling full of sorrow, drooped down and touching dirt. Mindless patterns scrawled in the gravel, boredom unbecoming as wood was lowered into the Earth.***

*“Humans grieve,” they’d said, drawing their attention from the hunched forms of fragile mortality. “Be respectful.”*

*“Father made them grieve,” they responded in kind. “I would do nothing to go against Him.”]*

Shinsou jerked back, windmilling his arms to keep from toppling over as his heart hammered in his rib cage. What was that? What was that? *What was that?*

“What was that?” Shinsou blurted out, face pale. “Seriously, what was that?”

“Oh, you got a recent memory,” Izuku murmured to himself, looking guilty. “I’m sorry.” Despite his words, despite the chilling sense of sheer terror those - those *images* brought him, Shinsou felt something inside him click as if a piece of him was finally in place. He chanced a glance at Todoroki, only to stare at the tears streaming down the teen’s cheeks.

“No, no, no, don’t cry,” Izuku cooed, plucking one of his feather. He leaned across the table, handing the feather to Todoroki. Todoroki took it, cradling it to his chest as he ducked his head
“...what are you?” Shinsou asked and the entire table snapped to attention, turning to Izuku for answers. Izuku plopped back down into his seat, wings drawn up close to his body. “Those...those wings aren’t from a Quirk, right? What...what are you?”

“Do you believe in angels?” Izuku whispered softly, peering up at them. His shoulders were hunched, wings - they were longer, they were *longer* - acting like a shield. He looked small. Vulnerable and small, afraid of their answers.

“No way,” Uraraka gasped out. “No way.” Iida looked just as dumbstruck, Aoyama staring with his tight lipped ‘v’ smile and Todoroki still sniffling over his feather. Shinsou just waited for Izuku to continue.

“Your wings phase through things,” Iida spoke and Shinsou blinked because really? That’s what he wanted to bring up? Not the fact that this kid thought he was an angel? “Why can we see them? You acted surprise when I mentioned them.”

“Humans have a very particular idea of what an angel is,” Izuku spoke softly, picking at his nail bed. Shinsou watched, enraptured, as the skin immediately grew back. What the-? “My family comes from a long line of descendants of angels who bred with humans.”

“Bred with-” Uraraka wheezed. “You’re, what, half angel?” Izuku shook his head, biting his lower lip.

“Um, so, the reason you guys can see my wings,” Izuku ignored Uraraka’s question, staring intently at the tabletop, “is because you guys share a piece of my soul.”

Utter silence from those at the table.

“What?” Aoyama spoke up finally. “We share your...soul?” Izuku nodded rapidly, hands flailing as he began to talk. He cleared his throat, gold-ringed eyes glowing as his expression flattened into a serious one.

“People who can see my wings,” Izuku began as he leaned closer to the group, “share a tiny piece of my soul. I am bound to them for life. They are either my precious people-” Izuku inhaled- “or my
beloved enemies destined to constantly clash with me. We call them soulmates.”

“...soulmates,” Todoroki whispered in a daze, still clinging to that feather like a lifeline. “Bound to us for life?” Izuku nodded and Uraraka pulled out her own feather. Shinsou mentally gagged. Did everyone have a feather? Where was his feather?

“Is that why my Quirk doesn’t work on you?” Shinsou asked finally, watching Izuku pluck a feather from his wing. He handed it to Shinsou, who only hesitated for a second before he grabbed the feather. He blinked.

Oh. Oh. No wonder Todoroki wouldn’t stop hugging it to his chest. It was so warm, so comforting. Shinsou felt his exhaustion seep away, just the tiniest bit. Wow.

“My precious soulmates cannot hurt me. That also involves Quirks,” Izuku explained. “My beloved enemies on the other hand…” Izuku’s expression flashed, pale and haunted, shadows casting over him for a second. “Anyways, any questions?”

“Oh,” Uraraka snorted out, “yeah! So you’re an angel?! An actual angel?!” Uraraka bounced in her seat. “So you’re like our Guardian Angel?” Izuku’s face burst into a blinding beam.

“Exactly!” Izuku clapped his hands together, lacing them as if to pray. “I’m your Guardian Angel! While you carry my feather, no harm shall come to you.” Izuku faltered. “If you wish to no longer have my Grace, you may reject it.”

“Reject it?” Iida questioned the same time Aoyama asked, “Grace?”

“Grace is basically my essence,” Izuku explained carefully. “I have plenty and it replenishes so never fear. If you wish to no longer share a piece of my soul, you can cast the Grace out of your soul. All you have to do is wish it on the feather.”

“Grace...out of our soul?” Shinsou echoed. “When...” he swallowed. “when did we get this Grace?” Izuku’s eyes slid to the side.

“The moment you touched my wings. When you touched my wings, it initiated the Bond between us. You were given a tiny piece of my soul, and I collected a tiny bit of yours. My Grace was the piece you were gifted with. That what those memories were.” Izuku tugged on his bangs. “Any other
“Does it have any perks?” Iida asked as he studied Izuku. “Besides the protection.” Izuku shook his head with a sad smile.

“Sadly, no. A Guardian Angel can only do so much,” he explained. He looked down at his untouched lunch. “Anything else?”

“This is so cool,” Uraraka whispered aloud. Aoyama held the feather up to the light, marvelling in the sparkling light show. Todoroki was thumbing his own feather, silent, and Iida continued to observe Izuku.

“Your wings are longer,” Shinsou pointed out and Izuku looked back at his stretched wings. He smiled like the sun had gifted him.

“Everytime I meet a new soulmate, they grow. Everytime I initiate a Bond, they grow,” Izuku explained patiently. “Thank you very much for listening to me. For believing me.” Izuku smiled. “Thank you.”

“We live in a world with Quirks,” Shinsou spoke, “how is this any less believable?” The lunch bell rang, signaling the end of the period. Shinsou stood, catching sight of many students quickly averting their eyes.

Eavesdroppers?

Shinsou awkwardly waved goodbye to the group, leaving them to hurry out of the room.

He ignored his traitorous classmates inquires.

It hurt.

It felt like his mother’s loving embrace. Like the nights she’d hug him tight, whispering prayers of
protection from deities he was not allowed to believe in.

It hurt.

It burned like the boiling water that stole away his vision, that tore his family apart. There was something weird about the tiny little feather, soothing his nerves and chasing away any fear or memory he almost recalled the moment it tried to pop into his head.

It hurt because it was a comfort he hadn't felt in a long time and he didn't know how to react.

The warmth radiating from the feather was too much, but at the same time, Todoroki craved more. He sat there in class, stroking a finger over the feather. It pulsed like a heartbeat and Todoroki faintly wondered if it was in sync with Izuku’s own heart.

The last class for the day was dismissed and Todoroki stood up. He dragged his feet, not wanting to walk home yet. He didn’t want to go back to that house, to that man. But at the same time, his sister might be home, which was always a bonus.

“Todoroki-kun,” Izuku spoke as he stood at Todoroki’s desk, “would you like to walk home with us?” Todoroki looked to see Uraraka, Iida, and Aoyama waiting by the door. He studied them for a second, mulling over his options.

“No thank you,” Todoroki spoke finally. “Maybe another day.” His father was already home, he knew. If he didn’t return promptly home, his father was almost insufferable to handle. “See you tomorrow.” Todoroki ducked out of the classroom, not seeing those melted gold eyed burning into his back.

Chapter End Notes

Hey if you want, check out my tumblr [here!](http://example.com) I'll try and upload a drawing of Izuku but no promises lol
Chapter 7

Chapter by widdlewed

Chapter Notes

I have drawn 2 fanarts of Izuku from Say Amen! They are on my tumblr! :) I am no artist so don’t expect much lmao

Also a special thank to DarkWoods for being my beta this chapter~! <3 I really, really appreciate it! <3

EDITED BECAUSE I REALIZE I SOMEHOW CUT OUT TWO SCENES

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Kacchan! Kacchan look! My wings grew!” Izuku charged right into Katsuki, who planted himself firmly into the ground as the smaller ball of green energy slammed into him. “Look! Look! Look!” The tiny toddler turned giddily, stretching his feeble little tufts of feathers out as far as they’d go.

They were no longer than Katsuki’s hands, looking like little puff balls, but he smiled all all the same as he touched one of those tufts, feeling the warmth lingering on his palm.

“They did,” Katsuki spoke, even as he struggled to see the change. “Good job!” Izuku giggled and turned, burrowing into Katsuki’s chest.

“It’s because you’re my soulmate! Mama says that my bond strengthens my wings!” Izuku chirped out, smile bright. “So thank you!” Katsuki shoved at Izuku, cheeks red.

“Sh-shut up, Izu!” Katsuki stuttered out, their mothers a little ways away from them, talking softly to themselves and looking at them every so often. “I’m your only soulmate, so of course they’d be strong wings! I’m strong!”

“That’s because Kacchan is my precious person,” Izuku laughed-

-blood stained his hands, clumps of those stained-glass feathers stuck to his palms as his flesh blistered and melted-
Katsuki jerked up from sleep, sweat trickling down his brow as he gasped for air. He scrambled, turning on his bedside lamp so his room was basked in faint lights. He looked down at his trembling hands, inspecting the sweaty, shaking fingers for any blood or feathers. Seeing none, his shoulders drooped the tiniest bit.

He clenched tightly at the feather wrapped around his neck, ignoring the pin-pricks of irritation the touch caused to his skin. He looked over at his alarm clock, seeing he had two hours before he was supposed to wake up.

He couldn’t go back to sleep. His chest heaved as he tried to regulate his breathing, his palm throbbing. He pulled his hand away from his feather, looking down at his swollen, blistered palm. He watched, fascinated, as the blisters slowly receded, leaving unblemished, smooth skin. Katsuki curled his hand tight into a fist, hunching forward as he drew his knees up to his chest.

“Damn it,” Katsuki choked out, the feather beating in a steady, calming pace, “damn it.” He stayed balled up, trying to collect his breathing as he pushed the long-buried memories from his mind.

Izuku’s feather hummed, glowing a faint fold color, as if singing a song. Katsuki turned his head, straining his ear to listen to the faint hymn the feather released.

“Shitty Deku,” Katsuki slurred as his body sagged, slumping back against his bedding. Soft snores escaped his parted lips and the lamp flickered before turning off. The humming and glowing ceased and the feather rested innocently on his collarbone, pulsating in sync with Izuku’s heart.

The sky was still streaked with stripes of lavender and navy, the sun not yet peeking out. Izuku breathed out, watching the faint morning dew glistening as his wings glowed. He hunched over, trying to regulate his breathing as his heart thundered in his chest.

“Twelve blocks,” Toshinori commented as he zoomed by on his segway. He did a circle, looking alarmed as the scooter jolted back for a second. “Not bad.” He did another circle, rounding back to cruise next to Izuku. “Good job on keeping up with your training.”

“I’d like to make sure my body doesn’t keep getting caught in the crossfire,” Izuku gasped out, straightening as he began a slow jog, keeping up with Toshinori. “Despite me not feeling pain like a normal person, I still don’t want to put that strain on my limbs.” Izuku stretched his legs, exhaling a
long drag of air.

“I see,” Toshinori spoke, rocking back and forth on his segway. “That is troubling.” Izuku gave a soft snort as Toshinori shot forward, speeding down the pathway of the park. “Keep up!” Izuku gave a whine and rushed after the man, burst out laughing as the segway jostled from a branch in the way.

“Get off that stupid thing!” Izuku wheezed out as Toshinori righted himself and did a tiny circle to make sure his vehicle was okay. “You don’t even need it anymore!”

“Never,” Toshinori spoke seriously and Izuku doubled over, gasping for air as he laughed himself nearly sick.

I’m sorry, my boy, Toshinori thought to himself as he tittered on his segway, reversing and speeding up in a way to tease Izuku. I hope you’re still laughing by the end of the day.

Izuku chanced a glance at Todoroki, eyeing him as they waited for the first bell of the day to ring. He was settled in his desk, head down as he thumbed over his feather. He’d been touching it a lot, Izuku felt, and could feel the emotions seeping into it.

Bitterness, resentment, anguish, remorse, loathe, loneliness…and a small bit of warmth, a tiny smidge of happiness as he stroked his feather. Izuku turned around again, meeting eyes with Katsuki. Katsuki was turned in his seat, eyes narrowed at he stared at Izuku’s wings.

“They’re fucking longer,” Katsuki snarled low in his throat. He leaned against Izuku’s desk, keeping his voice low. “Who is it?” Katsuki eyes flashed over to Todoroki, eyes trickling down to his feather. His face scrunched up before his eyes swept around the classroom. Uraraka and Iida were clustered over by Aoyama, chattering lowly to themselves. He squinted suspiciously at them.

“Thank you for your concern,” Izuku whispered softly, lifting a hand. He hesitated before dropping it down onto the desk surface, a few inches from Katsuki’s propped up arm. “Um…” Izuku worried at his bottom lip. “You had a nightmare last night-”

Katsuki slammed his palm down on the desk with a tiny explosion, the classroom falling silent as he shot up to his feet. His desk squeaked as it pushed forward from the force and Izuku’s expression
shut down as Katsuki leaned in close, eyes hooded.

“*Shut your mouth,*” Katsuki hissed, hands trembling with suppressed rage. “Don’t fucking bring that shit up. Don’t act like you know *everything*, Deku.” The classroom door opened and Aizawa paused, seeing the two and the tense class.

“Is there a problem?” Aizawa asked, watching those wings tuck in close like a dog would their tail. Katsuki’s nose scrunched up and he turned, righting his desk. “Satou, switch desks with Midoriya.”

Satou complied wordlessly and Izuku stiffly gathered his bag, gaze downcasted as Katsuki huffed and slumped in his seat. Satou nodded to Izuku, eyes trailing after those wings as the teen passed.

Izuku settled into his new desk, Uraraka and Iida turning happily in greeting while Todoroki just bumped his shoe against the desk leg. The class was silent.

“Okay, roll call,” Aizawa began and sighed loudly.

Classes at U. A. were weird, to say the least. Up until their afternoon Hero classes, the school performed like an actual, well, school. They studied their core subjects and electives up until noon before they had lunch.

After lunch, they spent the remainder of the day focusing on their Heroics Courses, learning from various Pro Heroes what it takes to be an actual Hero.

“All Might burst through the classroom door, leaning into it while gripping onto the frame like a child trying to test gravity, “*COMING THROUGH THE DOOR LIKE A NORMAL PERSON!*”

Honestly, Izuku was surprised he didn’t bust in with that stupid segway of his.

*I am here!* Many of the students mentally screamed as All Might pranced to the podium,
humming loudly. Izuku perked up, his wings humming in tune to All Might’s singing as he stood tall.

Izuku’s wings stretched and flapped once in joy, feeling how alive All Might was. He’d been around the man in his default form, unable to properly grasp the effects of his Grace in the man’s system as it worked to heal him.

It was working all right. Izuku could barely feel any lingering signs of sickness, could feel no pain, no struggling breaths or throbbing bones. Uraraka and Todoroki both glanced at Izuku as his wings gave another pleased hum, Iida’s shoulders relaxing at the soothing sound.

“Ahem,” All Might cleared his throat, looking slightly flustered as he pointedly avoided looking at Izuku. “Foundational Hero Studies! For this class, we’ll be teaching you the fundamentals of being a Hero through various lessons and trials!” All Might flexed, showing off his bulging muscles. Beside him, Uraraka choked.

“Let’s not beat around the bush!” All Might exclaimed and shoved a small card out towards the class. “Let’s start with the trial of battle!”

“Trial of...battle?” Izuku mumbled, his stomach sinking. Something cold spiked through his chest at the mentioned trial. What...what did it mean?

“We have prepared your uniforms from the forms that you filled out and sent in!” All Might spoke and Izuku perked up. “Get dressed and meet me at Training Ground B!”

The students grabbed their uniforms, chattering amongst themselves as they moved to the changing rooms. Izuku hugged his package to his chest, chest thrumming in anticipation as he followed Todoroki, Iida, and Aoyama to the stalls.

“Where’s your costume, Midoriya-kun?” Aoyama asked as he stripped his button down, eyebrow quirked up as Izuku just hugged his backpack tighter to his chest.

“Ah, in here. My-my mother made it,” Izuku stammered out as he placed his backpack down, opening the flap. He pulled out the folded green jumpsuit, pausing as his cheeks heated. “She was a bit silly with it but it works in the long run. It’s handmade.” Izuku hugged the cloth to his front protectively. “I’m proud to wear it.”
“How admirable!” Iida commented as he adjusted his breastplate. “That is very sweet of you.” Izuku nodded and quickly shrugged off his school uniforms, folding his clothing up neatly before slipping his Hero costume on.

The bathroom stopped. Todoroki stared, ice pausing in coating his left side. Katsuki walked into a open stall door.

“...is that an open back?” Kaminari wheezed out and Izuku stilled. His cheeks heated up and his wings drew around him, trying to cover him.

“My mom thought it would be funny,” Izuku stuttered out, “I said it was silly.” He closed his eyes, slipping his glasses off. He was quick to slip his mask up, adjusting the installed goggles against his face before opening his eyes. He gently tucked his folded glasses into his back and nibbled on his bottom lip.

[“Izuku!” Inko spoke as she skipped into the living room, holding out a green jumpsuit. “Tuh-duh!”]

“Mom?” Izuku looked up as he and Toshinori crowded over the paperwork for registering his Quirk. “What’s that?” Izuku stood up, taking the jumpsuit. “This looks like…”

“It’s your Hero costume!” Inko cheered, looking proud but self-conscious at the same time as Toshinori eyed the costume. “I saw a few of your drawing in your notebook and I wanted to support you in any way I could. I modified it a bit for your wings so…”

“Modified? How-” Izuku stared at the back of the jumpsuit. “Mom.”

“Yes sweetie?” Inko asked as she took a seat next to Toshinori.

“There’s a opening in the back.” Toshinori spat his tea out, his trajectory just shy of the paperwork. “Mom!”
“It’ll help your wings!” Inko argued, frowning. “You’re finding soulmates left and right at your school! Soon you’re wings will be able to materialize-”

“What?” Toshinori croaked out, wiping at his mess. “M-materialize?”

“Oh, you never told him?” Inko asked as Izuku just continued to stare at his Hero costume. Inko smiled and stood up, stepping into a clear area of the living room. “Watch.” Izuku looked up as Inko’s eyes slipped close.

Toshinori’s mouth fell open in a gasp as Inko slowly lifted off the ground, floating inches in the air. Her wings flickered into existence before his very eyes, stretched wide to almost touch the surrounding walls. Bells tinkered in the air before she dropped to the ground, opening her eyes back up.

They were solid gold.

“If we concentrate enough,” Inko spoke as she moved to sit back down. Her eyes were green again. “Our wings can materialize into the plane where normal humans can see us. That’s usually why there are accounts of humans seeing angels in moments of rescue or danger.”

Toshinori looked at her, looked at Izuku, and then trained his gaze on his tea. “Oh.” He coughed. “So you’ll be able to make your wings...visible for others? Why the open back then?”

“Not for a long time,” Izuku commented with a soft frown. “There are...requirements that I don’t meet, currently.”

“There is a bit of...discomfort, when one materializes their wings onto the mortal plane,” Inko spoke with a grimace. “The longer you have your wings visible, the more discomfort you feel. Soon it can be painful. The open back is to help that.”

“Oh.” Toshinori blinked.

“But mom, why ?” Izuku whined as he flapped the suit out. “It’s just going to look like a back window to those who can’t see my wings! I can’t materialize my wings yet.”
“It’s the aesthetic,” Inko spoke seriously.

“MOM!”

Izuku fidgeted as everyone just stared. His back was exposed from the end of his cervical bone to just a few inches below his shoulder blades, giving more than enough room for his tucked wings. The small tufts of feathers clumped at the base of his flesh seemed to shudder at the attention and Izuku hid his face. To anyone who couldn’t see his wings, all they saw were his exposed shoulder blades, littered with tiny freckles.

“I’m not into dudes, but damn if your back isn’t hot,” Mineta commented loudly and Izuku flinched, curling into himself further. Izuku’s eyes slid to Mineta and his hidden expression pinched sourly at the veil of black that outlined the child.

His mother always said that Sinners were easy to spot. Their bodies would be cloaked by a thin, almost unnoticeable veil of black. Only the worst of the worst had the veils, those who raped, or murdered, or committed acts of utter evil.

Mineta Minoru was cloaked in a thick layer of black, so dense Izuku had been overwhelmed the first time he’d seen it. How could someone so young be so drowned in Sins? The faint stench of rotten garbage wafted from him, heavy and retching to Izuku’s sensitive senses. Izuku peered into the black, seeing slivers of images raising up like bubbles. Girls shrieking, uncomfortable or scared. Undergarments stolen from them and hidden for pleasure. So much lust. So much indecency. Izuku’s wings thrummed and he felt the air around him shift.

He’d worry about the Sinner later, when there wasn’t so many witnesses.

“Thank...you?” Izuku spoke uncertainly, seeing Iida eyeing the short student with something akin to discomfort in his features. “Uh. Okay, let’s go?” Izuku gestured to the exit, eyes landing on the small wings stitched into his gloves.

Oh, his mother probably had a ball with this.
The group walked out towards the training grounds, the girls already there and waiting for them. Mina whistled in appreciation at the boys costumes, nudging Kirishima with a good-natured smile. He swatted at her and Mineta made a weird slurping sound.

“Wow,” Uraraka spoke as she circled Izuku. “I like it!” Izuku flushed red behind his mask and stammered out a similar reply to her costume.

“It’s kinda puffy,” she lamented with a slight frown, “but thanks!” Uraraka gave similar compliments to Aoyama and Iida, smiling confusedly at Todoroki’s ice-coated self.

“Everyone is looking SUPER!” All Might complimented. “Congratulations! You’ve taken your first step at being Heroes!” Everyone was lined up, waiting for further instructions. All Might studied them, mentally wheezing at Izuku’s mask. His hood had two ears, looking like rabbit ears, but mostly reminded All Might of his own antennas.

Midoriya-san, you must think you are so funny… All Might thought to himself. “Now! For today’s class, we will be splitting up into Heroes and Villains and having a Two-on-Two battle!”

“What?” Kaminari griped.

“Is there going to be a threat of expulsion?” Uraraka asked softly, huddling into herself in worry.

“If the class if being split up into two groups, what is the best way to go about doing so?” Iida asked.

“Guys, doesn’t this cape look killer on me?” Aoyama asked his group of new friends. Izuku glanced at the cape and smiled behind his mouth guard.

“It suits you wonderfully, Aoyama-kun,” Izuku spoke, feeling his feather under Aoyama’s chestplate. Aoyama’s smile faltered at his genuine compliment before his sparkling demeanor seemed to intensify.

“Guys, guys, one question at a time!” All Might called out, looking overwhelmed. Everyone fell silent as he pulled out a small piece of paper, reading off it. “For this training, we’ll have the ‘Villains’ guard a ‘nuclear weapon’. If the ‘Heroes’ capture the ‘Villains’ or stop the device from being set off, they win. If the ‘Villains’ capture the ‘Heroes’ or keep the weapon the entire time, they win!”
“He’s reading from a paper,” Uraraka whispered to Todoroki, who just nodded silently.

“As for how we choose the teams, lottery!” All Might exclaimed, presenting a box to the students.

“SO LAME!” They yelled out. Izuku came to his Hero’s defense, physically feeling the man’s heart break at their harsh comment.

“No, it makes sense,” Izuku spoke out, wings beating once. “In real life scenarios, Pros are often teamed up out of the blue with other Heroes without having prior experience working with them. This gives an authentic simulation to real team ups!”

All Might punched the air, looking like he was praying to a higher being at his student’s thoughtful save. “Now come! Take your draws!”

Izuku and Ochako got paired up. Uraraka cheered and clapped hands with Izuku, beaming as his wings hummed happily. He flushed behind his mask, goggled eyes bouncing over to Iida and Katsuki. He frowned at their tense, distant postures.

“Yay~! I get to be with Deku-kun!” Uraraka giggled. “We’re team A! Like Angel!” Her voice carried over the students and Aoyama gave a agreeing ‘Oui’. She leaned in close, whispering closely, “Iida-kun and that Bakugou kid are team D. Like demon!” She snickered as if it were the funniest joke in the world. “Wouldn’t that be something if we went against each other?”

Izuku just stared at her, wings drooping down. “Uraraka-chan.” His voice was light, empty of emotion. Uraraka’s mirth fell flat. “Please never joke about demons. Or Kacchan being one.” He ducked his head closer to her. “Please.”

“I-” Uraraka blinked rapidly, “I’m sorry.” Izuku shook his head and patted her shoulder.

“NOW!” All Might called for attention. “The first two groups to go are-!” All Might shot his hands into the boxes and withdrew two balls. “TEAM A AND D!” Izuku’s shoulders hunched up. “Team A is Heroes and team D is Villains!”

Izuku’s stomach dropped, his surroundings falling around him. No. No, no, no. His wings gave
phantom throbs of pain, lacing up and down the bones and nerves of each and every feather. No, no, no.

“A-All Might,” Izuku tried to stutter out but it died on his lips before he could even utter a sound. His ribs were trying to cave into his heart and Katsuki gave a feral growl. He tried to breath, his throat clogged with a gigantic lump. His breath rattled in his chest, trapped with nowhere to go.

Uraraka glanced at him from her peripheral, concern straightening her spine and squaring her shoulders.

“Deku-kun?” Uraraka spoke. She stepped closer, her eyes widening. He was trembling. He was trembling, head ducked down as he muttered to himself. She strained her hearing, trying to pick up what he was saying.

“Forgive me Father for the sin I am about to commit. Forgive me for my wrongdoing. Forgive me for the path I am choosing to take, for the choice I am going to be presented with. Please Guide me, this lost One, and punish me as you see fit.”

“D-Deku-kun?” Uraraka reached a hand out, only to draw back when his wings snapped out at full span, casting shadows over him as he lifted his head.

“Amen ,” he spoke to himself and they began.

“So,” Jirou spoke as they all clustered up in the basement, “is anyone going to ask about Midoriya’s wings?”

All Might hacked, choking as Todoroki and Aoyama eyed him warily.

“Oh my god, thank you!” Hagakure chimed in. “No one was saying anything so I didn’t know if it was some sort of taboo topic?”
“What wings?” Mineta asked with a frown. He was ignored over the sudden chatter of the rest of the class.

“No, no, Iida and them were touching them at lunch yesterday,” Kirishima pointed out, jabbing a finger over at the two. “And some guy from another class.”

“They’re so pretty!” Mina cooed. Tsuyu nodded in agreement, smile wide.

“They sound nice,” Satou mumbled and Tokoyami gave a caw of his own.

“Glorious wings. Makes me jealous,” the bird-headed student piped in.

“Oui,” Aoyama nodded. “We were-”

“PAY ATTENTION!” All Might roared and the students jolted. He rubbed at the back of his head. “No talking about other things besides this!” He gestured to the monitors and Todoroki’s posture relaxed the tiniest bit.

Well then, All Might thought to himself as Uraraka and Izuku slipped in through the window. This is weird.

“Kacchan is coming,” Izuku spoke and Uraraka barely had time to gasp before Izuku’s arms were wrapping around her, his wings spread wide as they avoided an explosion. Izuku pillowed Uraraka as they tumbled to the ground, debris and smoke filling the hallway. “Uraraka-chan, you know the plan.” Uraraka nodded against his collarbone and looked at him.

His eyes were molten gold. “Go.” Uraraka shot out of his arms, making herself weightless as she bounced off the wall and flew over Katsuki. Katsuki rounded to go after her, only to stiffen as two arms latched onto his pulled back arm.

“Let go of me, Deku,” Katsuki snarled. Izuku clung tighter, eyes squinted up as if he were trying to
repress tears.

“No,” Izuku gritted out, ignoring the pin-pricks of fire licking up his arms.

“You little shit!” Katsuki whirled, slamming his other arm right into Izuku’s face. Izuku stumbled back, wings drooped. “WHERE THE FUCK DID YOU GET THAT QUIRK?!”

“I’m sorry,” Izuku choked out as he pulled himself into a defensive pose. “I’m so sorry, Father.”


Someone was screaming. Was it him? He was screaming, maybe? Either way it was horrible. It felt like he was being set ablaze from the inside out. Thunderous gongs slammed against his temples, echoing and deafening him. The screams were almost drown out.

Through tear stained eyes, he saw those wine-colored eyes wide as they stared down at tiny bloody hands, clumped with red stained feathers.]

Izuku’s eyes blazed molten gold as Katsuki swung at him again.

“Fight me!” Katsuki roared. “You lying sack of shit!” Katsuki set off an explosion, taking half of Izuku’s mask with it. Izuku winced as his skin instantly started healing, his wings tucked up tight behind him. “You liar!”

“I’m not a liar!” Izuku screamed back as he ducked another fist, tackling Katsuki around the middle. Katsuki held his ground and slammed an elbow down on Izuku’s back, hitting one of his wings. Izuku’s vision flashed white and he bit his tongue until it bled to stop from screaming out.

“Bullshit! You’re Quirkless!” Katsuki snarled low as he hit Izuku’s wing again. Izuku just clung tighter around him. “Where the hell did you get this sudden strength, huh?! You’re freaky bullshit could nevet do that!”
"I-I can’t.‘" Izuku choked out, a trail of blood escaping the corner of his mouth. "Kacchan, stop!‘" Izuku slammed a fist into Katsuki’s stomach, sending the teen stumbling back with a gag. Pain set itself ablaze along his arm and Izuku bit down on his tongue again as his vision spotted. Bare with it. Bare with it. Bare with it.

Izuku couldn’t attack Katsuki. He couldn’t. So, Izuku pivoted on his heel and ran.

“DEKUUUUU!‘” Katsuki shrieked after him, explosions chasing his heels.

“Wait, Bakugou-don’t!’” was all Izuku heard before his world was set ablaze.

“Aaaaah!” Uraraka cried out as the entire building shuddered. “Deku-kun? Deku-kun?!’” Static. Uraraka looked over at Iida, who was tense.

“Are...are you okay?’ Iida asked tentatively as the building ceases it’s shaking. Uraraka nodded, hand moving to her chest, where her feather was hidden against her collarbone. The feather was searing her flesh. “Does yours hurt too?’

“I-Yeah,” Uraraka spoke and shook her head. “But, that’s not the issue!’” Uraraka made herself weightless and launched to the side. Iida rushed after her and she landed sideways on a wall. Still weightless, she shot herself at the weapon like a rubber-band, hands outstretched for the device.

“Close!’ Iida called, snagging the device before Uraraka could touch it. She tumbled, crashing into the wall with a groan. “But not fast enough!’

“Iida!’ Uraraka whined, only to gasp as her feather suddenly felt like it was on fire. She scrambled, clawing at her suit to take the feather out from her costume. “Ow, ow, ow!’ Iida was no better, flailing as he attempted to dig through his armor.

And then the floor was exploding between them. Iida dropped the device and Uraraka shot forward, grabbing it. She made it weightless, clinging to it as it floated in the air.
“HAH!” She laughed, only to wince when her feather continued to burn.

Katsuki grabbed Izuku up off the ground, using an explosion to gain momentum. Izuku garbled out something before he was slamming down onto his back. Hard. Bile coughed up as stars spotted his vision.

“You are beneath me,” Katsuki snarled as he slammed a boot down on Izuku’s chest. “I don’t care what the fuck you are, you Quirkless freak. I am better than you’ll ever be!”

“No,” Izuku choked out, tears and spit breaking his voice. “Kacchan -”

“Why don’t you fight me? Hah?! Think you’re better than me?!” Katsuki kicked him, sending him rolling away. “Well you winged fuck?!”

“I CAN’T!” Izuku screamed at the top of his lungs, his wings laying limp against is back. “Don’t make me! I don’t want too! I can’t- I can’t hurt my precious people!” Izuku sobbed out.

Something in Katsuki snapped and he was on top of Izuku’s back before he even realized it, fingers buried in those thrumming feathers. “I thought I was a fucking enemy, DEKU?!”

His flesh heated up, smoke not from his Quirk raising as he wrenched a handful of feathers out of Izuku’s wing. Izuku’s head snapped up, eyes white as he screamed.

Katsuki flew back as Izuku’s wings tucked up and shot open, throwing him off. His hands hurt, the fabric of his gloves melted. Red, angry blistered coated the entire surface of his hands, from fingertips to palms. Blood trailed down his wrists when he raised them to study.

Izuku slowly raised a trembling arm up, pointing it directly at the ceiling.

“Wha-” Katsuki covered his face as dust and grime rained down on them. Izuku’s mangled fingers fell limply to the ground and All Might’s voice called for the Heroes victory. Katsuki stared at the
gaping hole in the ceiling. “No fucking way.”

“Deku-kun!” Uraraka shrieked as she floated down with Iida hugging her shoulder. They were standing on a chunk of the floor and the two hopped off the moment they were close enough. “Deku-”

A scream ripped through the destroyed building as Izuku curled in on himself, hands clawing desperately at the concrete until his fingertips split open. Uraraka fell back onto her butt, mouth hanging open. Iida fell to his knees with a gasp and Katsuki just stared.

It was as if two invisible hands were grabbing at Izuku’s wings, twisting them in awkward directions. Two hefty clumps of feathers were shredded from Izuku’s wing base before tossed as if whatever entity was grabbing them changed their mind.

And then they caught fire, raining down on Izuku as he continued to scream. Izuku clawed desperately at the concrete, legs skidding as he wailed.

“I don’t - he just started screaming!” Uraraka cried out, hands covering her mouth. “Does anyone- anyone know-?!”
Izuku’s entire body snapped up like a puppet, head tilted back. His eyes were completely gold, no green or black in sight. His wings stretched out, humming loudly enough to cause the gathered people to wince and cover their ears. It sounded shrill, like the highest pitch of a frequency before your ears started bleeding. “

The remaining lights in the building shattered and Izuku slumped forward, unconscious. No one spoke.

“I’m sorry,” he sobbed, curled up under his blankets. His wings throbbed, Inko’s hugs and soothing voice useless as the pain tore him up from the inside out. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

“You didn’t do anything wrong,” Inko whispered softly as she continued to cradle him in her lap. “Bakugou was at fault.”

“I thought my precious people can’t hurt me,” Izuku sobbed out. Inko frowned, looking away from her covered son. “I thought Kacchan was my precious person.”

“He...was,” Inko whispered softly. “Sometimes, rarely, they can change. The bond can-” but Izuku was wailing louder, drowning out her words. “Oh sweetie.”

“Oh sweetie, I’m so sorry,” Inko whispered as she just squeezed him tighter.

Chapter End Notes

Here’s Izuku’s modified Hero Costume! Literally the only thing different is he has goggles and a open back lmao

So, the words that were in that Funky font (Zalgo) was supposed to be in Enochian. :) 

In case anyone had difficulty reading what it said:

Forgive me Father for I have sinned. I have wronged you, wronged your precious creations, wronged myself. I have raised hand to my precious person, sought damage based on anger and vile evil in my heart. Punish me for my sins as I have failed you and my role you have given me. I beg for forgiveness in your eyes and in the Light of your
Judgement. Amen.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

DING DONG THE GRAPE BOI'S DEAD (not really you hopeful readers)

Chapter Notes

CHAPTER WARNINGS: Uncomfortable talk of Mineta's habits, Mineta's disgusting personality, Mineta, talk of objectifying women, talk of masturbation, talk of self-esteem issues.

I would absolutely love to thank my better half, Yu_Gi_Ohhh, for being my beta reader! <3 She is the entire reason this chapter is awesome and amazing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[It was something they knew, after meeting their first soulmate outside of their parents. It was something etched into their bones, fused with their blood. It was something ancient, whispered through time in their DNA.

It was something they obeyed to a T, lest they suffer the consequences.

Do not attack your precious soulmates.
Do not forcefully take your Grace away.
Do not kill your precious soulmates.
Do no turn away from God.
Do not be punished.

It was something they were born knowing, recited it like a nighttime prayer. It was something stitched into their hearts, through their wings, infused in their nerves.

It was something they knew.]
“Are-are you okay?” Yaoyorozu Momo asked, crouched down next to Todoroki. He was kneeling down, gripping tightly to his shirt front. Aoyama was no better, curled on his side as he made pitiful noises. “A-All Might went to go check on the two teams. Should I call for-”

Todoroki exhaled and slowly loosened his tensed muscles, looking to her. Throughout the exchange, his ice had melted, disappearing into steam into the air. She blinked, leaning away as Todoroki straightened. His eyes moved to the monitors, watching All Might gently lift Izuku up into his arms. He was lowered onto the stretcher, his wings limp limbs under him.


“That hurt,” Aoyama spoke, his own eyes trained on the monitors. “Oh my.” The rest of the class just stared at the aftermath of the battle, taking in the destroyed building and the ashes scattered on the ground. “What-what are those? Squiggles?”

“They look like some sort of set of symbols,” Momo stated as they all took in the sight before them. “They’re repeating.”

Black blocky symbols were scorched into the ground around where Izuku had been curled up, circling like a protective barrier. The symbols repeated through the ashes of the burnt feathers, marking the cracked concrete.

“What do you think it is?” Kaminari asked, rubbing at the back of his neck as goosebumps raced up his arms. On the monitor, Iida was tracing the scorched marked, head turned to Uraraka, who looked pale even behind her visor.

“What are you guys talking about?!” Mineta cried out, only to be, again, ignored.
Izuku’s eyes were closed one second, open the next, those flecks of gold nearly swallowed against the black of his pupils. A off-white ceiling faced him, small spots of grey decorating the surface. He was laying on something soft, most likely a bed. He could hear talking, Toshinori’s soft murmurs drowned out by elderly woman’s sharp chiding.

“The child’s arm is broken and he had severe bruising to his torso and ribs! Why didn’t you step in sooner?” The woman snapped out and Toshinori answered in a stuttered, ‘W-well, you see-”

Izuku sat up, his limbs protesting. His muscles were stiff, tense and taut against his bones. He looked down at his casted arm, raising an eyebrow at it. Tapping the plaster, he felt his Grace work to speed up the recovery. It was lethargic at best, his mind sluggish and not responding as fast as it should have. His fingertips were red and glossy, new skin growing at a snail’s pace.

His wings-

Izuku closed his eyes as he stretched his wings out, the bones and tendons screaming in agony as he stretched them out to their full length. He turned, staring at them over his shoulder. A notable chunk of his feathers were missing, his color tainted by ashy spots to mark his punishment. He furled them up against his back, exhaling softly as the searing pain dimmed to a throb.

He knew how to speed up the healing process, his mother had done it too many times for him to not remember. It was just a matter of working up the courage to do so. He couldn’t wait until he got home, that was too far of a trip to be in pain for. Making up his mind, Izuku peeked out to see Toshinori being chided by Recovery Girl.

“All Might?”

Both adults whipped their heads in his direction, Toshinori’s eyes alit while Recovery Girl’s grew glossy.

“Midoriya! How are you feeling?” Toshinori walked over to Izuku, stopping in front of him. Izuku looked up at him, feeling his wing pulsating from the man’s pocket.
“Tired,” was all he said before he stepped around the teacher. “I’m going to go change.” Toshinori watched, perplexed, as the teen left the clinic. He didn’t stop him, feeling that nothing he could say or do would make the child feel better. His eyes trailed to those damaged wings and he frowned.

“Recovery- whoa, are you alright?” Toshinori jolted as he catch sight of Recovery Girl’s slacked, dead expression. “Recovery Girl?”

“Wha-what?” Recovery Girl shook herself out of her daze, blinking rapidly as if chasing stars from her eyes. “What-what happened?”

“You just - are you okay?” Toshinori worried and Recovery Girl rubbed at her forehead, nodding slowly.

“I- yes. I just...got lost in my thoughts. Was thinking of the time I smuggled beer during middle school.”

“Recovery Girl!” Toshinori admonished and the older woman gave a soft giggle. Her expression softened as she studied him.

“Your color is looking better,” she spoke and Toshinori stiffened. “You’re getting some weight back on your bones, too. Reminds me of your younger days.”

“...I...don’t know how to explain it to you, to be honest,” Toshinori spoke softly. “I passed on my Quirk to Midoriya-kun, as you know.” Recovery Girl nodded, patiently waiting for the man to continue. “You’ve probably noticed, but I can last longer in my other form. I...I’m healing.”

“What?” Recovery Girl spoke. “Toshinori, that’s impossible. There is no way that can be. You’d need a miracle for that to happen.” Toshinori changed a glance at the door before slipping his suit off, letting it pool at his waist as he showed his healed side to the woman.

She stared.

“Midoriya is my miracle,” Toshinori spoke softly. “You can’t say anything to anyone, understand? I’m only telling you because you’ve done so much for me and him, already and-”
“Put your suit back on before you catch a cold,” Recovery Girl snapped. She turned, scribbling in her notebook. “Does the Principal know?”

“Yes,” Toshinori sighed out as he adjusted the baggy spandex over his shoulders. “As well as my closest personal friends. I couldn’t keep it a secret - they noticed, just like you.” She nodded, placing her pen down.

“Well, thank God then that you’re going to be with us for a little while longer. You better never come in here for anything short of a paper cut, you hear me?” Recovery Girl waved her cane threateningly and Toshinori stepped back, chuckling lightly.

“Yes, yes, I hear you,” he spoke as she lowered her cane. He never knew a elderly woman to be menacing, but Recovery Girl pulled it off flawlessly while still looking ready to offer you a hard candy or a cookie. It was terrifying. “I’ll be leaving now!” Toshinori’s body doubled until All Might was making a break for it.

Izuku trudged down the hallway, intent on heading back to class. Was his bag there? Was it still in the changing room? Would he have to walk back that way? His wings weighed heavily against him, as if shards of glass had replaced his feathers and were cutting into his flesh and muscles with each footfall.

Izuku felt a familiar feather and looked up, seeing Katsuki stomping his way out the building exit.

“Kacchan!” Izuku cried out, ignoring the stabbing pain in his face as he rushed after the blonde. Katsuki’s shoulders hunched up and he whirled with a scowl, his expression softening just the tiny bit at the sight of Izuku’s body.

“What?” Katsuki asked, hands shoved in his pockets. Izuku could feel the pain radiating off the taller teen, his feather pulsating against the boy’s chest as it tried to heal him. Izuku’s wings drooped down at the reminder he’d hurt his precious person, no matter what their bond thought.

“I have one thing to tell you,” Izuku whispered out, hands trembling as he clasped them in front of his chest. Katsuki turned fully to him, silent as he waited for Izuku to speak. Izuku sucked in a breath, puffed out his chest for courage, and spoke, “I received my Quirk from someone else.”
“...what?” Katsuki’s voice was a dark snarl, shadows crossing his features.

“I can’t tell you who, but I’m not lying to you. Up until half a year ago, I was Quirkless. You know - you know I couldn’t have a Quirk. My mom showed you my medical records.” Izuku looked down, away from Katsuki. “I can’t control this Quirk yet, it’s conflicting with my Grace. It’s a borrowed power and-”

Katsuki advanced on him and Izuku shrunk back, arms coming up to protect himself. Katsuki stopped short, leaning in close. “You aren’t lying?” His expression was pinched, watching those battered arms slowly lower.

“I can’t lie,” Izuku whispered, peering up into Katsuki’s eyes. Katsuki’s expression shuttered for a moment before he ducked his head. “Kacchan-”

“It doesn’t matter where you got that power from,” Katsuki spat out, glaring up at Izuku from his bangs. “You beat me, even with something you can’t control. You smited down your demon .” Katsuki whirled, ready to leave. Izuku reeled back as if struck, eyes widening.

“NO!” He screamed and lurched forward, grabbing Katsuki’s arm.

“Deku!” Katsuki snarled but Izuku hugged onto his arm tighter, squeezing as his wings forced themselves out. Katsuki stilled.

“ You are not a demon ! You are not an enemy ! You are my precious person!” Izuku choked out as white hot pain laced through his wings as they fluttered in indigation. “ Your bond can’t change how I think of you!”

Katsuki’s shoulders hunched up as he tried to pry Izuku off him. “Get off, Deku!” His voice cracked, his grip weak as he dug his fingers into Izuku’s shoulder. “God-God dammit! Why...that fucking frozen bastard and that chick - gotta fucking...”

“Don’t use His name in vain,” Izuku mumbled out as Katsuki leaned closer, resting his forehead on Izuku’s shoulder.
“Everyone’s looking down on me,” Katsuki gritted out, wet spots patching along Izuku’s shoulder. “Everyone’s acting like they’re better than me. I’m going to show them. I’m going to surpass everyone! Even you!” Katsuki squeezed at Izuku’s shoulders, breathing deep as he tried to collect himself. “Fucking Deku. You did that on purpose.”

“Did what?” Izuku whispered as he tilted his head down, lips brushing against Katsuki’s hair in a gesture of comfort.

“Not wearing your glasses,” Katsuki huffed out as he pulled away, wiping at his eyes. Izuku’s eyes widened slightly as he raised a hand to his face.

“Oh no,” Izuku wheezed out as Katsuki stepped backwards from the angelic teen. “My eyes!” He tried hiding his face, failing with one good hand being his only means of coverage. “I’m so sorry!”

“Whatever. Don’t think we’re good or anything,” Katsuki snapped out as he turned away. “I’m going to surpass you too! This doesn’t change anything!” Katsuki stomped away, leaving Izuku to stare at his retreating back. His wings pulled, burning, as they tucked back up against him.

“Kacchan…” Izuku whispered softly before he pivoted on his heel, rushing back into the school building. He had to find his glasses.

The walk to the classroom was interrupted by Uraraka, Iida, Todoroki, and Aoyama bustling around a corner, looking concerned.

“Deku-kun!” Uraraka greeted, sounding winded. “We were just on our way to go see you!” Uraraka checked him over, eyebrows pinching up at his cast-covered arm and his tight wings. “Are you—”

Izuku threw himself at her, wrapping his good arm around her. Uraraka stiffened, hands poised in the air, as Izuku nuzzled into her shoulder. Iida chopped his hand mutely, mouth opening and closing without uttering a single sound. Todoroki’s eyebrows shot up and Aoyama’s smile widened.

“D-Deku-kun?” Uraraka squeaked out and Izuku tightened his grip on her.
“I’m healing,” was whispered softly into her shoulder and Iida’s glasses slid down his nose. “Just - give me a moment please.” They watched as his wings began glowing and Izuku’s body sagged with his exhale.

“You’re...healing?” Uraraka asked as those wings shook. Izuku flinched and nodded against her.

“My bond with my precious people also acts to heal my wings,” Izuku explained and jolted when he felt arms wrap around his side. He peeked out from Uraraka’s neck to see Aoyama looking like he was in his element, snuggling up to the two.

“So by holding physical contact with us, your wings will, essentially, heal?” Iida spoke as Todoroki stared at if he were internally battling himself. Izuku nodded and Iida joined in the hug, squeezing Izuku and Uraraka to his chest. Uraraka giggled into Izuku’s hair and the three soulmates stared at Todoroki.

“Join us, Todoroki-kun,” Uraraka spoke slowly, tone off putting as Aoyama smiled widely at the teen. Todoroki wavered, his eyes sliding over to Izuku’s wings.

His feathers were smoothing out, the frayed or charred feathers slowly peeling into perfectly new feathers, no blemishes in sight. He remembered the pain the feather caused him, wondering just how painful it had been for the angelic teen then. Todoroki exhaled loudly and hesitantly stepped over, pressing between Uraraka and Iida to join their hug cluster.

“Thank you,” Izuku whispered as he closed his eyes, feeling their feathers pulse in response. No one spoke.

Izuuki slid the classroom door open, Uraraka humming behind him as they all bustled into the classroom. After their hug-fest, Todoroki had explained that his backpack had been moved to the classroom, since they didn’t know what to do with it after he’d been taken to the clinic. Keeping his eyes downcasted, Izuku attempted to make a beeline to his desk.

Attempted being the keyword, as the moment he stepped fully into the classroom, he was accosted from all sides.
“Hey!” Kirishima called out, immediately in his face. Izuku stumbled backwards into Aoyama, eyes wide. “You were so manly! Are your wings okay, though?”

Every thought in Izuku’s mind caught fire and died a painful, ashy death that left him choking out a slurred, “Whuzzah-uh?” at the red head. Kirishima’s eyebrow quirked up, amused, as Izuku stared.

“My-wings?” Izuku choked out, Uraraka and Todoroki slipping around him to go to his desk. Kaminari and Jirou flanked Kirishima, leaning in close. “You-you can see my wings?”

The entire class seemed to fall silent at that, staring curiously at the teen. Iida pushed his glasses up, looking uncomfortable by the tense, focused air.

“What do you mean, ‘can we see them’? They’re right there,” Momo pointed out, gesturing to his wings. “They look wounded. Recovery Girl couldn’t heal them?” She squinted, lips pursing out. “Actually, they look a bit better than during the trial.”

“They can all see them,” Todoroki spoke as he walked over, Izuku’s bag in hand. “Besides Mineta-san.” Izuku’s eyes flashed over the students, not spotting the Sinner. Izuku took his bag, fishing for his glasses. Spotting them, he slipped them on without a second thought, exhaling as he looked back at the students.

“Um... all of you can see these?” Izuku asked, jerking a thumb at his wings. The remaining students nodded.

“Why couldn’t we?” It was Shouji Mezo who asked, one of his arms shaped into a mouth and turned towards Izuku.

“About your wings,” Tokoyami Fumikage spoke up, beak clicking sharply, “are they transparent or do they not abide by the laws of the mortal plane due to your ethereal presence?”

“In English, please,” Mina piped up. Tokoyami looked flustered, beak clicking again.

“They phase through stuff,” Iida commented. “Because they aren’t apart of his Quirk.” Izuku jolted as eyes turned to him, curious and studious.
“Not a part of a Quirk?” Ojiro Mashirao echoed, eyeing his wings as he stroked his tail. “How?”

The classroom door opened again, Aizawa and All Might blinking at the clustered students.

“School’s over,” Aizawa gruffed out. “Why are you still here? Go home. Get out of here. Leave.” He made shooing motions, as if trying to scare away a wandering dog or bird. Tokoyami gave an indigent huff.

“Sorry Aizawa-sensei,” Hagakure called out, uniform flailing as she moved her body, “we were talking to Midoriya-kun about his wings.” Aizawa’s eyes snapped down to Izuku’s wings, All Might tensing behind him.

“His wings?” Aizawa drawled out, leaning against the doorframe. “What about?”

“They aren’t a part of a Quirk,” Izuku finally sighed out, shoulders slumping as he moved to let the two adults into the classroom. Aizawa’s other eyebrow raised up.

“I understand that people's appearances look different in ways that have nothing to do with their Quirk,” Aizawa commented a he gestured to Mina and Tokoyami, “but your wings…”

“Aren’t part of a Quirk,” Izuku repeated with a firm nod of his head.

“Deku-kun’s our Guardians Angel!” Uraraka blurted out, hopping up and down. Izuku stared at her as if she’d just spoke sins against All Might. “He says he’s our angel!”

Izuku shot a look at the teachers and watched as All Might sent a inconspicuous wink over Aizawa’s shoulder towards him.

“...angel?” Aizawa spoke slowly, eyes sliding over to All Might. “What do you think of that?”

“What wings are you talking about?” All Might lied, head tilted to the side. “What are you guys talking about? Some new game?”
Izuku bit his tongue, stopping himself from chiding the Hero on lying. It made sense, when he thought about it. Think of the rumors, or the news, if people found out All Might (The All Might) was one of his soulmates. It’d ruin the man’s reputation, bring in speculations to Izuku’s acquired Quirk, raise questions...

Aizawa pointed to Izuku’s wings. Izuku’s stain-glass, bell-chiming wings that tucked up and brushed against his tailbone.

“Those wings,” Aizawa stated, tone showing his thinning patience.

“I don’t see any wings. Is this a new form of hazing?” All Might chuckled nervously. “Kids, you shouldn’t bully your teachers!” He wagged a finger. “Though I am surprised you got Aizawa to join in on your joke!”

“But they’re right there!” Mina loudly proclaimed, marking over. “Right here.” Her hands touched the wings and she fell silent. Izuku sucked in a deep breath and his wings hummed, glowing just the tiniest bit. “Whoa.”

“Right?!” Uraraka chirped out, bouncing her way over. “Deku-kun?” Deku hunched his shoulders up, burying his face into his hands.

“Just. If you can see my wings, please just touch them,” he muffled out, body language conveying his exhaustion. Might as well get it over with. His mother was going to have a field day when he got home.

Heads turned, silent nudges passed between the teenagers as they waited to see who else would move.

“We just, touch them, right?” It was Kaminari, shuffling closer. He reached out, stroking down one of Izuku’s wings. They hummed again, the music traveling across the classroom as sparks danced around Kaminari. “What the-”

“Me next! Me next!” Hagakure squealed out, shoving Kaminari out of the way. Izuku felt her hands on his wings and she gave a breathless little giggle as she let go. One by one, the students closed in, each taking a moment to touch his wings.
With each touch, each hum of his wings, they glowed, the ashy spots fading into nothing. They stretched out, inch by inch, the missing feathers growing back at an agonizingly slow pace until the tips of his wings brushed against the back of his calves.

No one spoke.

“You aren’t seeing this?” Aizawa finally broke the silence, gesturing to Izuku’s wings. “His wings are glowing. And making noise. And are glowing. You don’t see this?” All Might tentatively shook his head, smile strained. Aizawa gave a audible groan and threw his hands out as if to give up hope in humanity. He stepped closer.

“I...just touch it?” Aizawa cautiously reached out. Izuku, face still covered by his hands, nodded. Aizawa touched them and then jerked back, eyes. “What the hell, Midoriya?”

“You alright Aizawa?” All Might asked gently and Aizawa shot him a suspicious glare.

“Welcome to the club!” Uraraka cheered out, clapping her hands in delight. “Deku-kun gave us feathers, right guys?” Uraraka pulled hers out, showing it off. Iida slowly did the same, Aoyama and Todoroki following suit.

“So,” Izuku wheezed out, dropping his hands. “Hi. Um, All-All Might, do you mind-” Izuku’s eyes slid to All Might, who gave a thumbs up.

“I must leave! Duty calls!” All Might laughed out and disappeared, leaving a trail of dust in his wake.

“Um,” Izuku fidgeted, “normal people can’t see my wings.”

“Like All Might?” Aizawa asked, arms crossed. Izuku bobbed his head in confirmation and Aizawa pinched the bridge of his nose. “Okay, let me sit down.” The students parted as their teacher moved, perching himself on the edge of a desk. “Okay, explain.”

“Do you believe in angels?” Izuku started, knowing he was going to be there for a while.
“Did you see that? All Might’s a teacher now.” The sounds of glass clinking together echoed in darkened bar, shadows wisping through the air as a fog-like hand ran a rag over the polished countertop.

“I wonder,” a gravelly voice said, words cracked and choked out as if the person rarely ever spoke, “how the world would respond to their Symbol of Peace being snuffed out by the Villains?”

Shadows stretched across the floors in the dim lighting, twisting the figure’s bodies into lanky, skeletal mockeries of their actual bodies.

“I’ve decided,” that gravelly voice sounded once more. “I think I’m going to take a field trip.”

“Be safe,” the one who seemed to be made of wisping smoke responded without missing a beat. “Don’t cause too much trouble.”

“So you’re an angel.” Aizawa just stared. “An angel.” Izuku nodded, kicking his feet. He’d ended up on a desktop, his feathers distributed out to the classmates and teacher. They all seemed entranced by the pulsing feathers, tuned out to Aizawa’s words. “You understand that this is kind of farfetched. A Quirk, I would understand, but…”

“You saw my memories,” Izuku spoke softly, head tilted to the side as he basked in his soulmates’ presences. “Do you need more proof?” Aizawa studied him, eyes narrowed. His arms were crossed, grip loose on his feather as he observed the student.

“So your Quirk…”

“Has nothing to do with this,” Izuku reassured. “They are two completely separate things. You may reject my Grace, if you - if you want.” Izuku swallowed. Aizawa blinked once, slow.
“Your Grace...is...your soul piece, right? It’s what creates the bond between us?” Aizawa questioned, eyes slowly dying as he took the info in. He needed a nap. Or seven. Or maybe even a job transfer. He should have just expelled the entire class again, like the last few years. Damn his aging mind. The coffee was finally catching up.

“Yes,” Izuku spoke with a nod. “If...if you decide to return my Grace...” Izuku looked down, wings folding over himself like a protective hug. “I completely understand. Not everyone can be accepting of these sort of things.”

“Bye bye, Midoriya!” Kirishima called out as he moved to the door, Mina and Kaminari behind him. “See you tomorrow!” Sero and Hagakure waved furiously at him as they followed out, the classroom clearing until only Iida, Uraraka, and Todoroki were remaining.

Uraraka plopped down next to Izuku, beaming as Iida chided the two for sitting on the desks, Todoroki pulling his chair out to sit down.

“You said you can’t feel pain?” Aizawa inquired as Uraraka began to fiddle with Izuku’s feathers, tucking them or combing them out. Izuku let her, expression serene as he blinked back at his teacher.

“Not in the normal sense, no. I feel pain, just on a more...spiritual level. I feel my soulmate’s pain. I feel pain from my wings.” Izuku looked at his plaster-coated arm and waved it slightly. “But things like this? I don’t feel. My Grace heals the pain the moment it is inflicted, so I don’t feel it ever.”

“It’s what I thought.” It was mumbled, gritted out in utter exasperation. Aizawa’s eyes were narrowed, lips twisted into a scowl at he gave Izuku a once over. “If I don't keep an eye on you, who will? You’ll have no arms by the end of the year if you keep this up.”

“Not true,” Izuku tried to object, only to shrink back when Iida sent him a look that clearly read, “Boi.” Izuku gave a sheep smile, twisting a curl around his finger. “My Grace would heal me.”

“It didn’t when you fought Bakugou,” Todoroki piped up. “You were all mangled still.” Aizawa raised an eyebrow, nodding slowly.

“Todoroki is right. What was that? All Might showed me the video recordings of all the battles. Your wings...” Izuku fidgeted, dropping his hands to his lap.
“As I explained, I have two sets of soulmates.” Izuku raised two fingers. “My *precious people*.” Izuku lowered his middle finger. “And my *beloved enemies.*” Izuku lowered his index finger. “My beloved enemies are those who I am allowed to face in battles without the consequences of punishment. If I hurt a precious person...well, you saw it.”

“Bakugou is a precious person?” Uraraka blinked, eyebrows furrowing. “His hands were hurt from touching your wings, though. How comes ours doesn’t do that? Was it because he hurt you?” Izuku shook his head, looking down with a sad smile.

“I consider Kacchan a precious person,” Izuku softly explained. “He, however, does not. Due to...events in our past, our bond shifted and broke in the middle. He sees us as enemies, hence his hands burning whenever he touches my feathers, and I consider him a precious person. Which is why I was punished for attacking him.”

“Will you be punished every single time you face a precious person?” Aizawa asked, leaning further against the podium. “Because if so, that’ll hinder you during classes when you need to spar against other students. We can’t give you special treatment-”

“I will discuss it with my mother. I’ve seen her get into fights with her precious people before and she wasn’t punished,” Izuku cut in, shifting on the desk. “This will not hinder me.”

“So all of your enemies would be hurt if they touched you?” Iida asked, pushing up his glasses with a frown. “Is it because your wings act as a protective barrier to you? I noticed that Aizawa-sensei’s bandages didn’t affect you. It was like your wings repelled them.”

“Ah, my wings protect me from attacks by my soulmates, if they are precious people.” Izuku picked at his blazer hem, having changed back into his school uniforms. “My feathers do the same, to a certain extent, except that they protect you all from weak attacks as well. That’s why Aizawa-sensei’s bandages didn’t work.”

“But if they are normal people or your...enemies-” Aizawa’s nose scrunched up- “then they can hurt you?” Izuku nodded and the man sighed, pushing his hair back as he looked to the ceiling. “Midoriya, I have a feeling I’m going to gain a permanent headache with you around.”

“I’m sorry,” Izuku mumbled, wings drooping down. “Thank you...for believing me. From what my mother told me, most cases she’s seen as crazy until she performs some act of miracle.”
“You can perform acts of miracles?” Todoroki asked, leaning forward. “Like what?” Uraraka, Iida, and Aizawa waited for an answer, looking just as curious. Izuku flushed, his freckles standing more prominent.

“I-I can’t do much, right now. Mostly use my Grace to heal people, such as broken bones, lost vision...healing entire organs…” Izuku looked away from them. “But it is a slow and tedious process that requires a lot of patience.”

“Is it anyone, or just your soulmates that have these miracles granted to them?” Iida asked, hands clasped together in front of him.

“Soulmates. Some angels go outside of their precious people to heal those in times of need, such as after a natural disaster or illness. Those are usually the ones who are recorded in stories or old tales,” Izuku explained promptly, tone matter-of-fact.

“Wow,” Uraraka breathed out. “Just wow.” Izuku pointedly looked at the floor and gave a half-hearted hum. Aizawa sighed and ran a hand through his hair again.

“I think that’s enough for one day. Go home, all of you.” Aizawa stood straight, walking to the classroom. He paused. “Everyone in the class is your soulmate in some way?” Izuku looked up, eyes glinting gold for a brief moment.

“Not everyone,” Izuku clarified and slipped off the desk. “But that’s not a concern right now. Todoroki-kun, would you like to walk home with us?” He turned to Todoroki, who paused in standing from the desk. Todoroki surveyed the clustered group and thinned out his lips.

“If...it isn’t a bother, yes please,” the teenager spoke and Izuku’s expression brightened. He smiled, his wings fluttering happily against his back.

“No problem at all! I was hoping we could talk on the way home!” Izuku reached over the desk, grasping Todoroki’s wrist. “Let’s go!”

“Sorry Deku-kun,” Uraraka spoke with an apologetic smile, “I have to do something after school. I’m meeting my mom at a store. I’ll see you tomorrow?” Uraraka gave a salute and was gone, Iida parting with a bow and a wave. Aizawa leaned against the wall as Izuku and Todoroki left, both bidding him farewell.
The walk off campus was silent, Izuku still holding onto Todoroki’s wrist. Todoroki looked down at the hand gripping him, feeling the warmth radiating off his left arm. Izuku wasn’t saying anything about it, looking content as his wings made musical melodies in the breeze.

“I would like for you to move out of your house.”

Todoroki nearly stumbled, eyes wide as he shot a look at the back of Izuku’s head. Izuku continued facing forward, dropping Todoroki’s wrist to clasp his hands behind his back.

“What did you just say?” Something bitter and rotten crawled up his throat and settled in the back of his tongue. Black tar bubbled up, only to freeze over in the pit of his stomach and weight him down as he stopped walking. “Repeat that.”

Izuku turned when he heard Todoroki’s steps halt, eyebrows shooting up at the open expression on contempt on the teen’s face. “Todoroki-kun?”

“How can you say that?” Todoroki demanded, taking a step forward as his voice raised slightly. “You don’t know anything!” Todoroki’s thoughts were in turmoil. Izuku didn’t know anything. Izuku didn’t understand anything, nothing about him or his home life.

“I’ve seen your-”

“So what?” Todoroki seethed out in a low hiss. “So what if you’ve seen a few memories? I’m fine, Midoriya. I’m fine.” He was fine, even when each trip back there felt like he was walking to the noose that’d steal his breath. He was fine, even when his sister had to shoo him away until his father left the area. He was fine, even when he’d never associated that building with home, that man as a parent, or adults equaled safety.

He was fine.

“Todoroki-kun...why?” Izuku whispered out, eyebrows lowering in pain. “Why do you continue going back there? You - you and your siblings can stay with my mother or me until-”

“The fact you have to ask shows you know nothing,” Todoroki cut him off, turning his mismatched
gaze away. “I...I have to stay there.”

Because if he left, who would his mother come back for? If he disappeared, finally gathered up the courage to take what he could call his own and leave, who would protect his mother? When she finally came back, she would expect him to be there to greet her. She would welcome him with open arms and he’d never have to suffer under his father again.

He hoped. He wished desperately. He...he needed to believe.

A gentle hand cupped his scarred cheek and Todoroki flinched back, eyes wide as he stared into green and gold eyes. Izuku was in his space, barely giving him any breathing room. Todoroki was petrified, pinned down by those gold-ringed eyes that stilled him with an unmoving weight.

Izuku tucked his red hair back behind his ear, gaze narrowing as he watched the teen’s expression for something. Anything. Everything.

“I can’t force you to leave, only ask,” Izuku spoke as he dropped his hand. Todoroki was quick to comb his hair back over his cheek, eyes diverted. “But if that is what you wish, then I can only accept it.”

“However.” Todoroki looked back into those eyes and a shudder overtook him as seeing pure gold, those black irises slitted like a cat’s when they were about to pounce on their vulnerable prey. “If that man who is supposed to be your guardian ever raises a hand to you again, I will intervene and I will take you and your siblings from that house.”

“...why?” Todoroki whispered as Izuku turned back around, resuming his walk. “Why?”

“Because,” Izuku spoke and his wings shimmered in the afternoon light, “I protect my precious people.” Todoroki watched his back, taking in the straight lines of determination, the warmth of his wings as they stretched out, and his sure steps as he continued forward and swiftly wiped at his burning eyes.

“I...we are strangers,” Todoroki spoke as he stretched his legs to catch up with Izuku. Izuku sent him a bemused expression, eyes back to normal.

“Maybe to you. The moment you formed a bond with me cemented my protection over you. Angels
are very protective of what’s theirs, Todoroki-kun. His Love flows through us too, you know.” Izuku smiled brightly and skipped forward, humming.

“Oh,” was all Todoroki could say and Izuku’s wind-chime giggles filled the air.

“Izuku,” Inko spoke the moment Izuku slipped his shoes off, “what happened to you today? Your wings were hurt.” Izuku grimaced and peered up at his mother, as she worried at her bottom lip, eyebrows furrowed.

“Kacchan and I got a little heated in our class today,” Izuku mumbled as he stepped out of the entryway, rubbing at his arm. “I was punished.” Inko’s eyes flew to his eyes, racking up and down them as she inspected their condition. “But in a weird, but probably purposeful twist, almost all of my classmates are soulmates.”

“I can...see that.” Inko leaned closer, eyes squinting as she peered closer at the wings. “Are you alright?”

“I was punished,” Izuku repeated. “I’m not supposed to be alright. I wronged Katsuki-kun and myself.” Izuku dragged himself into the living room, falling face-first onto the couch. “How did you get away with brawling with your soulmates? I know you’d have fist fights with Auntie in your youth.”

“In my youth...Izuku!” Inko’s worry turned to exasperation as she tossed a small pillow at him. “I am not old!” Izuku giggled into the pillow, hugging it to his chest. Inko settled down at the end of the couch and Izuku slid up to rest his head on her lap. She stroked her fingers through his hair, humming in thought. “It’s all about intent.”

“Intent?” Izuku echoed out and Inko nodded. She ran her thumb over his cheek, gaze tender as he peered up at her from his peripheral. “What do you mean?”

“The punishment comes into play when you have the intent to actually cause bodily harm to your precious ones,” Inko explained softly. “If you were punished, it’s because you had the actual motivation to hurt Katsuki-kun.” Izuku’s eyes widened, shooting up from her lap.
“No! I would never-”

“Izuku, it’s fine. It happens. The first time I met your father, our bond were just like yours and Katsuki-kun’s right now. He considered us enemies, I considered us precious people. Anytime we came to blows, I’d be punished, same as him.” Inko sighed as she stared off into space, losing herself to nostalgia. “After a while, I learned if I faced him without the intent of causing him pain and harm when we’d fight, I wouldn’t be punished.”

“So...so the reason I was punished was because I had an actual thought to hurt Kacchan?” The color drained from his cheeks, leaving him pale as he looked down at his hands. “But…”

“It’s fine sweetie, honest. But I understand you’ll need to spar with your classmates, right?” Inko waited for her son to nod before she smiled gently. “When you spar, just remember that you aren’t hurting them. That this is nothing but a harmless, innocent task setup to further strengthen them. Understand?” Izuku hesitantly nodded and Inko reached over, ruffling his curls.

“Good. Now, I’ll make some chicken katsu for dinner as celebration on your new soulmates! Ah, look at your wings!” Inko smoothed a hand down his wings, beaming proudly. “Almost there, sweetie.” Izuku nodded and face-planted against the couch once more once Inko moved to the kitchen.

“Hey mom,” Izuku called, popping back up to watch his mother, “I have a Sinner in my class.” Inko paused in pulling out the panko crumbs, looking over her shoulder at her child. “He isn’t a soulmate but his veil is pretty thick.”

“How thick?” Inko asked as she resumed gathering up the ingredients for dinner. Izuku nibbled on the skin of his lip, tilting his head to the side.

“I was almost sick, the first time I saw him.” Inko gave a worried little trill in her throat, her wings fluttering at the thought. “He’s just so young so…”

“If you don’t save him soon, his soul will be eaten by a demon,” Inko spoke softly, head lowered. “Oh, for a child to be a Sinner…”

Izuku hunkered back down against the couch, curling into himself as he closed his eyes. He drifted off to the noise of his mother’s wings lulling him to sleep with their tinkering chimes.
The sun hadn’t even risen up yet, the sky still bathed in navy. The stars twinkled their final moments of visibility, the air crisp in the morning breeze. Izuku sat, perched on the towering stone fencing outside of the old Western styled church hidden in the corner of the city, three blocks from the local shrine and seven from Mineta Minoru’s house.

His feet swung back and forth lazily, idly watching the sky’s hues slowly lighten as the sun began its slow ascent into the sky. He hummed softly, his moving in small patterns of words. “Behold, behold, the wood of the cross.” Izuku sung quietly, his voice dying in the silent air of the dawn. “On which is hung our salvation. Come, let us adore.”

Izuku’s eyes slipped closed, senses expanding to feel the thick sludge-like texture rolling off Mineta. He seemed to be awake, getting ready for the day. The black veil swarmed his tiny body like a wave crashing into a unsuspecting toddler, swallowing him whole. His eyes opened back up, green with fragmented gold gleaming.

He leapt off the wall, wings catching on the air and slowing his descent down until he touched the ground with the faintest of sounds. His wings shook out, ruffled from the sudden coast, and straightened back out against him.

Humming still, Izuku made his way towards Mineta’s house.

Mineta barely got a block away from his house when he ran into Izuku. Quite literally. Mineta stumbled back, a swear on his tongue, when he froze.

“I’m so sorry,” Izuku apologized, bending down until he was eye-to-eye with the shorter teenager. “Are you alright, Mineta-kun?” Mineta’s mouth opened, gaze fogging over as he stared into those memorizing gold eyes of his classmate.

“I’m- I’m okay,” Mineta stuttered out, entranced by the view of his classmate’s face without glasses on. Without the ugly, blocky spectacles, his face looked almost...delicate in a way that made Mineta mentally whine about Izuku being born the wrong gender.
“Oh, thank goodness. I didn’t want to hurt you.” Izuku maintained eyesight with Mineta, raising a hand to brush his bangs out of his face. Mineta watched, unable to look away from those eyes. There was something about Izuku in that moment that all but compelled Mineta to spill his dirtiest secrets.

Maybe it was his gentle, non judgemental expression, or the soft, welcoming gaze of those gorgeous eyes. Maybe it was his voice, so tender and musical to his ears that lowered his guard like his mother’s would when she knew he was lying. Whatever the reason may be, Mineta couldn’t stop himself from opening his mouth.

“I’m not a good person.” Mineta’s cheeks heated in shame. Why did he say that? Why would he admit something like that to his schoolmate, who he barely even held a conversation with?

“Why would you say that about yourself?” Izuku asked softly, hands clasped in front of him. “What makes you think that?”

“I-I make girls uncomfortable,” Mineta whispered out, shoulders lowering as he continued to maintain eye contact with Izuku. “I make suggestive comments to them or about them...I - I secretly take photos of them too.” Mineta’s eyes watered, still unable to look away. “I - I-” Mineta sniffled.

“How?” Izuku asked, innocent and patient, waiting for Mineta to spill his heart out. “What type of comments do you make about them?” Something about Izuku reverberated safely to Mineta, like nothing he could say would leave a blemish on the teen’s impression of him. That something urged Mineta to continue, to spill everything he could. To spill every tiny speck of black in his heart, to this teen who was so kind as to listen to him.

“I-” Mineta inhaled, “I consider them my fap material.” It was whispered, like he was sharing a secret that no one else could know. “I use their pictures to get off. When I touch myself, I think of their reactions, how they’d see me.”

“Really?” There was nothing in his tone, no disgust, no interest, nothing. He just said the word, opened Mineta up to share more. “What else?”

“I creep into their changing rooms and steal their bras and panties.” Mineta continued, drowning in that gold. It was filling his senses, twisting him up and wringing him out like a damp towel. “I’ll sniff them when I masturbate.”
“And?” The corner of his vision was dying in that gold, his body slowly feeling lighter. Izuku kept silent, focusing the Grace in his eyes to continue to lull Mineta into a sense of security.

His eyes worked similar to that of a confession box in a church, urging those to spill their sins and beg for forgiveness. When not hindered by his thick, ugly glasses, his eyes were literal windows into peoples souls.

“I like big-breasted women.” Mineta said abruptly. “I just want to smother my face into them and suffocate while jerking off against the women.”

Izuku inwardly screeched to the heavens, uncomfortable with graphic details in which the teenager was sharing. But as he watched, that veil of black was slowly, ever so slowly, thinning out.

“Go big or go home, am I right?” Mineta laughed weakly, trying to lighten the mood. His humor fell flat as Izuku’s expression remained unchanging. “I’m the human personification of rotting garbage.”

“Why do you think that about yourself?” Izuku encouraged.

“I creep on women in bathhouses, film my neighbor across the street when she dresses.” Mineta gave a proud, leechurous smile. “I’ve even scaled the walls to public bathhouses to peep.

“I see.” Izuku peered down at the short teen, wondering how many moments of class had been spent eyeing the girls in their class. His precious ones. Izuku’s eyes hardened and Mineta gave a soft whimper. His wings shuddered, not that Mineta could see, and the air got just the tiniest bit heavier.

“Mineta-kun, this isn’t good,” Izuku spoke softly, lowering his hands onto his lap. “Your soul’s bound to be eaten by a demon at this rate.” Mineta paled, his breath coming out in a feeble wheeze.

“Wh-what?” Mineta choked out, new tears forming. “De-demons? I-I don’t want my soul to be eaten!” Izuku inwardly smiled, please with the teen’s faith despite having no proof. He would work with this. Fear made one believe anything, after all.

“Hush,” Izuku soothed, keeping his hands firmly clasped as he smiled brightly. “Do not cry, my child, for He will forgive you if you atone.” Mineta wiped at his wet face, peering up at Izuku hopefully.
“A-Atone?” Mineta spoke and Izuku nodded, standing up.

“Yes. It’s quite simple.” Izuku smiled welcomingly. “Listen to me.” His wings stretched out, catching on the rising sun and casting shadows over the two.

Izuku slid into his seat moments before the bell rang. He hummed softly, finger tapping against the corner of his glasses as he smiled triumphantly to himself. Katsuki’s eyes wouldn’t leave his wings, eyes wide as his mouth opened and closed soundlessly. Finally-

“YOUR FUCKING WINGS!” Katsuki exploded, slamming a hand on his desk with a small explosion. Mina and Kaminari squeaked as Katsuki shot from his seat, pointing at Izuku. “What the fuck-no.” He swept his eyes across the classroom, eyebrows raising. “No wait. No goddamn way.”

“Don’t say God’s name in vain,” Izuku reminded for the nth time, expression unchanging from its bright demeanor. “Why are you so surprised, Kacchan.” Katsuki snarled, eyes narrowed. Everyone was watching the two, wary and tensed. Katsuki sat back down with a huff, crossing his arms over his desk.

One minute later Aizawa came in, looking exhausted.

“Class, I’m sorry to say that Mineta Minoru will no longer be joining us in the Heroics Department. He has withdrawn from U.A. and will be pursuing his education at a Catholic school overseas.” Many eyes found Izuku, who continued to look utterly content with himself. “As of right now, no new student will be brought in, so our lessons with have uneven numbers during pair-up trials or projects. We’re going to be choosing class president today, so keep in mind who you want to vote for. Now for roll call.”

Katsuki snorted loudly from his side of the classroom and Uraraka sent Izuku a puzzled expression. While Aizawa was calling out their names, Uraraka pitched a note onto Izuku’s desk.

*Did you make Mineta drop out of school? - U :)*
Izuku raised an eyebrow at the note, glancing at Uraraka who faced the front as she called out her presence.

No? I merely sent him on the path of atonement for his sins. - I :)

Izuku nearly chucked the note at the back of Iida’s head with his coordination, his chair toppling. Aizawa dragged out a sigh and continued on, pretending he wasn’t seeing two of his students passing notes back and forth.

“Alright, everyone is here. Now, we will be deciding a class president and vice president,” Aizawa spoke and mentally snorted as almost everyone’s hands shot up.

“Let me do it!” Kirishima called out eagerly.

“No, no, me!” Mina exclaimed, waving her hand wildly. Aoyama just shot his hand straight into the air with enough vigor to create an after image.

“I believe we should do a voting system! Having Aizawa-sensei choose one of us could be seen as favoritism!” Iida called out, Izuku sinking into his seat as the class erupted into noise. “Is that alright with you, Sensei, if we hold a vote?”

Aizawa slunk into his sleeping bag, worming his way against the far corner of the room. “Whatever, as long as two people are decided.” Aizawa slumped over, dead to the world. Kirishima stared intently at his chest, making sure he could see the up-and-down pattern of him breathing before he paid attention again to Iida.

“Okay,” Iida started as he scribbled everyone’s names on the board, “lets all write down who they think would be the best option for class president, and pass them up to the front.”

He stepped up to the concrete walls, peering up at the towering barrier between him and the school grounds. Something in the air smelt foul, like overly sweet vanilla extract mixed with caramel and oranges. It tainted the air, clinging to the bricks, to people's clothes, to his own self.
“What is that awful smell?” He mumbled to himself, easily navigating through the crowd. They gave him a wide berth, feeling the cold, menacing air swirling around him. It was natural instincts to keep a distance from him, fear overriding their stupidity for a news scoop. “It’s so sweet. Disgusting.”

He pressed his hand to the wall, smiling widely as the concrete began to disintegrate into nothing but dust and debris. He dropped his hand, humming to himself as he slipped back through the crowd.

His skin burned. He blamed it on the sickeningly sweet aroma.

Chapter End Notes

Here is a AWESOME Fanart of Fallen Angel Izuku by my gorgeous child Gimme A Hand Or Two from the discord server~!

This is ABSOLUTELY GORGEOUS FANART BY mistake over on our Discord server~! <3
Chapter 9

Chapter by widdlewed

Chapter Notes

I would absolutely love to thank my better half, Yu_Gi_Ohhh, for being my beta reader! <3 She is the entire reason this chapter is awesome and amazing.

Check out this awesome fanart by Ambroise Framboise!!

Chapter Warnings: Swearing, a teeny tiny description of wounds.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I don’t wanna play Oni Gokko,” Izuku complained loudly, the other children halting in their rush to hide.

“Why not, Deku?” Katsuki huffed out, crossing his tiny arms. “It’s just a game.” Izuku shook his head, frowning.

“‘Cause! The real Oni are gonna take that at an invitation!” Izuku explained loudly, feeling the air shift around them. His little tufts fluttered frantically, trying to get his point across. “Let’s play something else!”

“Stupid Deku,” one of the other children laughed out. “Oni aren’t real!” Katsuki wavered, looking between the two. Izuku clamped down on his wrist, squeezing tightly.

“Please Kacchan, let’s play something else?” Izuku begged, tears streaming down his cheeks. “If Oni come out, then the Tengu are gonna come out too!” Katsuki huffed, letting himself be tugged away by Izuku.

“Your loss, Bakugou!” Another child called out.

The three children they’d been playing with ended up missing. Katsuki turned to Izuku, who was settled beside him on the couch as the news report played, as he sniffled. Katsuki just stared, mind utterly blank as he tried to make sense of what he was seeing.
The world spun for a split second, the desks and students blurring as nausea crawled up his throat. Izuku stumbled back, slamming into his desk as his wings practically vibrated against him, lifting up and cloaking him.

The air was *rotten*. It was only for a split second, a brief sniff of spoiled garbage, but it was enough to completely shut Izuku down. He doubled over, eyes glazed as he clamped his hands over his mouth. It had the faint reek of burning wood, bitter and lingering in his nose. His eyes watered.

*Where?* Izuku curled tight into a ball, closed his eyes, and *searched*. The sound in the classroom drowned out, everything muffling to the back of his mind as he looked. Nothing. Not even a lingering trail. Nothing at all but that miniscule tease of a stench.

“I- I’m fine. I just got dizzy for a moment,” Izuku stammered out, wings still shielding him as he stood. Multiple pairs of eyes were on him, Katsuki’s narrowed in silent suspicion. “Sorry for disrupting the class.”

“It’s...fine,” Aizawa spoke slowly, eyeing the teen up and down for a moment before moving back to the podium. “So, we’re all in agreement that Iida is the best choice for Class President?” The students reluctantly moved back to their desks, Todoroki and Uraraka guiding Izuku to his seat with pinched eyebrows.

“Yes,” they called out and Aizawa nodded. “Okay, now that that’s settled…”

Izuku droned out Aizawa, eyes glazing over. He couldn’t get that smell out of his system. His
stomach flipped. He’d never smelt such a potent Sin before. It was worst than anything he could have ever imagined. A shiver ran down his spine at the idea of encountering whoever, or whatever, had caused such a miasma. It had been brief but had affected him so strongly - he dreaded meeting them full on.

Izuku didn’t notice Katsuki’s glance over his shoulder at him, eyes hooded with something unreadable.

“Now, some good news.” Aizawa scratched at his cheek, looking towards the door. “As you know, due to Mineta’s transfer, there was one empty desk in our class.” Many eyes found Mineta’s old desk and they turned back to Aizawa. “We’ve reviewed the scores from the entrance exam and looked at the possible candidates and have found a suitable replacement for Mineta.”

The door slid open and the students perked up as their newest classmate slunk in, posture slumped.

“Class, please welcome Shinsou Hitoshi to Class 1-A. He’s been transferred from the General Department Class 1-C.” Shinsou stood next to Aizawa, hands in his pockets. His eyes landed on Izuku, who was beaming at him.

“Can I not sit with him?” Shinsou asked, pointing to Izuku. The class broke into giggles or snickers and Katsuki’s eyebrow raised as Izuku’s wings made musical hums.

“Whatever. Sit down,” Aizawa shrugged and Shinsou went to the empty desk, plopping down. “Okay, now that that’s over…”

He’d grown to despise Quirks, or more like those whose lives were made so much easier by accessible Quirks. He disliked the notion that only a certain type of Quirk was fit for Heroism. He disliked the idea that he couldn’t make a decent Hero. Despite being in the General Department, he wanted to prove himself.

His chance came in the form of Eraserhead, slumped over and looking about as exhausted as Shinsou felt.
“Congrats,” Eraserhead said after lunch. “You’re in the Heroics Department now.” Shinsou froze, his brain shutting down. His thoughts were replaced by a loading bar and he stared blankly at Aizawa. The teacher rolled his eyes. “Yeah, yeah, does not compute. Go get your supplies and come to the classroom. Your records have already been changed and everything.”


“You’re transferring classes. Go get your stuff and go to class 1-A. Okay?” Aizawa asked slowly and Shinsou nodded dumbly, head feeling fuzzy. Aizawa eyed him before huffing.

“Come on, let’s go,” Aizawa spoke as he tugged on Shinsou’s arm and led him down the hall.

“Am I dreaming?” Shinsou paused. “Wait, that’d mean I’d be able to sleep. Nevermind.” Aizawa snorted and shook his head, rubbing at his own eyes.

“I feel like you’re going to get along great with the kids,” Aizawa mumbled.

“Shinsou-kun!” Uraraka called as the class packed up for home. “Would you like to walk home with us?” Shinsou looked up from his bag, exhausted eyes moving from her to Izuku.

“...sure.” Shinsou sighed and Uraraka clapped her hands.

“Can we get ice cream on the way home?” Mina questioned, bag slung over her shoulder. “Or stop at the arcade?”

“No!” Iida spoke with an aggressive hand chop. “It is against the rules for students to stop anywhere after school! It is in our best interest and safety to go straight home. Right Midoriya-kun?” Iida turned to Izuku, who nodded in agreement before pausing guilty.

“Ahh,” he spoke as Katsuki stuffed his books into his bag angrily. “I actually need to stop somewhere
before I go home, so I can’t walk with you all.”

“Why not, Midoriya?” Kirishima asked as he and Kaminari walked over to them. Shinsou’s eyebrows raised as he saw feathers hanging around their necks. He jumped when Aoyama slid onto his desk, tilting back dramatically.

“Everyone in this classroom can see his wings,” Aoyama explained for Shinsou, stretching his legs out to bridge Uraraka between Katsuki’s desk and Shinsou’s. Shinsou blinked sleepily.

“Everyone?” He echoed and Katsuki snarled, still taking his sweet time to gather his things.

“Everyone,” Aoyama confirmed. “Midoriya-kun, where are you going?” Iida looked curious as well, making chopping motions as he waited for Izuku’s answer.

“I have to stop by the church,” Izuku explained meekly, hugging his bag straps. Uraraka blinked and Todoroki, waiting patiently by Izuku’s desk, raised an eyebrow.

“The church?” Jirou questioned, waiting for Momo to finish packing up. Katsuki slammed his foot into his desk, nearly hitting Uraraka.


“Is it an Angel thing?” Tsuyu asked, closing her bookbag up. Izuku nodded and Shinsou released a breath.

“That’s so weird. So everyone here has a feather and can see his wings?” Shinsou asked and Iida hummed a affirmative.

“Well, I’ll see you guys later?” Izuku spoke awkwardly and they waved their goodbyes. Izuku beamed and skipped out, his wings tinkering behind him. Shinsou watched, entranced.

“So what’s your Quirk?” Sero asked politely. Shinsou gave a slow, tentative smile.
Izuku looked away, hands trembling behind his back. The woman was talking happily with his mother, blurting out one dirty sin after the other. Inko just continued to smile politely, her eyes gleaming in a way that he knew meant she was using her Grace. Finally, after what seemed like eternity, the woman bowed and left, humming to herself.

“Mama,” Izuku whispered softly, tugging on his mother’s pant leg. “Why did she say all that to you?” Inko looked at him and crouched down, tucking a curl behind his ear.

“Because, our eyes are kind of like confession boxes. Our Grace compels people to spill their souls to us,” Inko explained with a hum. “That’s why you have these on.” Inko tapped his glasses.

“Even though they’re fake?” Izuku whispered and Inko nodded.

“If you didn’t wear these, then people would be blurting out their darkest secrets left and right. It creates less of a hassle, in the long run.” Inko stood up, holding her hand out. Izuku grasped onto her hand, looking down at his feet.

“Is that why Kacchan called me a freak?” Izuku asked softly and Inko stopped. “Did my eyes make him say that? Was it the truth?” Inko gave him a sad smile and ruffled his hair, swinging their hands back and forth as she began walking.

“No sweetie. Katsuki-kun’s just confused and scared. He’s a child,” Inko explained.

I am too, Izuku didn’t say and kept silent the rest of the walk to the park.

“Thank you again for inviting me over for dinner,” Toshinori spoke out as he stepped into the apartment. Izuku bounced on his heels, humming happily. His wings flapped cheerfully behind him and Toshinori just stared, still unable to get used to the sight of them phasing through stuff as if they
weren’t really there.

“Of course! My mom loves having you over! Auntie can’t swing by a lot of the time and with Dad gone overseas, she craves the company,” Izuku responded as he all but skipped into the living room. “Mom, Yagi-san is over!”

“Hello, hello,” Inko greeted, smiling warmly to the man. “Just in time. I just need the table set up-”

“I got it,” Izuku volunteered, slipping past his mother. “You can sit at the table.” Toshinori wavered awkwardly before sliding into an empty chair, folding his hands on top of the surface. Izuku danced around the table, placing plates and glasses down.

“Midoriya-san, I-I can help-”

“Nonsense! You are a guest! Just relax, dear.” Inko smiled as she placed a steaming pot of sukiyaki down in the center of the table. Izuku placed a small bowl of rice at Toshinori’s elbow and he sat still, feeling extremely out of place.

Once the table was set and the two angels were seated, Inko bowed her head. Izuku followed suit and Toshinori blinked slowly, comprehending what they were doing.

“We humbly receive this food we are about to consume, blessed by Our Father. Amen.” Toshinori leaned back as the two lifted their heads and Inko giggled at his expression. “I hope we aren’t making you uncomfortable?”

“Oh, no,” Toshinori jolted, shaking his head. He quickly gave his thanks silently and waited for the two to grab their chopsticks. “Thank you for having me over.” Inko nodded, gathering a plate up for the man.

“It’s no bother! It’s nice to have company over and Hizashi would be so happy to meet one of Izuku’s soulmates.” Inko’s gaze softened. “You’d probably get along with my husband very well.”

“Ah,” Toshinori dragged out as he grabbed at the offered plate, bobbing his head once in thanks, “where is your husband?”
“Overseas,” Inko spoke promptly. “He partners with the American Quirk Society, along with a good hundred others.” Toshinori’s eyebrows raised up, impressed. That was basically a high-paying government job. Wow.

“I see. I understand they don’t come home a lot?” Toshinori questioned as Izuku popped a piece of tofu into his mouth.

“That’s right. So,” Inko cleared her throat, “how have you been?” She eyed Toshinori. “You seem healthier. I’m assuming All Might won’t be retiring anytime soon?”

Toshinori spat out his food, hacking and wheezing as Izuku and Inko innocently looked at him as if they couldn’t understand what made him spit his food.

“You-you told her?” Toshinori wheezed, pounding on his chest as he tried to inhale.

“Izuku doesn’t keep things from me,” Inko spoke with a smile. “So yes, he told me. It’s fine, I won’t tell a soul.”

“I need you to understand,” Toshinori spoke seriously, “that you cannot ever tell anyone. If this gets out-”

“Dear,” Inko spoke, her eyes gleaming with something old, “you have my word. I won’t tell anyone. I promise. Now, let’s clean up that mess and continue dinner.”

“…” Todoroki squinted at Izuku. “Why does your gym uniform have an open back as well?” Izuku fidgeted, sandwiched between the teen and Aoyama. His cheeks heated, his freckles more prominent against his skin.

“...the support department is currently repairing my uniform and saw the open back and agreed that, uh, it looks better on me? Something about the aesthetics. So, um.” Izuku ducked his head. “They made my gym uniform backless too?” Izuku hid his face in his hands.
“Your Hero costume is backless?” Shinsou asked, also dressed in a gym uniform. A normal one thankfully, with no back window or missing sections. “Why? Just. Why?” He was settled behind Katsuki, pressed up against the window.

“Field trip, field trip, field trip!” Mina chanted, kicking her legs back and forth as she sat across from Izuku, Uraraka and Jirou on either side of her. “Hey, hey, if your wings phase through stuff, how comes you have to have the open back?”

“Precautions,” Izuku explained simply, peeking out between his fingers. Katsuki, squished into a seat next to Kirishima and across from Kaminari, snorted.

“So, you’re an actual Angel, correct -ribbit?” Tsuyu spoke out in curiosity. “How does that work?”

“I wonder what the trial is going to be?” Izuku questioned loudly, ignoring Tsuyu’s question. “It’s a rescue trial, so I can see a few options-”

“Shut up!” Katsuki snapped out, slumping into his seat. “This is fucking bullshit.”


“What did you just say, eggplant?!” Katsuki roared.

“Stop bothering me,” Shinsou ordered and Katsuki’s expression went slack, his body jerky as it turned around. Sero gave a appreciative whistle and Hagakure giggled.

“Language,” Aizawa called from the front of the bus. “I am not your babysitter, do not make me act like one. Shinsou, stop using your Quirk.” Shinsou grumbled and reached over, flicking Katsuki in the ear. Katsuki jerked out of the control and glared murderously at the teen. Aizawa watched them like a hawk.

Katsuki huffed and slumped against his seat, Kirishima and Kaminari cooing and jeering at him.

“We’re almost there so settle down,” Aizawa called, checking his phone. No messages from All
Might, who was going to meet them at their location. Typical.

Roughly ten minutes later, the class was filed out of the bus and entered the giant dome, gawking at the enormous size of it.

“Whoa,” Jirou wheezed next to Momo. Landslides, buildings on fire, even a whirlpool. The arena had everything.

“Thirteen, where’s All Might?” Aizawa sighed as he walked up to the Hero. Thirteen scratched at his suit, humming.

“He’s stuck helping a hostage situation a few miles from here. He texted me saying he’d be on his way right after.” Aizawa stared for a moment before pinching the bridge of his nose, sighing loudly.

“Of course he is,” he muttered to himself. “Okay, okay, that’s fine. We can work with just the two of us.” Thirteen nodded in agreement and Aizawa turned to the students.

“Listen to him when he’s talking,” Aizawa instructed and leaned against the railing behind him. The students turned their attention to Thirteen as the Hero began his speech, explaining his Quirk and what it was used for.

One moment Izuku was listening to Thirteen talk, the next he was on his knees as bile and stomach acid shoved itself past his lips. He clamped his hands over his mouth in a desperate attempt to keep the vomit down but instead all it did was make him choke and spit up even more.

Uraraka gave a high-pitched shriek as Izuku went down, her eyes widening as her heart nearly leapt from her chest. Izuku’s skin instantly paled as vomit splattered against the concrete of the ground, his body trembling as his eyes seemed to glaze over.

“Deku-kun?”

He didn’t respond and Uraraka sent a helpless look over to Iida and Aoyama, who shuffled closer. Their own complexions were pale, concern twisting their brows up. Shinsou’s eyes were wide, bouncing between each student as if expecting one of them to help.
Aizawa jerked forward, only to stop when something in the air shifted. Out the corner of his eye, he saw a tiny small swirl of black dust twist elegantly in the air, like a leaf dancing against the breeze.

Todoroki knelt down next to the angelic teen, hesitantly touching a hand to his shoulder as the other students just stared, unable to do anything but watch. His wings stretched out into a beautiful, fragile arch, humming desperately like a choir sounding their mourning for a rested friend. Todoroki’s eyes swept over his classmates, watching how Katsuki’s mouth opened and closed in something akin to knowing horror.

He mentally questioned the expression, watching how the blonde shifted forward and tugged Kaminari and Kirishima back behind him. Katsuki acted as if he knew what was happening, or at least had some semblance of awareness to the situation. Either way, he was leaving everyone else blind as he seemed to begin moving the students behind him like he was going to be a shield. It sent a cold rock of anxiety dropping in Todoroki’s stomach. What was happening?

Izuku couldn’t breathe. His senses were drowned in that rotten, disgusting odor of burning wood, months old milk festering in the blistering sunlight, and spoiled eggs. His eyes waters as he hacked, curling into himself as his vision spotted. He couldn’t breathe. The sulfuric bitterness was too much for his delicate senses, devouring him like a famished animal.

The sounds around him muted until all he heard was an inhumane screeching, higher in pitch than anything normal humans could possibly hear. His surroundings trembled, vibrating as the air thickened into a impossible density. It was haunting, like nails scraping against against a chalkboard and overlapped with a banshee’s reversed shrieks. It echoed, slamming into his temples and deafening until it rang in his ears like a catchy tune with no way of losing it.

His wings burned, as if held close to a roaring fire and kept there to slowly boil from the inside out. It hurt. It was agony. The air was tainted, simmering with a visible cloud of black smoke and -

Wait, black smoke?

“Everyone cluster together and don’t move!” Aizawa was roaring, Uraraka and Todoroki on either side of Izuku as they tried to get him to is feet. “Thirteen, protect the students!” Izuku lifted his head, vomit-stained hands falling limply to his side as his eyes widened.

Todoroki and Uraraka shrunk back with sharp hisses, shaking their hands out as Izuku’s wings swooped against their hold. Thunderous gongs echoed throughout the arena, like giant church bells tolling, sending vibrations shaking the arena.
Izuku stared, almost in a trance, tears scorching track marks down his pale cheeks. He was barely breathing, chest still as he took in the figure stumbling out of the warpportal away from them.

If Izuku’s wings were described as glass panes of a church window, the mysterious figure’s wings could only be compared to worn leather, stretched to its last thread and burned over and over against until it was barely held together. The tips were dyed in dark red, like blood pooling and aging over time. Splotches of blues, purples, reds, and dark greys overlapped over the length of his tattered, holed wings. Sharp points finished each wing at the top and the bottom of each wing which hung limply at his side as he heaved.

His curved horns poked out from his mangy locks, his right horn broken at the tip. They looked like bruises, colored in dark purple and navy that blended into blemishes. His horns were chipped and cracked, looking like brittle stone ready to crumble under the faintest touch.

He looked more skeleton than human, thin limbs jutting out from his clothes. They hung off his frame, giving clear view of his collarbone and rib cage as he doubled over, vomit catching against the hand covering his face. He was pale, skin almost translucent and clashing horribly against his tangled, wild blue hair. His frame was wiry, lanky to the point of awkward.

Izuku’s pupils narrowed into sharp points, the gold overtaking the green as his wings rose in challenge. Tears continued to bead down his cheeks, his heart weeping for the being before him.

“Demon,” Izuku choked out, spine straightening as something in him clicked into place. Like welcoming an old friend home, his chest blossomed in a comforting, familiar heat that pumped through his veins and calmed the thrashing in his head. Despite it, his heart still squeezed in agony, mourning the pain and suffering he sensed coming off the demon in waves.

The air around the demon was thicker than black, smelt of everything foul in the world, and screamed hunger. He was starved. He smelt and felt like he hadn’t devoured a Sinner’s soul in decades. That was bad. That was absolutely terrifying, because when a Demon was starved, they started eating innocent souls, instead of those who were corrupted.

But at the same time, it was pitiful. This poor creature, broken and starved to a state that no demon should be in. Not even those who served directly to the One True Evil would ever be in such a state of weakness and vulnerability. It made Izuku’s soul wail for his damaged, damned Kin.

Danger was drawing close and Izuku did not have the time to lose himself to emotions. With that
thought, his heart froze.

“Do you all have your feathers?” Izuku spoke out, words clipped and tone flat. Something about him was different, the air around him thin and tangible as his shoulders squared out. His posture straightened out, tightened, and the vomit on his hands disappeared in the blink of an eye.

“D-Deku-kun?” Uraraka whispered out, a bead of sweat trickling down her face. Izuku turned his head towards her and she stiffened, the air leaving her lungs as those otherworldly eyes burned into her. This was not Midoriya Izuku standing before her. This was someone - something - else.

“Do you,” Izuku spoke more slowly, words more pronounced and the students backed up from him, something in their chests tightening as his dead eyes bore into them, “have your feathers?” Scattered murmurs of acknowledgement answered him and he nodded. His wings fanned out, casting shadows against the clustered students and Pro Heroes.

“Midoriya what-” Aizawa’s voice died in his throat as Izuku stared him down.

“He has delivered us from the power of darkness and translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love, in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of our sins.”

Mina gave a soft gasp as their bodies were blanketed in transparent veils of shimmering gold dust, their feathers glowing brightly like a candle at full burn. Jirou stumbled back into Momo, who was being flanked by Shoji and Satou. Ojirou’s tail was wrapped loosely around Hagakure and Tsuyu, keeping them shielded. Kaminari shifted closer to Kouji while Sero looked between Tokoyami and Iida nervously. Shinsou shifted his footing, scratching at his arm, and saw Katsuki wince as a thin trail of smoke coiled up from his collarbone.

Huh.

Thirteen’s legs trembled, unable to move. He couldn’t, focused on those burning gold eyes.

“You are protected from that foul creature.” Izuku tilted his head back, eyes half-lidded. “However, normal Villains can still harm you.” A portal warped in behind the students and they felt invisible hands lurching them forward.

“Run!” Thirteen cried out as the black wisp-like Villain, Kurogiri, stepped out of the portal. “Don’t
just stand there, run!” No one moved.

“**RUN!**” Shinsou all but roared but it was too late.

Katsuki and Kirishima lunged forward, attacking Kurogiri. Izuku’s eyes narrowed as Kurogiri summoned black mist, surrounding the students. Kirishima grabbed Katsuki’s arm, holding onto him tight as they were swallowed by the mist.

Izuku grabbed on tightly to Uraraka and Todoroki, face blank. “Do not let go of me,” he demanded and watched the class slowly get eaten by the black veil. Heat pumped in his veins as they disappeared, one by one. He felt them scatter across the arena, their feathers pulsating wildly in response to his cold fury.

“D-Deku-kun?” Uraraka stammered out, grabbing Todoroki’s right hand, huddling in close to make a weirdly shaped triangle with their bodies. “What’s-what’s going on?”

“Amongst the Villains is a demon,” Izuku whispered as the mist covered them. “Demons are bad, Uraraka-san. Very, very bad.” Izuku pressed his two soulmates closer to him, tucking Uraraka’s face against his chest while he squeezed Todoroki to his side.

“I’m sorry,” Todoroki spoke, shoving himself away from Izuku and Uraraka. “I can handle myself, though. I don’t need to be protected.” Todoroki met Izuku’s wide-eyed gaze and nodded seriously. “I’m not weak.”

They were gone.

Water filled their lungs and Uraraka’s mouth opened involuntarily, detaching herself from Izuku as she forced her eyes open against the air bubbles. She recoiled, seeing a Villain rushing at them.

Tsuyu slammed into the Villain, knocking it away from them. Her tongue slithered around Uraraka’s waist, tugging her and Uraraka latched onto Izuku’s limp hand. The water moved as Tsuyu shot through the water, breaching the surface. Using her tongue, she tossed Uraraka and Izuku out of the water and onto the ship’s deck.
“Asui-chan!” Uraraka cheered, brushing her dripping wet hair out of her face. Tsuyu crawled up the side of the boat, pushing her own wet hair out of her face. “Thank you!”

“Call me Tsuyu-chan,” Tsuyu responded and climbed over the railing, plopping down. She looked at the two. “What’s the plan?” Izuku stood up, pushing his wet bangs out of his face. His wings shook out, sprinkling the two girls in water droplets. His glasses were gone, lost in the depths of the pool.

“I gather up my soulmates again,” Izuku respondedcoldly, eyes dangerous as he studied the two. “And I protect you all.” Uraraka shivered, hugging herself as she scooted closer to Tsuyu. She touched Uraraka’s arm, offering silent comfort as their boat became surrounded.

“Deku-kun is scary,” Uraraka whispered to Tsuyu as those wings lifted up. Tsuyu tilted her head to the side, expression openly curious.

“Aren’t Angels soldiers of God?” Tsuyu questioned as those bells chimed again. “Why is this surprising?” Uraraka stared at Tsuyu, mouth opening and closing. “My mom’s of Catholic faith. I know a bit about Angels.” Tsuyu turned her gaze away.

“Oh,” Uraraka whispered out, gut clenching. “Do we have a plan Deku-kun?”

“We fight,” Izuku spoke solemnly. “You will be safe with me. Don’t worry.”

A heavy bell chime resonated throughout the arena.

“Bring it!” Katsuki roared as Kirishima knocked another Villain out. “Fucking weaklings! Is this the best you got?!?”

“Stop instigating them!” Kirishima shrieked out, swinging at another Villain. “You’re gonna piss them off! What’s your deal, bro?!” He ducked a fist, slamming a hardened knee into the gut of a rhinoceros looking Villain and he went down hard.
“DEKU!” Katsuki whirled, getting in Kirishima’s face with a snarl. “You don’t know what’s going on, so shut the fuck up!” Katsuki shoved back from Kirishima and he narrowed his eyes.

“What, how his personality did a complete 180 the moment the Villains showed up?! I’m not stupid, dude! We’re working together, so act like you actually can deal with other people for just five minutes!” Kirishima panted, his voice having raised by the end of his words. Katsuki gawked at him, alarmed someone had raised their voice at him.

“...fine, but only because we’re stuck together,” Katsuki growled out and slammed a fist into a Villain’s chest, setting off an explosion.

“So am I the only one feeling my soreness disappear the longer this feather glows?” Kaminari asked as Momo and Jirou brandished their weapons.

“Nope,” Jirou spoke, the sharp machete in her hold glinting. “I feel it too.” Her feather, attached to her belt, pulsed. Momo glanced at Kaminari as the Villains grew closer, meeting his eyes.

“Can you put out a strong discharge?” Momo asked and Kaminari’s eye sparked. He nodded and Momo lunged at Jirou, cloaking them in a sheet created from her body. The moment the sheet completely covered them, Kaminari shot out a giant wave of electricity, shocking the Villains. They crumpled and Kaminari stumbled, dazed.

“Are you okay?” Jirou asked, eyebrows raising as Kaminari nodded dumbly, still looking like his head was somewhere else. “Great, let’s move and try and get to the rest of the class.”

“Midoriya-kun was...unsettling,” Momo spoke as she rolled up the sheet. “I guess he really is an Angel.” She touched her feather, hanging around her neck, and her expression softened.

“Whee~!” Kaminari cheered. Jirou burst out laughing, unable to help herself as Momo sighed loudly.
The entire area was caked in ice, inches thick and impossible to break. The Villains were encased in cages of ice, their eyes blankly staring at him as they struggled against their bonds. Todoroki exhaled, watching his cloud of breath drift away in the wind. Despite the freezing temperatures his chest was warm, pulsating in sync to Izuku’s heartbeat. The feather hummed gently, soothing his nerves.

“Is this seriously all you have?” Todoroki asked darkly, shadows deepening his glare. “You adults are pathetic.” Another Villain, not caught in the ice, lunged.

“You fucking little-” A sheet of ice encased the Villain up to his neck and he squeaked out.

“You have two options,” Todoroki spoke blandly. “Either freeze to death or tell me what the plan was.” Todoroki tilted his head to the side, studying the captured Villains. “Are you crying?”

“No,” one of the Villains sniffled, tears gathering along his eyes. “You’re supposed to be a Hero, right?”

“I want to be a Hero,” Todoroki confirmed. “So, if possible, I’d like to avoid any cruel situations.” Todoroki raised his right hand to the Villain’s face, letting ice particles brush the Villain’s face. “So what will you choose?”

The Villain whimpered, tears shamelessly streaming down his cheeks. “I don’t want to die.” Todoroki lowered his hand, dead eyes boring into the man.

“So speak,” Todoroki instructed and the Villain sniffled again. “Unless…” The ice intensified and the Villain gave a strangled cry in the back of their throat.

“No, no, I’ll speak! I’ll speak!” The Villain cried out. Another Villain, laying on their frozen side, wheezed out as their teeth clattered, their own tears freezing from the low temperature around them.

“We-we heard rumors of All Might weakening, as the months passed,” the Villain stuttered out, snot dripping along his lip. “We-we were going to ambush him, here, but he wasn’t so-”
“You were going to attempt to kill All Might?” Todoroki asked, raising an eyebrow. “Are you guys stupid, as well as incompetent?”

“Now that’s just mean,” another Villain mumbled, about three frozen bodies away from Todoroki. He rolled his eyes, dropping his hand. Now what to do with them? If he melted them, their bodies would be too weak to move and he could tie them up.

But then that offered them the chance to escape. But...he was a Hero in training. Killing these Villains wouldn’t look very professional or acceptable if recorded. He pursed his lips, mulling over his options.

The feather, hidden under his clothing, heated up just the tiniest bit.

It covered the entire arena, thicker and more potent than before. He gagged again, hunching over to heave more bile past his lips. It was wretched, smelling of tangerines and overly-sweet vanilla extract and flowers. Absolutely disgusting. It burned his flesh, searing into him like acid or chemicals against his pores.

His wings throbbed, withering against his back as his head hammered a headache fierce enough to leave black spots floating along his vision. His horns ached and that neverending hunger ate at his stomach, demanding nourishment food couldn’t seem to satisfy.

He hung back, trying to gather himself back up despite the poison in the air. Where was it coming from? What was the source? He wanted to claw his own throat out, wanting to find some release to the torture. His eyes watered, tears trickling down his cheeks as he watched Eraserhead fight through the Villains.

Something pricked at his spine and he looked up and over, towards the direction of the flood area. The nauseating stench seemed to be focusing in that area and if he wasn’t so busy, he’d have made his way over. But for now, his main focus was on Eraserhead.

And then a flash of purple entered, flanking Eraserhead’s side, and he raised an eyebrow.
“They don’t know our Quirks?” Ochako spoke as she shifted her footing. Izuku nodded, his
eexpression smoothing out the tiniest bit.

“No, why else would they warp Asui-san here?” Izuku explained, ignoring Tsuyu’s request of, “Call
me Tsuyu”.

“I’d be terrible in the fire area,” Tsuyu agreed. “They must not have realized my Quirk thrives in
water.” Izuku nodded, pressing a hand to his lips as he began muttering to himself. “I have a plan.
Asui - Tsuyu-san, Uraraka-san, are you two ready to fight?” Uraraka nodded in determination,
Tsuyu giving a positive croak.

“I’m going to break two of my fingers for this,” Izuku explained, “but I won’t feel the pain and
they’ll heal before we make it back to surface. Just follow my lead, alright?” Uraraka and Tsuyu
gave terse bobs of their heads and Izuku gave a gentle smile.

“ Oh Lord, I reach out to you for your guidance ,” Izuku spoke as he took a running start, throwing
himself off the railing of the boat. “ Please show me which way to turn. ” Midair, his wings spread
out, catching on the air. “ Calm my anxious thoughts, come speak into my mind. ”

Using his thumb and middle finger, Izuku pumped One For All into the digits and set off a forceful
flick of power at the water, where the Villains were clustered. “ Strengthen me as I falter and feel
weary. May I feel strength rising up within my heart. ” Izuku felt Tsuyu’s tongue wrap around his
waist as the Villains slammed into each other, sinking under, unconscious. “ Amen. ”

Uraraka patted Izuku, held against Tsuyu’s side as she held them up in the air with her Quirk. Her
eyes narrowed as her skin gained a sickly grey color, her arms trembling. They floated leisurely over
to the shore, touching ground. Uraraka bent over, heaving loudly. Izuku patted her shoulder, drawing
soothing circles along her back as she coughed and spat out the bile in her mouth.

“Good job,” Tsuyu spoke, eyeing Izuku’s fingers as they mended themselves. “You don’t feel that?”
Izuku blinked, looking up from Uraraka. He shook his head, holding his hand up.

“No. Kacchan and Kirishima-kun are that way,” Izuku spoke as he pointed over to the Ruins, “and
Kaminari-kun, Jirou-san, and Yaoyorozu-san are that way.” Izuku pointed to the Mountains. “Jirou-
san and them are heading this way so I suggest you go meet up with them.”
“We aren’t leaving you!” Uraraka blurted out, looking pale. “Deku-kun, no! We have to save...Aizawa-sensei...” Uraraka looked over Izuku’s shoulder.

Then he felt it. As if a knife was plunged through his chest, Izuku wheezed and whirled, eyes blazing.

“Hey, what are you guys called again?” Shinsou called out as he ducked under a tossed knife. “The League of Dickwads?”

“Shinsou!” Aizawa barked out, settling beside the teen. “What are you-”

“That Warp Guy warped me close to here,” Shinsou spoke with a shrug, ducking in time for Aizawa to punch a cat-eared Villain away from them. “Keep by me. Hey, you guys are really pathetic Villains. My grandma can make a toddler cry easier than you guys! Are you seriously Villains?”

“The fuck you say, brat?!” Idiot number 1

“Aw, the little kiddy thinks he can do anything!” Idiot number 2.


“Villains, ” Shinsou drily ordered, “ stay still for my teacher. ” Aizawa wasted no time in taking the frozen Villains out, rendering them unconscious.

“Thanks,” Aizawa gruffed and Shinsou tipped his head in acknowledgement. He startled when Aizawa grabbed him by the shoulder, pushing him close to his chest as he swung a fist out, slamming it into a Villain’s face. The Villain fell and Shinsou looked behind him.

“Thanks Sensei,” Shinsou mumbled, dancing out of the way as Aizawa twisted in the air in a flurry
of fierce anger and powerful blows. Aizawa’s eyes skimmed their surrounding, bypassing the crowding Villains. His eyes settled on a discarded metal bo staff and his gaze fleeted to Shinsou.

“How good is your arm strength?” Aizawa asked as he used his scarf to snatch the staff up. Shinsou catch the offered staff and stared with wide eyes.

“I have never used one of these,” Shinsou explained, but swung it like a bat anyways, slamming the end into a Villain’s head. “But I used to play baseball, if that counts?”

“For now,” Aizawa gruffed, throwing out a few caltrops towards Villains charging him. He eyed Shinsou out the corner of his eye, watching the teen swing the staff around with clumsy inexperience but good control. He’d have to offer him lessons, if - when they made it out alive. He had potential, looking at his stance.

Definitely teaching him once they’re finished with all of this.

“Duck!” Shinsou warned and Aizawa felt the tip of the staff brush against his hair as Shinsou swung, knocking a Villain’s arm back. Aizawa did a roundhouse kick, sending the Villain flying.

Shinsou’s eyes widened.

“Sensei-!” Aizawa kicked Shinsou away just as the stranger with the hands descended upon them, hand gripping onto Aizawa’s elbow tightly. Aizawa slammed his fist into the guy’s face, hearing a satisfying crack, and wretched his disintegrated elbow out of the man’s hold.

“S-Sensei!” Shinsou wheezed out, holding his stomach. Aizawa stumbled back, standing in front of him protectively.

“You know,” the Villain hummed, “instead of paying attention to me, you should pay attention to that.” Shinsou flew off the side like a rubber-band being slingshot away, slamming into the wall of the arena. He crumpled forward, blood trailing steadily from his face as he bodily sagged. He didn’t move.

Aizawa whirled, just in time to see a enormous hand slam down into him.
His world went black for a second, only to come back full force to white hot pain lacing up and down his arm. Whatever this giant creature was, it had snapped his disintegrated arm in its hold, the limb looking more zig-zag than any arm should.

Aizawa blinked, seeing puddles of red under him. Another hand was pressing down into his opposite arm, crushing his shoulder. He felt like a flimsy tree branch, breaking into pieces without any effort. His right side was beginning to feel numb, a fog settling over his mind. A hand gripped his head, rearing it back before slamming him into the ground.

He could feel the bones of his face caving in, his skin sinking as it suddenly had room to move. His cheek felt hollow, like an empty air-pocket had formed wrong.

Where was Shinsou? Was he alright? What about the other children? Were they okay? His head was slammed down again and all thoughts scattered, leaving nothing but jumbled words or letters. White overtook his vision and a ringing sounded shrill in his ear, like an alarm. More red splattered against the cracked crater, a perfect imprint of his body formed.

Against his chest, his feather blazed.

\[\text{“Po^*u} \quad \text{r}^*\text{c} \quad \text{tr}^*\text{r}^* \quad \text{f}^*\text{a} \quad \text{u}^*\text{r}^*\] .\]

Izuku mentally giggled at the man’s innocent question.

\[\text{“Aren’t Angels supposed to be strong?”}\]

\[\text{Izuku mentally giggled at the man’s innocent question.}\]

\[\text{“Warriors or whatever it says in the bible?” Toshinori asked. “Can’t you just use your Angelic Powers or whatever to lift the heavy stuff?” He gave a startled bark of laughter, dropping the broken CD in his hand.}\]

\[\text{“I wish!” Izuku giggled out. “Sadly, we’re watered down Seraphim compared to the amazing ones mentioned in texts of Him.” It was no a lie, but not necessarily a truth either - compared to the whole Angels, they were watered down.}\]
“I don’t have otherworldly strength,” which was not a lie but not a truth either considering the conditions, “and my Grace cannot work as you believe.”

Because outside of his soulmates, Izuku was basically a normal human. Outside of his soulmates, the only Angelic thing about him were his Grace-filled eyes.

Because outside of his soulmates, Izuku never felt the need to draw upon the ancient blood in his veins. While his wings and eyes were Angelic, it was not all he could be or all he was. He just never thought it was necessary to sink into himself, to drown under memories of lives not his own but was.

Because his soulmates were his everything, gifted to him by His Father, and nothing would take them away.]

Toshinori jolted, scrambling to claw his feather out of his pocket. It was molten hot, feeling like a red coal against his palm. It pulsed erratically, humming insistently. He frowned down at the feather, just in time for a blue to shot by him. Toshinori blinked and saw Iida speeding the way he’d came.

Transforming into All Might, he called out to the teen. Iida skidded to a halt, nearly pitching forward from the momentum.

“ALL MIGHT?!” Iida cried out, whirling. He was paling, trembling, gasping for air. “The-Villains-and-it’s bad!” Iida crumpled, gasping for air as All Might stared down at him.

He was not smiling.

“The USJ?” All Might asked stiffly and Iida nodded, looking up at him. All Might planted a hair on his helmet, giving an awkward pat. “Go inform the Principal and the rest of the teachers.” All Might hesitated. “Are you alright?”

“I’m-I’m okay,” Iida responded, sniffling as tears streamed down his cheeks. He gripped a shaking hand to his feather, not knowing All Might could see it. “Midoriya-kun…” Iida inhaled. “something…something wasn’t right about him.” All Might nodded once and turned Iida back to the direction of the school.

“Go.”

All Might took off, leaving Iida to watch his back as he sped towards the USJ.
The entire arena stilled. An indescribable pressure slammed down onto them, petrifying them where they stood. The air was heavy, forcing them immobile from the sheer density of the invisible force. It did not feel malicious, nor did it feel suffocating. Rather it felt... majestic. Villains and students alike could only stand there, hearts gripped in fear and uncertainty to the overall sense of cluelessness they all felt.

Their feathers felt like miniature infernos, searing into their flesh painfully. But just as quickly as the pain came, it left, leaving them woozy and blinking stars from their eyes. Their bodies felt warm, leeching away their exhaustion, their fear, their anxiety. Leaving nothing but endless comfort and confidence, they were left trembling in anticipation.

Anticipation for what, none of them knew.

The creature froze, hand dropping Aizawa’s head. Aizawa dropped like a rock in water, his chest barely moving in small bursts of up and down movements. The creature looked up just as Kurogiri warped over to the demon, calling out his name.

“Shigaraki Tomura,” Kurogiri called out, “Thirteen has been defeated but a child got away.”

Kurogiri waited for something, anything, but when silence met his statement he peered curiously at the man.

Shigaraki’s eyes were wide and lost behind the hand hiding his face, pupils dilated in something as he stared, trance like, in front of them. Kurogiri followed his gaze and had to do a double take.

A child was walking towards them, steps purposeful and powerful. His eyes were burning, molten gold against thin, almost nonexistent slitted pupils. What Kurogiri could not see, Shigaraki could, and he wheezed, his wings trembling against his back.

Shigaraki’s eyes took in those four other wings flicker into existence like a glitch on a TV screen, their form static and their color monotone. With each blink of the eye they were gone, brief little glimpses. The smell was overwhelming and Shigaraki watched the lines of the child’s face crease up in disgust, clearly smelling something foul as well.

His hair looked feathery, as if his green curls had slowly bled into little strands of feathers. Gold dust caked his skin and mixed with his eyes, raining down from the fragmented, glass-like formation slowly materializing above his head. The lazily rotating formation looked like it was made out of tiny, spinning 8-pointed stars, making a orbit over his head in the shape of a ring.

It almost reminded those who were observing and could see of an Angel’s halo, only twisted and
looking more like a arts-craft gone wrong then something that symbolized anything holy.

Izuku stopped short, eyes sliding over to Aizawa. His eyes moved back to Shigaraki and his gaze hardened.

“You’ve hurt my soulmates,” Izuku bluntly stated. Shigaraki’s eyes shuddered in their sockets.

“*You*.” The demonic man spat the word out as if it was dirt, mouth twisted into a snarl. “You’re the reason for the stench?” He backed away from Izuku, hidden eyes narrowed. “It’s coming from *you*. Whatever you are.”

“You-” Izuku tilted his head to the side, eyes squinting in confusion- “you don’t recognize me? What I am?”

He was beyond damaged, it seemed.

“Noumu, attack!” Shigaraki called out and the creature leapt away from Aizawa, lunging at Izuku. Izuku eyes locked on with the Noumu’s and the creature screeched to a stop, kicking up a cloud of dust. “Noumu?”

“P̓e’reš.” Izuku reeled his arm back and slammed a punch directly into the creature’s stomach. His arm split open like a knife had tried carving ribbons into his flesh, bones shattering and blood instantly streaming at his feet. The ground shook from the punch, the Noumu shuddering. It hunched over and swung a fist, slamming it against Izuku’s side.

Izuku grunted, barely budging as he gripped tightly onto the hand digging into his side. His side curved in unnaturally. He pressed his palm to the Noumu’s chest, Grace pushing through him to send the creature reeling backwards.

Grace tore through his body, healing him instantly. A lick of black bled into his eyes.

Izuku took the opening to lunge at Aizawa, crouching down low as he checked on the man. His pulse was weak, his breathing making a wet, rattling noise with each feeble push of his chest. His arms were mangled, his face a clump of warm blood and shredded flesh.
Izuku knew that if the man didn't have his feather on him, he’d be dead. His wings shook in rage, the air sweltering as he glared at Shigaraki. He could feel his Grace swirling through the man’s body, trying to mend what it could with the strain of already working on Izuku’s body.

He gathered Aizawa into his arms, being gentle despite hauling an adult nearly a full head taller than him. Awkwardly shifting, he forced One for All into his legs, hearing his bones snap and crack as he jumped away from Shigaraki and the Noumu.

Izuku crumpled to the ground next to Tsuyu and Ochako, blinking in bewilderment. Glancing at his legs, he saw them twisted, white bones stabbing through the blue (now dyed red) of his gym pants. Oh. His Grace worked furiously, straightening his legs out in seconds until all was left were holes or blood stains.

“Watch him,” Izuku ordered from the two girls, who nodded in grim determination. Izuku gave a stern bob of his head and turned his gaze back to Shigaraki. Tsuyu and Uraraka were careful in laying Aizawa out on his back, both of them trying to keep the tears from their eyes as they ignored their teacher’s faint wheezing.

Aizawa’s body faintly glowed a warming white.

“Dear God,” Izuku whispered softly to himself, the air at his feet swirling, dust and tiny pebbles lifting off the ground, “I ask for the strength to defeat this evil. I accept the drawbacks, that this feeble soul suffers. Grant me power. Amen.”

Shigaraki blinked and the student was gone, a cloud of dust in his wake. The Noumu gave a high-pitched shriek as it slammed into the ground, the child’s feet embedded into its head. His wings were raised, glowing and humming loud enough to shatter glass. His eyes were pure gold, no black in sight, and entirely focused on Shigaraki. He floated up from the Noumu’s head, his wings holding him in the air.

Afloat and glowing from the structure above his hair, he looked like a true angel.

Another blink and the child was right in his personal space, mere inches from his chest. Shigaraki threw a hand out, touching one of those wings just as the child’s fist buried into his cheek bone, knocking off the hand covering his face.

The pain was indescribable, like thousands of heated iron rods pushing into his body simultaneously
while nails were being hammered through his spine. Shigaraki stumbled backwards, clawing as his face as if to rid himself of the white-hot suffering.

Izuku drifted back, feet grazing the ground as his wings spasmed. Tears streamed down his face, his left wing twitching as his Grace tore through the disintegrated area, trying to sooth the wound. It was useless, the limb charred black as grey spots littered his feathers. Touched by evil, tainted until purified. Izuku shoved the feeling of his nerve endings on fire out of his mind, letting that single-minded, deep embedded instinct take over. His bottom lip split open, trailing red, as he bit through the skin to muffle his screams.

Angels felt no pain. Angels felt no pain. Angels felt no pain.

“What are you?” Shigaraki snarled low as he scrambled for his detached hand, planting it back on his face. Izuku caught glowing red eyes before the face was hidden again.

“I’m your kin,” Izuku answered softly, “and the one who’ll bring salvation to your wretched existence.” Shigaraki growled low in his throat, taking a step forward.

A loud boom shook the arena, everyone looking to the entrance. All Might stood there, frown on his face and muscles tense under his button up.

“All Might!” The students cried out, Mina openly sobbing as she knelt by Thirteen’s ruined body. All Might patted her head gently, his palm engulfing her before he stepped back from her.

In a flash he was beside Izuku, the remaining conscious Villains slumped down to the ground, out cold.

“You hurt my students,” All Might gritted out, eyes moving to Izuku’s limp wing. “You hurt my friend.” His eyes flashed to Aizawa. Tsuyu and Uraraka were floating him over to Mina and the rest, Uraraka looking fierce despite her sickly pallor.

“All Might!” Shigaraki called in greeting, expression crazed behind his hand. “So nice of you to finally join us!” Kurogiri twisted, lost to what had transpired beforehand, but now certain their plan would come to fruition. Hopefully. That child with the gold eyes unsettled him more than All For One.
“Sorry it took so long,” All Might spoke softly to Izuku. “Are you okay? Is your wing okay?” Izuku’s expression calmed, less hardened celestial being and more uncertain, anxious teenager.

Izuku nodded, wings drawing up tight against his back. His halo shattered like an icicle hitting the unforgiving concrete, raining pieces down around him until it was gone from existence. All Might didn’t have time to ask before he was moving in front of Izuku, shielding a punch from the Noumu.

All Might’s arms tensed from the force of the punch, silently startled by how strong the creature was. If he hadn’t been healed… All Might didn’t want to think about that. He drew an arm back and slammed it into the Noumu’s stomach. The Noumu flew back and All Might followed after it, intent on pounding it to dust.

“We were told the Symbol of Peace was weakening,” Shigaraki rasped out, eyes boring into Izuku’s form, “but he seems stronger than in recent history.”

“It’s a miracle,” Izuku responded flatly as Kurogiri opened up a portal behind the demon. Unconscious villains that were close enough to the man were tangled up in the black mist, swallowed and taken from the arena. “A work of God.”

“Those...wings of yours did something. He smells just as sickeningly sweet at you do. As the rest of those children do.” Shigaraki snarled low, eyes flashing around the arena as if pinpointing the children. “You’re...like me?” His wings weakly stretched out, feeble and nothing but clumps along his back.

Izuku’s eyebrows pinched up at that comment, hands clenching into fists at his side. His stomach dropped and he bowed his head.

Truly damaged.

“Pay attention, asshole!” Katsuki roared as he slammed a fist into Kurogiri. Izuku’s eyes went wide as Kirishima skidded in front of Shigaraki, trying to hit him with his hardened arm. Shigaraki jumped out of the way, his wings fluttering uselessly as he tried to glide a safe distance. He threw himself at Kurogiri, escaping the ice that tried to creep up his feet.

Izuku looked back just as Todoroki stepped up to his side, eyes dark. Todoroki’s eyes took in Izuku’s beaten, bloody form, his gaze moving to his wing.
“Are you alright?” Todoroki asked and Izuku nodded wordlessly, body swaying just the slightest bit.

All Might punched the Noumu threw the roof of the arena just at Iida reappeared, any Pro Hero available at his side. Shigaraki looked up as Kurogiri drew close, slowly wrapping his body in that black mist.

“We’ll meet again,” Izuku vowed, eyes glinting. “And when we do, I'll save your corrupted soul.” Shigaraki gave a twisted, choked out cackle as the mist crawled up his chest and pulled him backwards.

“Corrupted soul? Watch it Hero, you’ll insult someone.”

They were gone in the blink of an eye and Izuku’s eyes flashed back to green, his body slumping down. His hands shook as he drew them up to his chest, hunching over to breathe. He stretched out his senses, feeling each one of his soulmates safe and relatively unharm. Besides Shinsou and Aizawa, of course.

Todoroki knelt down next to him, hand pressing between his wings in a comforting gesture. The Heroes were rushing towards them, Recovery Girl settled on Vlad King’s shoulder as he sprinted towards Shinsou.

“Holy crap!” Kirishima wheezed out as Katsuki and him stepped in front of Izuku. “Are you okay?” Izuku nodded, emotions betraying him as tears streamed down his face. His entire body trembled, exhaustion and pain overriding his senses.

“Are-are you all alright?” Izuku croaked out, trying to summon the energy to look up at Kirishima. Kirishima’s face fell like a wet kitten and he nodded as Katsuki huffed, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Midoriya, my boy! Are you okay?” All Might’s booming voice had them turning as he dashed over to the clustered boys, shirt tattered but otherwise unharmed. “Here, let me carry you.” All Might bent down to gather Izuku up.

“I’ll carry him,” Todoroki cut in, awkwardly shifting his feet as All Might paused, “so why don’t you go help with rounding up the Villains?” Kirishima and Katsuki stared and All Might’s smile wavered.
Izuku gave a tired nod and All Might sighed, standing up straight.

“Such friendship!” All Might boomed out and was gone, gathering up unconscious bodies.

“What was that for?” Kirishima asked as Todoroki plopped down next to Izuku. Behind, Aoyama and Uraraka were rushing towards them.

“Deku-kun!” Uraraka cried out, coming to a stumbling halt before him. She gasped and knelt down, throwing her arms around him. “We’ll heal you!”

“What the fuck?!” Katsuki roared and Kirishima’s eyes alit with awe as Izuku’s wings began glowing, humming out a song. “Get off him or-”

“Whoa! We can heal you?” Kirishima yelled out, eyes bright. “How? By hugging you?” Aoyama took Izuku’s other side, leaving Todoroki’s hand uncomfortably squished between the armored arm and Izuku’s back. Izuku’s head slumped against Aoyama’s breastplate, eyes glossy.

“He says that physical touch from a soulmate heals him,” Todoroki explained as Katsuki’s palms lit up in tiny explosions. Kirishima’s face broke out into a smile and he crouched down, taking Izuku’s hands in his. The glowing surrounding Izuku’s wigs intensified.

“Whoa!” Kirishima burst out. Izuku’s eyes fluttered as he gave a faint amused hum. “This is so cool! You did good, Midoriya! It was so manly how you took on that Villain and that thing by yourself.” Izuku’s eyes slipped close and he gave a soft smile.

“I protect you all,” he murmured sleepily. “Of course I’d protect you from Evil.” Kirishima opened his mouth to say more but Aoyama shook his head, raising a hand to pat Izuku’s curls.

“Fucking babies,” Katsuki grumbled, turning away with a sneer. Kirishima rolled his eyes and the other three ignored him in favor of focusing on the mending wing.

“Well,” Uraraka breathed out, shoulders finally slumping as her adrenaline left her, “we can’t say U.A. doesn’t pack a punch.”
“Oui,” Aoyama hummed out, smile tight.

“Where were you, anyways?” Kirishima asked, turning to the group. “I was with Bakugou in the Ruins.” Uraraka beamed exhaustedly and nodded to Izuku.

“I was with him and Tsuyu-chan in the Flood area,” she explained and Todoroki mumbled his area. They turned to Aoyama. He winked.

“It’s a secret,” he cooed playfully.

“He was with Hagakure-san in the Landslide area,” Izuku mumbled sleepily, eyes opening into slits. “They were near the top when Todoroki-san was dealing with the Villains.” They stared at him, blinking. Aoyama’s smile loosened just the tiniest bit, looking overly pleased with the fact Izuku knew where he had been.

“He uses his feathers like a sensor,” Katsuki spat out, turning to glare at them when Izuku lulled off to sleep instead of answering their unspoken question. “It’s creepy as shit.”

“Oh wow,” Uraraka gasped out in delight. “That’s so cool! He really is our Guardian Angel!” She squeezed tighter and Izuku’s wings hummed louder in response to her grip.

“Your Guardian Angel,” Katsuki hissed lowly to himself, eyes burning darkly as he turned his attention to the teachers. “As if.”

Kirishima glanced back at the teen but didn’t say anything, just maneuvered Izuku’s hands again into a more comfortable hold.

All Might and Cementoss hurried over to them, the rest of the students gathered up to leave.

“Let’s go!” All Might called. “We’re taking him to the medic bay!” They untangled from Izuku, Todoroki and Aoyama working together to get his unconscious body onto Todoroki’s back. All Might surveyed the area for any remaining Villains before the teachers guided the students to the exit.
Izuku’s wings just continued to hum and sing hymns softly, his face nuzzling into Todorki’s neck. Uraraka and Aoyama flanked him, their arms bumping the dual-Quirk user’s elbows every so often as Kirishima talked excitedly to Cementoss. Katsuki stomped next to All Might, face twisted into a scowl as All Might asked question after question about what had happened up until he came.

Their wings pulsed gently in tune to Izuku’s steady heartbeat, warm and comforting.

Chapter End Notes

Also, here is a ref of Izuku and here is a ref of Shigaraki!
Chapter 10

Chapter by widdlewed

Chapter Notes

Thank you to my absolutely amazing better half and beta, Yugs, for helping me with this chapter, as usual~! <3

This was mostly a fun little chapter before we jump into the Sports Festival Arc. Gonna have a lot of fun with that ahead :)  

Enjoy~! <3

Shinsou woke up to Izuku holding his hand to his forehead, murmuring soft words of prayers.

His hand was warm, sweating - maybe even blistering. The tips of his fingers were red, tingling with nerves. From what he could see of his body, he was bandaged up heavily, his gym uniform shredded and stained in blotches of brown-red blood. His chest was unbearably warm, his feather glowing as Izuku continued to mumble, his eyes closed and expression serene.

“Are you okay?” Shinsou blurted, seeing the dried, cake blood all but painting the freckled teen’s skin. Izuku’s eyes slipped open and he gave a wide smile, lowering Shinsou’s hand back onto the bed. He didn’t let go.

“You’re awake! How do you feel?” Izuku inquired, leaning his elbows on the bed. Shinsou shifted, eyes widening as he felt...normal. He remembered white-hot pain slamming into him, darkness then - waking. But, he felt normal. No soreness, no pain, nothing. “Your body is still kinda banged up but Recovery Girl healed what she could. My feather’s been removing your pain so-”

“Removing my pain?” Shinsou repeated, eyebrows pinching as he frowned at Izuku. “What do you mean, removing my pain?” Izuku shifted in his plastic chair, guiltily looking away.

“I can’t feel pain like a normal person,” Izuku spoke and his wings fluttered out. Shinsou caught sight of his partially ruined wing and his eyebrows shot up. “So, I’ve been using your feather to channel your pain into me, since I don’t feel it.”
“...you’re stealing my pain?” Shinsou blinked. “What the hell. Why?” He pursed his lips, narrowing his eyes. “Stop.” Izuku gave a chuckle, using a hand to brush back Shinsou’s bangs. Shinshou wiggled, uncomfortable by the sudden contact.

“Sorry,” Izuku apologized, withdrawing his hand. “I’m not going to. This is my pain now.” Izuku sat back, eyes soft as he regarded the teen. “I’m glad that you are okay.”

“Where’s Aizawa-sensei?” Shinsou asked, eyebrows knitting up. He looked around the empty room, not seeing any of the other beds occupied.

“He’s been healed by my feather and Recovery Girl,” Izuku explained softly. “She’s observing him in another room, since his wounds were so extensive.” Shinsou frowned, eyes flickering down at his bandaged hands. They trembled slightly.

“Oh,” was all he felt he could say. Izuku patted his hand and stood up, moving away from the bed.

“Where are you going?” Shinsou asked, trying to sit up. His muscles protested and he flopped back onto the bed with a blink. Despite feeling decent, his body thought differently.

“To change,” Izuku explained, gesturing to his stiff, torn gym uniform. “And then home. I’ll stop by before I leave. We can walk home together.” Izuku’s smile was one of promise, of innocent excitement to be with Shinsou, and the teen nodded stiffly.

Izuku slid the door closed, humming softly to himself. His wings were pressed close, aching but not unbearable. He made the trip to the changing rooms quickly, slipping his uniform on in place of his gym outfit. Pausing, he grabbed Shinsou’s, deciding to save the teen a trip through the school grounds. Nodding to himself, he made his way back to the clinic.

Katsuki and Todoroki were waiting inside for him when he returned, Shinsou looking less than thrilled at their additions.

“Kacchan, Todoroki-kun! What are you two doing here?” Izuku blinked at the two, eyes sliding to Shinsou while the teen blinked morse code at him. Sadly, Izuku could not decipher his pleas of rescue.

“I was wanting to walk home with you,” Todoroki explained, side-eying Katsuki. “As for why
Bakugou-san is here, I don’t know.”

“The old hag wanted me to drop something off for Auntie,” Katsuki huffed out, jerking his bag for emphasis. “Took your sweet ass time, huh?”

“Language,” Izuku chided, bringing Shinsou’s bag over to him. “Here Shinsou-kun!” Shinsou shimmied up into a sitting position, wincing when his muscles throbbed. “Let me just-” Izuku grabbed one of Shinsou’s hands again, closing his eyes.

Katsuki stepped away from Izuku as his wings opened, glowing and humming as Shinsou’s eyebrows raised.

“Whoa,” Shinsou spoke after Izuku dropped their hands and stepped back. “That was...weird.” Shinsou flexed an arm, barely flinching at the soreness. “Okay, that’s cool. I’m going to change now. Get out.” Izuku gave a laugh and gestured for the two other teens to follow.

Izuku rocked on his heels as they waited for Shinsou to dress, humming softly to himself.

“...you said that guy was a demon?” Todoroki asked to break the awkward silent, Katsuki’s eyebrows shooting up.

“Demon?” Katsuki growled out, hands clenching into fists. “What do you mean, demon?”

“Demons?” Shinsou slid the door open, leaning against the doorframe heavily as he stared at them. “Who said anything about demons?”

“Is there an echo in here?” Izuku cracked, trying to lighten the heavy tension forming. The three just stared back, unamused. “Tough crowd.” It was muttered, his hand scratching at the back of his neck. “Shinsou-kun, Kacchan and Todoroki-kun are going to walk home with us!”

“Joy,” he dryly commented, eyeing the two classmates. “What are we waiting for?” Shinsou hefted his back up onto his shoulder, bleary eyes looking swollen from exhaustion and stress.

“We’re just walking to the station together,” Izuku reminded, humming. “I can walk you home
though if you want?” Shinsou shook his head vehemently, shoving his hands into his pant pockets.

“No,” he spoke as he eyed their two companions, “I’m okay just to the station. Your feather really did wonders. You- ” his eyes narrowed- “did wonders.” Izuku smiled, shaking his head.

“I protect my soulmates,” Izuku repeated, not for the first time. “I will not let any harm come to them. I was able to protect Thirteen from that...man’s influences, but not his colleagues, sadly.”

“Thirteen was able to be patched up by Recovery Girl,” Todoroki spoke as he subtly nudged Katsuki out of the way, saddling up to Izuku’s side. “You can’t protect those who don’t have feathers?”

“I can ,” Izuku argued, “but it takes more effort due to them not having a bond with me.” Izuku fiddled with his bad straps, wings fluttering in response to his emotions. “I...was only thinking of you guys, during the attack.”

Katsuki raised an eyebrow, snorting while Shinsou and Todoroki’s hands moved up to their feathers.

“Yeah, and?” Katsuki asked, moving a foot out to kick at the side of Izuku’s leg. “Who wouldn’t?”

“I wasn’t focusing on Thirteen either,” Izuku answered as he visibly deflated. “Just you guys. I- if I’m going to be a Hero, I have to spread out my attention, not just to my soulmates.”

“Thirteen is a Pro Hero and a adult,” Todoroki pointed out stiffly. “We’re children who, despite having Quirks and attending a Hero Course, have never encountered Villains before.” His eyes slid to Katsuki. “Well, most of us.”

“Still,” Izuku tried to argue, “I feel like I shouldn’t be so single-minded. I- I have to learn to trust you all to take care of yourselves.” Izuku swallowed. “I have to remember to care for others.”

“Don’t beat yourself up so badly,” Shinsou spoke out, smacking Izuku on the arm. “It’s fine. So, I’ve never really walked home with classmates before. Aren’t we supposed to get ice cream or something buddy-buddy like that?”
“Are we?” Todoroki looked alarmed by the new knowledge. “I thought we just walked to the station in silence.” The group stopped, staring at each other. “I’ve never walked home with classmates either.”

“I’ve walked home by myself, mostly,” Izuku admitted and Katsuki rolled his eyes.

“Losers. Usually you go to arcades or some shit but I doubt anyone actually feels up for it,” Katsuki spoke slowly, pursing his lips out. “See if those side characters want to go next time or something. Can we go now? I want to give this to Auntie and leave.”

“We have the rest of the week off to recover,” Izuku pointed out. “Maybe we can get together one of the days?” Todoroki’s expression flickered, shadows crossing his eyes, before he hesitantly nodded.

“Eh, I won’t have anything else to do,” Shinsou agreed and he glanced at Katsuki, who resolutely kept silent. “Want to trade emails?” Shinsou dug through his bookbag, pulling out his device.

“Here,” Todoroki spoke as he offered up his own phone. Shinsou took Todoroki’s phone, sharing their emails with each other. Izuku fumbled with his own device, holding it out eagerly for the two.

“Fucking losers,” Katsuki grumbled as he watched the three trade info. “Have you guys never-”

“People stayed clear of me from my Quirk,” Shinsou spoke without looking up from Izuku’s phone, changing his personal ringtone to cats meowing. “So I never got to walk home or text friends before.”

“...my father is strict,” was all Todoroki would offer up as he fiddled with Izuku’s contact, changing it to some sort of Church Pipe Organ playing.

“Kacchan was my only friend growing up,” Izuku declared nonchalantly. “I give off a uncomfortable feeling with people usually because of my eyes so…” He shrugged.

“Losers,” Katsuki snorted and kept walking. Izuku smiled faintly, humming at his two new contacts in his phone.
The walk to the station was peaceful. Shinsou waved goodbye to the three and boarded his train. Todoroki reluctantly bidded a goodbye, looking like he’d rather eat dirt than leave. Katsuki and Izuku made their way home, the latter of the two still smiling over his two added emails.

“You are so easy to please,” Katsuki grumbled and Izuku raised an eyebrow at the teen.

“My precious people want to get closer to me. Why wouldn’t I be happy about that?” Izuku questioned, smiling widely. Katsuki’s nose scrunched up in disgust, his eyes trained stubbornly on the ground ahead of them.

“You’re too attached. You don’t know anything about them,” Katsuki argued, voice biting. “You’ve only known them for what, not even a week total. Just because-”

“Kacchan,” Izuku cut in, frowning, “you out of everyone should know how this works. You were my first soulmate, after all.” Katsuki snapped his jaw shut, expression darkening. “You are the one who’s clinging to my feather, you know. You can-”

“Fuck you!” Katsuki snarled out, reaching a hand out. Izuku stopped in his tracks as Katsuki grabbed him by the collar, getting in his face. “Shut the fuck up.” He shoved Izuku away and stomped forward. Izuku brushed at his uniform, trying to smooth out any wrinkles.

“Kacchan, if you keep talking like that-”

“You aren’t my mom! Just - shut up! No more talking!” Katsuki snapped without looking back. Izuku’s wings drooped and he followed after the blonde, frowning dejectedly.

The rest of the walk was silent, Katsuki tense as he shoved a box into Inko’s arms before high-tailing it out of there. Izuku and Inko watched him go, Inko’s head tilted to the side while Izuku’s wings seemed to droop further down.

“Yagi-san is here,” Inko spoke as she bustled Izuku in. “Want to tell me why I felt your soul going crazy today?” Izuku shuffled in, slipping his shoes off without any real energy. He stepped into the living room, where Toshinori was awkwardly sipping on some tea.

“Yagi-san was just explaining to me how Villains infiltrated the school grounds,” Inko spoke delicately, settling down next to Izuku. Her eyes traced his wings, frowning. “What happened, Izuku?”

“A demon,” Izuku whispered and Toshinori raised an eyebrow while Inko stiffened.

“Demon? Those exist as well?” Toshinori looked between the mother and son. “Are they dangerous?”

“Yes,” Inko spoke, plucking at her shirt hem. “Demons devour the souls of Sinners. Unlike with the stories and myths, Demons tend to leave innocent souls alone unless they are starved. The more corrupt the soul is, the tastier it is for the Demon.” Inko closed her eyes.

“This one was weird, though,” Izuku spoke up. “He was...starved. His wings and horns were ruined, too. Like he’s never eaten before. He didn’t...he didn’t even know what I was.” Inko frowned, studying him.

“My. I wonder if a human tampered with his memories,” she mused softly. Toshinori continued to look between them, still lost.

“Where do they come from? Aren’t Demons fallen Angels?” Toshinori guessed, drawing upon his vague knowledge of angels and demons. “Was he originally an Angel, then?”

“Ah, in a way yes? You see, how we’re Angel through our bloodline, there are Demons through bloodlines as well.” Inko laced her fingers together. “Originally, Demons were Angels who became corrupted, either from killing their precious people or ignoring the other rules set.”

“Rules?” Toshinori blinked, frown weighing his face down. Despite the gained color and added weight, he still looked too thin to be healthy and his eyes were still sunken in.

“Angels are born knowing the Rules presented to us. Humans are of free will - Angels must still listen to what is told. Demons are those who murdered their precious people. Their punishments are becoming Demons.” Inko sighed softly. “Demons and Angels have a rather antagonistic relationship. It is in our blood to hate each other. In our blood to fight, to try and make the other cease to exist...”
“When a Demon meets a human or another Demon and starts families, they can either pass down the Demon blood or the Angel trait. It’s fickle, sad to say.” Inko hunched her shoulders up. “Usually, unless it’s a soulmate, only other celestial beings can see one another.”

“I see.” Toshinori reached for his tea. “Is that why you seemed to hostile towards that Villain? Because he was a Demon?” Izuku shrunk into himself, nodding.

“Don’t worry too much.” Inko spoke as she smiled softly. “For now, was anyone injured because your other teachers?” Izuku nodded, frowning.

“Shinsou-kun was. I did the best I could with my feather but...he still got pretty banged up.” Izuku frowned darkly to himself and Inko hummed, reaching over to ruffle his hair.

“Well, no need to be sad! Your feather will continue to heal him. I’ll get started on dinner. Are you staying, Yagi-san?” Inko turned expectantly to Toshinori, who nodded after a moment’s pause. Inko got up and bustled into the kitchen, leaving the two.

“Are your wings okay?” Toshinori asked as he eyed how Izuku’s wings, while still looking better than before, looked a little worse for wear. Izuku nodded silently, chewing on his bottom lip.

“...I messed up today,” Izuku admitted softly, looking down. Toshinori raised an eyebrow, silently encouraging the teen to continue. “Today...when we were separated, all I could focus on were my precious people. I barely batted an eyelash to Thirteen being hurt-”

“Midoriya,” Toshinori interrupted, eyes wide, “you can’t possible be beating yourself over what happened. They- they were Villains, my boy. You are a student, a child. It’s a miracle that you all handled yourselves as well as you did, at all! Thirteen and Aizawa, they are adults. Professional Heroes. They are trained to handle situations like that. You? You are not.”

“But,” Izuku argued as he leaned forward on the couch, “I had my Quirk to-”

“Midoriya,” Toshinori spoke, tone heavy. “No. You children should not have had to be put through that. Like I said, it was a miracle that you all got out of there without any fatalities.” Izuku winced at the idea of one of his precious people dying. “I understand that you probably think you should have protected Thirteen too, and maybe that’s an Angel thing as well as a Hero thing - but stop thinking like that. You did well to protect your classmates. I was told it was nothing short of a God sent miracle that Aizawa and Shinsou didn’t die at the hands of that Noumu.”
Toshinori moved, crossing the living room to stand in front of Izuku. He plopped a hand down on those green curls, ruffling his hair. “Good job, kid. You’re becoming a true Hero.”

“That’s just too cute~!” Inko called from the kitchen and Izuku’s wings stretched out, warm and humming as Toshinori sputtered.

Unknown Contact has added Midoriya Izuku to CLASS A-1 GROUP CHAT: Feathers Flock Together

Unknown Contact: Midoriya-kun, it is Iida Tenya. The Class President. I sit diagonal from you in class. I have the glasses. I talked to you today.

Unknown Contact: wow Prez, I doubt Midoriya would forget you. You guys are friends, aren’t you? Hey! It’s Kaminari!

Iida Tenya has been added to your contact list

Kaminari Denki has been added to your contact list

Iida Tenya: I just wanted to make sure in case somehow, Uraraka-san gave me the wrong contact info.

Kaminari Denki: She literally said ‘This is Deku-kun’s info from Todoroki-kun!’

Todoroki Shouto: I’m sorry?

Unknown Contact: Hi Deku-kun! Todoroki-kun, it’s okay! Haha
Uraraka Ochako has been added to your contact list

**Unknown Contact:** Don’t apologize, dude. It’s all good. This is Kirishima, btw

Kirishima Eijirou has been added to your contact list

**Unknown Contact:** Why would you apologize? You did nothing wrong? This is Sero!

Sero Hanta has been added to your contact list

**Iida Tenya:** Okay to make it easier on everyone else, please just give a sound off so everyone can add everyone to each others contacts.

**Aoyama Yuga:** So why have we all been added into a group chat~? ♡◇( ▪▪▪·•• )

Uraraka Ochako’s contact had been changed to Uraraka-chan

**Uraraka-chan:** Since we have the rest of the week off~ We were thinking of having a class party! A get together~! (ノ^_^ノ)*: ° • ✧

**Kacchan:** Who got my number and why am I here?

**Shinsou (=○ω○=)▽:** Wowzers, what a meowsie situation.

**Kacchan:** wtf did you just say

**Shinsou (=○ω○=)▽:** Meowsie. Messy. Get it? Cat puns.

**Aoyama Yuga:** Oh my goodness.
Ashido Mina: Whoa, Shinsou has cat puns! Amazing

Shinsou (=○ω○=)✧: I know it’s PURRty great

Ojirou Mashirao: please stop. You are going to overkill the cat puns

Shinsou (=○ω○=)✧: Never.

Jirou Kyouka: So about this get together...

Todoroki Shouto: I am free for whenever. My father is gone on a Hero Tour and my sister is babysitting my other siblings. I am seriously free to leave my house whenever we have the time scheduled.

Yaoyorozu Momo: I can have my driver drop me off wherever we decide to meet up?

Koda Koji: a driver...

Asui Tsuyu: I'll have to pass. My parents are wanting me to stay home for now and to help watch my siblings. Next time though.

Uraraka-chan: aaawww D :

Kacchan: okay but seriously who has my number without me knowing???

Satou Rikidou: I’m sorry, but my parents want me home and resting until we go back to school. ;^ ; send pics though please!

Uraraka-chan: aaawww D : x2
Sero Hanta: So is this a thing? Are we really going to hang out as a class? We gonna karaoke?

Midoriya Izuku: karaoke??

Ashido Mina: ooooh we gonna go to an arcade???

Todoroki Shouto: arcade...

Uraraka-chan: Iida-kun, Aoyama-kun, and I were thinking of just going to the Kamino Ward and just window shopping? It's a fun way to get to know each other and learn things about one another!

Kirishima Eijirou: sounds manly and fun! Count me in!

Kaminari Denki: ditto!!!

Shinsou (=♂ω♂=): sweet. I'm game. Where we meeting? I'll need to lock up my bike.

Todoroki Shouto: Bike?


Satou Rikido: why does Shinsou-san seem so much more...eccentric through the phone?

Shinsou (=♂ω♂=): real life can’t mimic emojis or a false sense of happiness like text messages can

Shoji Mezo: I'm going to bed. Good night everyone. See you tomorrow~ (≧∇≦)

Uraraka-chan: everyone's using such cute emojis!! (=´▽`=)

Tokoyami Fumikage: as to what time will we embark upon the blinding light of the heated orb in the sky? (・o・)/

Kacchan: wtf speak Japanese edgelord mccaw

Shouji Mezo: I think he’s asking what time do we meet up?

Tokoyami Fumikage: yes (・o・)/

Uraraka-chan: oh! Uuummmm how about 10? In the morning? That good for everyone?

Izuku nestled down into his bed as his phone rang with confirmation, the screen blurring as his eyes drooped. His wings stretched out over him like a heated blanket, humming in content.

“Moooooom! This isn’t funny anymore!” Izuku cried out as he scrambled around his bedroom, one hand fisting the waistband of his sagging denim jeans. “You’re ruining good clothes of mine!”

“How so?” Inko asked, standing by his open door as she watched him dance around. “I personally think it’s an improvement compared to those T-shirts of yours.” Izuku held up the dark navy sweatshirt, showing off the open back to his mother.

“I am your son! Your own flesh and blood and you want me to leave the house looking like an embarrassment!” Izuku shrieked dramatically. Inko giggled at her child as he threw shirt after shirt over his shoulder, digging for a decent, unaltered article of clothing.
“Here,” she finally gave in, slipping away to her own bedroom, “wear this.” She came back, holding a plain white T-shirt that read “Polo Shirt” in bold English letters. Izuku snatched it up, pulling it over his head before fiddling with his belt. “You ruin my fun.”

“I can’t even materialize my wings yet,” Izuku whined out, tightening his belt up and resting his pants comfortably against his hips. “So please stop with the open back shirts. It’s frustrating and when it’s winter, it’ll be even worse!”

“I know, I know,” Inko teased with a good-hearted eye roll, stepping aside as Izuku scurried his way to the bathroom. “Do you have your wallet?”

“Yep,” Izuku spoke as he grabbed a handful of bobby-pins, tugging his bangs back. His glasses rested innocently on the counter by his toothbrush, smudged and with tape holding the nose bridge together. “I’ll buy new glasses. I can’t believe I still had these.”

“I thought Katsuki-kun had broken them,” Inko agreed, watching her son fix up his hair before slipping on his glasses. “Phone?”

“Got it.” Izuku patted down his front pocket, slipping around his mother as he moved to get his shoes on. He plumped down, his wings stretching out as he tied his laces. “Need anything while I’m out today?”

“Not that I can think of. Do you need a light jacket?” Inko asked worriedly as Izuku stood up.

“Sure, I’ll grab a cardigan!” Izuku reached over to their coat hanger, pulling off his bright pink cardigan. Slipping it around his shoulders, he shuddered slightly as his wings phased through it. “Bye mom, see you later!” Izuku stood on his toes, pressing a kiss to Inko’s cheek. “I’ll message you when I get to the meeting spot.” Inko waved Izuku goodbye, smiling softly until the door closed.

“Deku-kun!” Uraraka waved, sporting a plain peach colored short sleeve and a pair of denim capris. “Over here!” Izuku hurried over to her, seeing Todoroki and Iida standing next to her. Todoroki, wearing a plaid short sleeve button up over a black T-shirt and ripped jeans, nodded in greeting.
Iida, looking like a Suburban White Dad™ with his polo shirt and khakis, waved at Izuku as he stopped before them. “Greeting Midoriya-kun! We are just waiting for everyone else! Aoyama-kun said he was roughly three minutes away.”

“Oui,” said the being hidden behind the gigantic lavender sun hat, its flimsy brim smacking into Todoroki. “Hello.” Donning a pair of glittering sunglasses, a sequin red tank-top, and a pair of ripped denim capris, Aoyama looked about as fetching as the bare frame of a oven.

“Aoyama-kun, hello!” Izuk greeted and Aoyama bounced in place, his platform shoes lighting up with each footfall. Uraraka held onto Iida’s shoulder, trying to keep herself upright as she wheezed.

“Oooh~! What a cute hat!” Mina called out as she jogged over to them, pink curls and horns hidden under her black snapback. She shoved her hands into the pockets of her pink and purple tie-dye harem pants, Todoroki’s eyes widening at Mina’s black crop-top.

“That is against dress code!” Iida called, making chopping motions as he pointed to her exposed belly.

“But we aren’t in school,” Kaminari defended as he saddled up beside Mina, Kirishima behind them. Kaminari, wearing a polka dot-patterned hoodie and a pair of khakis, sent finger guns to Uraraka. Kirishima, tugging on his basketball jersey, gave a sharp-toothed smile to the gathered teens.

“Jesus fuck,” Katsuki groaned, Hagakure tugging on his arm as they came over. Trailing behind them was Jirou and Momo, Sero not far behind them.

“Kacchan!” Izuku beamed at the teen, who rolled his eyes and shoved his hands into the pockets of his baggy sweats. Kirishima eyed his All Might hoodie and grinned at the blonde, who scowled at them. “Please don’t use the Lord’s name in vain.”

“You look cute!” Mina cooed at Hagakure, shamelessly tugging on her high waisted bubble skirt. “It’s a cute shade of teal!”

“Thanks!” Hagakure chirped while the guys tried to distinguish what a shade of teal looked like. It looked like normal teal to them. “It has pockets!”

“What!?” The girls in the ground cried out as they all surged onto Hagakure, oohing and aahing over
the hidden pockets. “So cute!”

“My driver is going to pick me up at 4,” Momo informed the gathered teens as she adjusted her cream colored sleeveless button up, a small coin purse hanging off the belt loop of her high-waisted shorts. Jirou fixed her hair, her black, ragged looking shirt hanging off one shoulder and nearly covering her own high-waisted shorts.

“The girls look so cute!” Kaminari whispered triumphantly to Katsuki and Kirishima. Sero laughing as he adjusted his baseball cap over his hair. He wore a loose fitting tank-top and a pair of cargo shorts.

“Everyone looks nice,” Izuku chimed in with a frown. “Not just the girls.” Katsuki snorted, rolling his eyes as Ojirou walked towards them, Shouji and Koda on either side of him.

Ojirou, wearing a simple yellow T-shirt and cargo shorts, waved his tail at them. Shouji, lower face hidden by a cloth mask, wore a simple forest green tank-top and a pair of camo cargo pants. Koda, wearing a baby blue T-shirt and jeans, waved shyly at the gathered classmates.

“We’re just waiting for Tokoyami-kun and Shinsou-kun,” Iida informed the classmates, all of them pointing out each others outfits and teasing each other on their styles.

“We’re here,” Shinsou called out as he pulled up on his bike, Tokoyami perched on the back pegs he’d installed.

“That. Is. Illegal!” Iida yelled out as Tokoyami hopped off the pegs, brushing his black cloth vest until the wrinkles smoothed out over his white V-neck shirt. He tugged on his black pants, nodding to the teens as Shinsou locked up his bike along the guardrail with other bikes.

“...wow.” It was Todoroki who spoke, staring rudely at Shinsou. “You really...like cats.”

“Yep,” Shinsou spoke as he fixed his denim jacket, littered with cat patches, along his body. Wearing a rainbow T-shirt and rolled up jeans, he leaned casually against the railing. “Everyone here?”

Izuku looked to Iida and Momo, who both seemed to mentally count off the roll call silently.
“Yes,” Momo spoke as Iida nodded in agreement. “Everyone who could make it is accounted for.”

“Yay! Let’s go get ice cream then!” Uraraka cheered out. “I’ve saved up a bit of pocket-change so I can splurge all I want today!”

“Me too!” Mina cheered right next to Uraraka, Hagakure whooping in delight.

“I saw a bookstore a little ways back that way,” Tokoyami spoke up as he pointed the way they’d came. “I’m not a big fan of ice cream so I’ll check that place out.”

Koda patted Tokoyami’s shoulder and pointed to himself with a smile. “We’ll go with,” Shouji’s one mouth-arm spoke as he stood beside the two.

“Are we going to separate?” Kaminari asked Iida, whose mouth opened and closed wordlessly.

“Let’s stay in two groups, or all together preferably, please!” Momo spoke, channeling the words Iida wanted to say.

Uraraka latched onto Izuku’s arm, squeezing it tightly. “Deku-kun, let’s go get ice cream!” Todoroki slid to his other side, looking at the students as they chattered over going to get the dessert or books.

“Ice cream sounds good,” Shinsou spoke up. Katsuki snorted.

“This is super lame,” he gruffed out, backing up. “I’m going to go do my own thing, away from all you losers.” Mina shared a look with Sero before they were rushing after Katsuki with calls, Kaminari and Kirishima trailing after.

“Well,” Jirou mused as she grabbed Momo’s arm, “guess we’re going with Bakugou-kun.” Momo stumbled, looking confused.

“What, why?” Momo asked as Hagakure begged Ojiro to go to the bookstore with Tokoyami and them. “Why do we have to go with Mina-san and the rest?”
“Bakusquad,” was all Jirou said in answer, tugging the girl after the departing group. The remaining teens blinked as they watched their classmates leave and Iida sighed loudly, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“Welp, guess we’re getting ice cream then,” Uraraka laughed out, still clinging to Izuku’s arm.

“I thought we were supposed to get to know each other more,” Izuku whined softly as they began their path to get the icy treat.

“What’s your favorite food?” Aoyama piped up, lagging behind with Shinsou. Shinsou kept glancing at Aoyama’s shoes, eyes wide as he tried to discern if they were really light-up platform shoes or if he was just hallucinating from sleep deprivation.

“Chicken cutlets!” Izuku chirped with a smile as he turned to look at the three behind him.

“Oh? Mine’s beef stew! It is hearty and packed full of protein and starches!” Iida commented.


“Why mochi though?” Todoroki whispered as he watched their feet as they moved. “My mother used to make me Zaru Soba when I was younger.” He paused, tilting his head back in consideration. “I can say that’s my favorite food.”

“Is that a question or a statement?” Shinsou snickered. “I’m a big fan of udon. What about you, Aoyama?” Shinsou turned to Aoyama, who looked slightly surprised someone was redirecting the question back to him.

“Oh~ I like bœuf à la Bourguignonne ,” Aoyama explained, eyes sparkling. “My grandmother makes it the best!” He fell silently, lips tightening as he waited for the topic to change.

“What’s that?” Todoroki asked in polite curiosity, glancing back at him. Again, Aoyama looked vaguely startled at the attention.
“It’s like a stew, but made with red wine and beef broth,” Aoyama explained and Iida made a noise of interest.

“If you ever have any, please let me try it!” Iida smiled and Aoyama gave a terse nod, eyes wide.

“Hhhhhmmmm! What’s your favorite ice cream flavor?” Uraraka asked, smiling. “Mine’s green tea!”

“Of course it would be,” Todoroki muttered. “I’m not too familiar with ice cream flavors, but I like strawberry or chocolate.”

“So plain,” Shinsou teased as he stuck his tongue out in mock-gag. “I like mango flavored!” Aoyama’s eyebrow raised.

“So plain?” He asked, genuinely curious. Shinsou nodded while Iida pushed his glasses up.

“Well, if we go by nutritional values of each ice cream and their flavoring…”

Izuku listened to his friends chatter, heart swelling up. In the morning weather, where the heat was only just beginning to simmer against their skins, he felt like he was about to explode. The heat churning underneath his layers of flesh, muscle, and nerves was almost to a boiling point, flushing him like a fever nowhere near its breaking point.

He felt the pulses of each of his feathers, pinging like beacons for him to find his precious people. Katsuki’s was purring in a smoldering contentedness, bouncing off the energetic energy of the teens with him. Tokoyami’s group were serene, at peace in the bookstore. Everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves and Izuku couldn’t ask for anything more.

Two feathers up ahead drew his attention and Izuku zoned back in just in time to see Toshinori helping Aizawa out of a weapon shop. Uraraka, noticing his distant gaze, followed his line of sight and gasped.

“Aizawa-sensei!?” She cried out, effectively drawing everyone else’s attention to the mummy-looking man. “Are you okay?” Her eyes drifted to the skeletal looking man, inwardly comparing the
two adults to halloween attractions.

“Why are you here?” Aizawa’s muffled voice questioned. “You all should be resting. The school rarely gives students time off, despite you all being attacked by Villaind. You shouldn’t be wasting your precious down time gallivanting about—”

“Who’s this?” Todoroki interrupted, eyes sliding over to the skinny man. Iida stepped forward, clearing his throat.

“Aizawa-sensei! It is a pleasure to see you are alright. We were worried when we were unable to visit you in the medical clinic. I assure you - we are using today as a class bonding exercise. Stronger bonds means potential teams that are more familiar with each other’s Quirks.” Iida nodded to himself.

“...It’s just the six of you,” Aizawa pointed out, turning to Toshinori. “Or am I blind?”

“Ah, we separated,” Iida admitted with a grimace. “Bakugou-kun and Tokoyami-kun took the rest of our class on their own ways.”

“I see,” Aizawa hummed out. “Ah, this is Yagi-san. He’s a...third party consultant for UA on affairs concerning All Might.” Toshinori jolted at being addressed and bowed, shuffling the bags in his hand awkwardly.

“Hi!” Uraraka chirped while Shinsou and Todoroki just eyed his sunken in eyes. “Nice to meet you. So do you work for All Might’s agency?”

“What affairs?” Todoroki asked, side-eyeing Uraraka. “Is there something going on with All Might?”

“No, no,” Toshinori chuckled as he waved his free hand. “Just dealing with the police and the investigation with the event that happened yesterday. I work alongside All Might, yes.” Toshinori beamed at the children. “How are you all fairing?”

“Pretty good,” Shinsou spoke up, eyeing the man with a scrunched expression. “So why are you out and about, Aizawa-sensei?”
“For you,” Aizawa explained without hesitance, shrugging his shoulder over at the bag Toshinori was carrying.

“...for-me?” Shinsou blinked stupidly, pointing at himself in case he misheard Aizawa. “Why?” Toshinori took the hint and pulled out a box from the bag, showing off a collapsible metal staff.

“You showed potential during the fight against those Villains. Once I’m healed up,” Aizawa muffled as he bodily shrugged, “I’ll start training you with a staff. You need some sort of close range attack or way to defend yourself since your Quirk doesn’t work well in a physical fight.”

“Ohoho~” Aoyama chuckled at the gobsmacked expression on the purple haired teen’s face. “You broke him.” Shinsou elbowed Aoyama and shuffled forward reaching for the box.

“I-thank you.” Shinsou swallowed, staring down at the staff. “Please heal quickly.” Aizawa gave a wheeze and Toshinori snorted into his fist.

“Were you two busy? We were on our way to get ice cream,” Uraraka offered and Toshinori reached a hand out, ruffling her hair. She blinked and he backed up, taking back the staff from Shinsou.

“Sadly, I must be getting your teacher back home soon. Maybe another time. It was nice meeting you all,” Toshinori spoke and they left, Izuku’s humming lingering in the silence.

“...he seemed familiar,” Uraraka mused aloud, touching her head. “Don’t you think?”

“He does,” Iida agreed. “Maybe he’s been on the news and we’ve just never noticed him?” Aoyama looked after the two adults, eyes narrowing on Toshinori’s back.

“This will bug me,” he admitted. “He is very familiar.” Izuku gave a sheepish giggle, rubbing at his neck.

“Are we going to get ice cream or not?” He asked and Uraraka’s curiosity fell away to her excitement for her treat.
“Let’s go!” She tugged on Izuku’s arm and the group continued on. They got to the ice cream shop quickly and Izuku held the door open for the group. As he was about to slip in, he bumped shoulders with a girl.

“Oops~ so sorry~!” The girl apologized, eyes scrunching up as she smiled. “I wasn’t watching where I was going.” Izuku apologized and stepped out of the way for her. She slipped past, smile stretching as Izuku slipped into the shop. She left down the street, humming a hymn under her breath.

The weekend passed and Class 1-A found themselves back in their desks after a restful few days off. Aizawa slammed the door open, holding a bunch of papers.

“Good morning,” Aizawa greeted as he awkwardly dropped the papers onto the desk with his cast-covered arms. “Let’s talk about the Sports Festival.”

“Yes!” The students cheered. Aizawa sighed and waited for the cheering to settle down.

“Yeah, yeah, Sports Festival. This year the police presence will be five times what it usually is and the school will be setting up extra precautions to make sure that Villains won’t even think to crash it.”

“Ooooh!” Many exclaimed and Aizawa waited for them to silence again.

“You only get three chances - make them count.” He exhaled and the students all but vibrated in their seats, focused on the upcoming Sports Festival.

“Honey, I’m hooooome!” The front door slammed shut, dress shoes kicked off. A man all but skidded into the living room and Inko looked up.
“Hisashi!” Inko exclaimed, dropping the shirt she had been folding. “Hisashi!” She threw herself at her husband, wings chiming merrily as they tried to blanket the man. He engulfed her into a hug, squeezing tightly as he peppered kisses to her face and hair.

“My beautiful celestial Angel! How are you, how are you? Look at you! You haven’t aged a day since the last time I saw you!” Hisashi picked Inko up effortlessly, twirling them around before plopping down onto the couch, keeping her in his lap. “Hi gorgeous.”

“You are so silly!” Inko giggled, cheeks red like a school girl’s in front of her crush. “Your hair has more grey in it.” She twirled her finger through his salt and pepper curls, fingers trailing down to the various scars and burn marks along his face.

“Only because I stress when I can’t hear your enchanting voice,” Hisashi whined out, pressing a kiss to her palm. Molten lava like eyes burned into Inko’s green, the gold in her eyes seeming to intensify the longer they stared at each other. “I missed you.”

“I missed you too,” Inko whispered softly, running her fingers over his stubble. “Are you going to shave?” Hisashi gave a sharp, fanged smile, tiny licks of flames curling in the air as he chuckled.

“Nah. I’m going to see if I can set my beard on fire and mimic that asshat, Endeavor.” Inko rolled her eyes, tugging on what remained of his right ear.

“Be nice to that man. Just because he said you were a too-bit copy that one time…” Inko trailed off, smile wavering. She bumped their foreheads together, fingers tapping at his scattered freckles. His frame, broad and muscular but not overly bulky, easily swallowed her own curved figure, his clothes tight against his body as he hugged her tighter.

“So,” Hisashi whispered, flames fanning Inko’s cheeks and chin with a caress reminiscent to a wind’s loving kiss, “how comes Izutan’s feather has been acting up the last couple of months?”

“Oh dear,” Inko giggled as she pecked Hisashi’s scarred nose tip. “You’ve missed so much!”
If you guys are interested in Angel Izuku fics, please go ahead and check out THIS amazing fic by RedHeadsRock1010. It's seriously amazing and needs more love! (I just really love their fic, okay? Okay.)

LOOK AT THIS GORGEOUS FANART by kingdrawsstuff over on tumblr! It's ABSOLUTELY BREATHTAKING!! -HEART EYES HEART EYES HEART EYES-

LOOK AT THIS FEISTY ANGEL IZUKU by bean-there-done-that over on tumblr! (I am so sorry, I thought I had shared your picture already! D :)
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

In his mind, memories of bruises and spilt blood blossomed like cherry blossoms in the beginning of spring, vibrant and breathtaking in all the wrong ways.

Chapter Notes

Thank you pillage_him_satanael for being my amazing beta-reader as usual~! <3 Wouldn't have this chapter as amazing without you!

Sorry for the wait. Was hyper-focusing on my Toga cosplay which you can totes see on Tumblr. Anyways, enjoy this chapter?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

School ended without incident, besides their classroom becoming the main attraction for students to declare their resolve to win. Katsuki handled the crowd, swearing at anyone and everyone who opened their mouths.

“Kacchan, language!” Izuku reprimanded without any real heat, eyebrows furrowed. He kept glancing over to the windows, lips pursing.

“What’s up, Deku-kun?” Uraraka asked as she bumped shoulders with the teen. Izuku shook his head, nibbling on his bottom lip.

“I think I feel a feather of mine but…it can’t be…” Izuku’s eyes narrowed as he shook his head. “It’s nothing. I’m going home by myself today, okay?” Aoyama, mussing up the back of Uraraka’s hair, nodded in understanding while Todoroki’s shoulders slumped.

“…you can come, if you want?” Izuku offered, seeing the teen’s dejected expression. Todoroki perked up and Uraraka gave a apologetic smile.
“Sorry Deku-kun, I’ll have to pass! Shopping with my mom again today. Bye!” Uraraka squeezed through the crowding students, leaving. Iida waved to them and left as well, Mina and Sero giving their goodbyes as they followed.

“I’ll go,” Aoyama piped up, pushing his bangs back. “You go to pray, right?” Izuku nodded, looking between his two friends.

“If it isn’t a bother, you are more than welcome to join me,” Izuku offered again and Todoroki nodded.

“I am curious about your weekly trips,” Todoroki said, shifting his bag higher onto his shoulder. Izuku beamed happily, wings practically singing his satisfaction with the company.

“Sure! Let’s go then!” Izuku exclaimed, linking arms with the two. By the time they were leaving the classroom, Katsuki had scared off most of the crowd, making it easy to leave. They went down the hall, Izuku’s wing humming happily as he beamed.

“So what kind of church are we going to?” Aoyama asked as they exited the school grounds, walking down the street. Izuku sent a dazzling smile at the teen.

“You’ll see! Oh, they’ll be so excited, I can’t wait.”

“Who?” Todoroki blinked but Izuku just tugged them harder down the street, heading for the bus stop.

The shrine was old, forgotten on the outskirts of the city. Vines wrapped around the stone Tori Gate at the bottom of the cracked, moss covered steps. Leaves and shrubbery littered the steps as they ascended, Izuku all but floating up the stone with a skip of his heel.

“A lot of people have stopped coming to worship the Gods that sleep here,” Izuku explained as he glanced back at his two friends, “so upkeep’s been a bit of a struggle with the change of the seasons. I do what I can during my visits but...it sometimes ends up looking worse by the time I’m done.”
“Gods?” Todoroki asked, nearly missing a step. “Those are real too?” Izuku just smiled, skipping two steps. He bounced to the top step, turning as his wings fanned out against the sun at his back.

“Depends on what you believe in,” Izuku spoke, the shadows along his face intensifying his gold-speckled eyes. “But don’t worry, nothing harmful is currently around.”

“Just what I was worried about,” Aoyama panted out as he avoided a patch of moss, nose crinkled up. “You come to pray here? Not a church?”

“I pray a lot of places,” Izuku responded as he held his hands out to his two friends. They both let Izuku pull them up the remaining two steps and stumbled against the cracked stone path leading to a desolate, decrepit stone shrine.

The shrine, small in size, was a tiny little hut compared to the shrines the two had seen in more populated areas of worship. The clay shingles of the roof were chipped or missing altogether, one of the wooden panels of the wall caved in. Two stone lanterns were toppled over, crumbled into pieces across the stone pathway.

Todoroki and Aoyama hung back as Izuku clapped his hands and bowed his head, his wings stretching out. They hummed, glowing faintly as his lips moved silently in a mute prayer. Aoyama and Todoroki shared looks before saddling up beside Izuku, bowing their own heads.

Izuku opened his eyes, the skin of his eyelids crinkling up as he smiled at his two friends.

“You two are very kind,” Izuku whispered after they’d finished praying. “The Gods will be happy to hear your words.”

“Do you believe in them?” Todoroki asked as Aoyama’s lips tugged into a frown, looking at a patch of weeds.

“Do you talk to them?” Aoyama asked instead, walking over to the weeds. He crouched down, staring at them. Izuku bent down across from him, grabbing at the weeds without any hesitation. Aoyama’s head lifted with the weeds, Izuku smiling softly at the green stems.
“Not these Gods. They’re always so exhausted. They still listen, though.” Izuku walked over to his backpack, pulling out a trash bag. He deposited the weeds into the bag and turned to his friends. “I’m going to clean up a bit. You are more than welcomed to rest while I work.”

“I don’t mind cleaning,” Todoroki spoke, bending down to pull out a patch of weeds. “I can help.”

“I’ll supervise,” Aoyama offered, looking uncomfortable with the idea of dirt and weeds. Izuku nodded and held the bag open for Todoroki’s trash. Izuku froze, hands dropping the bag as he whirled to the exit. Todoroki and Aoyama tensed.

“Aw,” a voice cooed, sounding from the top of the steps, “how sweet. Playing clean up like good little Heroes.” Leaning against the other Tori Gate with their hands in their pant pockets was a man.

The man’s build reminded Todoroki of Endeavor, just barely. He wasn’t as bulky to the point where walking looked more like an awkward swinging waddle, nor did his muscles look like they’d pop at any moment. The man was muscular, like a swimmer. Like Zac Efron from Baywatch, which would make Endeavor The Rock, which was a mental image Todoroki didn’t want all together.

His black hair was peppered with white streaks, curled at the top and nearly shaved bare as it trickled to the base of his neck. His right ear was all but missing, looking like a machete had hacked into the side of his head, taking the upper part of his ear and leaving a scarred stretch of skin near his temple. Burn marks and scars, long and short, littered his freckled face, trailing into the black scruff outlining his jawline and chin.

It was his eyes, however, that entrapped Todoroki. They burned like molten lava bubbling out after a deafening explosion, searing and intense as they bore into the teens. They were narrowed, like how a dragon’s was depicted, sharp and studious and dangerous. Unlike Izuku’s, which pinned you in place with a invisible force unfathomable to their mortal minds, these eyes burned them in place like a scorching heat that suffocated you and stole away your thoughts and reason to continue living.

Todoroki was reminded of his father, smoldering and simpering, towering over them with a heat boiling through his veins and simmering under his flesh, and took a step back. Izuku touched his arm gently, eyes unmoving from the man leaning against the Tori pillar, and squeezed.

Safe. He was safe. This was not his father, the heat was not to burn him, to punish him. He was safe.

“I heard you itsy bitsy children encountered some big old Baddies the other day,” the man spoke,
smoke curling in the air as it left his tongue. “Think you little babies are able to handle the Big Boys now?” The man straightened, letting his hands fall out of his jean pockets. Todoroki’s eyes trailed to the metal mask resting against the man’s collarbone, eyes dark as he shifted closer to Izuku.

The man seemed to control fire, if the tiny wisps leaving his mouth were anything to go by. Todoroki was sure he could contain him with his ice, maybe even use his fire for a split second if he had to. This man screamed danger, smelt of smoke and destruction, like the shroud of Death clung to his ruined skin.

“Who are you?” Aoyama demanded, shifting slightly in front of Izuku. His voice his sharp, face unreadable. His two classmates were guarded, muscles taut and bodies ready to spring into action. Of course, that was until Izuku all but shoved past them, wings humming unbelievably loud.

“DAD!” Izuku shrieked in joy as he crashed into the man, who let out a whoosh of air. The man gave a hooting laugh, sparks licking at his tongue as he picked Izuku up and spun, Izuku’s wings flapping excitedly. “You’re home!”

“Look at those wings!” Hisashi cooed out, setting Izuku down. He stroked a hand over the top of Izuku’s wings, eyes wide. “They were tiny little things the last time I saw you! What happened to my tiny green bean?” Izuku giggled as he burrowed into Hisashi’s chest, squeezing tightly.

“...this is your father?” Aoyama questioned, eyes blank. He did a once over of Hisashi. “Your father?” He sounded as if he didn’t know what else to say. Looking between the physical embodiment of sun and the man who looked like he’d crawled out of a war-ragged apocalyptic nightmare, he couldn’t really draw the similarities.

“Yes?” Izuku answered in his own question, confused as his friends just continued to stare. “This is my dad! Dad, this is Todoroki-kun and Aoyama-kun!” Izuku beamed happily, chest puffing out in pride. “Two of my precious soulmates!”

Hisashi regarded Todoroki and Aoyama with a cheshire’s smile and eyes as dense as glass, ruffling Izuku’s wild curls. “Hi there Todoroki-kun, Aoyama-kun.”

“Hello,” Aoyama spoke stiffly, bending forward in greeting. “I’m Aoyama Yuga, Midoriya-kun’s...friend.” He looked hesitant to address himself as such, eyes flickering from the adult to his classmates.
“Todoroki Shouto,” Todoroki greeted, shoulders tense still. He didn’t feel comfortable around this man. He didn’t feel comfortable at all.

“Hi,” Hisashi spoke, tension dissipating from the air the moment the man’s eyes slipped closed. “So, you boys up for some chicken katsu for dinner?”

“Ah,” Aoyama stiffly spoke, eyes sliding away, “not tonight for me, sorry. My maid-”

“Maid?”

“...will be worried if I don’t return home soon. Goodbye Todoroki-kun, Midoriya-kun.” Aoyama bowed and high-tailed it out of there, rushing fast as the three watched after him. Hisashi turned expectant eyes to Todoroki, who blinked blankly at the adult.

“Let me ask my sister,” Todoroki relented and pulled out his cell phone, ignoring Hisashi’s soft question of “Not parent?” Todoroki stepped away from the two, listening to the dial tone. With a sigh, it clicked, signalling his call was being answered.

“Fuyumi-nee-sam? I - Natsuo-nii-sama?” Todoroki blinked. “Why are you answering her phone? Is she okay?” Todoroki turned his body away from the two sets of eyes silently observing him, one curious while the other one deeply concerned. “Oh, okay. I was just calling to see if it was alright if I may eat dinner at a classmate’s house?” Todoroki pulled his phone away from his ear as a shrill shriek of confusion and giddiness sounded from the phone. He winced, eyes narrowed.

“...he’s gone until tomorrow, it’s fine. I just wanted to clear it with you two first before-” Todoroki pressed his lips together. “His name is Midoriya Izuku. He’s a classmate of mine. His father is with us.”

“Let me talk to this Natsuoi!” Hisashi chirped up, bouncing his way over to Todoroki, who flinched at the sudden loud voice. Hisashi held his hand out expectantly, smile patient and warm as the teen eyed him warily. Hesitantly, Todoroki handed the phone over to the father.

“Hi there! This is Midoriya Hisashi, Izu-tan’s father! I invited Todoroki-kun here to dinner with my
family.” Hisashi beamed into thin air as he listened to Natsuo, nodding his head along to the one-sided conversation. “Oh sure, no problem at all! He looks about my son’s size.”

“What?” Todoroki piped up.

“Yeah! Does he need anything? I’d be more than happy to stop by and grab it! Actually, what are you and your sister doing tonight?” Hisashi’s smile seemed to widen. “Great! Come on over! We’ll have more than enough food! I’ll text you the address. Okay, see you then. Bye-bye!” Hisashi ended the call, turning back to a wide-eyed Todoroki and an absolutely glowing Izuku.

“SLEEPOVER!” Izuku shrieked, wings flapping haphazardly as he bounced up and down. Todoroki looked like his mind had crashed like a computer, trying to reboot itself with little success. He’d blue-screened, crashed and burned and beaten with a baseball bat in the middle of a field by overly stressed salesmen.

“I-I’m sorry? My-my siblings are...coming to your house for dinner?” Todoroki choked on the words, eyebrows scrunched up. His posture was coiled, uncertain and anxious as Hisashi nodded.

“Yep.” He popped the ‘p’. “So let’s go!” Todoroki’s movements were jerky as Hisashi manhandled him, nudging him down the steps of the shrine. Izuku followed at a slower pace, smile soft as his wings hummed.

Hisashi eyed Todoroki, being subtle in his mental cataloging. The teen flinched at raised voices, seemed to become tense and closed-off to authority figures, and was overall emotionally stunted if Hisashi had something to say about it. Not to mention the burn scar on his face...

He’d seen his fair share of scars, burn or otherwise. The child had a aversion to fire, if his reaction to Hisashi was anything to go by. He was wary of the adult, looking at him like he was a foul Villain about to murder everyone he held dear.

Even with encountering Villains within the month, no child should look like they were about to be faced with their death.
Hisashi knew Todoroki’s father. More accurately, he knew how he was, how he behaved. In and out of public.

Todoroki Natsuo was protectively, almost to the point where it’d be weird. There was no bullshit in their conversation and only after Hisashi seemed to prove himself, Natsuo asked if his little brother could sleep over. He’d sounded tentative, hesitant but desperate. If Hisashi hadn’t heard a girl’s soft voice whisper, “He said he was on his way home”, he’d have thought it was because Todoroki didn’t have many friends and his family was eager to broaden his social circle.

But Hisashi knew better.

The walk back to the apartment complex was silent, Todoroki’s mismatched eyes burning into Hisashi’s back as Izuku hummed softly to himself. His son wasn’t one to force people to converse, having sensed the tension in his classmate’s form. No doubt he was feeling his emotions through the feather he no doubt had on him, as Izuku was adamant about his soulmates carries their feathers on their persons at all times.

“We’re home!” Hisashi called out as he held the door open for Todoroki and his son, the former’s eyes drinking in the small apartment entrance.

“Welcome home!” Inko called as she fluttered in, smile gentle the moment she met eyes with Todoroki. “Hello! You must be Todoroki-kun. Oh, what a pure soul you have.” Todoroki stood stiff as Inko came forward, hands outreached to - to do something. Todoroki shrunk back, bumping into Izuku as Inko stilled, smile faltering.

“Oh, where are my manners! I’m Midoriya Inko. I’m just like Izu-kun,” Inko spoke as she wiped her hands on her flour-coated apron, turning to Hisashi. He swooped down, planting a kiss against her forehead, before slipping his shoes off.

“I’m-I’m Todoroki Shouto,” Todoroki introduced, bowing a perfect 90 degree angle to the woman. His lips were white from pressing them firmly together, his eyes squinted as he straightened back up. His voice was choppy, cracked from nerves of having to deal with another adult. Unlike Hisashi, Inkoinstantly stuck Todoroki with the same feelings of awkward comfort that Izuku emitted. From what she’d said, she must also have...divine grace.

“I invited his older siblings to dinner,” Hisashi stated, eyes flickering to Todoroki. “We have more than enough, right?”
“Of course,” Inko spoke, voice soft as she shuffled backwards. “You boys go rest in the living room while I finish dinner. Hisashi, come help me.” Todoroki and Izuku were left in the entrance as the parents disappeared.

“Are you okay? I know it’s been awhile since you’ve spoken with a mother so…” Izuku shifted his footing, looking anywhere but at Todoroki. Todoroki took his shoes off, carefully placing them against the wall, away from the rest of the pile of shoes.

“I am fine,” Todoroki spoke tersely, eyes boring into Izuku’s red shoes. “Just fine.” Izuku frowned, settling down a guest pair of slippers. Putting his own on (All Might antenna slippers), he led Todoroki into the living room.

“I have the latest Hero Analysis Hour recorded if you want to watch that? I can also pull out some video games if you want?” Izuku scratched at his neck, gesturing to the TV. “Or we can find something to watch if those don’t sound good.”

“What…” Todoroki licked his lips, fidgeting with his hands behind his back. “What video games?” Izuku shuffled over to the cases, pulling out a few to show to Todoroki. All of them were All Might games, some ranging from the Hero Brawl Series to the Adventures of All Might 1-player games. Todoroki stared.

“…we can watch TV,” Todoroki concluded, having never played video games before. Izuku flushed and nodded, switching the TV on and to a random channel.

It was some drama, Todoroki tuning it out as Izuku motioned for him to sit down. He did so hesitantly, sinking into the cushions as he heard the bustling of the kitchen in the background. Izuku settled down next to him, their knees bumping as Izuku shifted against the couch.

“So this show is based around some of the Heroes and Villains publicly known,” Izuku chattered as Todoroki’s vision blurred, his mind drifting away as the atmosphere of the house began to slowly blanket him. “It’s about this Vigilante who wants to be a Hero and falls in love with this Villain and-”

The Midoriya house smelt like cinnamon and spiced apples, a weird scent that made perfect sense the longer he sat there, basking in the aroma. The air was smoldering, but in a comforting way, not like the heat that radiated throughout every corner of his compound. It reminded him of the earlier days when he was a toddler, when his father hadn’t yet started his training. It reminded him of the winter days when his mother would spread warmth throughout the entire area, lighting up the hallways and chasing away the shadows.
It reminded Todoroki of what a home was supposed to be, not what he’d grown accustomed to associating with the word.

The longer he sat there, the more at peace he felt. His feather thrummed against his being, lulling him like a lullabye. Izuku had fallen silent, humming quietly as the noise of the TV droned on. Todoroki’s eyelids drooped, weighing down with each passing tick of the clock behind them. He hadn’t felt this calm and comfortable since - he couldn’t remember.

Izuku’s eyes drifted away from the TV as Todoroki slumped against his shoulder, eyes closed and breathing deepening. He smiled, letting his feathers sing a soothing hymn of safety.

[ “What’s that?” Shouto asked, squishing his face against the glass pane of the main room. Behind him, his brothers and sister were giggling and laughing at each other as they scribbled crayons to paper. It was one of the good days, their father gone on a conference that’d take him away for at least three days. Until then, they were free to enjoy the peace before the storm.

“What’s what, young master?” One of the maids asked, wrinkles pulling their narrowed eyes taut as they leaned towards the window. Her eyes landed on the sakura tree blooming on the outskirts of the compound grounds, just right outside the fence encasing their property. “Oh, that is a sakura tree.”

“Sakura?” Natsuo piped up from behind them and Shouto giggled as he was squished further against the glass as his brother pushed against him. “Oooh! Look, look, it’s blooming!”

“I see, I see,” Todoroki Rei agreed softly, gently lifting Natsuo up and away from Shouto. She settled against the window, letting her sons crawl over her lap to peer out. Fuyumi shyly crawled into her mother’s lap, leaning against the armrest to look. “Come here sweetie.” Rei beckoned to her other son, easily fitting him against her side as he came over.

“It’s pretty,” he mumbled softly, hugging Shouto tightly as he looked at the tree. “How comes we never noticed it before?”

“Sakura trees bloom for a short period of time and then they die,” the maid answered, smiling at the family. The children peered up at her curiously while Rei soothed a hand through Fuyumi’s two-
toned locks. “They represent renewal and how short life is.”

“Oh.” Shouto blinked as he squirmed, chubby little fingers pressing against the glass. “That’s sad.”

“It’s life,” Rei comforted, reaching over to ruffle his hair. “Now, who wants to help me make some cookies?”

“ME!” Natsuo shrieked, all but tumbling off the ledge of the windowsill to rush to the kitchen. “I want to help!” Rei laughed loudly as she set Fuyumi gently down, Shouto’s eyes zeroing in on the fading bruises against her arms.

“Young master?” The maid questioned softly as Shouto was left by himself, his siblings having followed after their mother like ducklings. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” Shouto whispered as he hopped down, shyly raising his hand to the maid to grab. “I wish my mommy’s pain was like a sakura tree.” The maid’s mouth opened and closed and she bent down, pressing a warm, wrinkled hand to the child’s cheek.

“I do too,” she whispered softly, eyes wet. “Let’s go before Young Master Natsuo eats all the dough.”

Todoroki came to a piece at a time, mind groggy as a blanket of warmth encased him. He heard hushed voices, his sister’s and brother’s causing him to lurch into awareness. His eyes shot open, the fog dispersing as he sat up straight. Izuku jerked, eyes wide as Todoroki shot up to his feet, cheeks heating.

“I-I’m so sorry,” Todoroki stuttered out, seeing his siblings and Izuku’s parents at the table, setting plates and cups down. “I didn’t mean to-”

“Don’t apologize, Todoroki-kun,” Izuku waved away and stood up, his wings stretching out behind him. “Dinner’s ready though. Let’s sit.”
“Hey there,” Hisashi greeted as the two pulled chairs out. “Have a nice nap?” Todoroki nodded, keeping his eyes focusing on the tabletop as Izuku sat down. He followed suit, scooting in as Inko ushered Fuyumi and Natsuo into their own seats.

“You looked comfortable,” Natsuo beamed, white hair spiked up besides a few bangs which fell in his face. “Long day at school?”

“I helped clean a shrine,” Todoroki responded, jerking as Inko stopped behind him, placing down a plate of chicken katsu for him. Natsuo’s smile tightened and Fuyumi’s own smile seemed more forced at the behavior.

“Oh, did you? Why?” Fuyumi questioned, softly thanking Inko for the food as she focused her attention on Todoroki. Izuku leaned closer to him, smiling.

“He was helping me make the Gods more comfortable,” Izuku explained, picking up his chopsticks. “The dirt and clutter disturbs their slumber.” Natsuo and Fuyumi blinked, staring at the teen while Todoroki listened attentively, hanging onto his every word.

“Oh-huh...okay then,” Natsuo spoke slowly, eyeing Izuku with pinched eyebrows. “So you two are classmates?”

“Yes,” Todoroki explained with a nod, poking at his food. “We sit next to each other.”

“Friends?” Fuyumi inquired innocently, chewing on a portion of rice. Inko and Hisashi watched silently, Inko smiling knowing while her husband ate, curious to the answer.

“Yes!” Izuku answered for Todoroki, turning to him. “He’s a precious person of mine.” Natsuo choked on his chicken, beating on his chest as he wheezed.

“P-precious person?” Natsuo coughed. Hisashi’s smile widened, teeth sinking into his piece of chicken while Inko just tucked into her rice with a giggle. Todoroki burned a hole into his miso soup, cheeks heated slightly.

“So~” Hisashi spoke as he set his chopsticks down, clearing his throat. “Your father - he’s Endeavor, right?” The three siblings tensed, their light mood disappearing while Inko and Izuku frowned into their food. “God, I hate that guy.”
Natsuo nearly spat out his soup while Izuku gave a whined, “Dad!” Instantly the tension was broken as Todoroki gave a very faint chuckle-snort and even Fuyumi tried to hide her smile.

“No, no, I’ve met him a few times and let me tell you - the guy needs a major reality check,” Hisashi spoke with a wave of his hand. “Jeez, and people called me short tempered.”

“They still do, sweetie,” Inko reminded lightly, eyes sharp. “So, Fuyumi-san, what do you do?”

“Oh.” Fuyumi jumped at suddenly being addressed. “Um, I am a teacher. I work at Musutafu Primary.” Fuyumi sipped on her tea, eyes flickering to her siblings. “I teach math.”

“She’s a huge nerd,” Natsuo teased, pointing his chopsticks at his teacher. “She’s always been a math whiz, even as a kid.” Todoroki mentally snorted. That was a understatement - back when Todoroki went to school (which was rare before he was pulled out for homeschool), Fuyumi would swoop in like a hawk and all but commandeer his homework. It was something she could control - something easy and with only one answer. He didn’t blame her for her obsession with the work - it distracted her from their homelife.

“Says the one who’s studying to be a social worker,” Fuyumi shot back with a sharp grin. Izuku snorted as Todoroki watched his two siblings, the atmosphere steadily warming up the longer the siblings talked.

“Social work, huh? Sounds fun,” Hisashi quipped as he settled back, finished with his dinner. “How many years you have left?”

“Three,” Natsuo responded as he set his chopsticks down, his plates licked clean. “I may go back for Psychiatry or Human Services. I want to get my Masters in Social Work first, see how that goes then-” Natsuo flushed, clamming up. “Um, sorry. For rambling.”

“No, no, please speak as much as you want. I’m interested!” Inko piped up, smiling encouragingly to the man. “So, one’s a teacher, the other’s going into social work, and the other is a Hero! How determined. Your mother must be proud.” Izuku’s head snapped up, locking eyes with his mother. Inko’s smile fell.

“She is,” Fuyumi spoke, collecting her dishes together. “Shouto here hasn’t seen her in a while, but Natsuo and I make sure to give her the weekly updates.” She smiled tightly, eyes flickering to her
two brothers. Her phone vibrated and Fuyumi frowned deeply, checking the screen.

“Shouto, you’re spending the night, right?” Fuyumi asked, looking up at Todoroki. He nodded, eyebrows furrowing as she scooted back from the table. “Good. Come on Natsuo. He just messaged me, asking where we were.”

“No dessert?” Natsuo whined half-heartedly, collecting his own dishes. He turned to the couple, smiling. “Thanks for having us over. It was delicious! Fuyumi can’t cook worth shhhhhoot—” he glanced at the teens- “so this was a nice change.”

“Remember who’s cooking breakfast for you tomorrow,” Fuyumi snipped and smiled icily as Natsuo froze, dishes clinking in his grip.

“I’ll get those,” Izuku spoke as he stood, taking their dirty dishes. “It was nice meeting you!” Fuyumi and Natsuo smiled at the teen, walking around the table to hug Todoroki quickly.

“I’ll walk you two home,” Hisashi offered, standing up as well. He kissed Inko’s head and followed the two out, leaving Todoroki, Izuku, and Inko alone in silence.

“So Todoroki-kun,” Inko spoke as she finally finished with her food, looking up at the teen with kind eyes, “how do you feel about tiramisu?”

[“Okay class, pair up,” the teacher called, shuffling through their stack of papers. “I need everyone to be in groups of three.” The sound of chairs scraping against the tiled floor filled the classroom, students bursting into chatter as the teacher just sighed.

Izuku sat still, idly doodling scribbles of straight lines and curved squiggles in the margin of his notebook. No one moved towards him, no one glanced at him - no one made any motion of engaging Izuku.

“Someone group with Midoriya,” the teacher called, seeing the wide berth the students gave the curly haired teen. Katsuki sneered, grouped with two of his lackeys. Others glanced at him, faces shadowed and closed off as Izuku finally looked up from his notebook.
“But sensei, why should any of us be with Midoriya? He’s Quirkless and weird!” A girl called out, snickering when others burst out laughing. Gold speckled eyes swept over them, boring into their souls. Katsuki was the only one who stiffened, feeling his feather shudder in response to its owner’s turmoiled emotions.

“I can work by myself,” Izuku offered, wings tucked up tight and small against his uniform. His voice was soft, empty of any of the emotions his feather was emitting to Katsuki. “It’s fine Sensei.” The teacher sighed, acting as if it were a huge inconvenience for the man.

“Fine, whatever. Be alone, Midoriya.” Izuku went back to doodling in his notebook, drowning out the faint snickers and whispers. “You know, you’re always going to be alone if you act like this Midoriya.”

“I’m patient,” Izuku countered, smiling as if he held a precious secret. “But thank you for your concern, Sensei.” Izuku made eye contact with his teacher, lense slipping down the bridge of his nose. His teacher broke away, swallowing thickly.

Katsuki scowled low in his throat.

That evening, Katsuki found their teacher on his knees, groveling for forgiveness to a glowing golden eyed Izuku—

Thin ribbons of sunlight streamed in through the cracks of the blinds, hitting Todoroki right in the eyes. He scrunched up his face, turning sideways as he threw an arm over his face. He huffed, burrowing into the futon, inhaling deeply the smells of spices and laundry detergent.

“Please guide me on my path, and show me the answers to my questions. Please protect my loved ones and myself from the demons who haunt this earth and the darkness in everyone’s hearts.”

Todoroki cracked an eye open, tears forming instinctively as sunlight momentarily blinded him. Knelt down on the floor with his elbows braced on the edge of his bed was Izuku, his wings stretched out like a umbrella as sunlight filtered through them. A prism of lights the color of rainbows danced across the room, creating intricate patterns along the walls and posters of All Might that bore
into Todoroki’s soul.

He rolled onto his stomach, staring up at the wings that blocked his view of the ceiling. Without really thinking, he reached up, fingers grasping thin air inches from the longest bottom feathers. He puffed out a yawn, nose crinkling up as Izuku finished his prayer.

“Morning,” Izuku greeted softly in a whisper, turning to Todoroki with a smile that rivaled the sun. “How did you sleep?”

“Well,” Todoroki responded honestly, sitting up. He brushed his fingers against Izuku’s feathers and they glowed. “Thank you for having me over.”

“...I still don’t believe you should live there. Why doesn’t your family move out?” Izuku questioned, turning back to face his bed. Todoroki stood from the futon, crouching to fold it up.

“That man wouldn’t permit it. As of right now, he controls my sister’s source of income - her paychecks go straight to him. Natsu-nii’s paychecks are the same - the manager at his coffee shop personally gives Endeavor his money. They have nowhere to go.” Todoroki’s hands shook as he carefully folded the blankets. “Mother’s side disowned her from the marriage and we don’t have anyone on our father’s side that’d take us in and-”

His voice cracked and he settled down, breathing softly.

“You can stay here! He won’t know where to look and my parents are more than prepared to protect you and your siblings!” Izuku challenged, frowning as he whirled on Todoroki. He shook his head, giving a mockery of a smile.

“It’s fine.” His voice fell flat. “It’s fine.”

In his mind, memories of bruises and spilt blood blossomed like cherry blossoms in the beginning of spring, vibrant and breathtaking in all the wrong ways.
“Dragoon,” the mechanical voice on the other end of the voice gritted out, “why didn’t you tell us you had taken a personal leave?”

“Whoops,” Hisashi chirped as he brushed his fingers through Inko’s messy locks, her face snuggled against his chest. Her soft snores brought a cheesy smile to his lips. “I must have forgotten to mention it. Sorry?”

A sigh answered him, sounding put up and entirely expecting of his response. “When can we expect you back?”

“Two weeks? Three? There’s been some movement with the Japanese Villains - they’ve formed a league of sorts.” Hisashi craned his neck, peppering kisses to Inko’s temple. “They attacked my child. It’s become my business.”

“God help them,” the person snorted out. “Just remember - your collar is slacked, not removed. Step out of place and-”

“I’ll be put back on the choker, I got it.” Hisashi rolled his eyes, stretched out. His hand ran down Inko’s wing base, humming. “Don’t worry - I’ll be atoning while I’m with my family.”

Sleepy golden eyes fluttered open and Hisashi’s breath was stolen as he stared into those molten eyes that held the secrets of the universe, drowning out the voice in his ear. Inko reached up and groggily closed his cellphone, nuzzling into his neck.

“Do you need a confession?” Inko asked, plucking at his tank-top.

“Oh Angel,” Hisashi sighed as his eyes drooped half-lidded in barely concealed pain, “I have so many sins to confess to. But first-” Hisashi produced two laminated badges, making Inko reel back as she tried to blink her vision focused. “I got us passes to the U.A. Sports Festival! Front row seats, baby!”

“Hisashi!” Inko attacked him with kisses and hums of her wings.
The air buzzed with electricity, Izuku crouched near the corner of the room. He was hunched over his clasped hands, softly murmuring to himself. Uraraka and Iida were seated against the wall besides him, Todoroki and Aoyama talking idly to Shinsou. Katsuki sat with his feet kicked up on the table in the waiting room, Kaminari and Kirishima chattering with Mina and Hagakure to distract themselves from their nerves.

“You ready?” Uraraka gulped, looking determined but sick to her stomach at the same time. “I’m ready. I’m pumped!”

“You look ready to puke,” Todoroki bluntly stated, turning back to Aoyama who was trying to describe the different textures of cheeses.

“Thanks,” she dryly choked out, eyes dead as she observed the boys. Iida pushed up his glasses and breathed in deeply. Izuku looked up, finished with his prayer. He smiled at them in encouragement and the class felt their feathers heat up in comfort.

“Let’s give it our all,” Izuku cheered out. “Plus Ultra!”

Chapter End Notes

AAAAAND WE'RE AT THE SPORTS FESTIVAL! Yay!
Chapter 12

Chapter by widdlewed

Chapter Summary

The Sports Festival begins and a storm is brewing

Chapter Notes

I would love to thank pillage_him_satanael and DarkWoods for beta'ing this chapter! I appreciate it so so so so much!!

So as some of you have seen from the discord, I've changed some things. More specifically, I've decided to pull a Naruto and rewrite the Sports Festival. So, the obstacles and events are gonna be waaaaaaay different. Yep, we're going down that road.

So, there are some action scenes in this chapter. I am not a skilled writer - I have my weaknesses. One of them are action/fight scenes. For me personally, I dislike long, drawn out scenes with so much going on at once that I skip the entire fight entirely. For me, because I dislike reading that, I do not write it. My action/fight scenes are short and simple. I don't spend paragraphs on one action or movement. One sentence, maybe, and that's it for each action. So please don't expect anything grand - I cannot give you what you want action wise. LOL.

Other than that, I hope you enjoy this chapter. I tried my best and hope you all aren't disappointed.

By the way, this chapter has some memes scattered throughout it. If you can find them all, you get a prize.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Date: ?????

They were curled up on the ground, knees bent under them as they tried to hold themselves up with their elbows. Their fingers were tangled in their hair, giving the illusions of tiny glistening halos around their digits as they ripped strand after strand out. Their opposite hand was dug into the earth, nails cracked and leaking blood steadily.

Gold eyes burned under the casted shadows of their bent head, pupils nearly slits as they listened to
the hushed, worried whispers around them. Their back pulsated, the deafening sound of tearing flesh and cracking bones filling the air.

A few inches from their bloody hand laid their instrument, whining pathetically as the bronze metal bent and caved into itself.

“This is how you love?” They spat, globs of blood trickling down their chin. Their back arched as their wings were yanked, the sounds of cartilage snapping drowned out by their howls of pain. White hot fire laced down their spine, their eyes rolling for a moment as black spots danced across their vision. “This is how you cherish?!”

Their instrument gave a cried wheeze as it was twisted by invisible hands, morphed into a tiny little sharp shard. Fanged teeth bit into their bottom lip as they reached out, grabbing what remained of their companion. The shard seared into their flesh, burning black lines into their veins as the shard sunk into their skin.

Their skin burned at their collar bone, sinking into the shape of a small, quarter-sized trumpet. The skin blistered and pinkened before blackening, like a tattoo being filled.

“I hate you,” they spat as tears streamed down their cheeks, trying to pretend the whispers were growing louder. “I HATE YOU!” They curled tighter into a ball as their wings were wrenched from their back, dropping to their sides with heavy thuds. Instantly, their wings began to decay, the smell of rotten flesh and spoiled blood filling the air.

They sucked in soft gasps of air, vision blurry as they felt a cold draft against their exposed back. Gone. They were gone. Gone gone gone.

It felt as if a burden had been lifted from their shoulders, ripped away with their wings. The whispers fell silent, leaving a heaviness in the air that crashed into the chest and stole their breath. No more endless sobbing or screams or curses at God. No more repeated cycles of burying bodies upon bodies under waves of liquid red.

No longer bound by rules in fear of damnation. They were free. Shackles broken and chaffed skin free from marks of death and destruction.

They got to their feet, knees knocking together as they gathered strength. The whispers had begun again, started anew with tones of mockery and disgust. They ignored the whispers, the beady eyes
Present Day

The stadium was packed, rows upon rows of of people clustering together. The air was exploding in sound, voices chattering over each other in their excitement. Inko looked around, wings tucked tight against her back as she took in the array of souls around her. Hisashi was a comforting presence beside her, a black stain against the sea of vibrant rainbow. She drew closer to him, basking in the stench of his piled sins as he chatted animatedly to her.

“Now they aren’t anything special,” he was saying as she turned back to him, their hands linked together and bodies drifting through the crowd of people. “I mean, it’s front row but it’s not like it’s front front row. I could only pull so many strings-”

“Who’d you blackmail for them?” Inko teased, only half joking. She knew her husband’s ways. Hisashi smiled cheekily, turning his head away as he surveyed the crowd.

“Are these things always so packed?” He asked instead, humming to himself as Inko squeezed his hand in response. “I hope I can get us some snacks.”

“I don’t think they sell snacks,” Inko blinked, pursing her lips out. “Who are you looking for?” She narrowed her eyes. “Hisashi, I swear to all that is Holy if you are looking for a fight-”

“Of course not my sweet Angel,” Hisashi gasped dramatically as they walked past some Heroes, a few of them glancing at the couple. One of them openly gawked at Hisashi. “Why would I ever do that?”

“Don’t make me regret coming,” she threatened and he smiled tightly, giving a wave over his shoulder at the Hero who had spotted him. “Now let’s go sit down. I want to be able to start cheering for Izu-kun immediately.”
“Of course my sweet, anything you want!” Hisashi led the way, a skip in his step as he counted the Heroes in their immediate surroundings. A flash of blue and red made him smile like a shark hunting prey and Inko just gave a long-suffering sigh from his side.

“Before I forget,” Izuku called as the class got ready to leave the waiting room. The students looked over, watching Izuku hold his hand out. Mina and Hagakure gave faint shrieks as their feathers shot out of their uniforms, stopping at Izuku’s palm.

“Nooooo!” Uraraka whined as their feathers were taken, drawn back to Izuku. Kirishima and Kaminari eyed Katsuki, hearing him give a soft growl as his feather floated lazily to Izuku. “Why?”

“This would be cheating if I let you keep my feather,” Izuku answered with a frown, gently guiding his feathers back to his wings. The teens watched in silent despair as the feathers melted back into his wings, disappearing. “They’re protective charms to you all. You can get them back after the festival.”

“Fucking stupid,” Katsuki growled, eyes narrowed dangerously. Izuku held his gaze for a moment before he looked away, clenching and unclenching his fists.

“You’ll get them back. I’m not expecting you all to be put into life threatening situations during this.” Izuku frowned. “So, no cheats. You’d agree, right Iida-kun?” Iida nodded, looking pleased with Izuku’s thoughtfulness and fair-play.

“Midoriya-kun is right. We’d be playing at an unfair advantage. That doesn't sit well with me,” Iida spoke with a proud smile. “I wish all of us the best of luck!”

“Good luck to everyone,” Momo called out with a determined smile. “We can do this.”

“I don't know if I can,” Hagakure whined, her floating gloves hands clinging to Tsuyu’s arm. “I feel like this isn't going to be the best event for me.”
“Same,” Shinsou yawned, rubbing at his face. “But we gotta try. We’re in Heroics for a reason.”

“Because Midoriya-kun banished someone to the void?” Mina chirped as they began to file out of the room.

“That’s why I was transferred?” Shinsou gruffed. Izuku flushed and gave a nervous laugh.

“We don’t like to talk about Mineta-san,” Tokoyami spoke from between Satou and Shouji. “His less than savory private habits were not enjoyable to hear in our classroom.”

“He was a huge perv,” Jirou explained at Shinsou’s blank expression. “So we’re glad to have you, eggplant.”


“Murasaki is it,” Sero snickered and Mina gave a high-pitched cackle as they stepped out onto the field. Around them, other students grumbled and glared at their cheerful chatter. Uraraka and Aoyama flanked Izuku, Aoyama’s hand wandering to his stomach as his skin paled slightly.

“Whoa,” Uraraka wheezed out as Hagakure bumped into her, too busy gawking at their audience to pay attention to her classmate in front of her, “There are so many people.”

Izuku opened his mouth to speak, only to stutter as he bumped into a green haired girl.

“Oh, I’m so sorry!” Izuku flailed, cheeks pinking as the girl turned her dark eyes to him. She studied him for a moment, the silence giving him enough time to blink at her thorned hair.

“It’s quite alright. I was not looking where I was going,” She spoke after a moment, her voice soft. There was something about her, something in the air around her, that caused Izuku’s wings to tinker loudly. “Are you alright, Midoriya Izuku-san?” Izuku’s smile widened, eyes glistening.

“I am, thank you. And you…?”
“Shiozaki Ibara,” Shiozaki introduced, smile tight. Her eyes glazed for a moment, her gaze sliding away from Izuku’s face. “Forgive me, I must go back to my class.” She bowed and left, leaving Izuku to stare after her.

“That was totally awkward,” Kirishima piped up, Mina and Sero nodding. “Like, an 11 on a scale of 10.”

“Deku-kun?” Uraraka asked, peeking at his face. He smiled, pushing the girl to the back of his mind as the rest of the class came towards him.

“Are your parents watching?” Shouji asked to the class as they saddled up into a cluster, surrounded by other classes.

“Mine’s watching from home,” Uraraka laughed nervously. Izuku pointed off to a random direction, eyes sparkling with golden flakes.

“Mine are sitting there,” He offered up as his wings stretched out. “Dad and mom are easy to feel.”

“Cause of their feathers, correct?” Momo spoke as Jirou stuck close to her, fidgeting as students around them sneered their direction.

“That,” Izuku’s eyes crinkled up as he smiled, “And because there isn’t anyone else in this stadium who is as heavy with sins as my father.” Iida raised an eyebrow, the class faltering in their conversations as Izuku slipped his eyes closed. “Anyways, I think we’re about to begin!”

Midnight strutted out onto the platform, whip thumping against her tight-clad thigh. She tossed her hair over her shoulder, basking in the wolf whistles and cheers her entrance brought.

“I’ll continue to be disappointed in her choice of clothing,” Momo sighed softly, squeaking when Tsuyu and Hagakure both poked her in the sides.

“Says the one who has a pretty scandalous outfit themselves,” Tsuyu teased while Jirou snickered softly. Kaminari and Kirishima shushed them, their eyes avoiding the whispering girls.
“I had that changed!” Momo hissed softly, cheeks flushing. “Midoriya-kun talked with me about a costume change. It still opens enough for my Quirk to work but it isn’t as...revealing.”

“...open back?” Sero whispered as he threw an arm around Jirou’s shoulders, leaning heavily towards the girls. Momo flushed further. Midnight cleared her throat, pointedly staring at the clustered, whispering students.

“Now, could we have the first year representative please come say a few words of encouragement!” Midnight called, pointing her whip at Katsuki. “Bakugou Katsuki of Heroics Class 1-A!”

“Wow, she really had to rub in that Heroics Department, huh?” A student from the General Department grumbled as Katsuki was nudged forward. He scowled, shoving past Izuku and Iida to make his way up the steps.

“Kat-kun is the first year rep?” Hisashi whistled, leaning back in his seat as Inko rubbed her thumb over his hand. “Look at that little firecracker. Still vicious as ever, huh?”

“Hisashi,” Inko warned, voice sharp despite the quiet murmur it came out as. Hisashi winced and smiled at her. “Izu-kun and him are making amends. You act as if you never set fire to my wings before.” Hisashi’s eyes shuttered, darkening before he looked back to the teen as he stood in front of the microphone.

“That was years ago,” He mumbled, deflating. After a moment of silence, he tapped his chin. “Hey sweetie, why does our son have a open back on his jersey?”

“Aesthetic,” Inko hummed and smiled when Katsuki spoke.

“I’m going to be first, so you pissants can just give up now,” Katski declared. Silence met his announcement as everyone tried to process what he’d just said. Then-

“OH, IT’S ON!”

Various students screeched throughout the mass of teens, the tension in the air thickening. Katsuki smirked, teeth bared like a wild animal’s in the face of an adversary. Midnight sighed as he
descended the platform and shook her head.

“Alright, let’s jump right into the festival!” Midnight called, many of the students making comments on how fast paced UA was. “We’ll begin with the ‘preliminaries’, so to speak! Many students always choke on tears during this round every year, so don’t think it’s going to be easy!”

Behind her, a projector screen popped up, showing various words blurring across the screen like a slots machine trying to match images.

“And the first round of destiny iiiiis-”

It finally stilled, showing the bolded TRICKY MAZE for all to see.

“TRICKY MAZE!”

“...tricky...tricky maze?” Satou echoed, squinting as Kouda fidgeted beside him. “What’s that?” He turned to Shouji and Tokoyami beside him, both shrugging, just as lost.

“I heard of this,” Izuku mumbled to himself. “If I recall, the Tricky Maze was used seven years ago for that sports festival but that was during when CemieCemie was a teacher, before her retirement. They used her Quirk to control metal to make a floating, obstacle-like moving ball of metal that also acted as a maze. But how would they try to mimic that when-”

“You’re muttering,” Katsuki hissed as he kicked at the back of Izuku’s knees. Izuku gave a whine as he crumpled forward, falling into Shinsou. Shinsou steadied him with a amused snort.

“Ahem.” Midnight straightened up before she pointed dramatically at the students. “You 11 first year classes will all go against each other during this event! For those of you who have heard of the Tricky Maze, this is a new and improved version!” She threw her arms out to the side just as Cementoss clambered onto the platform.

“Cementoss has proven to be amazing as always and had volunteered to make the Tricky Maze 2.0--! Outside this stadium is a gigantic indoor maze. We’ve estimated a total of 12 hours needed to clear the Maze, so be mindful of that.”
“12 hours?!” Someone squawked from the back of the gathered teens.

Midnight planted her hands on her hips with a smirk, amusement radiating from her being. “Scattered around the Maze are numbered balls.” Behind her, the projection switched to a row of simple white balls, numbered 1-8. “These numbered balls are your guaranteed pass to the next round.”

“Kinda intense,” Uraraka whispered as a trickle of sweat ran down her cheek, the sun’s heat bearing down on them unforgivingly. She pushed up her uniform sleeves, exhaling. Izuku frowned, tilting his head to the side. He silently mouthed over Midnight’s words, hand moving up to his lips.

“As you’ve probably already determined, these balls are numbered for a reason. We want this to be a group participation activity.” Whispers broke out at her words and her smile sharpened. “Based on the number you get on the ball you find determines how many in your group pass to the next round.”

The projection switched again to show chibi students in clusters varying from three to seven people, wandering a cartoonish maze. It showed a chibi from the seven person group finding a ball labeled 4. Four of the chibis were highlighted and glowed while the remaining three went grey and disappeared.

“An event centered around teamwork,” Izuku mumbled to himself, pulling on his bottom lip. “But why? Isn’t the Sports Festival supposed to be individual showcasing?”

“They’re trying to take attention away from the true objective,” Iida coughed and flushed when Midnight pointed at them with a stern glare. He ducked his head, giving a sheep smile to Izuku. “Sports festivals are used to showcase one’s Quirks and get potential sponsors. So why would they make this Maze anything less than to do just that?”

Izuku’s eyebrows furrowed in thought, lips pouting out. Momo leaned in close, lips barely moving as she whispered to them.

“What I’m not understanding is the point of these forced teams. They want you to be in a team but then they’re going to cut the numbers down anyways by forcing students to pick and choose who you-”

“Don’t think it’ll be easy, however!” We’ve brought back some old friends to liven things up!” Midnight waved her whip with a flourish, the projector showing the daunting shape of the Maze.
It looked like a average 8 story building, windowless and coated in cracks and jutted edges. It was large, reminding the students of the entrance exam buildings, consuming the area with its girth. Surrounding the Maze were Villain Bots, wandering aimlessly around the perimeter. “Every single one of these are your Villains.”

“Distractions,” Iida murmured to himself, Todoroki, Uraraka, and Aoyama looking at him as Izuku gave a confirming trill in his throat. “Is there a time limit?”

“You have 1 hour and 30 minutes to complete the Maze,” Midnight spoke, as if hearing Iida’s soft question. “Good luck!” By them, a giant metal door broke down, revealing a clearing towards the Maze. “Well, let’s go! START!”

“Stick close?” Mina asked as she popped up behind Izuku, elbow linked with Kaminari. Where Kaminari went, Kirishima followed, trailing behind them as the mass of students began to push hungrily out the gate.

“Sounds good,” Uraraka spoke as she clasped hands with Tsuyu, eyebrows furrowing. “This Maze seems kinda…”

“Sketch,” Jirou agreed, smacking Sero when he shoved at a boy from another class. “Stop.”

“Bye losers,” Katsuki growled as he surged ahead, disappearing into the crowd of students. Todoroki gave a parting farewell and melted into the cluster, Shinsou following with a yawn. Izuku looked to his right when he felt a hand clasp his and saw a floating gloved hand.

“Hagakure-san, just the person I was thinking of,” Izuku smiled softly as they breached the outside of the stadium, drawing closer to the towering Maze. “Let’s let the hotheads deal with the robots and then we can move, okay?”

“You have a plan?” Momo asked as Shouji and Satou flanked her, acting as barriers against the pushing teens. She raised an eyebrow as Tokoyami bidden them a goodbye, turning to Jirou. “Well then, I hope it works.”

“Same.” Jirou smiled and waved to the group.

“You guys looks pretty smart,” A girl’s voice called from behind them and Uraraka turned, catching
“We may split up,” Iida deterred as the girl bounced over to them, pink locks wild as she beamed. “Are you sure you want to stick with us? You’re in the...Support Department? Why don’t you go with them?”

“There weren’t any rules about working together with other courses,” The girl pointed out as she eyed Izuku up and down, raising an eyebrow at his open back jersey. “The rules are just to get the numbered balls. Not who you are with, what you have to do to get them - nothing. So, why not work together?”

“Sure!” Izuku chirped for the group, smiling. “The more the merrier. I’m Midoriya Izuku.”

“Hatsume Mei,” Hatsume introduced and smirked. “You aren’t weird about working together?”

“Heroes work together all the time in the most uncertain of times,” Aoyama supplied eagerly, flushing when he heard Izuku’s wings tinker loudly in excitement. “I mean-”

“Oh, a trial on teamwork with those outside of your comfort zone, you think?” Iida spoke, turning to Izuku and Uraraka. “Traditional sports festivals are based around sportsmanship and teamwork so-”

“Yeah, but-” Momo cut him off, “Heroism is a competitive field. For them to design a complete Maze as a challenge on teamwork would be pointless.” Shadows casted over the group as they were finally pushed into the building, their movement stilling as students dispersed around them. “This may have to do with the next round. Maybe the next round is based on teams as well?”

“Maybe?” Izuku titled his head to the side. “But it’s natural that a lot of us are going to either work together with those in our own Departments or classes or risk attempting it alone so-”

“Uh guys?” Kirishima spoke up, drawing their attention away. “I think it may be a pain in the ass obstacle.” Momo, Iida, and Izuku looked at their surroundings and gawked.

Staircases protruded from the walls, branching across the entire length of the building. They started and stopped into other staircases, creating mindless cages of steps that acted as levels escalating upwards. Staircases led into nothing, reminiscent of penrose stairs ascending and descending into one another. Staircases were placed upside down, the steps facing the ground, or horizontal or vertical.
Walls cut out into holes leading into darkness, walkways merging into nothing.

“This reminds me of that *Relativity* painting,” Momo spoke as she looked at the dizzying mess of stairs and walls. Around the group, students stumbled about, trying to find their way around the chaos.

“The what?” Kirishima voiced for the remaining teens. Momo raised an eyebrow at him, looking decidedly content to share knowledge.

“*Relativity* by M. C. Escher. You know, that really famous Dutch picture of the staircase like labyrinth that had people upside down or sideways to one another?” Momo explained and Iida’s face lit up.

“The one portraying different gravity, right?”

“I doubt gravity is affected.” Izuku mumbled, tugging on his lip. “It’s most likely a optical illusion to throw people off. Those with gravity Quirks or Quirks that make their body more nimble have an advantage to those who-”

The left furthest staircase crumbled and popped back up horizontally seven feet to their right. Izuku stared.

“We’re in *Harry Potter*.”

“Why the fuck are you two following me?” Katsuki snarled to Todoroki and Shinsou, who shadowed him as he dodged students left and right. Todoroki and Shinsou shared looks before shrugging.

“Everyone’s trying to piss me off.” The volatile teen grumbled as he roundhouse kicked a student who lunged at him.
“Yep, that’s our dastardly plan. To piss you off,” Shinsou dryly commented, ducking under a rope made of thick hair. He glared at the student responsible before grabbing the back of Todoroki’s jersey, pulling him out of the way of a laser. “Hey, is your Quirk like Aoyama-kun’s?”

“Who the hell is Aoyama? My Quirk’s Laser Eyes!” The student yelled back, body going rigid immediately after as if he realized his mistake. Shinsou smiled.

“How ‘bout you be a nice little minion and go use those lasers to keep people away from us?” Katsuki watched in fascination as the student turned heel and stumbled away, shooting at oncoming students. Todoroki snorted and brushed past Katsuki, leaving him staring.

“Not half bad, I guess,” Katsuki gruffed, turning away from Shinsou. “I guess you can tag along.” Shinsou smirked and bounded after the two, eyes sweeping over the shifting walls.

“I have no idea what we’re supposed to do. Look for numbered balls, right? Are they hidden?” Shinsou wondered aloud, scratching at his head.

“Weren’t you listening?” Katsuki hissed. Shinsou ignored him.

“I can only assume so,” Todoroki responded and then paused. “Why are we following this guy anyways?” He jerked a thumb at Katsuki, who visibly bristled.

“Because we need a team and- is that a ball?” Shinsou pointed ahead of them, where a wall had crumbled to reveal a ball bouncing down a flight of steps. Todoroki was fast, using his ice to grab at the ball before it could roll away. Katsuki rushed forward and grabbed it, turning it to face them.

“Three?” He read aloud, turning the marked ball to the other two. “...Doesn’t that mean we’re clear?”

“I think so?” Todoroki asked, eyebrows furrowing. “But is it an automatic pass or do we have to keep the ball until the time limit is up?” They turned to Shinsou, who blinked.

“Don’t look at me, Bakugou here is our rep.” The three turned back to the ball. “Well shit.”
“Language,” Todoroki echoed, face twisting up when Katsuki gave a loud groan.

“You sound like that fucking bird.”

“Was it smart to separate from Midoriya-chan?” Tsuyu asked, padding after Uraraka and Iida. Iida nodded, eyebrows furrowed in concentration as the group walked.

“Smaller numbers seems ideal concerning the balls. They were pretty vague on the finer details of this round.” Iida paused, tilting his head to the side. “What happens when we get the ball? Do we have an immediate victory or must we keep it until the very end of the time limit? Do we need exactly the amount of people as the number dictates or can we be less?”

“Oh,” Uraraka worried as she patted her cheeks, “It sounds like someone can just steal it then if we find it before the time limit.” Iida looked at her, eyes bright.

“Exactly. I’m assuming that this is also going to be a way to pit us against each other. We work as teams but still have to fight against each other in the process.”

Uraraka nodded in understanding, hopping up a set of steps that curved upside down higher up. She skipped two steps at a time, eyes sharp as she surveyed their surroundings.

“This seems kind of extra for a simple maze, huh?” Uraraka laughed, touching down the step before it began to twist. Tsuyu nodded, trailing behind with Iida in the middle of the two, five steps between them. “So we’ve got to find a ball with the number 3, right?” Uraraka peered over the side of the staircase, gulping at the distance between them and the flooring below them. It reminded her of the distance that Izuku had fallen that fateful day of their entrance exam, close to becoming a human pancake.

The stairs gave way under their feet.

Uraraka’s stomach lurched as gravity tugged them downwards. She screamed, arms flailing as the wind deafened her. She slapped her hands, hard, against the chunks of cement Iida and Tsuyu were tittering on, holding her hands in front of her chest.
Tsuyu and Iida wobbled as their descent ceased and Tsuyu wasted no time in spitting her tongue out, wrapping it around Uraraka’s waist. Uraraka swung back and forth, complexion green as they hung there. Iida, using his Quirk, bounded over to Tsuyu and grabbed her, lunging over to a stable staircase. Tsuyu drew Uraraka up and she released her Quirk, letting the remaining cement fall.

Uraraka bent over, emptying her stomach as stairwells around them crumbled and shifted, regrowing in different positions. Tsuyu rubbed her back, frowning as Uraraka dry heaved.

“These stairs are going to pose a problem,” Iida mused as he patted Uraraka awkwardly on the head as she finally calmed down.

“This sucks,” She groaned as she straightened, tilting her head back. She blinked, staring upwards. “I found a ball.” Tsuyu and Iida craned their necks, catching sight of the white ball against the cement of the ceiling.

“Well then,” Iida stuttered out and Uraraka’s stomach flipped at the apprehension of using her Quirk again. “I can’t see the number but maybe we can trade it with another group if we happen upon them?”

“I hope so,” Tsuyu spoke as Uraraka inhaled deeply.

“Was splitting up such a good idea?” Hagakure whined, clinging to Izuku as Hatsume trailed behind them. “Why didn’t you stick with Uraraka-chan and Iida-kun?”

“Where’s the fun in that?” Izuku asked, smiling. “I feel that in this type of scenario, you’ll be the best bet.” Hatsume perked up, turning her eyes to thin air where she thought Hagakure was.

“Why’s that? Cause she's invisible?” She asked, fiddling with her arm band.

“That and because this is the type of scenario where you have to be stealthy. Hagakure-san is our trump card.” Izuku looked ahead again, eyes sliding to a upside down staircase. He squinted. “I think
“That’s a ball!”

“How will we get it?” Hagakure groaned as they caught sight of the ball. Hatsume chuckled, planting her hands firmly on her hips.

“Time to introduce one of my babies!” Hatsume beamed and gestured to her feet. “Let me introduce you both to my Hover Soles! They’re great for hovering or cushioning a landing!” Hatsume hummed brightly, sparkles practically emitting from her as she bent down, turning them on. “I’ll get that ball.”

“Be careful,” Izuku cautioned as the two watched Hatsume wobble, lifting off the ground a few inches. Hatsume launched herself at the stairs, kicking up dust and debris in her wake.

“Man, what a great time to use your wings, huh?” Hagakure whispered to Izuku, the teen assuming she was leaning against him from the sudden pressure on his arm.

“I wish,” He chuckled softly, gaze snapping to their left. “Hatsume-san, watch out!” Izuku grabbed Hagakure, curling his wings around them as the staircase closest to them exploded into chunks.

“Oops~!” A guy’s voice called out. “Sorry!” He didn’t sound sorry at all.

Izuku unfurled his wings, coughing against the cloud of dust that picked up from the chaos. Hatsume was curled up into a tight ball a little ways away, her boots sparking and steaming. Standing off to the side was a teen, his hot pink hair combed back to reveal his glowing orange eyes.

“My bad. I meant for the staircase above her to collapse, not yours. Quirks, man, can’t control them all the time, am I right?” His hands were in his jersey pockets, his body swayed as he rocked back on his heels. “Howdy.”

“Hatsume-san, are you okay?” Izuku called, eyebrows furrowing as he saw her body wiggle and twitch on the ground. His eyes narrowed, Grace reaching out to touch her soul. She wasn’t a soulmate, didn’t carry any special connection to him, so his abilities were limited compared to someone with his feathers. Not that it’d matter now, but he felt for any injuries. Besides the dull throbbing of bruises and mild scrapes, he couldn’t feel anything severe.

“I’m okay,” Hatsume groaned as she struggled to stretch her legs out, wincing. “Ow.” She gasped, catching sight of her feet. “My babies!”
“Hagakure-san, stay behind me.” Izuku shifted, positioning himself between the girls and the newcomer, wings vibrating in apprehension. “You’re by yourself. Are you going to fight us for this ball?”

“Yep,” The guy spoke simply, shrugging his shoulder. “Why not? Not like you three called dibs.” He took a hand out of his pocket, scratching his cheek.

“Rude!” Hatsume grunted, standing up. She huffed, tugging her goggles down to cover her eyes. “So rude! You could have killed someone!” The teen rolled his eyes, moving his hand to his hair.

“Whatever. Listen, I’m not for the whole chit-chat, so just roll over and play dead for me, mmkay?” The guy shifted, stepping in the direction of the ball. “I’m just going to grab my ball now.”

“You mean our ball,” Izuku corrected, forcing One For All into his legs. He heard the sharp snap of his shin breaking in two but ignored it, throwing himself at the teen. His Grace healed him quickly, his leg fixed by the time he crashed into the wall under the ball.

“What the dick?!” The guy croaked as he stumbled back, eyes wide as Izuku positioned himself into a defensive stance. “Is your Quirk Rocket Legs or something, Four-Eyes?!” He looked from the spot Izuku had been not second before, completely bewildered.

“Nice try,” Izuku groached, nose crinkling up at the insult to his glasses. They weren’t that bad.

“You don’t care.” The teen snorted, tugging on his ear. “You think you can distract us, but it won’t work.”

“How bold of you to assume I’m distracting you,” The teen spoke and snapped his fingers in Izuku’s direction. Izuku lurched back against the wall as the ground in front of him caved in, pieces of rubble tumbling towards the caving in cement. His eyes widened as the ground sucked in like someone taking a deep breath, only to release a giant exhale in the form of an explosion.

Izuku’s skull bounced off the wall behind him, stars exploding behind his fluttering eyelids as shrill alarms deafened him. His legs gave out and he blinked, momentarily dazed, as he gawked at the hole in front of his stretched out legs. His Grace worked to heal him, the shrill ringing in his head subsiding as the seconds ticked past.

“Oops~! That was seriously my bad! My aim is always slightly off.” The teen shrugged his
shoulders, shaking his hand out. “The name’s Mimoru Kisuke. My Quirk’s Supernova and like I said-” Mimoru smiled tightly. “That ball is mine.”

“If I fall, please try and save me,” Kaminari whined as he gripped tightly onto Sero’s arm, peeking over the edge of the staircase. “This is a risk to students here, right? Right?”

“I think so?” Mina spoke as she bounced up the steps, humming as if she didn’t have a care in the world about falling to her death. “Anyways, isn’t this fun~?”

“No,” Jirou bluntly snapped, face scrunched up in annoyance. “This place is making me dizzy.”

“It is rather excessive,” Momo agreed as she pressed a hand to her mouth, looking a bit green. “I dislike looking up. It makes everything seem to imposing.”

“Well, well,” A guy’s voice sneered. A few steps ahead of them, before the staircase suddenly twisted vertically, stood a teen. Behind him was a girl with orange hair, her long hair tied up to the side. She looked annoyed, a ball tightly clenched in her hand. “If it isn’t the amazing students of Class 1-A.”

“Please don’t fight us here,” Kaminari whimpered. Kirishima frowned, looking behind them. A girl with black hair stood three steps away from him, expressionless. She twiddled with her thumbs, looking away from him. “Can we go to solid ground or something first?”

“You Class 1-A students afraid of a little height?” The blonde boy sneered out, planting his hands on his hips. “Why, you fought Villains! How can you be afraid of a few feet?”

“It’s not like we asked to have a near death experience,” Sero grumbled as the orange haired girl sighed.

“Hey, Monoma, cut it out,” The girl chided, enlarging her hand and smacking the boy along the back of his head. His face froze, smile empty as a single tear slipped down his cheek. “Why are we messing with them? We already have a ball.”
“They need to be put in their place!” Monoma snapped out, rubbing at his head. “They think they’re all high and mighty now because they encountered some Villains.”

“Dude,” Kaminari frowned, “We didn’t ask to almost get killed. We almost died. You realize that, right? Our parents almost had to bury us.”

Silence met his statement as the students just stared at him. Kaminari winced, rubbing at his neck. “What? I mean, it’s true? We weren’t seeking attention, you know. If it wasn’t for Midoriya-kun and All Might, we’d all probably be-”

Mina leapt over Monoma, landing in front of the girl in a crouch. Before the girl could react, Mina grabbed at the ball, stealing it from her slackened grip. Momo created a small throwing knife from the palm of her hand, throwing it at Momona when he whirled to attack Mina. Jirou rushed at him, slamming her shoulder into him as Mina danced around them, scurrying over to Kaminari and Sero.

“Got it!” Mina cheered, holding the ball up for them to see. Kaminari flashed her a thumbs up as Jirou stumbled back, landing on Momo.

“Stupid idiots!” Momona hissed out, cheeks red as the girl glared. “Give us back that ball! TetsuTesu!”

A silver blob fell from above them, smashing into the staircase. It cracked, crumbling to pieces. Strangled noises escaped the startled students’ throats as they began to descend.

“Oh no!” Mina cried out as the ball slipped from her grip. The silver blob lunged for it, only to be blocked by a hardened Kirishima.

“My Quirk’s already generic,” Kirishima gritted as he pushed at the steel teen. “Now I meet a copy-and-paste Quirk?!”

“Oh boo-hoo,” The teen, TetsuTetsu, snapped back as he met fists with Kirishima. “Cry to someone who cares, Copy Cat!”

“Copy-!” Kirishima slammed into the staircase below them, rolling away. “Say that to my face!”
"I did!" TetsuTetsu growled out, stumbling back as the rest of his group landed behind him. In the blonde’s hand was the ball.

"Can you two stop yelling at each other?" The orange haired girl huffed out, rolling her eyes. "Can we go now before we lose the ball again? Ibara-chan is waiting for us."

"Guess we shouldn’t keep you waiting then," Kaminari spoke from behind the girl. He planted a hand on her shoulder and there was a single beat of silence before everyone seemed to come to the same realization.

"DENKI YOU IDIOT!" Mina shrieked as the area lit up in electricity. The group from 1-A scrambled to get out of the way of the shocks while Kaminari grabbed the dropped ball.

"I didn’t do any serious damage!" Kaminari argued as he threw himself off the staircase, holding a hand out for one of Sero’s tapes. Sero swung him over to them as Momona whirled to their companion.

"Kendo!" He cried as the girl pitched forward, body twitching and eyes rolled to the back of her head. He caught her, checking over her face for any signs of serious damage.

"I just knocked her unconscious, calm down," Kaminari griped as he secured the ball, frowning. The expressionless girl tried to lunge at them, only to be smacked away by Jirou’s earjack.

"I think we can cease this now," A girl’s voice called. Green vines scaled the walls closest to Momona and a girl was settled on her feet, the vines drawing back to her head. "I’ve retrieved another ball. Let them have theirs."

"Ibara?" TetsuTetsu called, eyeing her up and down. "You good?" Ibara nodded, eyes glossy as she tilted her head to the side for a moment. She smiled gently at the group, Momo reeling back as the eerie look of familiarity that came over her at the sight of the expression.

"You’ve proven yourselves to be worth the rumors. I hope to see you all in the next obstacle." Ibara gently helped pick up Kendo, wincing as she tilted her head again. "They’re so noisy today."
“That was anticlimactic,” Kirishima grumbled as they watched the students from 1-B leave. Kaminari’s shoulders dropped and he tilted his head back, giving a loud groan.

“I was ready for a fight!” He whined, only to wince as Jirou smacked him. Momo took the ball, turning it over to peer at the number.

“Seven,” she read off, eyebrows raising. “We got lucky. We might have had to fight for another ball.” Mina exhaled, crouching down.

“How much longer?” She asked to the silent air.

Hisashi’s eyes bounced between projections, looking at the various students broadcasted. The camera robots scurrying about the maze were filming each group, letting the audience see each and every one of them struggle. His eyes sparkled as Izuku came into view, talking with his two companions, a girl from his class and a girl from the Support Department.

“Think Pinkie is a soulmate?” Hisashi asked Inko’s, turning to face her when silence met his inquiry. Her eyes were focused on the small projection showing the green, vine-haired girl. “Honey?”

“My,” Inko murmured to herself as she touched her cheek, smiling faintly, “What a very interesting selection of students this year. I’m sorry dear, what did you ask?”

“Nothing,” Hisashi spoke, looking away from her golden eyes. “My sweet, your eyes are glowing.” Inko blinked, her gold fading to the green that Hisashi loved.

“Thank you. I got a bit excited. Izu-kun’s going to have so much fun today.” Inko took Hisashi’s hand, squeezing. “Now - oh my!” Hisashi’s focus snapped to the projections, just as Present Mic made a announcement over Izuku’s confrontation with some kid named Mimoru.

He let out a low whistle, grin sharp. “Alright baby boy, make daddy proud.” Inko elbowed him in the side, cheeks puffed out in embarrassment.
Hagakure rammed her shoulder into Mimoru’s back, making his legs give out as he wheezed. He slumped forward, bracing his fall with his elbows and knees. He snarled, lashing a leg out and burying his foot into Hagakure’s stomach. Spittle escaped into the air where her mouth would have been if visible and she rolled away, legs over head as Mimoru pointed his arm in her direction.

Mimoru’s back arched with an audible snap as Izuku’s sparking leg made contact between his shoulder blades. He flew, crashing into the opposite wall from them. Dust clouds shrouded the flung boy as Izuku landed on his feet without a sound, green electricity crackling around his limbs.

“Do not touch her,” Izuku snarled out, eyes golden and narrowed like a beast about to pounce on wounded prey. “You will not touch her.”

“I’m-uhg-I’m okay,” Hagakure groaned, coughing up more spittle as she struggled to sit up. Her arms were presumably wrapped around her stomach, the shadows of her jersey creasing along her abdomen. “Holy crap he can kick though.”

“My babies,” Hatsume whined pitifully, stumbling over to Hagakure. “My babies.” Hagakure snorted into her shoulder as the girl helped her to her feet.

Hatsume screamed as the ground to their left exploded, the force throwing them off their feet. They crashed in a heap, debris raining on them. Smoke and dust coated the air like a veil and Mimoru dragged himself out of the small crater his body had formed, dirt clinging to his skin.

“Now I’m pissed,” Mimoru snarled, snapping his fingers again. Izuku was behind the girls in a second, green filtering through the air as he hauled them out of the way just as the ground where Hatsume’s foot had been imploded. She paled, staring at the spot with horror etching into her features.

“Oh my god, he just tried to explode my foot,” She whispered as Izuku set them down under the encased ball, wings spread out in fury. “He could have taken my foot off!” Her eyes burned as she adjusted the metal contraption around her waist. “That’s it!”

“Hatsume-san, don’t-”

A grappling hook shot out of the contraption, embedding into the way behind Mimoru. He looked at
the grappling hook with a raised eyebrow, turning back just in time to see Hatsume’s clunky boot slam into his face.

Silene descended upon them as Hatsume skirted around, slowing her momentum as she released the grappling hook from her body. “How do you like my other baby, Wire Arrow! Isn’t it amazing? Isn’t it great? PERISH!”

“Whoa,” Hagakure whispered as Mimoru shot up, fingers snapping faster than Hatsume could process. She was thrown forward as the wall behind her exploded, grunting as she hit face-first on the ground.

“Oh, shut up!” Mimoru growled, whirling and snapping his fingers directly at Izuku. Hagakure cried out as Izuku jumped back, nearly toppling into the girl to escape the blast. Izuku’s wings \textit{wailed}, trembling as they stretched to their full span. The air around him was sweltering, thin and choking. Hagakure couldn’t see his face, but she knew it probably promised pain for the stupid student.

Mimoru pushed his hair out of his face, snarling in a way a trapped animal would to deter potential enemies. “You’re trapped.”

“And you’re wide open.”

A laser slammed into Mimoru, launching him a few feet away. He crashed to the ground with a grunt, struggling and failing to get back up.

“Aoyama-kun!” Izuku called out in joy, eyes sparkling as Aoyama striked a pose, looking like a knight in shining armor. Behind him, Ojirou hid his face, looking embarrassed by the display. “Ojirou-san!”

“Are you guys okay?” Ojirou asked, tail swishing back and forth as he gave the girls a once over. He frowned at Hatsume’s sparking boots. “That sucks about your shoes, they looked cool.” Hatsume sniffled, tugging her goggles up.

“I can fix them. Make them better.” Hatsume’s voice fell into a feverish whisper. “\textit{Make them stronger. I have the technology.}”

“You two got a ball?” Izuku asked as he walked over, checking on Mimoru. He was unconscious.
“We found a number 2 ball,” Ojirou explained with a sheepish rub to his neck, “But two guys from the Support Department stole it from us with their Meccha suits.”

“Meccha suits?” Hagakure laughed out, rubbing her stomach.

“Full on Gundam,” Aoyama spoke seriously, posing again as he smiled directly at Izuku. “What number is that ball?”

“Dunno,” Hatsume spoke for them, frowning again at her boots. “I was gonna use these to grab it but…”

Aoyama made a happy trill in his throat and shot a laser at the staircase, letting it crack around the area of the encased ball. It fell and Ojirou caught it, tail wagging as he checked the number.

“Five,” he read off just as alarms started blaring throughout the maze. Izuku jerked up, eyes wide as he moved closer to his friends.

“Time is up. Please proceed to the closest exits. Time is up. Please proceed to the closest exits. Time is up. Please-”

“...we passed?” Hagakure voiced softly, tone disbelieving. “Just-just like that?”

“That seems…” Ojirou looked at a loss for words.

“I doubt they try to make the obstacles too hard,” Izuku spoke as he hefted Mimoru over his shoulder effortlessly. “These things aren’t design to kill us. We’re students doing a Sports Festival.”

“You Heroes got problems,” Hatsume laughed as the wall behind them crumbled to show a pathway, most like leading to the outside. “Let’s just be happy we passed and can continue onto the next round!”
Shigaraki, using his thumb and index finger, tugged ruthlessly on his bottom lip. His eyes were glued to the screen, taking in the broadcast of the UA Sports Festival. His eyes narrowed dangerously on the image of Izuku. Just the sight of those obnoxiously sweet smelling wings sent his stomach flipping in bouts of nausea. He could almost taste the disgustedly savory smell of those wings and-

No, no it wasn’t his imagination. Shigaraki’s attention was stolen immediately as the air became potent with a overpowering aroma. It wasn’t sickeningly sweet like the taint that surrounded the green haired child. It was heavy, an indescribable scent that he’d never smelt before. His stomach clenched, mouth pooling with saliva as the smell grew thicker and thicker.

It was downright heavenly. Never had he smelt something that triggered such a starving hunger in him, like a dog who’d finally found a steak in a pile of scraps and rotten trash. Kurogiri clambered through the door, holding the box.

The man froze, white eyes zeroing in on the man before him. His red eyes were nearly hidden by the blown pupils, saliva dribbling down his chin as his entire body trembled like someone stuck in the cold or anticipating something.

“Shigaraki Tomura? Are...are you-”

“What’s that?” Shigaraki’s voice was hoarse, rough and slurred as his breathing grew heavy, chest heaving. “What’s that?” It was hissed and Kurogiri dropped the box like it was burnt as the man lunged at it.

He was careful in touching the box, making sure not all of his fingers were touching it as he grabbed it and tore it open like it was tissue paper. Tiny little chocolate balls rested innocently in between layers of bloody tissue paper, a single folded note calling for the man.

Kurogiri took the note as Shigaraki panted and salivated over the chocolate balls, something in the air tight and coiled as if the entire world was holding its breath to watch. To wait.

Shigaraki attacked the chocolate like a starved animal, tearing into the plastic wrapping them and shoving them whole in his mouth. Kurogiri was determined to ignore the rather perverse moans and grunts the man emitted as he ate, instead turning his attention to the note.
He flipped open the card, non-existent eyebrows raising as he read it.

‘No good to rule the world on an empty stomach. Enjoy those dark chocolates, they were rather hard to get. They were made with the most precious of ingredients for you to eat, little Demon. - Melty <3’

Unknownst to Kurogiri, Shigaraki’s wings mended just the tiniest bit and his horns’ chips shrunk. His pupils slitted, the air growing just the slimmest bit more thick with the stench of rotting, scorched flesh.

Miles away, hummed hymns filled the air as a TV in a darkened bedroom showed an image of Izuku helping Hagakure walk out of the Maze.

Chapter End Notes

Please check out vvhimsi’s absolutely gorgeous art of Izuku!! Y’all are too talented for me!

Welp, next chapter will be the second obstacle! What’s it going to be? What’s gonna happen? I have no clue!

oof
Chapter 13

Chapter by widdlewed

Chapter Summary

His gaze reminded her of the faculty furnace she frequented for her babies, the glow pulling her in with a promise of success and accomplishment.

Chapter Notes

And here is some lovely fanart by punksvga over on tumblr! IT IS GORGEOUS!!

As usual, thank you so much my lovely, absolutely amazing, completely honestly better half pillage-him-satanael for being my beta and having patience with me. I LOVE YOU! -heart-

WARNINGS: mentions of nudity. The mentioned character is legal age, not underaged. Also, swearing, artistic liberty taken with religious themes, and Endeavor.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What happened to you guys?” Uraraka laughed out as their class slowly converged together unspokenly. Her attention was turned to Katsuki, Shinsou, and Todoroki, their clothes and skin coated in various states of burnt.

Katsuki and Todoroki glared daggers at Shinsou, who whistled innocently as he rolled a burnt lock of hair between his thumb and index finger.

“This asshole decided to try and control Half-and-Half to use his flames,” Katsuki snarled out as his eyes flashed over to Izuku, waiting for a ‘language’ reprimand that never came. “He didn’t consider that Half-and-Half’s flames could get...out of hand.”

Jirou clamped a hand over her mouth to keep her gut-busting laughter in check. “How did you even get affected? It’s your Quirk?” Jirou gestured to Todoroki. He turned his attention away, cheeks suspiciously pink.

“What’s with the corpse?” Shinsou asked, eyeing Mimoru’s unconscious form still draped over Izuku’s shoulder. Izuku gave a sheep chuckle as a medic rushed over to retrieve the teen.
“It’s a long story.” Izuku handed the teen over, eyes sweeping over his classmates for any sign of severe wounds. Feeling nothing from them besides the occasional bump or bruise, he settled back as more of their friends hurried over to them.

“So what ball did you guys get?” Tsuyu asked as she bumped shoulders with Uraraka.

“Five, luckily. If Aoyama-kun and Ojirou-kun hadn’t saved us at the last second, we would have failed with just the three of us,” Izuku explained with a relieved smile. “You guys?”

“One,” Tsuyu spoke as she held up her ball. Uraraka beamed and linked arms with Iida, pulling him close.

“Two! We had to fight these Gundam guys but we managed in the end! It was super intense!” Uraraka looked triumphant and Aoyama gave a pained noise.

“We nearly had that ball, didn’t we?” Aoyama turned to Ojirou, who squinted against the intense sparkles the blonde was emitting.

“Those who have a ball, stay here!” Midnight called out, arm raised to draw their attention. “Those who were unable to retrieve a ball or do not fit in the number listed, please leave to the nearest exits!” Students moved, Class 1-A’s cheerful demeanor dropping as they saw Satou, Shouji, Kouda, and Tokoyami move to the exits.

“They should have passed,” Izuku complained softly as he saw them leave. “They have the perfect Quirks for stealth!”

“Maybe if they worked together,” Iida corrected as he frowned at them as well, “but if they were trying by themselves, then it’s an entirely different story.” Izuku nodded in reluctant agreement, checking to see who else had passed amongst their peers.

“Now of those who’ve passed, please gather around!” The students followed the instructions, awkwardly trading glances as they huddled closer towards the stage. Midnight gestured to the projector, which flashed as it showed an updated roster of the participating students. “These are the current students.”
Izuku blinked at the lined up students, showing them in two parallel rows. Midnight waved a hand and the line up zoomed out.

“There will be two parts to this course! The first will determine the bracketing system we will use for the second part.” Midnight twirled a lock of her hair, smiling like a shark smelling blood. “The first part - you will fight against those of your groups until there is are 2 winners from each group.”

“Huh?” Sero wheezed out as a confused silence fell upon the students. “We’re...fighting against each other?”

“Turning our allies into enemies,” Izuku explained softly, eyebrows furrowed. “That’s kind of ingenious. We mostly paired up with those we were familiar with, knowing their Quirks or personalities to our advantage. Now it’s a disadvantage, because our opponents will know all our trump cards.”

“Will you be okay?” Uraraka whispered, worrying her bottom lip as her eyes flashed to his wings. Behind them, Katsuki stiffened before swiftly kicking at the dirt by her heel. She sent him a glare, Todoroki resting a placating hand on her arm to keep her from sending Katsuki off into the stratosphere.

“I’ll be fine,” Izuku responded, ignoring the snickering from his soulmates as they watched the interaction between the rosy-cheeked girl and their residential hot-head. “I’ve been advised on how to work around sparring and fighting against my soulmates.”

“Have you now?” Iida asked softly as Midnight continued to explain, her expression pinched as she noticed the whispering teens. “How so?”

Izuku just gave a secretive smile, his eyes flashing behind his glasses.

“Ohohoho~!” Hatsume laughed loudly, stroking one of her babies strapped to her waist, “now I get to fight against you, open-back!”

“Is that his new nickname?” Mina whispered to Jirou, who tried to muffle her giggles against Momo’s back. Momo, resigned to her rambunctious classmates, just exhaled loudly through her nose.
“Listen!” Midnight finally snapped and the teens fell silent. “Now! The students who retrieved the Number 1 and Number 2 ball automatically pass onto the second portion of the second trial. Those who had the Number 3 ball, please step up onto the stage. The rest of you, move to the sides, near the exits.”

Izuku looked at Katsuki, Todoroki, and Shinsou, who were staring at each other with dawning dread.

“I fucking hate you two,” Katsuki spat, eyes narrowed like he was ready to start swinging. Todoroki looked just as annoyed, lips pressed tightly together.

“I can’t believe we’re stuck with him. This is your fault.” Shinsou raised an eyebrow, mock-hurt drawing his lip out into a pout.

“Excuse me,” he gasped dramatically, “but if I remember, you both were all gung-ho to team up.”

“Stop talking to us!” Katsuki snarled and stomped his way towards the stage, Todoroki and Shinsou following as a more reluctant pace.

“I’m betting my lunch on Todoroki and Shinsou winning,” Kirishima spoke up as the teens were guided to the waiting areas, Kaminari and Mina grinning widely.

“I think Bakugou-kun and Shinsou-kun will win,” Tsuyu offered. Uraraka looked considerate at that outcome.

“Can we not bet?” Iida requested. The students ignored him.

“I totally see Shinsou being one of the winners, though. I mean, his Quirk—”

“But they know how it works,” Izuku cut in, looking out at the three as Midnight positioned them across the stage in a triangular shape. “So Shinsou is at a disadvantage based on the fact that they won’t speak to him.”

Midnight looked at the three boys before nodding, raising a hand.
“Only one of you needs to either call forfeit or get removed from the stage. Begin!”

None of them moved. Katsuki regarded Todoroki and Shinsou, his posture tense as his gaze flickered between the two of them. Shinsou’s expression was one of exhausted wariness, his eyes shadowed as he swallowed. Todoroki moved into a more relaxed pose, ice creeping along his feet as he expanded his Quirk from his body.

“So, beautiful weather we’re having, huh?” Shinsou spoke out, scratching the back of his neck. “Sure looks like it is going to rain.” Todoroki and Katsuki stared at him, twin expressions of unamused regard answering him. Shinsou shrugged. “You know me, just trying to strike up a conversation. Speaking of conversational piece, Midoriya sure is something, isn’t he?”

Katsuki’s hands curled into fists and Todoroki’s eyes narrowed.

“I mean, I’ve always heard of the expression ‘Angel amongst men’ but didn’t ever think it could be taken literally.” Shinsou’s lips pulled into an teeth-showing smile. “Kind of sucks though that he’s got such a hot-head for a soulmate. Wonder if he pissed off God in his past life for-”

Katsuki silently lunged, explosions setting off in the air. Using the momentum from his explosions, he twirled in the air, kick flying over Shinsou’s ducked form. Todoroki took that chance, coating the entire stage in a layer of ice, nearly causing Katsuki to titter backwards when he landed on the slippery surface.

Shinsou jumped forward, falling into a leg-sweep. Katsuki grabbed hold of Shinsou’s shoulders, fisting the fabric in his smoke-smelling hands. Shinsou blinked and he was flying, soaring over Katsuki’s head as the blonde fell backwards from the kick. A pillar of ice shot up, nearly impaling Shinsou as he tried to maneuver mid-air. He sucked in a breath, slamming against the hard ice as Todoroki rushed at the two.

“What’s wrong, Bakugou? Mad that Midoriya’s stuck with someone like you as his soulmate?” Shinsou sneered out, face grimacing at the unadulterated look of loathe the blonde haired teen emitted.

“YOU DON’T KNOW ANYTHING!” Katsuki roared, seeing red in that single moment. “I’M NOT HIS FUCKING SOULMATE!”
“Don’t-” Todoroki locked eyes with Shinsou, meaning to address Katsuki, only to speak towards the purple haired teen. It was enough for Shinsou, though.

“Walk-”

A pillar of ice shot off the concrete, slamming into his stomach. Shinsou’s feet left the ground as he went airborne, the breath literally punched out of him. He landed on the grass in a roll, any air left in his lungs pushed out in a pained wheeze.

Silence hung as Shinsou just blinked up at the blue sky, completely lost as his mind replayed the last 30 seconds over in his head.

*What?*

“Shinsou Hitoshi has been knocked out of the ring! Bakugou Katsuki and Todoroki Shouto pass to the second part of the course!”

Red and white entered his vision as a hand reached out for his arm. Shinsou was hauled up onto his feet, his weight leaning heavily into Todoroki. Katsuki was scowling at the two, small explosions lighting his palms.

“You are lucky Half-and-Half knocked you out of bounds. I wouldn't have been so kind.” Katsuki turned on his heel, marching off towards the crowded students waiting.

“Bakugou-kun and Midoriya-kun seem to be at odds considering the Soulmate issue,” Todoroki whispered as he helped Shinsou over to Izuku and them. “Don't take anything he says personally. Just tune him out.”

Shinsou barked out a laugh as Izuku’s wings fluttered anxiously at his obvious pain. “Is that what you do? Just tune him out?”

“Less of a headache, at the end of the day,” Todoroki answered seriously. Shinsou laughed louder.

“Group 4, please come up to the stage!”
Izuku poked at Shinsou’s stomach, trying to soothe his aching body as the students from Class 1-B walked by them. Green eyes lifted, making contact with glossy, dark eyes. Ibara smiled faintly, her gaze sliding off to the side. Her smile faltered and she turned, TetsuTetsu guiding her onto the stage.

“Alright, same rule as last fight - only two contestants can remain on the stage. Begin!” Midnight shuffled backwards as the four students tensed.

TetsuTetsu was the first to move, turning into steel as he all but body-slammed towards Momona. Momona dodged, doing a backhandspring. Kendo threw a oversized punch at him just as he stuck the landing. He ducked, slapping her arm before she could withdrew it. His own oversized fist slammed into her, sending her sliding across the stage.

Vines wrapped around his ankles and Momona barely had time to suck in a breath before he was launched into the air, shot up like a whip ricocheting off a solid surface. He slammed into the dirt a foot away from Midnight, groaning loudly.

“Sucks to suck!” Kendo laughed out, grabbing TetsuTetsu’s arm and tossing him over her shoulder. He rolled out of the way of her giant fists slamming into the cement.

“Now now, children,” Ibara spoke softly and the two squeaked as vines snagged them, lifting them off the ground by the back of their jerseys, “there is no need for teasing during such a event.”

“I-Ibara-chan, please be nice,” Kendo stuttered as she tried to untangle herself. Her squirming made her look like a worm dancing on a fishing wire. TetsuTetsu hung limp, grumbling to himself as the dark eyed girl just considered her two opponents.

“If one of you forfeit, you will not suffer the same bruising fate as Neito-kun,” Ibara spoke, tilting her head to the side. “I cannot put it into words that’d make sense to you but I need to pass onto the next part of this course. You understand, of course, don’t you?”

TetsuTetsu and Kendo traded looks, both of their expressions pinching up into confused reluctance.

“It’s that… It has to do with that, right?” Kendo asked slowly, ceasing in her struggles. Ibara’s head tilted back, her eyes half-lidded as she studied the orange haired girl. “...There isn’t any other way?”

“It is the Lord’s desire that I continue on my path,” Ibara spoke softly, her voice slowly dwindling
away. If one were to listen closely, they’d hear the barest hints of overlapping voices of static. “So I must pass this trial set before me.”

“You owe me,” Kendo snapped out and raised her hands up. “Okay, okay, I forfeit!”

“What?! KENDO ITSUKA HAS FORFEITED AFTER SOME TRADED WORDS WITH HER CLASSMATE SHIOZAKI IBARA!” Present Mic announced as the stadium erupted in various volumes of disagreement. “So TetsuTetsu TetsuTetsu and Shiozaki Ibara are passing onto the next round!”

“What a twist,” Aizawa’s deadpan voice responded. “When do we get a break?”

Ibara gently lowered her two classmates back onto the ground and clasped her hands together in a prayer, utter delight on her face.

“Bless you for your kindness, Itsuka-chan. You are truly a pure hearted person.” Kendo blushed and waved away the vine-haired girl’s words, helping Momona to his feet. TetsuTetsu gave Ibara a thumbs up and Midnight ushered them off the stage.

As they passed, Izuku and Ibara met eyes again and nodded to one another.

“Good job,” Izuku spoke and Ibara stopped, giving him a once over. She smiled softly, bowing her head to him.

“I wish you the best of luck as well. I pray for your success, Midoriya Izuku-san.” Izuku blinked as she continued on, following after her classmates.

“She kinda reminds me of you, Mido-chan,” Hagakure spoke as she leaned up on him, elbow digging into his shoulder. “She’s got that...airy personality.”

“That’s one way to put it,” Ojirou spoke as Midnight called for them. Hatsume scrambled past them, skipping up to the stairs of the stage. Aoyama strutted after, his posture stiff with nerves. Ojirou sighed and wrapped his tail around Izuku’s wrist, tugging him and Hagakure with him as he walked up the stairs. Izuku gave one last glance back at Ibara before he was positioned across from Hatsume.
“Again, only two students can pass onto the next round. Begin!” Midnight spoke up. Hatsume cackled loudly, grabbing onto one of her inventions strapped to her belt.

“Time to introduce - whoa, your eyes are pretty!” Hatsume’s attention snapped to Izuku, who’d lowered his glasses down, letting his glowing gold eyes bore into her own cross-haired pupils. “Um.”

“Hatsume-san,” Izuku spoke slowly, his smile gentle and the air around him warm and inviting, “are you okay?” Hatsume jerked back, the green haired teen suddenly in her personal space. When had he gotten so close to her? Hagakure, Aoyama, and Ojirou seemed froze stiff, Ojirou’s confused expression revealing their hesitancy.

“Uh- I- no?” Hatsume stammered out, mind reeling as she continued to stare at the liquid gold. His gaze reminded her of the faculty furnace she frequented for her babies, the glow pulling her in with a promise of success and accomplishment.

One of his hands reached up, tugging down her goggles. They hit her collarbone, warm under his touch. Izuku’s gaze softened, his head tilting to the side for a moment as if listening to a voice only he could hear.

“Hatsume-san-” her name on his lips resounded through her soul and gripped painfully at her chest, stealing her breath away - “can you do me a very simple favor?” The hand raised again, cupping her cheek. The world spun, darkening until those glowing eyes were all she knew.

“Anything,” was whispered. By her? Maybe. She wasn’t certain she had spoken, much less wheezed out anything coherent. Izuku’s thumb soothed down her cheek and he smiled wider.

“Take a step back?” Izuku asked as if afraid of her response, eyebrows pinching up and lips quirking in the corners in uncertainty. Hatsume barely registered moving backwards. She stepped down, onto the stairs leading to the grassy field. The hand on her cheek slipped away.

Izuku closed his eyes as he positioned his glasses back along the bridge of his nose and the spell was broken.

“Wha-what?” Hatsume wheezed out, coming back to herself just as her name was announced as losing the battle, having stepped out of bounds. “What was that!!”
“I’m so sorry,” Izuku spoke as he frowned down at Hatsume and against the shadows of his bangs, his eyes looked more ominous than comforting like she’d previously considered. “I didn’t want to pull such a dirty trick. You’re very pure-hearted though. It’s refreshing.”

“HUH ?!” Hatsume whined as Izuku turned, facing his soulmates.

“What was that, Mido-chan?” Hagakure asked slowly, tone expressing her unease. “You-uh-kind of felt weird there for a moment?”

“I’m sorry I had to subject you to that unpleasant feeling,” Izuku apologized, something off in his tone that contradicted his wording. His gaze slid over to Ojiro and Aoyama, who were still awkwardly stiff as boards. “Well? Are we not supposed to fight?”

“I’m kind of hesitant, to be honest,” Ojiro bit out, tail thumping against the ground. “No offense but after what we saw with Bakugou…” Aoyama nodded vigorously in agreement and Hagakure shifted her footing.

“And like I’ve said.” Izuku huffed as he took his glasses off, tucking them into his uniform pocket. Green slowly melted into gold and he frowned, “I’ve been advised on how to deal with it.”

If there was one thing he hated about the steadily approaching change in weather, it was the fact that each upcoming fluctuation in the temperature resulted in new clothes shopping. The bane of his existence - buying new clothes. He hated it. They’d only get ruined within the month and there went his money down the drain - stained and soiled in blood and ashes of his victims.

When getting into Villainism, no one ever took into consideration the costs of being fashionable or at least decently dressed. There was an entire aesthetic to the idea of being a Villain. You either fell into the mockery of a Hero category or the DARK AND EDGY™ category.

He just had to slot into the more expensive one, didn’t he?

He paused, one foot inside the changing room, as his gaze landed on an abandoned skirt. His eyes trickled up from the skirt, crawling up the exposed, pale legs. Nice legs, thick legs, unblemished or
blotchy with stretch marks or scars or scabs. His mind stuttered to a halt, crashing and blue-screening as he realized the person in front of him was only wearing panties. His eyes finally, painstakingly slowly, met amused gold as the girl rested her hands on her hips, unashamed as she showed off her nude chest.

She was naked. She was in the guy’s changing room in only her pink, ribboned underwear, and she was naked.

“What’s wrong?” The girl leered, fanged teeth glistening as she spoke, “Never seen boobs before?” She tilted her head, letting her blond hair fall from its messy half-tied buns.

His eyes burned into the small trumpet tattoo inked into her collarbone, the placement and image itself interesting to see.

Dabi’s eyes quickly shot to the mirror behind her, deciding that rather than ogling her front, he could at least try to save himself by admiring her reflected backside. His eyes locked onto the flesh between her shoulder blades.

He dropped the leather jacket in his sudden slack grip and it crumpled to the floor.

Two long, jagged scars sat in the middle of her back, the skin shiny like burnt plastic. Around the raised, carved edges the skin was discolored, blistered and swollen in a way that infected wounds healed.

“Oh?”

Turquoise eyes shot back to lock with gold as the woman’s voice sounded again. “Can you...see them?” Her pupils seemed to shrink, nearly swallowed by that glowing hue that left Dabi breathless and lightheaded. He stepped further into the dressing room, the door closing behind him with an echoing creak.

He stumbled back against it as the woman advanced, her arms wrapping around his neck with surprising speed. His arms froze in the air, thoughts screeching to a halt as she pressed herself against his chest.

She smiled, those eyes positively radiating light as she reached up on her tiptoes to whisper in his ear.
“Want to touch them? It can be our little secret.” She felt Dabi under her shudder, his body seeming to fight with itself on what it wanted to do. Slowly, she felt one of his hands come up to press against her back, between her shoulder blades.

He sucked in a deep breath, knees buckling as she hugged him tighter to her body. The room fell silent as Dabi’s head thumped down against her shoulder.

“Nice to meet you,” she sung out, squeezing him tighter as her body pulsated warmth. “What’s your name, my precious?”

She sat against the wall near the exit, hands laced together on her lap and head bowed. She breathed deeply, eyes closed as she tried to tune her surroundings out. TetsuTetsu stood guard beside her, chasing away any curious or concerned onlookers with a glower.

Her ears were ringing. She bit the inside of her cheek and looked up, dark eyes finding Izuku as he carefully used Hagakure’s own weight to knock her off her feet. She watched as those gold eyes locked on with Ojirou and used the teen’s sudden pause to shove Aoyama at him, nearly tittering the two off the stage.

She watched, silent and still, and listened.

Her ears were ringing. Her mind was drowned under the shattering of glass and high pitched wails of a frequency only she was privy to hearing. Her body tensed as she caught the faintest outline of glass-pane wings, glistening in the sunlight. Her sight was borrowed, blessed upon her in that brief moment of nearly lost consciousness.

She watched as Izuku grabbed onto Ojirou’s tail, spinning him into Aoyama. Aoyama and Ojirou fell off the stage and the match was called, leaving him and Hagakure victorious.

Her ears were ringing.
“All Might-sensei! Aizawa-sensei!” Uraraka greeted as the two men walked towards them, All Might helping Aizawa as his steps were still slightly stiff. “Are you joining us for lunch?”

“Yes,” Aizawa spoke as All Might seemingly produced a large lunch box out of thin air. “Congrats to all of you, no matter if you’ve passed to the second part of the course or not. I am proud of all of you.”

“I’m pumped that we’re going to be able to participate in the second half!” Mina spoke, looping a an arm around Kirishima’s shoulders. “Right Kirishima?”

“I honestly don’t know how we managed to beat Momo-san and Jirou-san,” Kirishima laughed out, blushing under the attention.

“I would have won,” Shinsou grumbled from between Uraraka and Ojirou, nibbling on a meatball. “I had you two.”

“Keep bitching,” Katsuki snapped out, shoveling hot-sauce drenched fried rice into his mouth. The class clustered together under a tree on the outside barrier of the stadium, deciding to make a class picnic out of the hour long break. Iida, trying to be orderly in his distribution of the food, was chiding Todoroki who was plucking food up without a care.

“Ah, where is young Midoriya?” All Might spoke, looking around for the class Angel. Uraraka perked up, looking around as well.

“Eh? Where is Deku-kun?” She frowned, turning to Aoyama when he sighed loudly and overly dramatic.

“He said he was going to eat lunch with his parents,” the teen explained. Katsuki spat out his rice, hacking and slamming a hand against is chest as everyone blinked at him.

“His shitty dad is here?!” Katsuki roared out, looking like a cornered animal. Aoyama and Todoroki shared looks and nodded, understanding where the hot tempered teen was coming from.

“His father?” All Might echoed, smile stiff on his face. Should he go find them and introduce
himself? After all, he’d been causing Inko nothing but trouble by his almost weekly visits to the Midoriya household. It would only be right. “Excuse me! I am going to go buy some tea. Does anyone else want anything to drink?”

“Ah!” Hagakure waved her wallet in front of the Hero. “Can you buy me a strawberry milk?”

“Oh, and a juice box!” Kaminari requested, pulling out the needed change.

“I would like the dark liquid of bubbliness,” Tokoyami spoke softly as Dark Shadow passed over the coins.

“...what?” All Might asked softly.

“Make that two sodas please,” Kirishima beamed, handing over his own money. Aizawa snickered behind his scarf as the students listed off their drink choices to the suddenly frazzled Symbol.

“You~ Were~ Amazing~!” Hisashi cheered as he spun Izuku about, making sure to keep in one area lest he knock someone out with flailing limbs from his child. “You remind me of your mother down to the eerily glowing Confessional Eyes!”

Izuku clung to his father for dear life, his eyes spiraling as Inko just giggled at their antics.

“Oh dear, put him down before he passes out,” Inko called good-heartedly. Hisashi carefully settled Izuku down onto his feet, cupping his cheeks in his scarred hands.

“I’m so proud of you though! And that Quirk! It’s amazing!” Hisashi’s grin was small but warm all the same, ruffling his son’s curls. “You’ll have to explain that to me, okay?”

“I will. Thanks for, um, coming to see me?” Izuku smiled sheepishly as his mother guided them over to a plastic table set up outside for guests. She laid out their lunches, giggling under her breath as Hisashi all but clung to Izuku. Izuku basked in the undivided attention of his father, his wings all but
singing as he leaned into his shoulder.

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world, son. So, I see your wings have gotten super long. Wanna fill me in?” Hisashi swiped a piece of chicken, popping it into his mouth as Izuku picked up a piece of rolled egg.

“I found a lot of my soulmates!” Izuku explained, wings fluttering in excitement. “It must be one of His blessings, for them to all be in my class. I am so lucky! I was worried they’d be separated, like how mom’s were but-”

“How cute!” Hisashi hugged Izuku tightly to his chest, squeezing him until his son was smacking against his back to be released. “Reminds me of how Inko was when she’d meet her soulmates.”

“Oh my, I wasn’t that-” Inko cut herself off at Hisashi’s teasing eyebrow raise, his expression clearly saying ‘you suck at lying’. Her lips quivered before she laughed into her hand, picking up a piece of stir-fried broccoli.

“How’s that one kid?” Hisashi asked, finally releasing Izuku from his clutches. “Katsuki-kun?”

“Kacchan?” Izuku’s wings drooped down and he frowned. “Still on opposite ends with our bond.” Hisashi hummed, eyes sliding over to his wife before he ruffled Izuku’s hair again.

“Don’t worry Izukun. Inko and I were like that too when we first met. Your bond will repair itself. He still carries your feather, right?” Izuku nodded and Hisashi smiled. “Then you’re already on your way. I never had a feather at first. It wasn’t until I fell in love with your mom did I get on. So you and Katsuki already have that advantage. Don’t sweat the small details. He’s just a tsundere.”

“Tsundere…” Izuku muttered and smiled to himself. “Thanks dad.” Hisashi leaned over, planting a quick kiss to his son’s head before plucking at their lunch again.

Izuku lowered his chopsticks, eyes bouncing between his mother and father. Compared to his mother’s aura of radiant light and endless warmth and singing voices of purity, his father was nothing but bleak darkness of a winter night, like a trail that led to an unforeseen end. The darkness and bitter cold that shrouded him was always worse when he came back, during his rare home visits. By the time he’d leave to go back to work, the Veil around him would be nothing but a transparent, gray blanket of Sins and self-loathing. His mother worked hard to cleanse him of his Sins, to heal what she could mend with His warmth in her words and in her touch.
But in the end, he always came back layered in the thick black and smiling like he was one step away from a meltdown.

“How’s it over in America? Anything interesting going on?” Izuku asked, taking a sip of his tea. Hisashi shoved a rice ball into his mouth, only chewing twice before he swallowed the mush.

“Eh. Seen better. Currently my partner is over at I-Island. You know what that is, right?” Hisashi leaned back as Izuku’s eyes widened and sparkles seemed to appear out of nowhere around him.

“Of course! They are making progress in giving Heroes more support technologically based to reduce the casualties from Quirk-only fighters. Support Items are becoming more common place in the Hero industry too due to the-”

“Okay okay bucko, calm down,” Hisashi laughed, patting Izuku’s hair. “Yeah, that island. My partner is currently working with this one scientist, David Shield, to try and see about incorporating items that draw off of Quirks but-”

As he spoke, Izuku noticed the darkness growing denser around his father. He frowned, wondering what about this topic was causing his inner anguish to grow.

“.....your Sins are getting thicker,” Izuku spoke near the end of their lunch, chopsticks placed down and plate nearly scarce of food. “Is work forcing you to do bad stuff again?”

Inko paused in taking a sip of her tea, eyes flashing gold as Hisashi hummed loudly.

“Don’t worry about that stuff, dork,” he spoke, flicking Izuku on the forehead. “Your momma’s taking good care of me.” Izuku studied his father for a moment before nodding.

“So, about these soulmates. I wanna meet them!” Hisashi laughed and Izuku’s wings expanded, flapping in contentedness.

“Sure. Are we finished, Mom?” Izuku turned to Inko, who nodded. He helped her clean up, the two quick in collecting their dishes and typing the lunch box back up in its cloth. The three left the table, Izuku taking lead as he felt for his soulmates. Feeling one closing in, he turned a corner towards the
direction of the outside vending machines.

Hisashi and Inko bumped into Izuku as he halted and they looked at his gawking expression. They followed his gaze and Hisashi doubled over with a bit of bark of laughter.

All Might and Endeavor stood at the vending machines, the flame Hero weight down with an armful of boxed or canned drinks. All Might himself was hunched over the vending machine selection buttons, reading off a list of drinks as he frantically tried to punch in the numbers for the next drink.

“Do-do you need help?” Izuku rushed over, completely ignoring the Number 2 Hero in favor of focusing on All Might. All Might jolted and gripped onto Izuku’s shoulder tightly, squeezing it.

“They don’t have habanero oil juice,” All Might spoke solemnly. “Young Bakugou looked so intent on trying it, too.” Izuku stared in bewilderment before snorting out a laugh, peering at the selection available.

“Kacchan also drinks spiced chai milk,” Izuku offered in substitution before pressing the desired buttons. He grabbed the drink after it was dispensed and smiled. “Heading back to the class?” All Might nodded and Endeavor shifted the drinks in his arms, expression steadily growing darker.

“Hi Endeavor-chan~!” Hisashi greeted, wrapping his arms around Inko’s waist as he leaned against her back. “Long time no see.” Endeavor stiffened, glaring at the man with narrowed eyes. Silence passed between the two of them as tension thickened the air around the five. Finally-

“Who are you?” Endeavor gruffed out, trying to be demeaning despite looking completely ridiculous with his arms burdened with 20 variety drinks. Inko touched a hand to Hisashi’s arm, keeping him still against her as Hisashi exhaled slowly through his nose.

“You called me a Too-Bit-Copy,” Hisashi hinted and in that single sentence, Endeavor’s expression closed off. His eyes flashed to Inko, to Izuku, to All Might, before going back to Hisashi. His face scrunched up in unadulterated disgust.

“I didn’t know they allowed such filth to walk about without proper security,” Endeavor sneered out, his flames expanding for a moment. “You’re allowed off your leash, mutt?”

“Ah-ah-ah,” Hisashi chided teasingly, eyes dead as he smiled emptily at the Hero, “you know better
than to talk about my position. I’m protected, remember?"

“Protected?! Should be behind bars~”

“All Might-sensei, let’s take these drinks back before everyone gets cranky,” Izuku cut in, voice firm as he stepped in front of Endeavor, holding his hands out for the drinks. “Excuse me, may I have those please?” Endeavor sneered down at Izuku, eyes sharp as he gave the teen a once over.

“I’d pity you for who your father is,” the Hero spat as he all but dumped the drinks into Izuku’s awaiting arms, “but looking at you, it seems that you are just as pathetic. You fought like a coward. Raised by that trash and ruined for it.”

Sharp, deadly gold eyes met his and Endeavor felt like a shadow was suddenly cast upon him, the air chilled and thin. Izuku’s expression was blank, gaze taking in the transparent veil of black that wrapped around the Hero’s shoulders like a cloak. He tilted his head up, squaring his shoulders.

“Considering how your son was raised, I don’t think you have the right to speak up about anyone’s parenting.” Endeavor’s body was hit with a wave of ice cold at the boy’s words and his mouth opened, unable to speak words. “Todoroki-kun and his siblings turned out just fine, thankfully, besides a few minor issues with their social and behavioral development but that’s something easily mended.”

Gold seeped into the edges of his vision and Endeavor felt his knees tremble to hold him up.

“Hold your tongue next time, Endeavor-san. I’m in a good mood over my father’s visit so I’m trying hard not to let anything ruin it. I won’t be so forgiving next time.” Izuku stepped around Endeavor, offering some of the drinks to All Might, who dumbly took them. “Please understand that if you try to approach Todoroki-kun today, you won’t just have him to deal with. I do not let harm come to my precious people. No matter who is causing it.”

Hisashi guided Inko around Endeavor’s shock-still body and the four left, All Might glancing between them constantly. Izuku’s wings all but burned in contained rage, their song harsh and grating as they tinkered.

“...so...All Might,” Hisashi began as the four walked back towards the students. “A Symbol of Peace turned into a teacher, huh? Talk about a life changing career.”
“Ah, yes,” All Might chuckled, plopping a hand down on Izuku’s hair. He ruffled it, tension easing as Izuku’s wing sung back in comfort. “It certainly is. I don’t really know how to deal with the children, sometimes. Their slang and those ‘mimi’s get the best of me most days.”

“Memes,” Izuku corrected with a laugh, his expression softening. “They’re memes, All Might.” All Might gave a forced laugh, obviously embarrassed, while Hisashi narrowed his eyes at the two.

“Are you one of his soulmates?” Hisashi asked and Izuku tripped over his own feet. All Might barely even noticed him righting the teen as he gawked at the man.

“Wha-what-soul-soulmates?!” The Hero cried out. “What is that - how could you-”

“His wings are reacting to you. Inko’s does that with me or Mit-chan, so obviously you’re a soulmate,” Hisashi explained and raised an eyebrow when Izuku paled. “What, is it supposed to be a secret?”

“The Symbol of Peace, soulmates to a young teenager with a similar Quirk and Angelic blood,” Inko mumbled softly to herself. “A secret indeed. Think of the backlash or chaos that could cause. A weakness to the impenetrable Man of the Ages.” Hisashi’s gaze hardened, his tone more light as he made a humming noise of interest.

“As long as you keep your hands to yourself, we’re good,” Hisashi finally spoke, frowning. “I don’t want you crushing him with your super strength.”

“Oh no,” All Might stuttered out as Izuku hid his red face. “I - um - I just want to properly introduce myself to you! I’ve been in your family’s care and your son has done me a favor I will never be able to repay!”

“Did he now?” Hisashi smiled at his son, pride brightening his face. “Sure. Dinner at our place tonight?” All Might nodded and they rounded a corner, finding the class chilling under the tree still.

“Fuck,” was all Katsuki could say before scarred hands were hauling him up into a suffocating embrace.

“KATSUKI-KUN! Oh, how you’ve grown! You look more and more like Mit-chan every time I see you!” Hisashi cooed in greeting as Inko bowed to Aizawa, who bowed back. The class watched as
Katsuki kicked and clawed in the man’s grip, looking like a startled cat.

“Let go of me, you fucking creep! Oi, Deku, get your dad!” Katsuki snarled as Hisashi pulled at his cheeks and his eyebrows, making noises of joy and remarking on his parents similar features.

“That’s your dad ?!” Mina cried out, eyes wide as she ogled at the man. She wasn’t the only one - most of the girls and some of the guys were staring at him, noting his similar features to their classmate. If that was what was shared between them, they could only imagine what Izuku would look like older.

“Whoa, he looks so manly,” Kirishima whispered, sparkles floating around him as he stared at the scars decorating the man. “He’s been places and done stuff.”

“Wow,” Jirou dryly commented as she took her offered drink, “way to state the obvious.”

“He takes Edgy Aesthetic to a whole new level,” Tokoyami cawed quietly, Dark Shadow resting his beak on the boy’s shoulder in comfort. “The souls of the undead cling to his form in a type of shield.”

“Shut up and drink your banana milk,” Kaminari quipped and shoved the carton into the teen’s hand. “But dude, those scars are wicked cool! Did you get them fighting a Villain?”

“Now now,” Hisashi spoke as he finally let go of Katsuki, who all but scaled the tree like a feline running from a predator, “it’s not nice to ask about others scars. If gives the ones who placed them there a bad rep when you find out how messed up they are because of these.” Hisashi smirked like a shark and hugged Izuku from behind, regarding the students and teacher.

Aizawa glared at the man. Ah, he must have recognized him.

“Nice to meet you all. I’m Midoriya Hisashi, Izukun’s father.” Hisashi swayed side to side with Izuku, humming. “Thank you all for being my son’s soulmates.”

“I need more coffee,” Shinsou proclaimed loudly. He didn’t have the energy for this shit.
The lunch break was over too soon. Somehow it had ended with Hisashi suggesting they all go out for barbecue, making it a soulmate bonding excursion. All Might was invited on the excuse of him being a teacher, drawing less questions or suspicions from the students. After that it had fallen into relative peace, Inko and Hisashi drawing the two teachers into conversation of the lessons plans and material UA had to offer while the girls (and some guys) hounded Izuku for details on his father.

And then the break had ended and the students found themselves back in the stadium, waiting to see the bracketing system on who’d they fight.

With only 15 of them left for the second part of the second course, there would only be 7 fights. Due to the odd number of students, one student would get an automatic pass to the third course. The 7 remaining students would advance onto the third and final course of the event, determining a winner of the sports festival.

Ibara and TetsuTetsu stood beside Mina and Kirishima, Kirishima and TetsuTetsu making faces at each other. Uraraka, Iida, Todoroki, and Tsuyu flanked Izuku, subconsciously wanting to be closer while Katsuki glowered and glared at anyone and everyone. Hagakure chatted idly with 1-B’s Yanagi and Rin, the two remaining students from the General Education Department silent at they waited for Midnight.

“Now, for this second portion, it will be a bracketing system! Here is the roaster. The chosen student to advance without fighting based on the odd number of students is Hagakure Tooru from 1-A.” Midnight showed the projection and Hagakure gave a whoop of excitement, bouncing over to go watch from the stands.

Izuku stared.

Midoriya vs Shiozaki
Bakugou vs Asui
Iida vs Todoroki
Kirishima vs TetsuTetsu
Uraraka vs Yanagi
Mina vs Rin
Miyamoto vs Riya
“The first match will be Midoriya Izuku versus Shiozaki Ibara! All other contestants, please move to the stands until it is time for your match!”

Izuku and Ibara stood there as the students filed away. Midnight moved from the stage, leaving the two in tense silence.

Izuku lowered his eyes to his hands, clasping them together in a prayer. He closed his eyes, bowing his head as his wings tucked up against him. He heard a soft buzzing, accompanied by the faint sound of an organ playing. It wrapped around Ibara like a protective sleeve, encircling her.

“You can’t hear them, can you?” Ibara spoke up, eyes glossy as she stared at the air to the side of Izuku’s left ear. “You can’t hear the voices, can you?”

Izuku gave a pained, sad smile, his posture slumping forward slightly. “Sadly, I can’t. But you can, right? Loud and clear?” Izuku’s eyes glowed like a beacon behind his glasses. “After all, you are a prophet.”

Ibara smiled, thin and bemused, her eyes sharpening. “They whisper about you, all the time. They whisper and warn and want me to heed their words. I listen the best I can, but sometimes they are too loud to understand completely. But it is God’s will that I hear them, and for that, I am eternally grateful.”

“What do they say about me?” Izuku asked as his wings streteched out, expanding to their full length. “The others without a mortal body?”

“The Angels?” Ibara breathed out, face slackening. Her eyes shuttered in their sockets and when she spoke, thousands of windchime voices laced with her words. “You are danger.”

Chapter End Notes
Miyamoto and Riya are cast-away OCs that have nothing to do with the story besides take up space lmao. That's all
Chapter 14

Chapter by widdlewed

Chapter Notes

This chapter is beta’d. I wanna give my beautiful best friend and other half, pillage-him-satanael, time to focus on college applications and RL stuff so I didn't pester them endlessly to read this chapter. As such, sorry for the more than usual errors in the fic lol

Please check out these fanart drawings! I don't deserve how absolutely gorgeous each and every single one of these are yet here they are:

kurokotheninja
fingerspellingtopassthetime
faoghart

Remember to give the artists love and the recognition they deserve! <3

Chapter Warning(s): Slight gruesome depiction of violence, mention of alcohol, Villains in general, swear words, inaccuracies surrounding religion

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The ground under him splintered like wood as thick ropes of vines shot up, nearly impaling him. Izuku lurched backwards, wings tucking in tight as he felt a rush of Grace coat the vines. The Angels were doing more than just speaking to her, it seemed.

Izuku stumbled, nearly tripping over his own feet, as he reeled back. He pumped his Quirk into his legs, feeling that familiar snap of his bones breaking as green electricity raced up his thighs. The ground under him cracked as he lunged forward, eyes flashing a bright gold as he drew a fist back. He pivoted at the last second, disappearing from in front of Ibara.

The air crackled as he rounded behind the girl, fist raised again to punch. He threw his arm forward, the momentum making his entire body twist.

Thick vines shot up like a wall, taking the impact of the enhanced punch. Grace laced up the vines, protecting them as dust kicked up and a mushroom of wind blew across the stadium.

The audience shielded their faces from the gusts of wind, blinking grit and dirt from their eyes. Ibara’s vines opened in a hole, letting her fling herself out of the gap. She used the vines as a
springboard, twisting in the air in a spinning kick. It landed perfectly against Izuku’s temple, sending him tumbling.

Izuku’s wings fluttered out as he scrambled up to his knees, throwing his arms out just as a wave of vines slammed into him.

“Ibara is not giving any room for Midoriya-kun to counteract! There has been no break in their fight since the moment it began! Just what have these Heroes-in-Training been learning?”

“Not enough,” Aizawa’s monotone drawl sounded after Present Mic’s loud announcement. “He’s wide-open.” True enough, three vines wrapped around Izuku’s unprotected middle and flung him upwards, the wind whistling in his ears as he went airborne.

The vines loosened, instead falling away to cling to his ankles. Izuku’s wings stretched out just as he was jerked back towards the ground, his eyes watering from the speed at which he was being dragged. His wings fluttered helplessly and he slammed into the ground, his world whitening for a moment.

Izuku blinked black spots out of his vision to find Ibara standing over him, her blank eyes almost gold against the shadows casting over her.

“Tainted One.” The voice that escaped her lips was not her own and Izuku’s wings thrummed, his pupils expanding to engulf the whole of his irises. The air between the two of them seemed to thin, the girls vines moving to sway around her like wings being ruffled in a gentle breeze.

Something in Izuku clenched and throbbed, squeezing tightly in his chest. Tears burned and fell steadily down his dusty cheeks, his trembling hands clenching into fists. That voice - that tone - it sounded like his dreams. Like the harmonious voices of liquid gold and gentle loving, of eternal comfort and safety - it called to him.

As if doused in ice water, a full-body shudder overtook Izuku, causing his thoughts to spin dizzily. He was in a fight - he was in a fight and currently getting his butt handed to him. Forgoing the tears blurring his vision, Izuku threw himself forward.

Ibara’s eyes went wide, light returning to her eyes as Izuku tackled her backwards. His wings stretched over them like a dome, his Grace almost burning as he tried to deflect the vines slamming into them. It hurt. It really, really hurt.
While normally, normal Quirks would be harmless to his wings, anything coated in Grace or Taint (from Demons) would automatically turn into a deadly weapon. Grace worked like a double-edged knife - ready to both harm and protect him.

Ibara grabbed at his shirt collar, trying to block his airway as he buried a hand into her hair and pinned her down. His eyes were blazing, teeth gritted as he stared down at her. She glared back, tears trickling as she bared her teeth as well.

“I do not wish to fight you,” Ibara spoke softly, her voice cracking. “He loves all and does not wish for you to be in pain. Neither myself. But they won’t stop and they keep getting louder-”

“Then make them be quiet,” Izuku snapped out, something warm steadily oozing down his exposed back. The tears were beginning to thicken, his breathing labored. It hurt. It hurt. It hurt. “You are not my precious person or my beloved enemy.” Red dripped onto Ibara’s cheek and her eyes went wide.

“I do not have to hold back.” Izuku’s wings shuddered.

[It had started as indistinguishable gibberish. Like thousands of birds chirping, they overlapped into blurbs of screeching noise without any way to discern what the words were. The sound would grow in volume that she swore could make her ears bleed, the high-pitched tone impossible to be human.

It had started as indistinguishable gibberish. It had grown to snippets of words, scattered and scarce in their meaning or coherence.

“Die.”

“Sin.”

“Pray.”
“Plan.”

“Him.”

“Father.”

For years, the words came with the wind, leaving her chilled like winter had settled in her bones. For years, the words repeated without any changes. The tones were almost genderless, just suddenly in her mind in a voice she knew was not her own. The words always carried a sense of something more - something otherworldly. The voices whispered of sadness for old souls or caution for those who felt off to her.

They sung praises and harmonized over sights of religious items, drawing her interest and begrudging reluctances to fall into Christianity faith, if only to find a reason for these voices.

She never did.

Then, when she was in her last year of middle school, the voices suddenly began screaming.

“Awaken.”

“Soulmate.”

“Danger.”

“DANGER.”

“DANGER !”

Her dreams were replaced with nightmares, flurries of images too chaotic to completely comprehend. White. Pure white, like untarnished snow. Gentle and serene in a undisturbed way. Soft feathers, like from a down pillow or fallen from a bird’s wings during their hasty retreat. Crescendoing voices singing over themselves in heartbreaking wails.
Every morning she’d wake up choking on screams and her eyes burning from witnessing something her mortal eyes should never have seen.


“Little One.”

“Lost One.”

“Broken One.”

“Tainted One.”

“DANGER.”

She learned to tune them out, to shove their whispers or their screeches to the back of her mind. She learned to pretend they were but music in the air, to save herself from the strange looks her peers gave her.

One word became more prominent as the days passed, drowning out the other chattering in her buzzing mind.


Suddenly the world seemed to snap into place, as if she had been living with hazy vision. Nightmares melted into memories not her own, of wisdom to guide her on her path.

The words made sense to her, strung into sentences of a path laid out for her to follow.

And follow she did.]
Green electricity snapped at the air, giving off a faint buzz as Izuku dug his crouched legs into the concrete of the stage.

“I wonder how high we’ll go,” Izuku muttered, blood continuing to seep from the gash along his forehead one of Ibara’s vines had caused. “If I jump.”

“Please don’t-” Ibara’s words choked out into a shriek as Izuku shot into the air, the vines falling limply behind them as Ibara clung to him. His wings fluttered weakly, feathers detaching and blood trickling down his wing base. Ibara continued to scream, eyes fully alight and awake as the air deafened them. “You’re crazy!”

“Says the one who hears voices,” Izuku snorted as they hung in the air, his wings stretched wide. His eyes were burning gold against the sun behind him, casting shadows across his face.

“You wouldn’t,” Ibara hissed, feeling his grip slacken. He stared her down, expression blank. A sliver of fear caused her eyes to widen, a trickle of sweat sliding down her cheek. “Would you?”

“Like I said-” his hands fell away and Ibara’s face morphed into one of pure terror “-I don’t have to hold back.”

“A prophet?” Hisashi blinked, head moving back as his son took off into the air with the girl in tow. “She is?”

“I believe so. The air around her is familiar of that to those who hear their voices,” Inko explained as she looked down at her lap. “Some of them are more powerful than others - in terms of hearing their whispers, that is.” Hisashi hummed and whistled, squinting when the sun became an obstacle in seeing the two.
“So what do they do?” Hisashi asked as he turned his attention to his wife. “Besides hear celestial voices.” Inko gave a soft chuckle and leaned over, bumping shoulders with him.

“They share prophecies,” Inko explained carefully, picking at her nail bed. “They relay messages from Him or guide lost souls with words of wisdom.”

“Prophecies, huh? Any better than people with Seer-type Quirks?” Hisashi asked, genuinely curious. While partially involved with the ‘otherworldly’ aspect of his marriage, he’d never actively tried to learn all he could about what his wife was or what she knew. When she told him things, he soaked it in, but never expected more. Only what she shared.

“Seers’ Quirks are usually watered down visions or whispers from Angels,” Inko hummed out, eyes flashing gold. “If Angels and Prophets were on one wavelength, Seers’ Quirks were on a separate one that occasionally breached the other wavelength. That’s what usually results in people being born with Quirks to see the future or make prophecies.”

“Interesting.” Hisashi commented, mentally cataloging the information. “Aren’t prophecies usually about fighting a ultimate evil or whatever? Should we be worried?”

Inko lifted her head, taking in Ibara’s falling form. Her lips pressed into a thin line and she shook her head, once. “No.” Izuku was descending after her, wings tucked in and body twisting like a top. “Not unless she has something bad to share.”

Izuku barreled into Ibara, hugging her to his chest. He whirled at the last second, back to the ground, as they smashed into the stage. Dust kicked up and Izuku coughed, groaning weakly. Ibara laid against him, unconscious. Her body was warm, the borrowed Grace running along her skin thrumming as it called to him. He sat up, wincing at his mending body. He glanced at his legs, seeing them twist and straighten from their bloody, tangled mess. Welp.

“...Midoriya Izuku...wins?” Midnight called, sounding confused. Izuku grunted, body trembling as he eased himself onto his feet. He cradled Ibara’s form against his chest, his wings drooped behind him. No one spoke.

“Yaaaay,” Izuku whispered to himself, body swaying as he took a step out of the body-sized crater he’d created. “You won. Good job Izuku.” Obviously no one appreciated him or his fight.
“Are...are you okay?” Midnight asked tentatively. Izuku frowned at her before looking back at the crater. Oh yeah, normal humans couldn’t immediately stand up from that.

“Yep,” Izuku responded, popping his lips around the ‘p’, “I drank my Strong Bone Juice this morning.” A beat of silence before Midnight reached over and touched his forehead with the back of her hand.

“You don’t have a fever,” she muttered, as if concerned he was delirious from a high temperature, “but let’s get you two to Recovery Girls anyways.” Izuku tightened his grip on Ibara as Vlad King walked out onto the stage to escort them off. He eyed the teacher for a moment before releasing the girl over to his awaiting arms. He was subjected to a once-over from the bulky man.

“Can you walk by yourself?” The man’s eyes slid to the bloody holes coating Izuku’s jersey pants. Izuku bobbed his head up and down.

“Of course. Thank you for your concern,” Izuku spoke and took a step forward. White hot fire shot through his wings and his vision spotted black. He gritted his teeth and followed after the teacher, leaving the eerily silent stadium behind.

“Next up, Bakugou versus Asui!”

All Might was waiting with Recovery Girl when Vlad King led Izuku into the clinic. He laid Ibara out onto a bed and turned to Izuku as the boy hopped up onto the opposite bed.

“Honestly,” Recovery Girl sighed, tapping her cane against the tile flooring, “can’t we have one year without having students nearly kill themselves or others during these events?”

“Wouldn’t want a repeat of twenty years ago,” Vlad King joked, only for his expression to fall at the fierce glare Recovery Girl sent him.

“We don’t talk about that year,” she hissed lowly and All Might coughed into his closed fist, ending
the conversation before it could continue on in front of Izuku. He looked between the three curiously before locking eyes with All Might. His face stretched into a large grin, his wings trying to flutter excitedly but failing horribly.

“I’ll see myself out,” Vlad King sniffed and left, leaving an awkward silence in his wake. Recovery Girl sighed and hobbled over, planting a kiss on Ibara’s forehead. Her body glowed, healing speedily. The Hero turned to Izuku, eyeing his seemingly uninjured form despite the bloodstains saying otherwise.

“I won’t ask,” she sighed and turned back to her desk. All Might glanced at her before stepping over and sitting down beside Izuku. He reached a hand out, planting in between Izuku’s wings.

The change was instantaneous. Izuku’s body slumped forward like a doll with its strings cut and his face fell. His wings tucked in close, pulsating as they healed against All Might’s touch.

“You’re body can’t handle the strain of One For All,” All Might whispered softly, casting a look at Ibara’s unconscious form. “I could almost hear your bones shattering, Midoriya-kun. That isn’t good.”

“I heal faster than humans,” Izuku argued just as quiet, eyes heavy as he stared at his dangling feet over the edge of the bed. “My body is probably the perfect host for such a self-destructive Quirk.” All Might stared him down, lips pulled tight in a grim line.

“Don’t say that,” he spoke, watching those wings stretch out as feathers rapidly regrew and the dried blood at the bases disappear. “Don’t ever say that.”

“Why though?” Izuku asked, kicking his feet. His eyes were glowing under the shadows of his bangs. “It’s true. I doubt my body will fully ever get used to this Quirk. My mother’s Quirk is so weak because of her Grace - mine might be the exact same way.” He closed his eyes. “This might just be my drawback to having more than what I was gifted.”

“Midoriya-kun…” All Might looked over at Ibara as she stirred. Her eyes fluttered open and she sat up, blinking dazily at the two.

“…All Might?” Ibara asked slowly, words slurred. “Oh. I lost. This is the clinic?” All Might nodded and Ibara moved to have her legs hanging off the bed. “Congratulations on your victory, Midoriya Izuku-san. It was God’s wish for us to fight and for you to win.”
Izuku kept his eyes closed and just nodded, once. Ibara hopped off the bed and, after checking with Recovery Girl, left.

All Might looked between the two, feeling that settling emotion of confusion he was growing accustomed too.

“Are you even of age?” Dabi questioned as he looked down beside him. His companion stuck her tongue out, her blonde hair tied up into two messy buns.

“Haha,” she dryly commented as she pushed open the door to the underground bar, “very funny Dabi.” Dabi shoved his hands into his pockets and followed her in, squinting against the harshly dark lighting. It made it almost impossible to see. Narrowing his eyes even more, he looked for the girl. She gave off a faint bodily glow, like a veil of shimmering gold against her skin. It made her the perfect human-sized travel beacon.

“Um.” Someone squeaked as the two opened the second door leading into the bar. “Who invited the kids?” Several pairs of eyes sized the two up and Dabi’s companion stepped closer to him, partially in front as if to shield him.

“Hi hi~!” The girl cooed out, golden eyes sparkling. “I’m Toga Himiko and this is my adorable Dabi!” Toga gestured to Dabi, who hunched his shoulders up as the black misty bartender eyed him with his glowing yellow slits. “We’re here to join the League of Villains!”

Silence met Toga’s announcement and she tilted her head to the side, humming as her lips pulled into a tight-lipped smile.

“...why?” The man in the corner asked, shadows cloaking him. He shifted, stepping closer to the bartender, and Dabi’s legs nearly buckled if not for Toga pressing into his front.

His horns were chipped and cracked but twisted in a mockery of ram horns, curving upwards and out. They seemed to be still growing, the ends looking like they were broken off. His skeletal like wings hung limply behind him, filled with tears and holes but glistening like wet obsidian nonetheless. The air around him was heavy and thick, shadows clinging to his form like a cloak.
Toga gave a full body shudder against Dabi, a breathy sigh escaping her as she smiled widely to the man.

“You liked those chocolates, right?” Toga asked and the man froze, body tensing. “I’ll give you more. So much more. We want to join you, Shigaraki Tomura. Here.” Toga turned and gently reached around Dabi’s trembling torso to grab at his backpack. She rummaged through it, cheek pressed against his chest, and made a triumphant trill in her throat.

A wet THUMP sounded as she tossed a decapitated head over to Shigaraki, wiping stray drops of blood off onto her cardigan. The patrons in the bar stared at the head.

“...that’s the politician for this prefecture,” the bartender spoke up finally, slits slightly wider as he stared at the familiar face.

“Yeah,” Dabi spoke up, voice raspy. Shigaraki’s red eyes slid to him and he stood his ground. “He advocated for tighter security around the cities against Villains. This sure showed him, right? Think of this as our trial to get in. We passed, didn’t we?”

The computer screen near the back of the bar suddenly blared with white noise before a shadowed figure flashed across the screen.

“You’ve proven yourself worthy,” a disembodied voice sounded from the monitor. “Welcome.”

Toga’s razor sharp grin was enough to make some of the rougher looking patrons edge away in caution.

Katsuki trudged up towards the stage, head bent down and eyebrows furrowed. He’d been quiet the entirety of Izuku’s turn, eyes unmoving as they watched the fight. While his classmates around him hissed and whined at Izuku’s injuries and near-loss, Katsuki had been unable to do anything.

His heart hurt, watching blood leak from that freckled skin. It reminded him of too many times his
hands had laid upon Izuku with intent to harm, of too many times of burned feathers and echoing howls of pain. He watched him get tossed into the air like a ragdoll pitched to be caught and his stomach had dropped when Izuku slammed into the unforgiving cement instead.

Tsuyu saddled up behind him as they walked up the stairs, Katsuki’s eyes tracing over the filled in crater that Izuku’s descent with Ibana had created. Despite the best efforts to clear it up, Katsuki had the shape and size burned into his mental eye, a almost sickeningly guilty feeling motivating the need to remember.

Ibara must not have been human, or at least not fully using human abilities, because no one but Izuku’s beloved enemies could strike against him. Katsuki knew this. Personally.

Tsuyu casted a look at Katsuki, humming softly to herself as the two stood across from each other. The crowd had been silent, subdued, still trying to understand the previous fight. Midnight didn’t blame them - it had been intense in all the wrong reasons.

“Alright you two,” Midnight spoke as she looked between them, “please don’t put any craters in the stage. Begin!”

“So.” Dabi sat in one of the only booths in the bar. Toga claimed his lap, as if there weren’t an abundance of chairs to choose from. She’d pulled her long hair out of the buns, brushing it to the side into a braid out of boredom. “He has...wings.”

“You shouldn’t really be surprised,” Toga mused softly as she leaned back against Dabi’s chest, her eyes closing half-lidded as she felt her scars throb. “I mean, you’ve seen my memories.”

“Still trying to get used to that,” Dabi grumbled into her shoulder, somehow already immensely comfortable about the girl. He wasn’t going to think about it. “So he’s a...demon, right?” His eyes narrowed in thought, trying to recall the scattered snippets of memories he’d been shared.

“Yep,” Toga hummed out, nose scrunching up. “A extremely malnourished one, but still one. Once I’m finished with him, he’ll be as good as new.” Dabi raised an eyebrow and sipped on his beer, grimacing at the taste. If it weren’t for all the eyes on them, he’d have ordered a fruity wine instead of something so bitter and heavy on his tongue.
“You mentioned chocolates?”

Toga turned in Dabi’s lap, taking his beer. She gulped it down, licking her lips in a way that made her fangs stand out against the lighting. Dabi looked at Shigaraki, who was staring unblinkingly at them.

“My own special recipe,” Toga giggled, putting down the empty glass, “guaranteed to strengthen him.” Her eyes lit up with stars, her cheeks reddening. “And then he can make Izuku-kun bloody and shred those wings up until they’re nothing but bones!”

Dabi raised his hand.

“Can I have your strongest liquor?”

Chapter End Notes

Seriously contemplating if I should write out the other fights. Like...am i gonna be that lazy bitch...

Hey guys, if you ever find an error in this fic- grammar, names, or even based on a religion, PLEASE TELL ME. I really appreciate you all and you all enjoying my fic and any time you help me to improve this story means a lot to me. As such, it was pointed out to me that Izuku's fav food shouldn't be Pork cutlet due to certain beliefs surrounding pigs, so I've changed it! THANK YOU SO MUCH perspicaciousSophic FOR POINTING THAT OUT TO ME! <3 I APPRECIATE IT!
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

As usual, thank you so much pillage-him-satanael for being my beta and for putting up with me during the process of writing! Love you lots!!

Enjoy this chapter, hopefully. LOL

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

[It was drowning him. An unbearable weight was dragging him down, suffocating him under wave after wave of pure anguish. “Why why why why why why why” washed through him like tiny threads criss-crossing over his flesh. His eyelids felt warm, the heat growing more intensely as the seconds passed.

Why why why why why-

“Brother!”]

Izuku’s eyes gradually fluttered open, watering against the streaming sunlight poking through his blinds. He sat up slowly, feeling a weight pressing against his right side. He shifted his body, the weight sliding away, and he let his wings pop with a soft grunt. They sung in greeting, chiming and tinkling quietly. He drowsily looked to his right side, trying to properly wake up.

Aoyama was curled up against him, snuggling into Izuku’s pillow as he snorted softly. Todoroki, Shinsou, and Uraraka were sprawled out along his floor in a pile of limbs, pillows, and blankets. Uraraka’s cheek was squished against Todoroki’s left shoulder, drool pooling along his black night shirt as she clung to him like a koala. Shinsou used Todoroki’s stomach as a pillow, arms strewn against the teen’s face as he snored.

It took Izuku a minute to fully connect the scene he was staring at and once it finally did click, his wings burst into musical bells and hums.

Katsuki had, no the surprise of no one, won the Sports Festival the day before. Izuku had gone against Todoroki, only to quickly forfeit when he saw that even sparring with the teen was damaging his wings. Katsuki won against Tsuyu, Uraraka, and finally Todoroki, coming out as the victor.
After the Festival had ended, Hisashi invited the class out for barbecue, Aizawa and All Might tagging along awkwardly.

Katsuki had dipped the moment school had been officially let out, making up an excuse that he was expected home. Only Izuku felt the fear and shame through his feather, the child more tense about the Midoriya senior than he let on. Iida was called away by his parents, saying a family emergency had come up. After a hushed conversation with Aizawa, the man had driven Iida to the hospital.

Sero and Denki had gotten the remaining students into a eating contest, Momo coming out as the winner with Jirou a close second. Hisashi talked to Izuku’s classmates, trying to get to know them while Inko and All Might kept trying to force more vegetables down the kids’ throats.

After dinner, Hisashi invited them back to their small apartment for a sleepover. Ignoring Inko’s concerned pout (mostly at making sure the kids would be comfortable), Izuku had jumped at the idea with excitement. Aoyama had been over the moon, all but sprawling along izuku’s shoulders in barely contained joy. Apparently it was his first time being invited to a friend’s house. Todoroki, not missing a chance to sleep somewhere that wasn’t his home, agreed to the offer. Shinsou was roped in (with mild protests) while Uraraka all but begged her parents to let her spend the night. The rest of the class apologized and split ways, promising to text until their next day at school.

“Please stop,” Todoroki murmured as he rolled into Uraraka, nearly squishing her. “Your wings are loud.” Uraraka nuzzled further into Todoroki’s warm side, giving a soft snort.

“Sorry,” Izuku whispered softly with a wince, trying to be quiet as he crawled out of bed. He tiptoed around his friends, reaching his desk. His phone sat innocently near his mouse, blinking with an unread message. Unlocking it and opening the screen, he saw a single text message from Iida.

Iida: May I see you today?

It had been sent in the middle of the night, long after Izuku had fallen asleep. Typing out a quick affirmative, he slipped his phone into his sweatpant pocket and sneaked out of his bedroom. He stopped at the end of the hallway, wings fluttering in confusion. Hisashi was dancing in the kitchen, headphones secured over his ears. He was mouthing the words to a song as he aggressively used a whisk to mix batter in a metal bowl. Inko was sitting in the living room, Toshinori across from her with a cup of coffee cradled in his hands.

“Good morning,” Izuku greeted with a blink, moving to sit beside his mother. “What brings you here?” He looked at his father for a moment, sensing ease and amusement from the man’s feather, and settled back into the cushions. He didn’t seem to mind the man visiting them.
“Your father was kind enough to insist on me coming over for breakfast,” Toshinori chuckled, looking at Izuku’s wild bedhead. “All Might had been the one originally invited but he passed the invitation over to me instead.” He glanced at the Midoriya senior when he spoke them, trying to make up a decent cover story. Izuku gave a convincing hum and leaned over, plopping his head down on his mother’s shoulder.

“You alright, little one?” Inko asked softly as she patiently drew her mug of coffee over to herself, not wanting to jostle Izuku with her movements. She sipped at her drink while her son’s vision glazed.

“Had a dream,” he whispered, ignoring Toshinori who pretended to find his coffee suddenly interesting. “A premonition.” Inko hummed thoughtfully and her wings moved to tuck against her child, holding him close.

“Okay my little Angels~” Hisashi yelled over the sound of his music and Izuku flinched, “go wake up our guests for breakfast! We’re going western today.”

“Volume, sweetie,” Inko chided with a laugh as her wings fluttered away from Izuku. He hopped up and all but scrambled to his bedroom. He cracked open the door, seeing Todoroki sitting up. Aoyama, Uraraka, and Shinsou were still asleep, Uraraka having scooted closer to the slumbering purple-haired teen.

“Good morning,” Izuku greeted with a smile as he fully opened his door. Todoroki staring blankly at the floor. He blinked hard, slowly and drawn out. Uraraka snorted and shot up with a flail of her arms, blinking dazily at the two. She turned to Todoroki when he lifted a hand.

“Am I awake?” He asked, clenching and unclenching his hand. Uraraka gave him a sleepily concerned look while Izuku giggled against the door. “Where’s the chocolate fountain?” Uraraka’s concerned look intensified, sleep seeping away from her eyes like sand through fingers.

“My mom has coffee in the pot if you want some?”

As if those were magical words carved in stone to summon him, Shinsou shot up into a sitting position. His bloodshot eyes glazed unseeing past Izuku while everyone awake in the room just stared at him.
“Coffee. I need it in my veins. Now.” Shinsou crawled onto his hands and knees before stumbling to his feet, shoving past Izuku. Todoroki seemed to wake up properly in the time it took Shinsou to imitate the girl from *Ju-On*. He stood up and stretched, letting his shoulders pop.

“Morning!” Uraraka greeted, Todoroki holding a hand out for her. She grabbed it, letting him steady her as Aoyama gave a soft groan. He sat up elegantly, flicking his blond hair out of his face. He looked as immaculate as usual, sparkles floating around him.

“My dad says breakfast is ready. Yagi-san is here too!” Izuku smiled and Uraraka beamed, moving a hand to comb through her hair. She slipped past her friend, Todoroki and Aoyama following after her. Izuku followed after them, smiling brightly at the entire scenario.

Hisashi had set the table, Inko fluttering about as she loaded piles of food up on Toshinori’s plates. The man looked uncomfortable as Uraraka, Aoyama, and Todoroki moved to help set out glasses of drinks for everyone. Hisashi took off his pink, frilly apron and gestured for Izuku to sit down.

“We usually don’t pull out the foldable table,” Izuku laughed, pulling out one of the mismatched chairs along the plastic table. “We’ve never had so many people over, huh?” He looked around. “Where’s Shinsou?”

“Claiming the coffee pot,” Aoyama spoke, jutting a thumb over to the kitchen, where Shinsou was huddled against the corner where the coffee brewer was. He was hugging a cup to his chest, breathing in the steam as it coiled in front of his face. “I think he hissed at your father when he reached for the pot.”

“It’s mine,” Shinsou whispered threaterngly, moving closer to shield the pot. Toshinori looked mildly impressed and mildly disturbed at his students as they just waved Shinsou’s behavior off with laughs.

“Thanks for having us over and making us breakfast!” Uraraka spoke as Inko tucked into her chair, spreading a napkin out over her lap. “It looks delicious!”

“Thanks! A buddy of mine loves breakfast food so when we’re housing together, he makes sure we eat.” Hisashi stabbed into a pancake, dragging it onto his plate. “I’ve also gotten used to just grabbing what you can eat, so dig in!”

“Thanks for the food!” The teens were quick to dig in, making various noises of appreciation at the
“You all were so wonderful yesterday,” Toshinori spoke after taking a sip of milk. “All Might was very proud of you all. He won’t stop complimenting all of your splendid work.” Uraraka’s chest puffed out in pride while Todoroki’s left side steamed a bit.

“It just sucks that I didn’t beat him,” the girl laughed around a forkful of eggs.

“You gave him a bloody nose,” Shinsou spoke up, shuffling over to an empty chair. He plopped down and jumped when Hisashi placed down a plate in front of him. “I think that’s better than beating him.”

“I agree,” Aoyama spoke as he cut up his pancake into small triangles. “You were very creative with that rubble. It pegged him in the face elegantly.” Hisashi tried to stifle a snort behind his mug of coffee. The teens snickered to themselves, remembering the glorious moment.

Uraraka had used her Quirk to float up various sizes of rubble, suspending it over Katsuki’s head without him realizing. When the moment was right, she’d released the chunks of cement, letting them fly at the teen. One of the larger chunks had smacked him right in the face like a sturdy baseball, letting a hollow crunch echo quietly in the air. Uraraka had been momentarily stunned when blood began to steadily drip down his face and Katsuki’s eyes had promised death.

She silently wondered if that was the cause of her downfall.

“So what are your plans for today?” Inko asked as she placed her utensils down, dishes empty of food.

“I’m going to spend the day with my parents!” Uraraka exclaimed, her own dishes licked clean. “They came to visit me for the Festival.” She gathered up her dishes, stacking them as Aoyama sipped his orange juice.

“I’m going to go clothes shopping,” the teen explained as he dabbed at his lips with his napkin. “I
need new clothes. My current wardrobe went out of style yesterday.”

“You go by the seasons?” Shinsou snorted and stabbed viciously at his pancakes. “I dunno. Train with my staff, I guess.” His face spasmed, trying to hide how giddy he seemed at the prospect. His expression smoothed out as he saw Todoroki’s downcasted look. “Wanna join me, Princie?”

“Only if you never call me that again,” Todoroki spoke and Shinsou gave a lopsided smirk and nodded his head.

Izuku stacked up his dishes, giving a parting prayer of thanks for the food before beaming at his mother.

“I’m spending the day with Iida-kun today! He asked me to visit him!” Uraraka and Todoroki shared glances, silently worried for their class president. Izuku went around, collecting dishes. He left Toshinori’s, giving the man a stern glance to eat more food. Even healing, he still had a horrible diet.

“I guess I’ll do a bit of work then,” Hisashi mused aloud, leaning back in his chair. Toshinori and Izuku were the only ones who noticed Inko’s sharp gaze at her husband. “So Yagi-san, keep my wife company for the day, okay?” He smiled like a cat, all narrowed eyes and coy smile. Toshinori choked on his rice, eyes bulging while Inko just sighed.

“What am I doing to do with you?” She teased lightly. Her husband and son were the only ones who could hear the sad tinker of her wings.

12 Hours Prior

His mind was a cluster of static, feet on autopilot as he surged down the hallway. He ignored the call from the nurse, barely restraining himself from using his Quirk. He had to move. Faster. Faster. Faster.

“Tenya!” Tenya’s mother called out, face pale. Her frame looked thin, shoulders hunched up to make herself look smaller. A handkerchief was gripped tightly between her hands, stains with splotches of tears. “He’s been sedated. You wouldn’t—”
Iida shoved past her, throwing the doors open to the Intensive Care Unit ward. As if a hammer had slammed into him, the breath left his lungs in a shuddered wheeze.

His brother looked so prone on the white sheets, smears and drops of red burning into his vision from the intense contrast. Bandages wrapped around his head and face, his torso a mismatch of bruises and cuts. Dry blood caked along his neck and abdomen, wires and tubes intertwining all over.

No, no, no. Iida didn’t hear his mother. He didn’t hear the doctors, or the nurses, or anyone. He reached a trembling hand out, tears streaming down his face.

“Nii-san,” Iida choked out, his surroundings melding together as Tensei cracked open his uncovered eye, the brown covered in a murky, glossy film.

“I’m...sorry…” Tensei blinked slowly, a single tear trickling down his cheek. “Tenya.” Tensei’s eyelid fluttered and his fingers twitched. Iida looked at the monitors as they began to beep, the noise shrill and alarming.

“It’s okay,” a nurse soothed as she gently took Iida’s hands, letting them clasp around Tensei’s immobile hand. “His heart rate just went up. We’ve done all we could right now. I’ll go grab you a chair, okay sweetie?” She left, leaving Iida to stare at his brother.

This couldn’t be his brother. His brother never looked so fragile. His brother had never lost a fight - lost to a Villain. His brother was a Hero. His Hero. His brother was his beacon of light, his aspiration and his role model.

“What happened to him?” His voice sounded distant, cracked and soft. The nurse, back with a chair, guided Iida down and touched his head for a moment.

“Stain the Hero Killer nearly got him,” she whispered softly, moving to the opposite side of the bed to check the monitors. “He was paralyzed from the waist down.”

“No,” Iida immediately denied. “That can’t be true. He - he needs to be able to walk.” Iida turned blank eyes to his brother’s slumbering form. “Without his legs, Ingenium.” He stopped, unable to force the words out. The nurse sent him a sympathetic look and turned her attention back to the screen.
Iida didn’t know how long he sat there, eyes trained on his brother’s steadily rising and falling chest. At every tiny beep or alarm that went off, he’d jolt, eyes flying to the monitor. Tensei’s breathing mask had been removed, the man coming in and out of consciousness in the hours Iida hung at his bedside.

The nurses, when they stopped in to change his bandages or check his catheter, kept trying to reassure Iida of his brother’s recovery. There couldn’t be much reassurance though - he was paralyzed.

Ingenium was dead, buried in the alley way they found Tensei in.

There was no helping Tensei. Even with the medical and scientific advancements society had made since the birth of Quirks, there were some things they still could not achieve. Repairing the spine to the point of mobility was still too risky of a procedure to accomplish.

It’d take nothing short of a miracle to heal his brother. To fix him. Repair him good as new, leaving the night nothing more than a feverish nightmare spawned from dark fears and anxieties.

But miracles were nothing but pipe dreams, born from desperate hope-

Iida’s chest warmed considerably and he jumped, looking down. His feather glowed, pulsing a soothing humm of comfort into his body. He stared.

His feather. A miracle. His feather . A miracle .

Like a breath of fresh air, his mind clicked into place. He had an answer. It was literally staring him in the face. His was friends with a literal miracle worker. Angels were known for healing those who needed it. Angels were those who could weave through the doubt and grant proof to hope and wonder.

He had a Guardian Angel protecting him - surely that protection could be shared. Especially if it were for something like this.

But what if it didn’t? The thought slammed ice through his veins. What if he couldn’t heal Tensei?
What if those Angelic abilities only did so much, for so little, and there was none to spare for Tensei? What if Iida was just riding on empty hope, on heavy desperation for something that may or may not happen?

Before he can second guess himself, his cell phone is out and a message to Izuku is typed up. His thumb hovered over the send button, heart stuttering in his chest. What if he says no? What if he can’t? Tensei would be stuck like this forever, a hollow husk of a man destined for greatness.

Steeling himself, he pressed send.

It had to work. Izuku had to help him. He had to. New tears trickled down his cheeks, burning trails down his pale flesh. He needed Izuku to heal his brother.

Without his Hero, he was lost.

“Midoriya-kun!” Iida called from the bench, shoulders slumped. Izuku stepped down the stairs leading to the terminal. “Thank you for coming.” Dark shadows encased his eyes, almost hidden by his glasses.

“Thank you for inviting me,” Izuku spoke softly, smiling thinly as his wings drooped. Iida’s feather wailed. “How’s your brother?” Iida winced, glancing up at his friend. His eyes were red rimmed and bloodshot, complexion sickly in the morning sun. “Did you sleep at all?”

“No,” Iida responded honestly, seeing no point in lying. “Let’s go. The train’s boarding now.”

“We’re going to visit your brother?” Izuku asked as he followed Iida into the fortunately empty compartment. The two found two seats near a window and settled down, Iida’s head thumping back against the glass with a bone deep exhaustion.

“Yes. He’s in the hospital,” Iida confirmed and closed his eyes tightly, lips thinning out. Izuku looked down at his intertwined hands, clenching them tightly as his wings tinkered faintly. Deep, bottomless sadness soaked Iida, drowning the feather in his agony. It hurt Izuku, to feel it and not be able to permanently relieve it.
“Why me?”

“Why what?” Izuku looked over to his friend, a chill settling along his shoulders. The sunlight reflected off Iida’s glasses, hiding his eyes.

“Why am I one of your soulmates? I - don’t get me wrong, it is a very humbling honor, but I’m just... why me?” Something thick and sharp formed and stayed in the center of his chest as he heard the words and he looked away from his friend, trying to take a proper breath.

“I - I can’t answer that, Iida-kun.” Izuku’s eyes burned, prickling and feeling swollen against their sockets. “I don’t have an answer for that. I’m sorry. What He does isn’t up to us knowing or understanding or even questioning.” He swallowed, his mouth layered with cotton to trap and keep his saliva uncomfortably hanging along his throat. His head felt heavy, like his brain had been replaced with stuffing. He didn’t want to have this conversation. He didn’t want to talk about these types of things. “I-I’m glad we’re connected.”

Iida sat there silently, taking in his words.

The rest of the train ride was silent.

“Ii-ni-san,” Iida announced as he slid the door open. “I’m back with Midoriya-kun!” Izuku followed, steps hesitant as he stepped into the hospital room.

Iida Tensei sat up, swarmed by pillows. His arms and legs were elevated and casted, wrapped in pasty white bandages. He turned from the window, smile gentle as he looked at the two.

“Tenya,” Tensei greeted and turned his eyes to Izuku, “and you must be Midoriya-kun. Hello.” His voice was raspy, bruises along his jaw and neck. Izuku bowed his head politely, eyebrows pinched up. Machines beeped, various cords connecting to Tensei’s exposed chest or arms, IVs pushing or steaming fluids from his body. Bruises and scrapes littered his flesh, adding to the image of a defeated Hero.
“I’m sorry for visiting,” Izuku spoke carefully, eyes sliding to Iida as he sat down next to his brother. “I hope I’m not making you uncomfortable.” Tensei’s expression shuttered and he gave a faint, raspy chuckle before he shook his head.

“Nah, it’s okay. Please, come sit.” He weakly gestured to a free chair with his arm, face pinching for a moment in pain. Iida’s hands curled into the blankets and his feather flared in remorse at the sight of his brother suffering.

With a sudden snap of clarity, as he slid into a plastic chair near the wall, Izuku knew why he’d been invited. He closed his eyes, steeled himself, and sighed.

“So you’re Tenya’s friend. He talks a lot about you,” Tensei spoke with a friendly laugh, arm slow as it lifted topat Ida’s head. Iida ducked his head, knuckles white from his grip on the sheets. “You and Uraraka-san and Todoroki-kun.”

“I’m blessed to have Iida-kun as a friend,” Izuku spoke immediately, forcing his voice to keep steady. “I couldn’t have asked for a more precious friend.” Tensei’s expression brightened, hearing such praises for his brother.

“How romantic!” He chuckled. “I bet Tenya is so happy to have you as a friend too, right?” Tensei glanced at his brother for confirmation, seeing him staring down at his covered legs. Tensei’s smile faltered and he tried to meet Izuku’s eyes. “I heard you’re a huge fan of Heroes.”

“I really am,” Izuku whispered out, heart clenching painfully. “I’m a huge fan of you as well, Ingenium.” Tensei and Iida both flinched at the words.

“I’m - I’m not Ingenium anymore,” Tensei choked out, hands trembling. Iida reached out, grabbing them. “I - Stain let me live but - I…” He sniffled. “Sorry. I- gosh, I’m sorry for this.” He sniffled again. “I can’t be a Hero anymore.” His watery gaze focused on his covered legs and Izuku looked away, trying to give the family privacy.

It’ll be okay, Iida wanted to scream. I have a plan to heal you! To help you! He kept his mouth clamped shut, unable to utter the words that’d either make or break his brother. Of course, he’d spent the night going over every sing possibility, every idea or dream. Every contingency plan in case his last hope failed. He knew the what-ifs. He knew the percentage of rejection - of the impossibility of his request.
He knew.

"Midoriya-kun." He swallowed down the lump in his throat. "Let’s go get a drink." He stood up, patting Tensei’s hand. Izuku braced himself and nodded, following his friend out. There was a stifling silence that followed on their heels as they walked down the hall towards the vending machine. Iida stopped in front of it and stared at the selections, eyes on Izuku’s reflection.

“They say they can’t fix him.”

His voice echoed in the empty hallway, Tensei’s room positioned in a closed off area only accessible to Hero patients and their family.

“Really?” Izuku’s reflection was staring at the ground, wings drooped low along his back.

“How his spine was damaged - there is no hope for him. He’d need a miracle.” His reflection seemed to deflate at those words, as if they were a needle pierced to pop him. “Can you heal him?”

Iida’s heart hammered in his chest, nearly drowning out all noise around him. This was it. The moment of truth. His stomach clenched and twisted, seeing the angel’s lips open.

“I can’t.” Izuku’s eyes squeezed shut as if in physical pain, his hands trembling as he clasped them together in a prayer. “I’m so sorry.”

Iida’s face pinched up. He breathed. And breathed. And tried to talk over the tightness in his chest.

“What — what do you mean, you can’t?” His world was falling around him, dimming and darkening until all he could focus on was the burning light of the boy behind him. He rounded, eyebrows knitted tightly together. His body trembled, black spots chasing across his vision. When was the last time he’d slept? Ate? Done anything besides hover over his brother’s bedside, praying to a Deity he didn’t believe in for some sort of Celestial intervention?

“You — you’re an Angel! An Angel!” Iida raised his hands to his face, knocking his glasses askew as
he dug his palms into his eyes. “They - can’t they perform miracles or something?” His voice cracked. This was his last hope. His last hope and it was useless. Pure stubbornness and determination kept him standing, his knees nearly buckling. “You can heal people! You’ve healed us when we’ve been hurt before!”

His voice sounded too loud in his ears and for a split second, he feared someone hearing them. Hearing his words. Jeopardizing Izuku. But something hot and black coiled around his thoughts and his heart and he decided he didn't care. Izuku wasn’t going to heal his brother.

Izuku wasn’t going to help Iida preserve his beacon of light.

“I-” Izuku sucked in a breath and hunched his shoulders up, trying to appear smaller- “I can’t. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.” Not yet, a voice whispered deep in Izuku’s soul. “I can only heal my soulmates.”

“Can’t you - can’t you, like, give him my feather?” He stepped closer, cornering Izuku. This was his last ditch effort - bargaining away his own protection for his brother’s. It was worth it. Tensei deserved to be healed. He deserved to be a Hero. It was worth it.

(Stop, a tiny part of Iida cried out.)

“Use my feather to heal him!” His shoulders were shaking, hands clenching and unclenching. There was a faint crackling noise in Izuku’s ears. He shook his head back and forth, gritting his teeth.

“I can’t-”

“You’re a Guardian Angel!” It came out as a watery sob. “You’re supposed to help me! Protect me, right?” He didn’t want for Izuku to respond, heart shredding into bits as that tiny voice in his heart grew louder, more insistent. “I’m hurting because of my brother’s pain! I want him fixed. I need him fixed!”

(Stop! That tiny voice screamed from his heart.)

“Guardian Angels are supposed to look out for you, right?” Tears streamed down his cheeks. Izuku’s trembling hands cupped his face, thumbs swiping at the droplets. Iida’s eyes closed, shoulders slumping in defeat. “Is this some sort of punishment?”
Izuku’s eyes widened, his grip tightening against Iida’s flesh. “Iida-kun, no-”

“Do you hate me?”

( Shut up! )

“You have the ability to heal people but you won’t even fix my brother’s legs?”

( He can’t, he can’t, he can’t! )

Iida knew he was being unfair. He was the one with expectations. He was the one who assumed, who hoped beyond hope, that Izuku could heal his brother. He shouldn’t be taking his disappointment out on his friend. God, Izuku shouldn’t even be in front of him, dealing with this.

What was Iida doing? What was he actually doing? But his heart was heavy, hurt and bleeding and he needed someone to suffer with him. He needed someone who suffer along with his brother and him.

And suddenly, as if snapped taut like a rubber band, he understood what he had to do. He knew who to blame. He knew who had to suffer. He knew that the miracle might not heal his brother, but it would cease his suffering in the long run.

The only problem was that with his sudden realization, he understood that Izuku would be more of a hindrance than a help.

( Please, don’t. Midoriya-kun doesn’t deserve that. )

“I’m sorry,” Izuku forced out, not even keeping his tears at bay. “I wish I heal him. I really, really do! Believe me Iida-kun-”

“I think-” the words were soft and almost sung out, as if the teen was suddenly struck with clarity-“that I don’t need your feather anymore.”
A knife stabbed into Izuku’s heart and held there. He bit back a cry as he stood under Iida’s teary-eyed stare, shoulders hunched up to his ears. His wings were drooped down low, hanging limply as if dead.

“Wha-what?” He almost couldn’t squeeze the words out. Phantom hands reached up and gripped tightly, keeping his air locked in his chest.

“It’s unfair,” Iida whispered, overlapping Izuku’s hands with his own. His smile was brittle, transparent and chipped to pieces. “That I have this feather and my brother doesn’t. That I can’t give it to him.”

No. Please, God, no.

“I don’t want it anymore. I promised my brother I’d try to help him. I can’t fulfill that promise. I really am honored that you were my Guardian Angel, Midoriya-kun, but I’m okay. I don’t need you to protect me anymore.”

He couldn’t speak, his words coming out in faint, gasping wheezes. Izuku’s legs knocked together and he used his grip on Iida’s face to keep himself steady. His world was spinning, blackening around the edges.

“Please don’t.” It came out as a shattered sob, punched out with force. Iida gently detached Izuku’s hands and lowered them, his smile faltering.

“I’m giving you back your feather.”

Iida knew he was being unfair. Iida knew that Izuku didn’t deserve any of this. But sometimes the paths one chose weren’t always the easiest.

Unknownst to Iida, the feather nestled under his short turned black, brittle and cracked. It disintegrated like sand blowing away in the wind, disappearing without a trace. Iida turned his back to Izuku, not seeing him slump to the floor.

He rounded the corner. If he’d looked back, he’d see black thick, sludge-like ooze leaking from his
nose and eyes as his nails dug into his chest. If he’d looked back, he’d have seen those pane-like wings bleed black like the darkest night, black, thick goop dropping onto the floor around him. The ground around him sizzled when it made contact and he gasped for breath, curling tighter into a ball.

“Iida-kun,” Izuku sobbed out, the fluorescent light above him flickering vigorously. Shadows stretched and curled around him, reaching but not quite touching. “I'm so sorry.”

“YWOUCH!” Mina scrambled, clawing at her neck where her feather hung. Beside her, sprawled on her bed, Momo, Jirou, and Hagakure did the same. “What’s happening?”

“Why is my feather black?!” Hagakure shrieked out in alarm. The girls feathers oozed black, blistering their skin and the blankets as they tried to get it away from their chests. “What’s happening?!”

And as if it never transpired, the feathers flickered back to their glowing colors, instantly healing their blistered flesh. The four stared, nail polish and chips spilt across the blankets and floor of Mina’s room as they stared.

“What the heck?” Jirou breathed, touching her feather. It pulsed once, as if apologizing.

Uraraka towed her hair, idly looking over her hair accessories. Her hair wasn’t long enough yet to tie back into anything remotely neat, but she still liked to collect the cute hair bows or ribbons for when her bob grew a few more inches.

Facing her reflection, she frowned at the reflection of her feather, resting on the sink beside her. Looking down at it, she saw it leaking black, smoking guck towards the drain. Her mouth parted, hands hovering over her hair. The towel dropped into the sink, the edges burning away once they touched the black goop.

And then it was gone, leaving nothing but a ruined towel and a pulsing feather. She hesitated, poking
the feather. Warm and something she couldn’t quite place entered her, nestling into her chest. She frowned, cupping the feather.

“Deku-kun?” She whispered into her bathroom. The feather thrummed.

“I’m at, like, 10 percent. Can you hook a brother up?” Sero held his phone out to Kaminari, who grumbled but took the offered device anyways. He took the charger cord, biting into the other end. The phone lit up, showing a charger symbol.

“Dude, that’s awesome,” Kirishima laughed. Katsuki grumbled as the four wandered down the streets towards the local arcade. “A portable charger without the hassle!”

“Why am I with you guys again?” Katsuki sneered at them without any real heat.

“Because you secretly love us!” Kaminari snickered, words slurred around the charger. “And because Tokoyami had other plans with Kouda-kun, Shoji-kun, and Satou-kun.”

“So I’m second to Bird Brain?” Katsuki seethed, only to jerk to a stop. The other boys followed. Kaminari made a strangled noise as he nearly dropped Sero’s phone, free arm flailing as he tried to remove the feather from around his neck. Kirishima dug it out of his pocket, his arm turning hard to keep his skin from blistering. It didn’t help and he winced. Sero tossed the feather back and forth in his hands as if it were a hot stone.

Katsuki just took it out from his shirt, his hand shuddering as his flesh blistered and bled under the intense pain the black ooze caused. He stared, breath scarce in his lungs. His eyes were wide, something unreadable in his expression as the feathers flashed and healed, back to their normal color of rainbows.

“What was that?” Kirishima spoke as he shook his hand out, phantom pain making his bones throb.

“I don’t know but should someone message Midoriya?” Sero asked, hesitant to put the feather back around his neck. “This was because of him, right?”
“No shit Sherlock,” Katsuki hissed out, hands trembling as his lips thinned out. “Fucking shitty Deku.”

“I thought you were shopping,” Shinsou spoke as he ducked a laser beam, using the staff as a launching pad to fling himself into the air. He twirled it, smashing it into a side of a pillar of ice that shot up. A flare of fire followed and he tucked and rolled, dodging it.

“My favorite store isn’t open for another hour,” Aoyama spoke, gesturing to his mountain of shopping bags. “This was just some light shopping.” Shinsou and Todoroki paused, staring at the bags.

“...light shopping,” Todoroki panted out, eyes squinting. “What - what do your parents do?”

“They’re in the politics scene,” Aoyama spoke with a wave of his hand. Shinsou snorted.

“You’ve got a maid too. What, you’re dad a Minister or something?” Aoyama’s smile froze and the two boys raised eyebrows.

“...close,” Aoyama finally relented, fiddling with his blonde locks. “Anyways, let’s-”

The three boys hissed, Todoroki falling to his knees as he instantly shoved a layer of ice over his chest. The feather froze over, trapped in a block of frozen black. Shinsou and Aoyama had no such luck and Aoyama whined about his ruined blouse.

“It’s Midoriya-kun,” Shinsou gritted out after the feathers flashed and healed them. Todoroki unfroze the feather and exhaled, gently stroking a finger down it. “Is he hurt?”

“I-” Todoroki frowned at the feather. “I don’t know. Want to call him?”

“His phone is turned off,” Aoyama spoke, phone already pressed to his ear. He had a frown tight on
his lips. “Should we go over?”

“Maybe?” Shinsou looked down at his phone as it chimed. Todoroki raised his as well, seeing a group message from their class.

**Momo:** Did anyone else’s feather freak out?

**Kaminari:** Uuuuh yeah! What was that? Bakugou high-tailed it home after it happened! Is Midoriya okay? He isn’t answer his phone.

**Uraraka:** I was going to go over to see if he’s okay. :'( I’m worried about him! Iida-kun isn’t answering either.

Aoyama, Shinsou, and Todoroki looked at each other.

“Let’s go,” Aoyama spoke, scrambling to grab his bags.

Izuku didn’t know how long he sat there. Time slipped past him in a dull blur. A shadow fell over him, barely registered until a figure crouched down to his level.

“Hey kiddo,” Hisashi whispered, hands hovering along his sides, “I’m going to pick you up, okay?” His hands were gentle as they gathered Izuku up, cradling him to his chest as he stood.

Dry black stains caked along Izuku’s cheeks, smeared along with the trail leading from his nose. His wings hung limp, unresponsive. Instead of the radiant mix of rainbows and illuminescent hues, they were solid and grey, splotches of black splattered without pattern along the layers of feathers. He let his head rest heavily against his father’s shoulder, body like a ragdoll.

“Let’s go home, okay?” Hisashi’s voice was a whisper as he walked through the halls, finding a stairwell exit. He took his time going down the stairs, being careful not to jostle Izuku. “Inko called me sobbing. Freaked me out until my feather reacted. My poor baby.” He angled his head, pressing a
kiss to his child’s head. “Don’t worry. Daddy’s going to take care of your problems.”

Darkness crept in and clung to Izuku, pulling him back. Consciousness left him and he had time to hear Hisashi activate his blue-tooth ear piece.

Toshinori looked up as the door opened, Inko flying to her feet in an instant. He’d barely managed to talk her to stop pacing, her hands wringing a dish towel until it actually ripped. She’d kept muttering about Izuku’s feathers, his soul, and how horrible his soulmates were. Toshinori hadn’t kept up with the conversation but allowed the woman to vent.

“My poor baby!” Inko sobbed out as she greedily snatched Izuku from Hisashi’s arms, the man trying to keep the two steady as she brushed her hands over his face. “Oh my poor sweet child. He was with Iida-kun, right? Was it him? Was he the one who-”

“Is he alright?” Toshinori stared at the black lines along the child’s slumbering face, his eyes falling to his discolored wings. “His wings…” He jolted, remembering Hisashi was in the room. The man merely took Izuku back, moving him to his bedroom.

“He should stay home from school tomorrow,” Inko fretted, running a hand through her hair. “This isn’t - he shouldn’t have had to-” She dropped her head into her hands and breathed.

“Is he alright? His wings were…” Toshinori felt so lost and helpless, his chest throbbing with phantom pain from his feather.

“I think you should go home for today,” Hisashi spoke up, leaning against the wall of the hallway leading to the rooms. “Please?” Toshinori looked between the two before slowly nodding, understanding he was only going to be asked politely once.

Hisashi saw him out with a smile as fake as plastic and closed the door on his face, barely giving the man a chance to ask one last time if his protege was okay.

Toshinori stared at the closed door and bowed his head.
“We tried to visit him but his dad turned us away,” Uraraka explained to their classmates the next morning, forehead creased as she kept glancing at the classroom door. “Said everything was okay.”

“Think he’ll show up to class today?” Tokoyami asked with a tilt of his head, eyes narrowed. The students kept glancing at the door, jumping every time another classmate walked in.

“I don’t know but I hope he’s okay.” Jirou spoke, jake twisting around her finger in a way to show her anxiety. Katsuki, slumped against his desk, merely growled at the surrounded students.

The door slid open and Iida walked in, eyes downcasted. He moved quickly to his desk, sitting down. His friends looked at him before moving over to him, worry on their features.

“Hey Iida-kun, we...um...is your brother okay?” Momo was the one to ask, looking uncomfortable with her choice of wording. Iida’s eyes went like ice, lips turned downwards.

“He’s okay for nearly being killed,” the teen spoke. Sero opened his mouth, only to snap it shut with a sharp click as the door slid open again. Izuku closed the door without a sound behind him, head bowed. Katsuki perked up in his seat, Shinsou and Todoroki doing the same.

The angel’s wings were tucked up tight, the colors darker shades of the rainbow. Streaks of grey and black littered the layers, looking like scars. He moved to his desk, feet dragging. He plopped down, not looking up at his classmates.

“Hey Iida-kun, did your feather act weird yesterday too?” Kaminari asked, leaning against Uraraka’s back as he peered at the teen. Only noticed by Aoyama, Todoroki, and Katski, Izuku’s shoulders flinched minisculely.

Iida blinked, his tense expression washing away into one of genuine confusion. “Feather?” The class stilled at once, Katsuki’s head snapping to the glasses wearing teen in barely concealed fury. “What are you talking about? What feather? Is this some new joke? A meme?”
Todoroki was the one who broke the silence, pointing wordlessly at Izuku. “His- his wings. What are you-”

“What wings?” Iida’s eyebrows furrowed down. “Is this some sort of joke to cheer me up? Guys, I’m fine, my brother is going to make a steady recovery.”

Dark green, almost black, eyes peered over through bangs, Izuku’s hands digging into his pant legs. Kirishima frowned, rubbing at the back of his head.

“What do you mean? You’re-”

“Iida-kun,” Izuku spoke up softly, voice flat and empty, “it’s a new prank. Don’t fall for it.”

Chairs scrapped as Katsuki slammed his palms down on his desk, setting off tiny explosions. He was snarling at Iida, red eyes wild in rage.

“You fucking piece of-”

His palms smoked as Aizawa leaned against the doorway, glowing eyes trained on the teen. “What’s going on?” He looked between the confused students, eyes falling on Izuku before flickering to his wings. “Is it about yesterday?” Taking in the tense air in the classroom, he exhaled.

“Okay, let’s just get class over with.” The students shuffled away, glancing back at the two students every once in a while. “We’re going to be choosing Hero Names for you all today.” Any other day the students would be cheering and energetic over the idea of creating their Hero Names. Any other day, they’d be ecstatic. Any other day.

“Due to your performances you’ve got Pros and Agencies interested in you. As a Hero, you have to grow and learn from your Seniors. One step towards being a Hero is a Name to distinguish yourself as someone who can protect. Because of that, you’ll be creating Names and gaining some real like experience.”

A pause.
“Well, besides already dealing with dangerous Villains. You’ll be working with Pros as a part of training - but before that, you’ve got to come up with something to call yourselves. It burns your path towards being a Hero. Don’t take it lightly.”

“Well said!” Midnight greeted as she entered the classroom, blowing a kiss. “I’ll be helping you all come up with Names for yourselves! You have 15 minutes. Take these boards and markets and pass them out.” The students did as instructed and she started a timer, humming to herself as the kids bent over their boards.

Izuku stared down at his blank board, thoughts muffled under the soft hymn his wings were singing to him. They were soothing him, calming his soul down from the cluster of emotions and thoughts trying to bombard him.

Around him, his classmates jumped up and presented their names, the speed of which they were determining their paths alarming. Besides Katsuki, who’s violent suggestions kept getting rejected, only Izuku and Iida were left. Iida looked like he was in pain, not that Izuku could tell anymore, agonizing over his choice.

Deciding to distract himself from his painfully blank board, Izuku focused on Katsuki’s feather. Concentrating, he sent a whisper of Volatile Light through their bond, making it resound through his feather. He knew when Katsuki got it, shoulders tensing and head twitching to round towards him. Instead he wrote it down and presented it, the class mulling over his suggestion.

“Seems acceptable,” Midnight spoke, squinting at it. “Tasteful too. Good job!” She gave him a thumbs up and he snarled, stomping away from the podium. He passed his desk, slamming his hand down on Izuku’s desk. The class watched, apprehensive, as Katsuki leaned close to him.

“Don’t expect a thank you, Deku.” His feather pulsated, fingers brushing against Izuku’s as Izuku lifted his head to meet his gaze. Waves of remorse and guilt crashed through him, almost drowning out the intense feelings of loath for Iida and the worry he felt. Katsuki was broadcasting loud and clear for once, not trying to hide his feelings from the teen.

“Wouldn’t think of it, Kacchan,” Izuku whispered out and Katsuki’s eye twitched. He stomped back to his desk and slumped down, crossing his arm. Iida moved beside him, walking up to the podium. Izuku kept his head bowed.

Deku. He really was useless, wasn’t he?
“You’re so useless.”

He leaned over his desk, clenching his fingers around his marker. He really was. There was so much truth to those words.

“Kinda reminds me of Dekiru, y’know?”

No he didn’t because he couldn’t do anything. He couldn’t even soothe the wounds of his soulmates when they most needed them. He was useless. Utterly useless.

A hand touched the corner of his desk and he jolted, looking up. Midnight was frowning at him, eyes wide with worry.

“You okay, kid? I was calling you for a while.” Her eyes glanced at his empty board, moving to his murky eyes. Her frown seemed to intensify. “You need to go to the clinic?”

“Yes please,” Izuku spoke softly, slow in moving up from his desk. Surprising everyone, Katsuki was the one to move with him, grabbing him by the arm.

“I’ll fucking take him,” the teen spat, ignoring Midnight’s chide of language. He hauled Izuku out of the classroom, scowl on his face as Uraraka and Todoroki glared at him. The door slid behind them, leaving the curious and concern looks of their peers behind.

“You never told them, did you?” Katsuki asked as he dragged Izuku down the hallway. Izuku glanced up from the tile flooring, gaze sliding away.

“I didn’t want them to feel obligated.”

Wrong thing to say. Katsuki snarled and shoved Izuku away from him, into the boy’s bathroom. Izuku stumbled, heel catching. He slammed into the tile walling near a stall and flinched as Katsuki slammed a palm down beside his head.

“That obligation,” Katsuki spat, almost nose to nose with the angel, “is your fucking soul. Do they know that you’re feathers are your soul?” Katsuki used his other hand to bunch up the collar of
Izuku’s uniform, clenching tight. “Do they know that you are actually giving them a piece of you?”

“Kacchan,” Izuku began weakly, tears brimming his eyes. “Please, not right now.”

“Do those fucking piss-ants understand that when they agreed to be your soulmates, to take that piece of soul, that you were sharing yourself with them?” Katsuki leaned back, eyebrows pinched up. “That fucking four-eyes, he rejected you. Did he understand that by doing so, he destroyed a piece of your soul?”

Izuku screwed his eyes shut and ducked his head. Katsuki stared at him.

“None of them know, do they?” Katsuki released Izuku with a breath, stepping back. “You never told any of them that if they decided to one day reject your Grace and your bond, that they’d essentially kill a part of you.”

[“Remember Katsuki.” Mitsuki spoke seriously as she bent down in front of her child. “That feather is Izuku-kun’s soul. You have to be careful with it.” He’d just received his feather from Izuku, cradling it to his chest like it’d break in a second. “Izuku-kun’s mom entrusted me with a piece of her soul.” Mitsuki’s gaze softened. “And now you’ve been entrusted with her son’s. You can’t ever lose that feather, you hear me? You can’t ever reject him.”

“Why?” Katsuki stared, innocent wide-eyes and mouth parted. Mitsuki grimaced and touched her own feather, hidden in the depths of her pocket.

“Because you’d kill him.”]

“Again, the obligation-!” Izuku curled up as Katsuki raised a hand. Instead of releasing a explosion he moved his hand, pressing his palm flat against Izuku’s wing.

A soft sizzling sound echoed the empty bathroom before a tinker followed. Izuku’s eyes snapped open. Katsuki was staring at him.

“There is no obligation to share your soul,” he whispered seriously. “I’ve known since I was a child. The least you can do is tell those fuckers that they hold your life in their hands. They aren’t worth it, Deku.” Something fleeted across his face but it was gone before Izuku could make sense of it. “You would have been better if I was your only soulmate.”
“Because that turned out perfect.” The tinker was gone, leaving nothing but the smell of burning flesh. Katsuki finally pulled away, his palm patching up.

“Do yourself a favor, for you, and be selfish for once. Tell them. Protect yourself.” Katsuki rounded and left the bathroom, leaving Izuku leaning against the wall. He slid down, drawing his knees up to his chest as he stared blankly at the opposite wall.

“Please Guide me,” he whispered into the air. “I am lost.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was a pain in the ass to write. Iida and tensei gave me troubles. You can ask pillage, I kept bitching to them lmao.

But now we got some more background into soulmates! :D yay!
“Okay.” Hisashi clapped his hands together. “Welcome to our home! Izuku, do get some towels for your guests in case they wanna take a bath. You guys can go hang in his bedroom.” Izuku nodded and disappeared down the hallway.

“If you go down that wall, it’ll be the door labeled ‘Izuku’, okay?” Inko spoke and the teens awkwardly nodded, shifting as they stood in the entryway. Aoyama, puffing his chest out, strutted towards the bedroom.

Todoroki, Uraraka, and Shinsou followed. Aoyama opened the door and stopped in the doorway, staring.

“Oh my god,” Shinsou wheezed.

Eyes. Eyes everywhere. All Might posters stared into their souls. Figurines of the Hero were positioned to face them, acting like creepy little guards to his sanctuary. A All Might pillowcase and comforter lined his bed, a full body-pillow of the Hero’s muscular body pressed up against the wall.

A All Might rug lined the wooden flooring, a small chibi of him screaming, “DO NOT FEAR FOR I AM HERE!”

A electric alarm clock, with All Might’s torso sticking out of it, flashed the time. Beside it, another figurine was positioned, a power cord sticking out of his back foot.

“I think we may need to have an intervention,” Uraraka whispered in horror, Todoroki’s eyes just wide while Aoyama’s sparkles seemed to intensify.
“Here are the towels.” Izuku popped up behind them, holding out the towels. Four All Might themed bath towels faced the teens. They stared.

“...thank you,” Todoroki spoke tentatively, taking the offered towel. The rest followed, Uraraka’s face spasming. “I’ll...bathe first then.” The baths were quick, each taking a quick soak. After they’d changed into borrowed PJs (all All Might themed of course), Izuku made makeshift beds for them.

Uraraka plopped down on her back on the floor, sighing. She opened her eyes and froze.

All Might’s beaming smile stared back, the poster pinned to the ceiling.

“Don’t say anything,” Todoroki muttered beside her, his own eyes trained on the poster.

“Oh my god,” she whimpered out.

Aoyama claimed the bed with Izuku, all but throwing himself onto the bedding. The other three situated themselves awkwardly onto the floor, mindful of all the merchandise.

They settled down to sleep, exhaustion beginning to seep in. Of course, right before Shinsou was about to sleep, he got the sudden urge to pee. The bane of everyone’s existence. Sitting up with a huff, he moved to the door.

“DO NOT FEAR FOR I AM HERE!”

Uraraka shot up with a scream, throwing her pillow at the sensor-activated All Might figurine. Shinsou was pressed flat to the ground, chest heaving while Todoroki’s right hand created a slick coat of ice along his side out of alarm.

“Oh, sorry,” Izuku sounded from the bed, sitting up. “I’ll unplug that.” He got up, moving around his bookshelf to unplug it. The entire time he was in front of the figurine, it just kept chanting, “DO NOT FEAR DO NOT FEAR DO NOT FEAR DO NOT-”
“How do you sleep?” Aoyama whispered, his voice soft.

“Cuddling my All Might body pillow,” Izuku responded instantly, deadpan. Uraraka burst into hysterical laughter.

It wasn’t hard to fall asleep after that.
Chapter 16
Chapter by **widdlewed**

Chapter Summary

All aboard the oof train~!

Chapter Warnings: Mentions of death, mentions of child death, mentions of alcohol, and swearing.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to my absolutely fantastically amazing better half **pillage_him_satanael** for beta'ing this chapter for me! If you love Yu-Gi-Oh and want a fucking amazing Yu-Gi-Oh fic, please check out their fic **A Sketch of Illness**. It's super in character and amazing and well written and long and just -READ IT. JUST TRUST ME AND READ IT I BEG OF YOU READ THIS FIC IT'S MY FAVORITE YU-GI-OH FIC OF ALL TIMES AND ONE OF MY FAVORITE FICS IN GENERAL DO IT DO IT DO IT

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Midoriya-kun!”

Izuku looked up, seeing All Might rushing towards him. It made an interesting sight, seeing the Number 1 Hero full on sprinting down the hallway, expertly dodging students and teachers alike.

“A moment, please.” All Might looked worried, trickles of sweat beading down his face. His hands clenched and unclenched uncharacteristically, his eyes looking everywhere but at the child. “To our usual room.”

Izuku followed after the man, feeling his feather stir in agitation and worry. He wondered what was wrong, feeling how his heart wavered and fluttered as if circling in dizzying thoughts.

“First,” All Might turned to Izuku after ushering him inside, “are you alright?” His eyes trailed to his wings, seeing the grey blotches. His coloring was looking more vibrant as the days passed, surrounded by his soulmates.
“I’m fine.” Izuku’s smile was brittle. “So what did you need to talk about?”

*Going to avoid the topic, huh?* Toshinori thought to himself as he deflated, settling back against the sofa of the locked room. “You can open up to me, you know. I owe you my life, after all.”

Izuku’s smile just seemed to widen. Like plastic, it stretched from one cheek to the other. Toshinori sighed.

“A nomination came in for you,” he spoke after a moment, reluctant. His voice shook slightly, tremors making the sofa vibrate under him.


“Wh-” Toshinori blinked. “What?”

“What?” Izuku tilted his head to the side. “So who’s my nominator?”

“His name is Gran Torino.” Toshinori grimaced. “He taught at U.A. for one year. He was my homeroom teacher.” A bead of sweat trickled down his face. “He also knows about One For All.”

Izuku frowned, his wings spreading out. “You poor soul. He must have tormented you for you to react like this, well into your adulthood.”

A metaphorical knife stabbed into Toshinori’s heart, making him hunch over. Wow, way to ruin someone’s pride.

“But why me? Because of my borrowed Quirk?” Izuku laced his hands together, eyes like glass as he turned his gaze to Toshinori’s feet. “Oh...he was friends with your predecessor, Nana-san?”

Toshinori jolted, eyes wide, as his feather pulsed once. “How...?”
“I’m sorry,” Izuku spoke, tone soft as he lowered his gaze further, finding his own hands fascinating. “I am...a bit unstable at the moment. I’m tapping into my feathers more than usual. A safety mechanism, if you will.”

“...tapping into the feathers. So you...read my memories from my feather?” Toshinori touched it. Izuku nodded, leaning back against the couch. He tilted his head back, eyes slipping closed.

“Uraraka-san and Aoyama-kun are currently making their way to the library. Uraraka-san’s memories are sweet and salty when it comes to her family. She has a distinct memory of wanting to help her parents with their business, only to be turned down. Aoyama-kun’s memories are soft and warm, like the fires his family’s mansion always has going during the winters in France. His father is the French Ambassador for Japan, you know.”

Toshinori stared, mouth open.

“Kaminari-kun’s with Kirishima-kun and Kacchan. Kirishima-kun has lovely black hair. He looks good in both red and black. It’s silky, like his memories. They are kinda tangled, especially about how he felt inferior to Ashido-san for a while. Kaminari-kun spends his holidays gaming without sleep, resulting in a hospital trip at least once a holiday.”

“Midoriya, my boy, that’s enough. Thank you.”

Izuku’s eyes slid open and he stared at the ceiling, lips tugged down.

“...you’ve said before that when we touched your wings, we took a piece of your soul. Memories. You took the same from us.” Toshinori wrung his hands together.

Izuku pressed his lips together.

“...what happens if we reject your feather? Your Grace?” His shoulders slumped, his eyes downcasting as if drowning under a heavy weight. “Your Grace is your life essence, isn’t it?”

Izuku hunched over, resting his elbows on his legs as he stared at the tiled flooring. “I didn’t want you all to feel obligated.”
“You can’t keep something like that a secret, Midoriya, my boy.” Toshinori moved, sitting on the edge of the cushions next to Izuku. He rested a hand on his shoulder. “It isn’t a obligation. It’s unfair for you.”

Izuku gave a soft, empty laugh. It fell short.

“Kacchan said the same thing. Kacchan is the only one who knows.” Izuku sniffled. “His mom’s one of my mom’s precious people, so of course he’d know. My mom didn’t hesitate to tell her precious people about the terms and conditions of our feathers. Of our Grace.”

“...I lost a piece of myself.” It was a soft whisper, the words pinging against the floor like marbles bouncing against the tiles. “There are moments I look at Iida-kun and think, Just another human. He was one of my precious people and now he’s just another person who’ll go about life completely clueless.”

“Midoriya...” Toshinori rested a hand on his head, his fingers gentle as he combed through the green curls. “Your friends have to know.”

“I don’t want them to feel caged,” Izuku argued, wiping at his eyes. “I don’t want them to feel like they have to keep it now!”

“Let them be the judge of that,” Toshinori countered seriously, tilting Izuku’s head up to meet gazes. “They’re big kids - they can make their own decisions. Don’t make it for them.” He raised his free hand, rapping his knuckles gently against Izuku’s creased forehead. “You dork.”

“You’re one to talk,” Izuku sniffled, vigorously wiping at his face. “During your debut, you decided-”

“Okay, so, your costume has been repaired!” Toshinori coughed into his clenched fist, shooting up to his feet. “Let’s go look at it!”

“Does it still have the open back?” Toshinori strode out of the room. “All Might, does it still have an open back!? You can’t pretend to cough up blood, I know you’re healed!”
Izuku stared at the rundown building in front of him. It was four stories, the bricks painted over with spray-paint graffiti and construction fences hiding it away from the streetview. The windows were more or less broken, the door unhinged and creaked open.

“This is the correct place, right?” Izuku looked at his piece of paper, a folded rectangle of note-book paper that Toshinori had doodled a map on. Izuku was definitely framing it when he got home. “It matches the address.” He was careful in taking the steps, looking at their cracked, shifted foundation.

With a bit of cleaning, the building could be restored. He mentally added the address to his list of restoration locations. After he was done with Musutafu’s shrines, he’s hit this city up next.

“Excuse me,” he called, pushing against the ajar door. It opened slowly with a ominous creak, streams of sunlight chasing into the darkened building interior the further the door open. Izuku shuddered. “I’m Midoriya Izuku, sent here from U. A. high school? Forgive me for intruding - your door was-” broken “-open.”

His eyes bounced around the peeling wallpaper, taking in the couch, a circular dining table, a bloody body, a few chairs, a bookshelf-

A bloody body.

[- red, red, streaming down her front, her pale flesh almost grey against the swollen splotches of blistered red and white. Wheezing, stuttering, her body shook as he clenched desperately to her feather.

“I don’t want to die, I don’t want to die, I don’t want to die, I don’t want to-”

”

”So this is the bubonic plague, huh?” They tilted their head to the side, observing the piling bodies. “Father’s cleansing the world?”

“...yes.” They stared at the dull, lifeless eyes of a tiny human child, blood drying along his nose. “Father is.”]
The world tilted, darkening around the edges as Izuku took a trembling step into the building. His wings were chiming loudly, the sound shrill to his own ears as he took another unstable step closer.

“G-give him eternal rest, O Lord.” Static was drowning out the world, his heart hammering in his ears. Blood stained the grime-covered flooring, soaking into the old man’s body. His fragile, tiny, mortal body. So short, so weak. His Father’s most cherished creations - reduced to such frailty. “And-and may your life shine on him forever.”

His wings stretched out, casting shadows across the interior of the room. This was all this human was left as - a corpse forgotten in a rundown building without any beam of light to guide him.

“You pitiful soul.” Izuku knelt down, uncaring for the red staining his school pants, and reached a hand out. He ghosted his hand over the man’s white hair, his fingers shaking. “May Father love you as you reunite with him, for you are at rest now.”

“I’M ALIVE!” The old man’s head snapped up, lips tugged into a bemused smile. Izuku shrieked and reeled backwards.

“ZOMBIE!” His voice was high-pitched and echoed as he fell onto his back, covering his face with his arms. “I’M GOING TO DIE! PLEASE DON’T EAT MY BRAIN!”

“...I’m not a zombie.” The old man took a moment to hoist himself up onto his feet, his cane creaking as his bones whined. “I dropped my plate of sausages when I fell-”

“You shouldn’t be alone if you could so easily fall!”

-and spilt ketchup everywhere!” The old man looked up at Izuku, expression unreadable behind his mask. “Who’re you?”

“I-I’m Midoriya Izuku. From U.A. Yagi-san said-”

“Who’re you?” The man asked again before pausing. “…did you read me a burial prayer just now?”
“...no?” Izuku shrunk back, scrambling to his feet. “I’m Midoriya Izuku, from U.A. Yagi-san said you know about One For All and-”

“Toshinori? Is that you?” The old man questioned, plopping back down onto the floor. Izuku’s mouth opened and closed silently, his wings drooping to hang low.

*Father, give me patience.* “Sir.” Izuku bent down, keeping eye-level with the elderly man. “Sir, my name is Midoriya Izuku. Are you not Gran Torino?” Gran Torino stared at him silently for a moment, his lips pressing into a thin line. “Do you need assistance? A hospital? Life Alert?”

“I’M NOT THAT OLD!” The man swatted at Izuku, his smack surprisingly strong. Izuku blinked, alarmed, rubbing at his head. “Who’re you?”

Izuñk bit down on his bottom lip, clenching his hands into fists. “Forgive me for my rudeness, sir, but I can’t continue to play these games with you.” Izuku eyes flashed gold behind his glasses. “I am here to train to be a Hero, not to care for your elderly needs.” He bowed his head. “Forgive me for this Sin.”

“Sin? Whatcha talkin’ ‘bout, you whippersnapper?” Gran Torino rubbed at his chin. “If that’s how you feel-” in a flash he was gone “-then show me what you’ve got!”

Izuku whirled. Gran Torino had shot behind him, slamming the door shut. “You can’t play games? Then come and get me!”

He shot around the room, bouncing like a rubber ball, sling-shooting past Izuku. He landed in a corner, perching himself against the ceiling.

“Listen here, you baby chick,” Gran Torino spoke, “go change. Heroes wear costumes for a reason, after all.” Izuku stared for a moment, something coursing through him. It sent tingles down his spine, his lips wobbling into a weak smile.

“Yes sir!”

Izuku grabbed his costume, slipping down the hall at the man’s directions. He found the bathroom, shutting the door behind him. Bracing himself, he opened the briefcase holding his suit and grimaced at the open back.
“Of course.” He took his glasses off, folding the arms before placing them gently with his removed clothes. He slipped his suit on, the green fabric tight against his skin. He looked at his headpiece, gaze softening at the tinted visor. The strap connected around the ears, which were fitted to look like bubbly-wing like graphics. Apparently Hatsume had ‘Angel’ as her visual when repairing his goggles.

He slipped the visor on, fitting the wings around his ears. They held no purpose besides aesthetics but when he looked in the mirror, his breath left him.

Four wings stared back at him and his heart ached.

“What’s taking so long!?”

Gran Torino had a loud voice, at least. If he ever needed help, there was no doubt someone off the street wouldn’t hear him.

Izuku scurried out of the bathroom and down the hall, making sure his visor was on tightly. Gran Torino stared, eyebrow raising.

“What’s with the open back?”

“Please don’t ask.”

The two just stood there for a moment. With a flash, he was zigzagging around Izuku, his feet landing precise kicks against him without error. Izuku stumbled, eyes wide. Oh Holy Father, was he about to fight with a elderly person? No! That’s horrible! He couldn’t!

“Not gonna fight back!?” Gran Torino spoke as he perched on top of the fridge, smirking. “Guess Toshinori was a bad judge of character - picked a soggy baby as his successor!”

Izuku’s wings ruffled.
“Please refrain from insulting Yagi-san! Thank you!” Izuku called, wincing as another kick landed against his shoulder. He stumbled to the side.

“Whatcha gonna do? Cry to Toshinori about it?” Gran Torino bounced around faster and Izuku frowned. He was disliking this every second that passed. He was not going to brawl with an elderly person. He was not. The man’s Quirk was fast, his body a blur even for Izuku to try and track. But he seemed to have a pattern, Izuku decided as he was attacked at his back again.

Every fourth attack came from behind. Izuku braced himself and counted, wincing and tensing at each smack to his sides or head.

When the fourth attack came he whirled, hand outstretched to grab. Gran Torino grabbed him by the face and he was on his back in a second, staring at the footprint riddled ceiling.

Well.

“You’re tense and you act like One For All is a foreign entity inside you,” Gran Torino spoke up. “During the Sports Festival, your body was rigid and awkward when handling the Quirk - anyone could tell you weren’t accustomed to it. You need to get used to it.” He released Izuku, standing up straight. “I’m going to go get something to eat. Thanks in advance for cleaning up~!”

He was out the door in a flash and Izuku just continued to stare at the ceiling. He exhaled loudly and sat up. Might as well begin his clean up now. He distantly wondered if this city had any shrines.

He...didn’t know what to expect when he’d opened the door to the underground bar. It certainly wasn’t to the sight of a blonde girl perched on top of the bar, chugging a bottle of straight vodka while the various Villains in the room cheered her on.

No, it certainly wasn’t that.

These...these were the rumored Villains who’d raided Yuuei? His eyes moved from the girl to the young adult leaving against the bar, a hand covering most of his face. Leaning heavily against him was another guy with black hair, a half-empty vodka bottle in one hand and a healthy flush across his
scarred cheeks.

Just. What.

“Oh, Stain,” the one wearing the hand greeted. “You found the place alright.” The girl released the lip of the bottle with a wet pop, smiling brightly at the Villain.

“Oho~ Stainy-poo! My idol!” The girl bounced off the bar, skipping over to the man. She was steady and fluid in her motions, not seeming to be affected by the liquor. She hugged the murderer around the arm, squeezing tight. “I, like, totally love you!”

“Please let me go,” he spoke, voice tense in discomfort. “I’ll only ask politely once.” The girl’s arms tightened, her eyes narrowing at the challenge.

“Oh, I love threats,” she purred out, a knife sliding into her hand. “Gives me the best tingles~!”

“Oh my god,” the scarred one groaned, smacking his forehead against the wooden bar countertop. “Toga, stop.”

“Hush, sweetie, I’m playing~!” Toga cooed out, casting a fond look over at the man. “Hey, hey Shiggy, I can play with him, right?” Stain tensed and a sneer twitched his lips as he turned his gaze from Toga to the one with the hand covering his face.

“Let him understand that he’s alive out of our kindness,” the man spoke, tone bemused. Stain moved a hand to his sword, only to stiffen when the girl planted a hand against his chest.

“Oh no, you should pay attention to me.” Stain looked at her, locking gazes with her glowing golden eyes. Her smile was warm, welcoming, and his entire body went rigid. “Good boy. Now, it’s time to play.”

Kurogiri looked to the white computer monitor, worry building.
Gran Torino came back to a sparkling room and a small meal being made in his cleaned kitchen area. He stared.

“Ah, welcome back!” Izuku greeted, smile bright. “I cleaned, as you asked! I’m sorry for overstepping boundaries but I made you something to eat. A long and healthy life consists of balanced meals and healthy, germ free environments! So—”

“Screw Toshinori, you’re my protege now.” Oh, had he said that out loud?

“....what?”

Gran Torino was over in a flash, snatching up the cooked plate of fish. He took a bite, humming. Not seasoned that well but it was better than frozen dinners. Toshinori had an angel of a successor - it wasn’t fair. He was kind, considerate, and he cleaned like it was his special Quirk.

Really not fair.

“It’ll pass. Eat! Gotta keep your strength.” Gran Torino settled down at the table, eating slowly to savor the home cooked meal. Izuku was slower to sit down, looking lost.

The rest of the evening pasted in a blur, the two continuing their game of tag after dinner. Around 8 in the evening, Izuku all but demanded the elderly man to go to bed, saying he needed all the rest he could get. Gran Torino had just stared at him, expression unreadable, before he’d plopped down on his bed.

After waiting to make sure he was asleep, Izuku slipped out of the building. He looked around, seeing barely any people out on the streets, Fair enough.

“It looks forced,” Izuku mumbled as he walked a bit away from the building, finding an alleyway. “Of course, though. My body’s fighting with the Quirk.” He touched a hand to his chest, feeling his Grace and One for All stirring as they clashed. “Mama was born with her Quirk, though it’s watered down because of her Grace. She had time to grow accustomed to it.” He frowned, looking up at the dark sky.
“Enough thinking of this.” He focused One for All into his legs, eyes trained on the top of the building to his left. In a flash he was airborne, his wings stretching out behind him as he descended the air. His wings flapped once, unable to keep him suspended, and he landed on the rooftop with a thud.

He settled down on the ledge of the building, letting his legs hang over the edge. He closed his eyes, tilting his head back as he let himself sink into his mind.

In the darkness of his consciousness, tiny flickering lights greeted him. The brightness and size varied, stretching out like stars twinkling in the sky. There was one closest to him, hot and cold at the same time. Further away, one floated about in a bubbly manner, a more bright, explosive light flaring off in the distance.

He reached out, hands hovering but not touching, cupping under the hot-cold orb of light. It flickered in greeting, like a flame, the color a snowy white with tinges of blue in the tendrils of flares. He smiled softly, bringing it closer to himself. He let it hover close to his chest and the darkness and the other lights faded, replacing with a image.

“You chose right,” Endeavor growled, shuffling through papers on his desk. Todoroki stood stiff, arms crossed behind his back as he stared straight at the wall above his father’s head. “You would have wasted your time with any other agency.”

“Yes sir,” Todoroki recited.

“You’ve got to smarten up, Shouto. You made an embarrassment of yourself during the Sports Festival.”

“Yes sir.”

“And that green haired child-”

“Midoriya-kun has nothing to do with this conversation,” Todoroki interrupted, eyes suddenly boring into Endeavor’s heated glare. “Do not speak about him.”

“...you’ve grown more daring,” the man spoke, voice cautioning Todoroki to chose his words wisely. “Maybe you should switch classes, away from those...distractions.”
“You can try,” Todoroki spoke, touching a hand to his feather. The pulse gave him confidence. “But it wouldn't do anything.”

Izuku let the flame go, watching it drift away. He reached for another light, this one shaped like a cloud and tinged pink, and let the memories engulfed him.

“Good morning!” Gran Torino greeted as he wandered into the living room. He stopped, seeing the dark circles under Izuku’s eyes. “What happened to you?”

“I didn’t sleep,” Izuku admitted sheeply, scratching his cheek. “Was busy checking up on my friends.” Gran Torino raised an eyebrow, excitement for a cooked breakfast pushed under confusion. What, had he spend the night talking to all his classmates?

“Here, breakfast! Taiyaki is not a suitable dish to start your day with.” Izuku huffed, looking properly stern as he put down a bowl of miso soup in front of the old man.

“...are you always like this?” Gran Torino couldn’t help but ask. Izuku paused, tilting his head to the side.

“For the elderly or the weak, of course.” Izuku put down his chopsticks, eyes glazed. “In all things I have shown you that by working hard in this way we must help the weak and remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he himself said, ‘It is more blessed to give than to receive.’ Acts 20:35.”

“...I’m not weak.” Gran Torino didn’t know what to feel, but was personally leaning towards insulted. Izuku smiled, soft and kind, and somewhat belittling to the old man.

“No, but you are old and aged and you’re experiences in this life have weighed you down. It is my honor to care for you, no matter for how short that time is.” He took a bite of his rice, “You are wiser than I am, why would I not respect you and admire you for the knowledge and hardships you have faced.”
“You’re a weird brat,” Gran Torino laughed, digging into his food. Izuku’s smile softened, just a bit.

“I guess I am.” He finished his meal and cleaned up, Gran Torino moving to get his stopwatch.

“Let’s try again, alright?” The man fiddled with the watch, Izuku nodding as he slipped his glasses off. Forgoing his costume for the day, he’d been caution in keeping his glasses on the entire morning.

“You know, Torino-san,” Izuku spoke after a few moments of peaceful silence, “I don’t think I’ll ever be able to make One for All completely mine. It’ll always look forced - always look borrowed. But, that’s fine.”

“Oh?” Torino looked up from the stopwatch, body going rigid as glowing gold eyes stared blankly at him.

“Yep,” Izuku smiled, expression serene despite how soulless his eyes looked. “It’s fine. You want to know why?” He was graceful as he moved, closing the distance between the two of them.

“W-why?” Gran Torino’s body trembled, his voice coming out choked. His mind was stuttering, emotions wavering between confusion, alarm, terror, and something misplaced like comfort and peace.

“Because something as human as Quirks aren’t any match for what I can do.” He reached out, gently poking Gran Torino’s cheek. “I win.” He turned around, Gran Torino’s body slumping forward with a gasp. The teen slipped his glasses on, turning back to the man with a please little tilt of his lips.

“I took One for All because Yagi-san asked me to have it. I’m only doing it because he was so desperate and sincere in his pleas. I cannot deny a request for my precious people.” He crouched down in front of the retired Hero, head tilting to the side. “I’m going to be a Hero and protect people. With or without this borrowed power.”

“...you…” Gran Torino gave a full body shudder. Something about the child made his stomach twist in ways he didn’t want to think about - didn’t want to compare those round, green eyes to mutated, stretched flesh over a face or that empty smile to silky words spoken with such conviction of a greater world.

He didn’t.
“In the grand scheme of things, mastering this Quirk doesn’t even make it onto the list,” Izuku continued and then stood up, reaching a hand out for the man. “But please, let’s continue.”

Toshinori, is this kid a angel or a demon in disguise? Gran Torino thought to himself as he got to his feet.

There was a tension between the two by day 3. Izuku continued to cook, clean, and act politely to the man, and in turn he was wary, stiff, and cautious with him. He didn’t like how cold and emotionless the child could be so suddenly, the behavior disappearing with a blink of an eye. Something was wrong with him. Something was very wrong.

He felt cooped up, trapped in his own house with the child. So, after eating the breakfast (which had fast turned into sandpaper in his mouth) he’d decided they should go for a patrol.

“We’ll go to Shibuya. Scrimmages are common place there nowadays,” the man explained, walking with Izuku. He was wearing his costume, the winged visor now mocking the man with how he saw the teen.

“Yes sir,” Izuku spoke, humming. The boarding of the train and finding their seats was a blur, Izuku humming a hymn under his breath while Gran Torino just exhaled.

The kid had charm but it didn’t outweigh the creepy factor he had going for him. Gran Torino made a mental note to talk to Toshinori about the kid.

The world exploded as a Noumu attacked the train and before Izuku knew it, Gran Torino had thrown himself and the monster out of the opened side of the train, disappearing into the night of Hosu City.

It took the Angel .3 seconds to decide to chase after his mentor, unable to leave him alone to deal with a Noumu by himself. He couldn’t bring himself to let a elderly person suffer when he could help in some way.
He sprinted through the tunnel of the underground subway, moving towards the sounds of fighting. He exited the underground station, freezing at the sight of two other Noumu. Three total - all different from the one All Might handled before.

“Iida!?”

Izuku’s head snapped over to see a Hero calling out for his friend, his expression panicked. “IIDA, WHERE ARE YOU?!”

Hosu. Iida was in Hosu. Iida was out there in this mayhem? Iida...in Hosu...Noumu, controlled by the League of Villains. Hosu, where a lot of attacks-

Izuku’s wings shuddered, feathers seeming to bristle against the skeleton of their base.

The Hero Killer was in Hosu. Iida was missing, whereabouts unknown in all this chaos, with the Hero Killer on the loose.

Iida was somewhere out there, facing off against a Villain that would play with him like a cat batting at a unexpecting bug. Iida was out there, unprotected, and Izuku couldn’t find him. Couldn’t locate him. Couldn’t sense him anymore, not anymore. Not since he rejected Izuku-

His mind blanked.

Had Iida…?

Had Iida purposely…?

He hadn’t known. None of them did. So he probably didn’t think-

But-

“Are you *fucking* kidding me right now.”
If any of his friends were around, they’d probably have had a heart attack at the swear word that slipped past his lips. Izuku’s hands clenched into fists, his wings stretching out as anger bubbled up deep in his stomach.

Fine. If that’s the way Iida had wanted to play it, then he would play. He stood still, ignoring the screaming and crying of scared citizens as his wings began to glow. He stretched his senses, breathing in deeply. The Noumu flared with dark energy, their Sins mutated and decayed. It was weak though, compared to the dense Sins swarming the air from the North of Izuku.

Gold eyes snapped open and he was running towards the direction, hardening his stomach as the air became rancid and bitter. Dark, black smoke filled the air, condensing in a alleyway.

If he couldn’t use Iida as a beacon, might as well use the next best thing.

Iida...may have miscalculated his plan. He hadn’t expected to be downed in the matter of seconds, bleeding and pinned down with a sharp weapon. He, well, hadn’t really known what to expect - that was the funny thing about revenge. It wasn’t always thought out and smooth sailing.

He gritted his teeth, struggling uselessly to get up. He had to move. He had to move. His brother’s attempted murderer was right there, towering over him, and he had to move!

A blur of green slammed into Stain, throwing him back. Izuku landed in front of Iida, sparks dancing across his body. His visor hid his narrowed golden eyes, his hands trembling at his side.

Stain stumbled back, holding his throbbing cheek. The kid had kicked him right in the jaw. He was pretty sure it was broken. He gingerly touched at it, wincing. Not broken but pretty sore.

“Midoriya-kun?! Wha-what?! What are you doing here?” Iida demanded from the ground, gritting his teeth against the burning pain of his cuts. “Run away! This doesn’t.”

Iida couldn’t breathe. He couldn’t breathe. The air seemed to solidify in the alleyway as Izuku
slowly turned, burning golden eyes glaring down at the prone teen. The immobile boy wheezed out a faint noise, trying to speak.

“You destroyed a piece of my soul for this?” It was a soft murmur, his words as sharp as his gaze. He turned fully to Iida, crouching down to him. A hand reached out, tilting his face up. “You threw away our bond for revenge? Pointless revenge? Humans really are so selfish.” He dropped his hand, standing back up. “But, Father did give you free will.”

“M-Midoriya...kun?” If he could move, he’d be running. The look and air around his classmate - his instincts were screaming for him to haul ass out of the alleyway and never look back. Who was this standing before him? Who was this teenager, staring at him as if he were some speck of filth on a pristine white cloth?

“Are you here to save him or chastise him?” Stain asked as he opened and closed his jaw, rubbing it. “Either way, it’s pointless. These two are dying and if you get in my way-” Bloodlust leaked out of the man and swarmed the enclosed area “-you are dying too.”

Izuku heart lurched in his chest. No matter if he was angry at Iida, he wasn’t about to let him or some innocent Hero die. He exhaled, trying to calm his nerves under the horrid waves of Sin rolling off the murderer and focused.

Fire and Ice flared in the darkness of his mind and he reached out, mentally screaming, I AM HERE. I AM HERE. I AM HERE.

The lights in the darkness flared in response, some distant, some close, but none glowed as bright as Todoroki’s soul. He responded in kind, Coming. I’m on my way.

No one was dying today.

Chapter End Notes

Bonus:
Torino: What is this Life Alert you keep talking about?

Izuku, throwing himself to the ground: HELP I’VE FALLEN AND I CANT. GET.
UP.

Torino: I hate children.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

"Shouto. (read the exasperation)"

Chapter Notes

You know the drill but thank you to my absolutely fantastically amazing better half pillage_him_satanael for beta'ing and helping me write this chapter! <3

It parts of this chapter remind you of Stream's Live it's because Satanael is working their magic touch of amazingness.

oof sorry for the long wait. Happy New Year!

Todoroki knew something was up. His feather had been warm all day, like a constant presence beside him. It gave him confidence, despite the wariness and constant pressure of danger that radiated off the thing.

He’d have to be insane to work under his father but surprisingly, while an incompetent father and all around human being, he was an okay Hero who knew his stuff. Todoroki had to pinch himself a few times just to make sure that, yes, he was awake and this was all real because did he really just learn something from the man who sired him?

He never realized that this man could teach him anything besides constant pain and the crushing failure of dropped expectations.

Who’d have thought?

Their first day together was all around tense and if Todoroki hadn’t had his feather, he’d have skedaddled out of there so quickly. The feather protected him and he knew that if he were in any sort of immediate danger, Izuku would be there in a heartbeat.

It made him feel better about staring his father straight in the eye and demanding, “I don’t want ramen. I want Onnuriye Donkatsu.”
He wondered, faintly, if something had happened turning the time he saw his father at the Sports Festival and right then because the man merely faltered.

“...That’s Korean.” The man said after a long moment of thought. “And it’s spicy.”

“I know what I asked for.”

“No,” Endeavor snapped out. “You’re having ramen. You’ve never opposed it before. I don’t see why you would dislike it now.” Todoroki frowned. The man had a point, but that was irrelevant. This wasn’t about ramen, - even if he’d really like some, right now - this was about tearing apart Endeavour’s working life as delicately as possible. Making a fuss over something as simple as deciding on lunch seemed like a lovely place to start. He just felt bad for the interns.

Todoroki maintained eye contact for a moment before pulling his phone out. His father opened his mouth, ready to explode over the poor manners, before his son beat him to it.

“How about B-Bucatini all’Amatriciana ?” Todoroki looked up from his phone. Endeavor opened and closed his mouth.

“...What?”


“Where would we even get that?”

Todoroki scrolled down. “The reviews say that it’s a famous delicacy in Paris.”

“Shouto.”

Endeavor stared at him, hand slowly lowering to his desk as his eyebrows raised in genuine confusion.

“Are you speaking Spanish?” Todoroki stopped reading the menu items aloud and blinked.

“Maybe?”

“Where did you even learn Spanish? That...that isn’t even an option at U.A, is it? I could’ve sworn...” Endeavor looked to one of his interns. They shrugged, eyes wide as they watched the scene unfold before them.

“Oh, I haven’t. I’m almost eighty-percent certain I’ve been butchering every pronunciation I’ve made from the beginning.”

Behind them, Endeavor’s intern looked ready to faint. Endeavor sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Shouto, just eat the damn ramen.” He waved at his intern. “Order the stupid thing. He’s just being stubborn.” The Hero settled back into his chair, studying his child. “...is this a rebellious phase? Why couldn’t you do what Natsuo did and just - get a tattoo or a belly button piercing?”

Todoroki jolted, eyes wide and mind suddenly blank.

“He has a belly button piercing?” Endeavor looked thoughtful.

“Or was that Fuyumi?”

Okay, he didn’t need the mental images.

The two fell silent. Endeavor tapped a finger to his desk.

“I understand we have some...issues...between us, but let’s at least try to act professional in public, alright?” Endeavor straightened. “We have an image to uphold, after all.” Todoroki stared at him
blankly, as if asking *Really?*

“But - ahem - the first rule of patrolling a city is diligence.” Todoroki raised an eyebrow. This was going to be a long week.

Endeavor’s assistant looked at the coffee cup, to Todoroki, and back to the cup.

“What?”

Smooth. But he think maybe he was having a stroke because *what did the kid just ask?*

“Is that his coffee?” Todoroki asked again, pointing to the cup of coffee. “I’ll take it to him.” He held a hand out for the drink. The assistant quietly noted he was holding out his right hand.

“O-oh, no, you’re busy-”

“I’ve just been called to his office, anyway. It’s pointless to make another trip when you have other responsibilities. It’s fine.” Todoroki wasn’t leaving the kitchen until he got that cup of coffee, dammit. The assistant wavered before sighing.

“Fine. Here you go.” He handed the cup to Todoroki and left with a bow, leaving the teen by himself. Once Todoroki was positive he was alone he grabbed three salt packets and dumped them into the steaming cup of dark liquid. He stirred it and, after looking at the condiments littering the counter, grabbed the tabasco sauce and dumped almost half the bottle into the cup. The coffee stayed dark. Perfect.

He patted himself on the back for keeping a straight face as he entered the room and handed the coffee to Endeavor.

A beat of silence, time moving in slow motion as Endeavor raised the cup to his lips. Todoroki forgot how to breathe, anticipation making his body vibrate as the cup tipped backwards.
Endeavor spat the coffee out, splattering the dark liquid over his paperwork strewn across his desk. Hope those weren’t important.

The man sputtered, spitting and coughing. His face was red, tears streaming from blood-shot eyes as he pushed himself away from his desk with a rattling wheeze.

“What the fu-”

“Is it the wrong brand? I wasn’t sure which one you preferred, so I just took the first one I saw off the shelf.” Deadpan and heard over the choking, Todoroki continued to stare at his father with a blank face. “What’s wrong?”

“Shouto.” Endeavor wheezed, chest visibly heaving as he coughed again. “What did you do?”

“Why do you think it was something I did?”

“Shouto.”

Todoroki innocently rocked back on his heels, humming. “I thought you liked sugar in your coffee.” Endeavor’s coughing had settled down and his face wrinkled up in disgust.

“That tasted like salt and hot sauce.”

“Salt and sugar look remarkably similar.”

There was a pause.

“...I may need my eyes checked. It’s been a while since our last family trip.”

“Shouto.”
Todoroki squinted at him, for extra effect.

Endeavour let out a sigh. “...Are you quite done?”

His son shook his head slowly. “My eye hurts.”

The Hero considered him for a moment. It had been a while since he’d paid any attention to the reminders they received in the mail from doctors, optometrists, and the like. He’d assumed his children were capable of handling such things on their own. Perhaps not. “Which one?”

Todoroki tilted his head to the side, shutting his left eye. “Which do you think?”

“SHOUTO!”

“I want to dye my hair.”

Oh for - Endeavor counted backwards from 25 and exhaled. “Why?” He raised an eyebrow at his child. Sadly, this was probably the most civil the two had been in years.

“So did you want me to get you another coffee?” Todoroki completely ignored Endeavor’s question. “What blend do you drink?”

Endeavor stared at him, wondering if he’d just gotten whiplash from the sudden change in topic.

“Just.” He rubbed at his face. “I would, please. You’ll be accompanied to the kitchen and remain supervised while you make me another one. While you’re there...” he paused, considering it, “get me some aspirin.”

Todoroki nodded, the corner of his mouth quirking up just slightly before he made his leave.

Endeavour sat back and realized that was the closest to a smile he’d received from his son the entire time he’d been here - and it’d been at his father’s expense. He turned his head, glancing at one of his interns.
“Never have children.”

The man smiled thinly. “After that display,” he said, “I wouldn’t want to.”

It was official. The world wanted to watch Todoroki burn. Slowly and surely, preparing him for death in the careful way that one of the dishes he’d asked his father for was created. Not that he could remember the name of it. Or hope to pronounce it. Regardless, the world wanted him to suffer.

That could be the only reason for shit hitting the fan the moment he decided to mentor under his father. Hosu was just the icing on the metaphorical shit cake.

“Evacuate the citizens! Do not engage!” Endeavor ordered, grabbing Todoroki tightly on his shoulder. “I repeat, do not engage.” His eyes were serious, lips pulled taut in hardened resolve and every-day dramatics of the Hero life. “If I see you out there-”

“Oh, you won’t,” Todoroki mumbled as his feather pulsed. I AM HERE. I AM HERE. It sounded like a distress call, flashes of alleyways and familiar landscapes entering his mind the longer the feather pulsed.

“What was that?” Endeavor searched his son’s closed off expression. Todoroki pulled his arm away from the man and backed up. The pulsing was growing more rapid, more frantic.

“Nothing. I’m just going to - yeah.” Todoroki slipped through the chaos and the crowds of people, disappearing with his father’s yells chasing after him. He followed the pulsing, letting it lead him further away from the destruction happening upon the city.

His feather warmed and he stopped, taking in the scene in front of him. Stain the Hero Killer was towering over a slumped over Izuku, sharp knives pointed down at him. Iida was sprawled out behind them, screaming for Stain to leave Izuku alone.

Yeah, no.
Fire burst forth and Stain dodged out of the way as Todoroki landed in front of his Angel, eyes narrowed.

“Haven’t your parents ever taught you to pick on someone your own size?” Todoroki asked as wisps of fire licked at the air around his left side. He glanced at Izuku, stance relaxing at the only notable wound - a cut in his shoulder.

“You’re only a bit taller than me,” Izuku mumbled, struggling to move. “Oh Father in Heaven. I can’t move.” He gave a faint squeak as ice slipped under him, tumbling him backwards. Iida made a similar noise as he was rolled head over heels past Izuku, the ice slick and shining in the moonlight and fire.

“This is my life now,” the downed Hero from earlier grumbled as he crashed down beside Izuku. “Being saved by a bunch of children.”

“Todoroki-kun, don’t let him ingest your blood! He’ll paralyze you!” Izuku called, still struggling. He hated Blood-based Quirks. Even with his Grace, they still had an effect on him.

“Got it,” Todoroki called, only to jolt as a knife flew at him. His feather pulsed and the knife was deflected as if crashing into an invisible wall, clattering behind Stain.

No one moved.

“What?!” Stain roared as Todoroki sent a twister of fire towards him. “What was that just now?!” He used the wall to propel himself up into the air, swords drawn.

Izuku’s hand twitched. He slammed his palm down on the dirty ground, golden eyes blazing. His body trembled, his Grace working to force the Quirk out of his system. Green electricity crackled along his form as he forced himself up onto his elbows and knees.

“I must just have someone higher up protecting me,” Todoroki deadpanned as he shot a few icicles out at the Villain. Stain easily cut them into shards of ice, throwing three knives at Todoroki. His feather pulsed once more and the knives were deflected.

“Well whatever it is, it’s pissing me off!” Stain lunged and got right into Todoroki’s personal space. One of his swords sunk into his side and the child winced, pain immediate as he stumbled
backwards. Just as his body shut down, a flash of color sped past him.

A leg slammed into Stain’s head, Izuku’s expression down-right feral.

“You can move?!” Iida cried out, still facing downwards on the ground. Todoroki sat slumped, unable to move as the Hero with them just cursed their luck.

“Must be a blood type based limitation!” Izuku growled as Stain backed up a few paces. The man spat out a glob of blood, a tooth in the spit. He rubbed at his face, eyes narrowed.

“You guessed right. You’re annoying me, little brat.” A knife slid into his hand. “Both of you are. Maybe I will kill you after all.”

“Just stop!” Iida cried out, scraping his cheek against the ground. “This doesn’t concern you. You’re just getting in my way!”

“You don’t have the right to say that!” Izuku screamed out, his voice shrill and echoing in the alleyway. Silence fell heavily along the air like a wool blanket. “It is my business! You made it my business by getting rid of my soul-piece!”

“Soul piece?” Todoroki questioned softly, eyes widening. His hand automatically went for his feather. “Midoriya-kun, what.”

“So just shut up and sit there until I can try and figure out how to help you!”

He felt so useless. He couldn’t heal anyone but his soulmates but Iida was pretty badly injured. He was losing blood, fast, and Izuku couldn’t fix him. His anger was back, bubbling up as his wings trembled. He breathed in heavily through his mouth, his chest heaving up and down as the alleyway darkness condensed and collected upon Stain’s body.

“And you, Sinner,” he growled out as he focused glowing eyes on Stain, “need to repent.”
Her voice echoed in the chaos as she hummed, a faint sound of fabric dragging following at her heels. She skipped through a deserted alleyway, limp body pulling behind her. A trail of blood chased them, leaking from the corpse’s slit throat.

“Mr. Sinner here was a very bad man~!” Toga sung out as she dropped the man’s corpse in a pile, letting it slump against the body of a woman and another elderly man. She crouched down, resting her cheeks in her bloody hands as she smiled at the small mound. “Now you guys have more friends.”

“What are you doing?”

Toga’s eyes slid to the side, where Dabi was leaning up against the brick wall. He fiddled with a lighter, eyebrow raised at the woman. “Tomura wanted us at the bar.”

“I’m getting him some more candy. Come here sweetie.” Toga held out a blood-stained hand and Dabi slipped the lighter into his pocket, walking towards her. He took her hand and she pulled it close, pressing a kiss to his knuckles. “I’m doing to do something. It might sting. Are you ready?”

Dabi wavered for a moment before he nodded. Toga guided his head down and she pressed her lips to his for a brief moment, gold eyes flashing red. Dabi’s blue eyes bled into gold and he backed up with a gasp, face scrunching up in discomfort as he raised a hand to hover over his cheek.

“Look,” Toga commanded as she gestured to the pile of bodies. He did and his breath left him. Black tendrils coiled off the corpses, like smoldering smoke from a dying bonfire. A rotten stench had filled the enclosed space and he stumbled back, seeing tiny black creatures clawing at the dead bodies.

“What the fuck.” Dabi covered his mouth with his hand, biting back a gag. The already rancid alleyway was suddenly bathed in a stench of rotten vegetation and sour dairy products. There was a underlying odor of sewer waste, mixing together enough to almost make Dabi lose what was left in his stomach. “What - what are those things?”

“Demons’ minions,” Toga explained as she reached a hand out, plucking one of the small rat-looking creatures up. “They scavenge for the souls of Sinners, to feed their masters. But too bad for them, these souls are going to our Demon.” She tossed the rat (because that was the only thing it could be described as) over her shoulder without care. The other rats scurried out of the way as she took a step closer.
“How...how do they get the souls?” Dabi’s legs wobbled and Toga casted him a gentle look.

“By causing their deaths. It’s easy to trigger a heart attack or steer a truck into their path.” Toga shrugged. “They’re minions of demons - it isn’t hard for them to cause death and destruction.” She turned back to the pile.

“You know what I am,” she intoned against the silence. “Do not get in my way or face damnation.” She glanced again at Dabi. “They used to be the souls of the undead, cast to Hell for eternal damnation. Some are turned into soul gathers for demons. Some are just left to suffer.”

She swiped her hand across the air above the pile and the black veil shuddered and exploded, shoving past the two as the entire alleyway was cloaked in a thick fog of black.

Then it seemed to reverse, as if being sucked up by a vacuum, and condensed into a small ball. Dabi watched, heartbeat slamming against his ribcage, as Toga picked up the black ball and held it up for him to see.

It smelled absolutely foul.

“Now I just gotta make some chocolate molds to fit these in,” Toga explained as she pocketed the ball, “and then we can feed Shiggy-chan!” She danced around to face Dabi and inched towards him, smiling contently.

“You’re feeding him the souls of Sinners?” Dabi’s head was positively spinning as his vision flickered. He hadn’t noticed the alleyway had been brighter with his golden vision - now he had to squint just to see the woman standing in front of him.

“Yep. He’s very malnourished. Been living off of too much human food and not enough Demon food.” She looked saddened. “He’s been neglected. I don’t know what’s happened to him, but he’s suffered horribly. He doesn’t even remember.”

“Remember?” Dabi’s voice cracked and he winced. Toga leaned up on her tiptoes, pecking Dabi on the lips, as if to soothe him.
“We’re born with the memories of our blood,” she whispered against his lips, leaning back down. “He should have them. After all-” her eyes flashed red- “he wasn’t born a demon.”

Dabi was left lost with more question than answers as she tugged him out of the alleyway, leading them towards the destruction the Noumu were causing.

Iida didn’t know why this was happening.

He didn’t know how he’d ended up on a filthy cement ground of a alleyway at night with Stain trying to kill him while the city burned. He didn’t know how two of his classmates had gotten involved - one screaming words that made no sense to him and the other just along for the ride. He didn’t know why they were fighting to protect him.

That was a lie. He knew.

He’d sought after Stain for revenge - for vengeance for his brother. He’d sought after Stain to make him pay. Make him beg and plead and take away what he’d taken from Tensei.

He’d sought after Stain. Him. By himself. So how had he ended up with Midoriya and Todoroki bickering at each other as they fought against the Hero Killer?

Izuku kept screaming at him, telling him it was his business. He wasn’t making any sense, not that Iida cared. Izuku was scary, feeling more dangerous than the adult across from them on the opposite side of the alley. Todoroki, for his own part, was more of just a support character - coming to the rescue and watching Izuku’s back.

Iida wanted them to leave. They didn’t belong there, in the alley, fighting for their lives - for his life.

He hated it. It made him feel as useless as it did when he’d first seen his brother.

[His head hurt thinking about it. Hours were missing from his memories. Tensei had asked where
Izuku was suddenly one day and when Iida questioned how he knew him, his brother had looked confused.

“He visited with you. You introduced us,” Tensei explained slowly. “Do you need to lay down, bro?”

His head hurt thinking about it. Hours were missing from his memories. Izuku had apparently been with him at the hospital.

The class mentioning a feather. It sounded familiar. Wings? What about wings?

Why did he feel like he was missing out on an important secret?

“Just- stop it! Both of you! Leave this to me!” Iida yelled from the ground. God, he wished he could move. Just move. Just move. Move. Move. Move!

“Why don’t you make us!” Todoroki snapped as he dodged a stab from Stain’s sword, strands of white and red hair fluttering in the air. “Instead of just wallowing there on the ground!”

“You two are wasting your breath.” Stain chuckled as he licked at his bloody knife. Izuku gave a whine as he slumped to the ground again, eyes growing fierce in aggravation. “A person’s character isn’t so easily changed, no matter how much you scream at them.”

“Todoroki-kun,” Izuku breathed out as he bared his teeth in a growl, “remove my goggles.” Todoroki casted a glance at the winged accessory, Stain’s eyes copying the movement.

“You-you sure?” He sounded hesitant and Stain lunged at the distraction. Todoroki jumped backwards, only for his face to crumple as Stain landed down behind Izuku.

Iida and Todoroki watched in horror as he hefted the child up under his arm, knife pressed against his neck.

“Now I have a hostage.”
Izuku just stared back at his classmates, expression clearing screaming, “WE NEED AN ADULT.” They couldn’t have agreed more.

Stain shifted his footing, scooting backwards. “If you don’t want this brat to gain a new neck accessory, you’ll leave and let me kill that pathetic excuse of a Hero.” His eyes burned through Iida’s armor. “Got it?”

“No.” Izuku stared pointedly at Todoroki. “You will not sacrifice Iida for me. Take Iida and run.”

“What?!” Iida sputtered out, Native giving a loud and frustrated groan beside him. “No! You two aren’t even supposed to be here!”

“NEWS FLASH!” Izuku shrieked out, Todoroki the only one who could see his wings stretch up in inditation. “YOU AREN’T EITHER!” His arm moved, ripping his visor off his face. Stain jolted, grip slackening on the child, and Izuku slammed a knee to the back of the man’s thigh.

His leg crumpled and the angel fell onto his hands and knees, feral gold glare zeroed in on the Villain. He was quick, grabbing at Stain’s face and shoving him backwards. His wings casted shadows, feathers fluttering in the air as he pinned the adult to the ground and forced him to make eye contact.

Stain was still and tense under him, a knife’s tip prickling at Izuku’s throat just above his adam’s apple.

Neither moved.

“You reek of Sins,” Izuku whispered out, catching sight of the flickering black creatures in the corners, waiting, watching. “Your soul doesn’t have a lot of time for salvation.” He leaned closer, expression softening. “Do you want to be saved?”

Stain bit at his lower lip, breaking skin and drawing a thin trail of blood. Izuku’s lips pulled into a smile and he used his thumb to draw the bloody flesh away, giving a quiet shush.

“Or do you want to be eaten?”
Stain stared into those glowing orbs, reminded eerily of the little firecracker hanging around the League - that girl. His tone and expression was so similar even to the slight crinkle of their eyes as they tilted their head to the side.

Thankfully Stain had been able to fight off that girl at the bar. He could do the same.

“I don’t got time for your religion bullshit,” Stain snarled low and the wet sound of a metal sliding into warm flesh echoed in the still air.

Izuku blinked owlishly as he glanced down at his stomach. One of the man’s knives was buried into his stomach all the way up to the wooden handle, a steady stream of blood trickling down his arm as he twisted the knife.

“I was going to let you go free, brat, but you’re too like that chick to let live now.” The child screamed danger, just like the woman. His demeanor was less human and more monster - a variety that Stain didn’t see in the mirror daily.

“What-” A wet cough of blood splattered against Stain’s cheeks- “what girl?”

“The one with the same eyes as you,” was all Stain had time to say before he was sinking in a mist of black. A hand grabbed Izuku before he could fall with the Villain and they were left in the alleyway, Iida lifting himself onto his hands and knees while Native continued to just curse the world from his spot on the ground.

“He escaped,” Todoroki breathed out, holding Izuku up as his Grace healed the stab wound. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine.” Izuku turned to Iida and Native. “Are you two alright?”

Iida surged forward and slammed his fist into Izuku’s cheek. Todoroki made a whine as Izuku stumbled backwards, wings stiff.

“You ruined everything!” Iida yelled, tears filling his eyes. “You had no right! No right!” He held his wounded shoulder gingerly, careful of the blood trickling down his armor. “You should have stayed
away!” He shoved at Izuku, getting into his personal space. “This is my battle! He’s *my* brother!”

“Iida-kun-”

“SHUT UP! You- you don’t understand! He *was* my Hero! He was my idol! And now he’s *not*! He was ruined because of that - that monster and you-” he glared daggers at Izuku- “let him get away! You should have just Stayed. Away.” He gritted his teeth, shoulders slumping as the fight left his body.

“Why?”

Distantly, Todoroki could hear voices yelling. He glanced back at the mouth of the alleyway, body tensing in case more Villains showed up.

“Wha-why? What do you mean, why?” Iida looked genuinely lost. “You - this didn’t concern you! I had it under control.” Izuku straightened, eyes softening as he looked - actually looked - at Iida.

His complexion was pale, dark circles almost devouring his eyes. His cheeks were sunken in and his body trembled with the remnants of adrenaline and pain, his injured arm hanging limply at his side. He looked horrible.

His chest ached. Something gripped his heart and squeezed, tugging and pulling until he couldn’t breathe. This had been his soulmate. Standing in front of him had been one of his precious people.

And not he was nothing more than a shadow of someone to protect. But Izuku didn’t want that. Izuku didn’t want that at all. He shouldn’t have to debate this. He shouldn’t have to choose this. He shouldn’t have had to ever mentally battle over healing Iida. No matter if Iida was connected to him anymore or not, Izuku shouldn’t dismiss him automatically.

Gritting his teeth, he reached up and all but tore a fistful of feathers from one of his wings.

Tears stung his eyes as he marched forward, breathing heavily. Iida stumbled backwards, watching the teen advance, while Todoroki just stood still.
In recorded encounters of supposed Angels, they always performed acts of miracles. During those brief moments when a human was on the verge of death, they were rescued by the Grace of God.

In recorded encounters of supposed Angels, it was never ever considered that the Angel had to sacrifice something in turn to help those in need.

Izuku slammed his feather filled hand against Iida’s chest, using his other to snag him by the shoulder and hold. Eyes blazing gold and pupils completely swallowed by the glowing gaze, he bared his teeth at Iida. “Lord, your Word speaks promises of healing and restoration and I thank you for the miracles you still perform today.”

Endless heat, scorching and tearing him about from the inside out. Iida gave a cry as his knees buckled, slumping forward into Izuku’s chest. Black spots were flitting across his vision, drowning him as a soft hum sounded in the back of his head.

“I beg those promises over my friend. I believe in the healing power of faith and prayer and I plead you to begin your mighty work on my friend. Amen.” A shuddery breath and a gentle pulse transferred from Iida’s skull to his wounds. “Father, please. Please heal him.”

Darkness encroached and Iida had time to make out the blurry shapes of feathers against his chest before he slipped.

Izuku hefted Iida’s unconscious body up, hugging him close. Todoroki was just staring at them. He moved his heterochromia eyes to Iida’s visible arm, the wound healed and leaving only torn fabric and broken pieces of armor.

“...You healed him,” Todoroki whispered as he stepped closer.

Native just kept his eyes closed, deciding to play dead instead of face the fact he was still paralyzed.

“I thought you could only heal your soulmates?” Todoroki reached out for Iida when he saw Izuku sway.

“Usually.” Izuku slurred out, eyes growing glassy. “There...are...conditions...” His eyes rolled to the back of his head and Todoroki could only watch as Izuku crashed to the ground, out cold.
Todoroki looked between Iida, to Izuku, to Native, and back to Iida. He tipped his head back, completely straight faced, and hollered, “HELP!”

The voices grew louder and he slumped down to sit on the ground while Iida laid on his lap. Native cracking an eye open as he saw Endeavor, a old man, and a group of other Heroes stampeding towards them.

Izuku’s eyes fluttered open.

The smell of disinfectant was strong as it assaulted his senses, the blinding white light of the fluorescent bulbs doing nothing to ease the headache that slammed into his skull. He groaned, lifting a hand to press the palms of his hands to his eyes. The faint sound of beeping lulled softly in the area, the fabric covering him scratchy and stiff.

He peeked out, eyes watering as his blurry vision adjusted. He was in a hospital. He was laying in a hospital bed, a IV sunk into the crook of his elbow and leading to a small machine. He didn’t even stop to think as he slid the needle out of his skin, his Grace fast to heal the tiny puncture hole.

“You shouldn’t do that.”

Izuku shot his gaze over to see Todoroki and Iida sitting on chairs next to the bed, Todoroki’s hair pinned back at his bangs and a book spread across his bent knees. Iida had his phone out, a chastising eyebrow raised.

They both looked healed. Uninjured, besides some bags under their eyes and a weird red mark on Todoroki’s cheek that looked like the fabric of his jeans.

“Hi,” Izuku eloquently slurred out, blinking slowly. “How long was I asleep for?”

“Two days,” Todoroki spoke as he stretched his legs out, letting them touch the tile floor. “Your mother and father came by. Your mother explained what happened.” His eyes slid to Iida. “Amongst
“Oh.” Izuku wiggled, moving to prop himself up on the pillows. They sunk under his weight, cheap and flimsy compared to his All Might body pillow. He distantly wanted it. “How are you?”

“Good, because you healed me,” Iida snapped out, tone biting. Izuku winced. “I - I don’t know how, but I remember. I - I can’t see them anymore but...I remember.” He looked down, avoiding Izuku’s wide gaze. He squeezed his hands into fists and exhaled. “I did something very terrible to you. I am sorry.”

“Iida-kun-” A hand held up cut off his argument and he fell silent.

“You mother explained how the feathers act as a bond. A trade, almost. When we accept your feather, we accept a piece of your soul - your life essence.” Iida worried his bottom lip. “When I rejected you...I destroyed that piece of you that let us stay connected. I...why didn’t you tell us? If I’d known-” he stopped.

“You’d still want me to heal your brother,” Izuku whispered softly. “And when I wouldn’t, you’d still be hurt. I don’t like my precious people hurt.” He held a hand out and Iida took it. “No matter if they’re my soulmate or not.”

“Why?” Todoroki closed his book with a snap. Izuku saw the title briefly and saw it was Sleeping Beauty. “Your mother said that the reason you fell unconscious is because you sacrificed a part of your life to heal him. That you could have lessened the burden by splitting the sacrifice up between us, your soulmates.” His eyes narrowed into slits. “Why didn’t you split it up?”

Izuku looked horrified, complexion paling. Beside them, the heart monitor connected to the cuff around his arm spiked.

“You - you want me to ask that of you all?” Izuku whispered and shook his head. “No! I couldn’t - I couldn’t ask you all to sacrifice a piece of yourselves, no matter what’s asking for it. I-

“I’d give up all of myself to heal my brother.”

Izuku flinched away but Iida’s grip on his hand kept him from scooting away. “You should have told me. If I’d known the conditions, I could have asked the others-”
“I can’t let you do that!” Izuku cried out, tightening their hands together. “Even if they’d all said yes, I would have still said no! I - I dislike the idea of you all getting closer to death!” He turned his head away. “I hate the prospect of healing a normal human. It’s either make my precious people suffer or render myself useless for a few days. I hate it. I won’t be able to protect you all then.”

“So you’re just selfish.” Surprisingly it was Todoroki who’d spoken the words. “You just assume you know what’s best for us. You just assume we’re weak and need constant protection. Did you know that while you were sleeping, your feather continued to heal me or soothe me? It acted as it always did, even when you weren’t even conscious.”

Izuku shrunk into himself.

“You need to realize that we’re in this together, Midoriya-kun.” Todoroki awkwardly patted his knee. “We’re soulmates. We’ve got to take care of you just as much as you take care of us. Us humans are resilient creatures.”

The three sat in silence.

“We got yelled at for trying to face Stain by ourselves, but apparently Native stood up for us so we didn’t get in bigger trouble like losing our chances to be Heroes.” Iida sighed. “I’m - god, I’m just sorry this all happened. I wasn’t thinking rationally.”

Izuku’s wings tinkered, even if only Todoroki could hear them, and he squeezed Iida’s hand.

“It’s fine.” He sounded so genuine. “Iida-kun, it’s fine.”

It wasn’t fine, not in a long shot, but it would be. Eventually.

“This is the emergency hotline for senior citizens. This is a phone number for a locksmith. Please get your door fixed. This is-”
“Jesus Christ kid, I’m capable,” Gran grumbled as Izuku fumbled with a list of phone numbers. He ignored the child’s, “Don’t use His name in vain”, and waved a hand. “You just got out of the hospital - you should be taking care of yourself and not me.”

Izuku frowned and nodded, shouldering his backpack up higher. “I - I’m sorry for any trouble I caused you.” He looked down in shame. “I was a bad house guest.” Gran grunted and waved a hand again.

“Whatever kid. Hey, who are you?” Gran looked at him, serious. Izuku blinked, tilting a head to the side.

“Who...am I?” He just stared down at the man for a moment before it clicked. “Oh. Um.” He shifted his footing for a moment, eyebrows pinching up. “I never really decided.”

“No?” Gran Torino raised an eyebrow, surprised. “Not even the faintest idea?” Izuku pressed his lips together before he huffed out a exhale. Nodding to himself, he straightened his back and smiled brightly at the man.

“I guess...I’m the Seraph Hero, Deku.” He left, closing the door as Gran Torino just stared blankly at the air.

“Seraph, huh?” He snorted and looked through the phone numbers. He sniggered to himself at hastily copied down recipes.

What a brat.

Chapter End Notes

TBH the only redeeming scenes of this chapter where Todoroki and Endeavor and TogaDabi
Chapter 18

Chapter by widdlewed

Chapter Notes

Oof this chapter is a short one. welp.

This chapter is unbeta'd! My absolutely amazing better half has started college and is currently battling the flu so I didn't want to bother her with my bullshit. So sorry if the quality is bad this chapter.

Chapter warning(s): Swear words, eldritch horrors and themes, non-consensual kissing, Bad Touch Man back at it again, ignorance of personal space.

2bi4you

baballuu

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sunshine filtered in through the slanted blinds, casting ribbons of light across his face. He stared up at the ceiling, listening to the ticks of the hands of his hanging wall clock. Silence blanketed him as he just continued to stare up.

His wings thrummed softly, almost like a sad coo, before muting. He sat up, the world shifting as he moved.

“Izukun?” Hisashi peeked into his room. “Hey chum. Kacchan’s here. Mitsuki and her husband had to go somewhere for the day and apparently can’t trust him to be by himself?” The man looked confused.

“He nearly set the house on fire,” Izuku elaborated. “Tried to make popcorn with his Quirk. It went as well as expected.” He shifted and stood with a stretch. His wings hummed out and shimmered. His father’s expression twisted.

“Kids,” he muttered and slipped back out of the room. Izuku made his way to his closet and pulled out a pink baggy hoodie and a pair of dark green leggings. Putting the clothes on, he walked out of the room.
Katsuki sat at kitchen table, a plate of breakfast in front of him. He wanted, almost fascinated, as Izuku adjusted his glasses over his eyes.

“Kacchan. You can’t make popcorn while you’re here,” Izuku spoke, tone falling flat as he slumped into his seat. The blonde’s nose crinkled up.

“The fuck is with you?”

“Language, Katsuki-kun,” Inko reprimanded from the kitchen as she brought out a plate for her son. Setting the plate down, she brushed Izuku’s bangs back. “Still having nightmares?”

Izuku nodded, almost in a daze, before raising his hands in a prayer. He muttered it low, under his breath, and Katsuki watched his wings glow faintly. He finished and picked up his chopsticks, taking a bite.

“You not sleeping well after your colossal fuck up?” Katsuki asked, ignoring Inko’s warning stare. Izuku looked up to him, hunched over his food.

“A unforeseen side effect of healing someone who wasn’t a soulmate,” Izuku grumbled and took another bite. He stared at Katsuki over his bowl of miso soup. “Why do you care?”

Hisashi snorted from the couch, trying to hide his face behind his newspaper. Katsuki shot the man a glare.

“Shut up, old man! At least I’m in his life!” Inko gave a sigh from the kitchen, looking up to the ceiling in a silent prayer as Hisashi folded his newspaper.

“Oh yeah? I remember when you were a baby! I helped your dad change your diapers!” Hisashi pointed dramatically at the teen.

“You two are literal children,” Izuku whispered into his cup of milk. Katsuki turned his glare to the other teen.

“Shut up, dumbass. If anyone is the child,” Katsuki pointed his chopsticks at Izuku as if to use them
as projectiles, “it’s you for putting yourself into a coma.”

“Mooom!” Izuku whined. “Did you tell Auntie Mitsuki?” Inko smiled sheepishly and ducked away, scurrying over to her husband’s side.

“Of course I did! Katsuki-kun complained to her about his feather heating up and he was worried!” Inko justified as she pressed against Hisashi’s side. Katsuki flushed.

“I did not complain! That’s bullshit!”

“Language!”

Katsuki grumbled and gobbled up his breakfast, deciding that he’d rather keep his mouth shut. Izuku snorted softly and continued to eat, wings chiming happily. When was the last time he’d had a peaceful conversation with his Kacchan? When was the last time they’d been in the same room and not ended up separating with smarting burns and wounded wings?

Izuku couldn’t remember.

“Let’s go out after this.” Katsuki paused. “But you gotta change.”

“Why?” Izuku looked up from his half eaten breakfast. “I’m comfortable.”

“You’re wearing leggings,” Katsuki pointed out blankly. Izuku shrugged.

“I’m comfortable,” he repeated. Katsuki scowled down at his empty dishes.

Once upon a time, Katsuki and Izuku were the best of friends. They grew up together, though they never really had any memories of meeting until they were two years old. Hisashi helped Masaru when he was available to offer it and of course, due to their bond, Mitsuki and Inko were inseparable
since before they were both pregnant.

The earliest memory Katsuki had was of meeting Izuku, cradled in Hisashi’s arms, his tiny puffs of wings like little clumps of peach fuzz. His rats nest of green hair was nothing more that mushroom of curls and his freckles were faint, not yet sun blasted by endless hours basking under the warm rays.

His eyes, wide and welcoming and not yet tainted with shimmers of gold, were locked on Katsuki as if he were the center of his tiny universe. Katsuki, himself, had felt an instant pull to the toddler. He couldn’t describe it but he had taken one look at the child and thought, “mine”.

His earliest memory was of hugging Izuku, feeling something in him crack and break before violent flashes assaulted his soul and left him wailing inconsolably. Izuku had been no better and Inko had just cooed, watching her son’s wings shimmer and glow.

If you asked him where everything went wrong, Katsuki wouldn’t have an answer for you. For he himself couldn’t pinpoint when everything went to hell. Maybe it was when he’d burned Izuku with his Quirk in a fit of uncontrollable rage. Maybe it was when he felt just a tinier bit distant from the feather he cherished close. Maybe it was when he realized that he wouldn’t be Izuku’s only soulmate.

Maybe it was a lot of things that collected and piled up and released into an explosion of fire and cracking glass-like-wings.

It made his heart hurt, feeling Izuku hold his hand. Like they were children again, inseparable and invincible at each other’s side. Izuku’s hand felt warm and familiar, like coming home after months of being away and feeling like you’d never left.

They walked down the street silently, swinging their hands back and forth almost in habit from memories long gone sour. Izuku’s wings sung out a song of hope, of longing, or sorrow, of happiness. His feather against Katsuki’s collarbone thrummed out a beat of Izuku’s heart, steady and calm and peaceful.

“Do you remember when we were kids and you fell off that log?” Izuku asked softly as they made a turn almost absently, feet taking them on a phantom path. “My feather cushioned your fall.”

“Yeah and then your dumb ass starting crying,” Katsuki snorted fondly at the memory. “My feather fucking exploded like a supernova and I stayed awake for three days straight because your Grace
decided to amp up my adrenaline because of your emotions.” Izuku laughed softly, the noise mixing beautifully with his tinkering wings.

“That’s right. Our moms almost laughed themselves sick because of it.” Izuku tightened their hands.
“Where did it all go wrong, Kacchan?”

He had no answer to give. Not one that’d count, anyways.

Because he hated the teen with a loathing passion. He hated his selflessness, how distant he seemed to people at times. He hated how his wings sung melodies of comfort and understanding, of sympathy and sorrows from ages ago.

He hated that impassive look the teen adopted when he thought no one was looking, how he studied people like a scientist would use to study a rat or a bug.

Because he remembered in middle school, how isolated the teen made himself. How when someone asked him for a favor or homework or even tried to be a decent classmate, how his emotions fell short and he regarded them coolly. He remembered.

Deku wasn’t Hero material. And coming from Katsuki, who knew he probably had no right to say that, was saying something. Because Deku’s love and selflessness only mattered to his precious people. Those who weren’t bonded to him were beneath him, were on a inferior level that wasn’t worth his protection or care.

Katsuki knew this. He’d been watching the teen since they were in pull-ups, after all. He knew.

But Deku couldn’t see it. Deku, along with their other idiotic classmates, were under the impression that angels were saints without faults.

They never saw adults grovel at the child’s feet. They never saw those eyes flash a merciless gold, ready to rein down chaos. They never saw just how wrong Deku could be, the farthest thing from angelic.

So Katsuki kept his distance, no matter how much it hurt. Because he was Deku’s first soulmate, outside of his parents. He was Deku’s first bonded. He was Deku’s first friend.
Until he fucked up their bond and had no way of repairing it. At least not now.

“I used to think you were scary,” Katsuki whispered finally, stopping. Izuku stopped as well. They were in their old park, a welcomed sight of fond memories and endless stories of childhood adventures. “And when I found out that this wasn’t just some inherited Quirk? You were even scarier.”


“You made me realize demons were real.” Red met gold sprinkled green. “You made me realize that there were things out there that I couldn’t fight against. That I was weak were you were strong. I hated you for it. Hated that you had to protect me from things. That I wasn’t strong enough to protect myself.” That he had to rely on someone - something - that could easily betray him as coldly as he dismissed normal people.

“Japanese demons are different from normal demons,” Izuku whispered and his eyes slid to the side, staring at a empty spot of air as if he saw something only visible to his eyes. Knowing him, he probably did. “They devour children whole, not just their souls.”

“See? Shit like that scares me,” Katsuki pointed out with a gesture of his hand. “You aren’t totally human, Deku. And everytime I’m reminded of it I just...I don’t know... hate it.” Because he acted like children being murdered was just another fact of life. How messed up was his mentally that he could think that was okay while Katsuki knew it wasn’t?

“Oh.” Izuku got up and moved, standing in front of Katsuki. He planted his hands on the rocker, stopping the faint rocking the volatile teen was creating. “I’m sorry.” It was saying it out of habit, not because he truly was apologetic.

Katsuki knew the difference in his tones, after all.

The two looked at each other. They didn’t know what to say. What could Katsuki say that would redeem himself? What could Izuku say that would soothe the turmoil in his beloved’s soul?

What could either say that’d mend years of silent destruction from both sides?
“I miss you,” Izuku finally whispered and closed his eyes. “I miss having you as a soulmate. I miss being able to touch you and not burn. I miss not having to prepare myself for the hurt. I miss us being together.”

“Deku…” Katsuki looked at the angel. “You know-”

“My mom and dad were enemies when they first met!” Izuku cut through and grabbed Katsuki’s hands. “They patched things up. Why can’t we? I hate that we’re enemies. I hate that you aren’t a precious person. I-I-I-I want my Kacchan back!”

Katsuki jolted as fat tears burst forth. Izuku crumpled forward. “I need you to be a precious person to me again, Kacchan. I need you back.”

“D-Deku! Stop crying!” Katsuki scrambled off the stupid seesaw and froze when Izuku bulldozed into his chest. He stayed still as Izuku hugged him, sniffling against his shirt. “Fucking…get off me, dumbass.”

“I don’t want to lose you too.”

Katsuki’s hands tightened into fists as his side. He knew this was fake. He knew that the moment their bond healed, Izuku would act like the years and years of unhealthy toxicity between them would just disappear.

He knew that without a doubt, Izuku would forgive him in a heart beat for the blood he’d shed down those wings.

Katsuki didn’t want that. He didn’t want forgiveness without repentance. He didn't want to have years and years of abuse swept under the rug because Izuku couldn’t find faults in his beloved soulmates.

Because that wasn’t okay.

Katsuki realized, from a young age, how fucked up the soulmate system was. In Izuku’s eyes, Katsuki could do no wrong. Katsuki was pure, untainted. His anger was justified, his burn marks a
medal of pride. All because he was a soulmate.

And that was fucked up. He had no free will to find judgement in his soulmates. He had no room to look at them and think, “That’s wrong”. No. He just accepted them, wholehearted, and that was fucked up.

So stubborn in his mindset, Katsuki would continue to burn the bridges Izuku tried to extend to him. Until the teen could look him in the eye and tell him, “You hurt me for years and we have to work to repair our friendship”, he could continue to defeather him over and over again. He would continue to put him through pain until it got through the winged boy’s thick skull that this wasn’t right. That this was fucked up.

That this was wrong.

Their relationship was so fucked up. Their entire existence around each other was so fucked up and Katsuki didn’t know what to do. He didn’t know what to do to to fix it, to get Izuku to see that his own mentally, the very programming in his soul, was wrong.

Katsuki shoved Izuku back, sparks lighting along his palms. Izuku drew back, wet eyes glistening.

“Fuck you, Deku.” His heart cracked and crumbled into itself. “Don’t act so selfish.”

He turned and left, pretending that his humming feather wasn’t broadcasting his agony.

Izuku didn’t go back to school the next day. Instead, Hisashi called him in sick.

“But I’m not sick,” Izuku frowned at the man. “And we have a practical exam today!”

“You can make up exams.” If only he knew. “Spend a day with your old man, Izukun! I’ve missed you. I never see you anymore.” Hisashi clung to his child as he whined like a child. Inko giggled while Izuku just huffed playfully.
“I’ll just suffer the extra lessons,” the angelic teen decided. It would be okay.

(Back at the school, Katsuki screeched when he was failed because his partner was absent.)

“Yay! Let’s go out then on a father-son adventure!” Hisashi pushed Izuku towards his bedroom. “Go change.”

Izuku looked down at his leggings and long sleeve shirt.

“I’m comfortable.” He pouted. Hisashi traded a look with Inko. She just shrugged and smiled.

“Where are you two going to go?” She asked as she untied her apron, folding it to hang along her arm.

“Out and about. Don’t really know. I don’t know what he likes anymore.” Hisashi eyed Izuku. “Fashion sense being one of them.”

“I’m comfortable!” Izuku repeated more aggressively.

“Alright, well be back for dinner,” Inko said in farewell. Hisashi and Izuku both pressed a kiss to her cheeks before leaving the apartment.

“So why did want to spend time with me all of the sudden?” Izuku asked as he walked beside his father, hands swaying in wide arches at his side.

“I’m going back to work soon. I’ve spent too much time gone,” Hisashi explained with a sad glance. “Sorry bucko.”

“Back to your organization?” Izuku hummed thoughtfully as he grabbed his dad’s hand. Some might think he’d be too old for such a thing but he had years to make up for. “Why did you stop being a Villain?”
“Because of your mother,” Hisashi said with pause. “She saw the good in me. Continues to see the good in me. It - it really helped me in those rough years.”

“So now you try to redeem yourself by working for the government?” Hisashi nodded in confirmation and Izuku hummed again. “Want to get ice cream? I still like strawberry.”

“Of course!” Hisashi beamed. “We can go to the Kiyashi Ward mall. Sounds good?” Izuku nodded in agreement, smile wide as he father tugged him into a sprint. “Let’s go!”

Tinkling bells of laughter escaped his chest as he followed after his father. It was moments like this that made up for the man’s absence. Sure, it wasn’t the best when he wasn’t home, but he wasn’t inactive in their lives. He still called every night before bed and face-timed on the weekends for hours on end to talk to them and keep updated on their daily shenanigans.

He wasn’t a ghost, for all that everyone believed. He wasn’t some absent figure in family photos or an empty seat at graduations or ceremonies. He was Izuku’s father and no one could replace him.

“Do you want some new clothes? Without holes in them?” Hisashi eyed his son weirdly. “About those…”

“Mom,” was all Izuku explained in lieu of an answer as he licked at his ice cream cone. Hisashi made a ‘ah’ noise and nodded in understanding. Each Angel had their own personality quirk. Inko thought she was always so funny with her’s.

Hisashi’s phone buzzed out and he sent an apologetic smile to Izuku. “Sorry bucko, do you mind-”

“I’ll wait right here.” Izuku plopped down on a stone bordering of a line of trees and shrubbery. He smiled in contentedness. “Take your time.” Hisashi planted a quick kiss to his head before hurrying away to answer the call.

Izuku licked at the stray melted beads of strawberry ice cream. His eyes roamed over the crowded shopping district, taking in the bustling people. Some had faint wisps of black that clung to them. Probably petty sins like adultery or thief from how thin their cloak was.

An arm slung across his shoulders, a heavy weight against his side as sharp fangs sunk into his ice cream in a chomp.
“Oh,” a girl with blonde messy buns squealed, “strawberry! Dabi, can you get me an ice cream?” In
front of him, a man with black hair and scarred features stood nonchalantly, hands in his pockets and
eyes burning into Izuku’s form. Another arm wound around his shoulder, a hand resting on his neck
in a faint squeeze.

He couldn’t breathe.

Nauseous almost made him puke his ice cream back up as the mysterious girl stole his ice cream. His
hands trembled, the putrid stench of rotting garbage and spoiled milk and heated sewage strong
enough to send his vision rolling.

“I want a coffee flavored,” the other person next to him requested. Shigaraki Tomura turned his red
eyes to Izuku. “Hi here, Angel.”

The girl pressing into him giggled, her voice grating and sounding like sharp knives to his bones.

He couldn’t breathe.

Golden eyes met gold-speckled green and the world fell silent.

“Hi there Izuku-kun,” the girl spoke. Her pupils seemed to narrow into slits and her face softed out. It was a expression he saw daily in the mirror. “I’ve been so impatient to meet you.”

She leaned forward and crashed her lips to his. Izuku choked and tried to reel back-

A shiny trumpet, innocently cushion in velvet clouds. Feathers dyed black, red, shattering like glass.
Echoing wails. Whispers of pity, or scathing indifference. A burning mountain, a tidal wave of red,
lingering pools of blood.

A veil of white, shimmers of gold.

Molten gold for eyes as they peered impassively down at the world, a ram’s horn molded trumpet
snug in hand.

- only to freeze as the grip on his neck tightened. Sin pooled down those fingers, burning into his flesh and crawling almost lazily towards his wings.

He couldn’t breathe.

Toga pulled back, licking blood off her bottom lip. At the sharp tange of metal, Izuku realized he’d bitten her.

“You have such beautiful wings.” Toga’s hand down the base felt like barbed wire. “I wonder what your screams will sound like when I tear them off.”

“Well.” And like breaching the surface after being submerged until spots danced, he could breathe again. “Let’s hope you won’t ever find out.” Hisashi stood next to Dabi, arm slung almost comradely over his shoulder. His smile didn’t reach his eyes. “Now get the fuck away from my son.”

Chapter End Notes

As I mentioned in the discord, I'm going to be going away from the manga slowly. Into uncharted waters. I'll be bringing in more OCs, more supernatural themes, and expanding on religious beliefs, lore, and the like. Because while Izuku is of one religion or this fic is heavily influenced by one, doesn't mean the others aren't just as important. :)

On a completely unrelated note - TXT's Crown music video and song is a FUCKING BOP and I am hyped for their future.

And I just wanna say that despite my fic being highly inaccurate in religious aspects, I appreciate your guys continued support and enjoyment while reading. You are all so amazing <3

End Notes

Thanks for reading~!

Here is a visual of Angel Izuku!
Come join the discord. It's wild

https://discord.gg/wQY7hJk

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