After a sudden phone call from Hisashi leaves him upset, Midoriya ends up talking to Aizawa about their strained relationships with their fathers. However, a sudden attack from a new villain cuts their time together short. With his time travel quirk, the villain flings Midoriya 14 years in the past to U.A., where he meets a teenage Aizawa. Determined to help change his future teacher's relations with his father before tragedy strikes, Midoriya tries to figure out how to get back to his time, all while dealing with burning feelings he can't help but have...

My third Aideku/Eraserdeku fic, as well as my first multi-chapter fic!
have the time to sit down and write it, I'm really stoked!
It has been... a LONG time since I've written a multichaper fic...
(14yearstobeexactEWMYAGEISSHOWING)
I'm hoping I can keep up updates with this one, because I have a majority of it planned out in my head.

the title is based off The Neighborhood's song of the same name which is a banger so goooooo listen to it!!

ALSO if you read the tags, you may have noticed that I mention that the rating MIGHT change from M to E.
I'm not sure if I want to go full nsfw with this fic, but we'll see, because there's a certain tone I want to keep with the fic.
just keep an eye out ok;;

DISCLAIMER: This is common sense, but since it needs to be explained to some of you, I DO *NOT* CONDONE RELATIONSHIPS LIKE THIS IN REAL LIFE. MY FICS AND ALL CHARACTERS IN IT ARE *FICTIONAL*. I do NOT need to list out my real life traumas and abuse to strangers on the internet to justify my love for problematic material. If you don't like teacher/student relationships or anything of the sort in your stories, that's fine, because ALL THE TAGS ARE RIGHT THERE. So, no complaining if you read what you don't like on purpose just to leave a rude comment because I'm not shy about blocking. \_/\(ツ)/_/\n
with that out of the way, please enjoy!
Mom’s doing fine,” his voice shook slightly more than he would have liked, “how’ve you been?”

His foot shuffled awkwardly on the ground, kicking dirt in the process. “Mmm, U.A. has been great! I’ve been learning a lot and made tons of friends.”

Pause.

“Oh… you won’t be able to come home this year either, huh?”

The evening wind began to pick up slightly.

“It’s okay, we understand you’re busy! Just don’t work too hard.”

A clenched fist.

“Yeah, I will.”

The school bell rang and the intercom bared, “Attention all U.A. staff and students: curfew is now in place. Everyone is to report back to their assigned Heights Alliance buildings, immediately.”

“I’ll talk to you later then,” Izuku replied, “bye, dad.”

The call ended and Izuku could do nothing but stare at the ground beneath him. Lost in thought, he made his way back to the dormitory building.

The call had come out of nowhere, but that was usually how it was with his father. Hisashi’s work made him work odd hours, and in addition to the time zone difference where he was stationed, made it impossible for him to call Izuku or Inko at a decent time. That’s why when Izuku saw his father’s name come up on his phone, he bolted outside despite being in the middle of a conversation with Kirishima and Mina (something he made note to apologize for).

As he was about to walk into the front doors, Izuku felt himself bump into something hard. “Ah,” he exclaimed, “I’m sorry!”

“Midoriya?”

Looking up at the voice, he came face to face with Aizawa. His weapon was nowhere to be seen and his hair was tied up in a bun, indicating he was beginning to relax and do paperwork for the day.

“A-Aizawa-sensei!” standing up straight, Izuku began to apologize profusely at his teacher, who waved it off. “Kirishima told me you came running outside earlier ago because of a phone call. I had to come looking since it’s past curfew now,” he scratched the back of his neck, “is everything alright?”

Izuku froze in his tracks and felt his fists clench up again. “Um,”

Aizawa patiently listened. He never liked to push his students into immediately giving him an answer, and Izuku looked especially frustrated and upset right now. With tears stinging the corner of his eyes, Izuku forced a pained smile as he looked up, much to Aizawa’s surprise.
“Can-” he choked, “- can we talk somewhere together, Aizawa-sensei?”

“Your father called you?”

Aizawa couldn’t help it as his voice filled with curiosity and handed Izuku a cup of tea. The pro-hero immediately escorted his student to his office, not wanting him to have to return to his room alone when he was obviously hurting. He didn’t end up fully crying, but a few tears did drop, which was enough for Aizawa to agree to sit and converse with him.

“We hardly ever get to talk because of his work,” Izuku responded as he stared into his cup, “so, I was really shocked when he called. I’m sorry if I worried you and the others.”

Aizawa sat down next to Izuku on the small office sofa. “Aah, now that I think about it, I’ve only ever seen your mother’s signature on forms.” He took a sip of his own tea and continued, “I didn’t realize he was away on business.”

“He has been, ever since I was really little,” Izuku answered, “so, it’s always been hard to contact him. He hasn’t… really played a big part in my life.”

Aizawa swallowed another drink, calmly listening as he continued, “I guess that’s why I began to idolize All Might and heroes so much, because they were there for me, emotionally, when dad wasn’t. They gave me the encouragement and support that I lacked growing up. I don’t hate him or anything, don’t get the wrong idea! I know he’s working really hard to support me and mom, even though he’s really far away.”

“Your mom always supported you though, right?” Aizawa interjected. Izuku’s mouth curved up nervously and shrugged. “Well, yeah… to a point.”

“Explain.”

Trying not to blow the secret All Might depended on him keeping, Izuku carefully chose his words. “Since my quirk never manifested when I was young, mom felt like there was nothing she could do to help. She still encouraged me to do my best, and even though she didn’t tell me outright, gave up on me becoming a hero. But, when All Might encouraged that even someone like me could become a hero, I felt like my dreams had meaning again.”

Aizawa leaned back and closed his eyes, “At least you don’t hate your dad and realize he didn’t intentionally abandon you or your mother. That’s a big thing to understand at your age.”

Izuku blushed at the praise. “It-it isn’t that amazing, I don’t think. I understand his conditions for work, but I would be lying if I said it didn’t frustrate me sometimes.”

“That’s a logical reaction, though.” Aizawa’s voice began to fill with venom, “It is frustrating, especially when your mother had to raise you and make large decisions for your well-being all on her own.”

Izuku’s shoulders scrunched up awkwardly, his eyes avoiding his teacher. Aizawa’s mouth formed into a line and he rubbed his temple, “I’m sorry, that was really rude and unprofessional of me.”

“N-no, it’s okay!” Izuku assured. “I shouldn’t pretend like I’m okay with him not being here, especially for mom. I just… wish with how much he works every year he could come back and visit for at least a little bit.”
A pregnant silence filled the room, the air thick after Aizawa’s small, angry outburst. How could he have let himself get so openly emotional? Especially for his student’s family life, which was none of his business? Looking down into his empty cup, Aizawa sighed and spoke.

“My father wasn’t the best at emotional support, either.”

Izuku nearly fell off the couch from surprise. “Aizawa-sensei’s dad…!?” He hadn’t expected Aizawa to open up suddenly, especially to him.

The erasure hero paused, debating internally whether to continue his thoughts out loud. He glanced at Izuku, whose widened eyes were full of interest and sparkles. Knowing that Izuku was a hero enthusiast and collected as much data as possible on them, Aizawa ran a hand through his hair. *He must be excited to learn new information about me*, he thought, slightly embarrassed.

“I don’t think what I have to say is very interesting,” he began, “but if it will help form some sort of understanding between us, I don’t mind. Just… don’t go around telling anyone else what we talked about, okay? Not even Present Mic knows about these kinds of things.”

Nearly breaking the cup in his hand from excitement, Izuku caught himself and nodded copiously. “Y-yes sir!”

Aizawa hummed, stood up and walked towards the mini kitchen, pouring himself some more tea. If he was going to dig up his childhood to a sixteen-year-old, he might as well have a scalding cup of tea while doing it. As he went to sit back down on the couch, he took a sip and looked at Izuku.

“Maybe you’re too young or just don’t care about sports, but do you know the figure skater, Aizawa Daisuke?”

Izuku scrunched his eyebrows together in thought. “I think so…? Er, wasn’t that the figure skater that represented Japan in the Olympics way back?”

Aizawa nodded. “That’s my father.”

Izuku nearly spit his tea, but held back so he ended up coughing. “Y-your dad was a pro athlete?!”

Sip. “Yeah, and my mother was a pro ballet dancer, Aizawa Aiko. Both of my parents excelled in artistic and competitive sports, so naturally, he wanted me to follow in his footsteps.”

Izuku was already filled with shock at this revelation and his teacher only just started his story. “So,” he sputtered, “your parents weren’t pro-heroes?”

The older man shook his head, “Nope, surprised? This was around the time when society was still barely adjusting to the evolution of having quirks. So, while being a pro-hero was still an occupation choice, much of society decided to carry on normal careers regardless. My father’s quirk was being able to have quick reflexes and stamina, so even if he were skating to a 5-minute song, he could still land a quintuple loop. Him breaking records wasn’t anything new, but he was often criticized for cheating because of his quirk. He eventually had to limit its use after a while because it started making him sick.”

“Still, that kind of quirk would have been amazing for a hero to use!” Izuku gleamed, “Imagine how many villains you could take down without getting tired!”

Aizawa’s mouth curved into a small smile, “Aah, I suppose so.”

“So, your dad was a skater and your mom was in ballet? I never would have guessed that from
“Mmhmm,” Aizawa gulped a bigger drink of his tea, “Her quirk was nothing big, just being able to float in the air for an extended period of time. She performed in tons of ballet performances. There should be some footage of them on the internet somewhere, but since I’m their only son, I got to see them work all the time.”

“So, why did you end up becoming a pro-hero instead of an athlete?” Izuku’s voice lowered, taking caution with his words.

Aizawa placed his cup down on the table and rested his elbow on his knee, face in palm. “Well, because I also looked up to pro-heroes.”

If Izuku had anymore tea to spit, it would have been in Aizawa’s direction. Who knew they had so much in common when it came to their motivations?

“I was put into gymnastics and dance classes a lot as a child,” he closed his eyes, “so the training was tough and intense. I didn’t like being in the spotlight either, being alone was my preference. Despite that, my father really wanted me to follow in his footsteps but my mother wanted only what was best for me. I guess you could say she just wanted me to be happy, no matter what I did as a career.”

Izuku put down his own cup on the table and leaned forward. He admired Aizawa’s profile as he continued to talk about his parents. His expression was soft talking about his mother, but became hard when he mentioned his father. Izuku listened intently, becoming lost in Aizawa’s speech, his cheeks warming.

“What happened when you told your dad?”

Aizawa sat up and leaned back against the couch cushion, silently gazing at his hands. The look in his eyes became one of disenchantment and indifference. Izuku stared at him, worried. “Aizawa-sensei…?”

“He cut off all contact with me.”

Izuku felt a sorrow-filled stab hit his chest at these words as Aizawa continued, “He didn’t want a son who wouldn’t carry on the family name for competitive sports. My mother would desperately try to get him to speak to me again, but he would leave home for work to avoid me. This included going abroad.”

Izuku’s eyes fell to the floor. He knew his father wasn’t like that because he tried to stay in contact as much as possible, but to purposely fly out of the country to avoid your own child? “Isn’t that… a little extreme?”

Aizawa scoffed in annoyance, “You’re telling me, I was only thirteen at the time. My mother felt like it was her fault for not taking my father’s side, but she still did her best balancing raising me and her dancing career. With the amount of money they made, I moved out on my own after two years to attend U.A. so I could follow my dreams.”

“How have you spoken at all with him since then?” Izuku asked. Aizawa paused and undid his hair, letting it fall like a curtain ending a scene.

“No, he died before I could reconcile with him.”

A jolt shot through Izuku at this answer. “I-“ he spilled out, a little too fast for his liking, “I’m… so sorry, Ai-”
Aizawa waved him off as he did earlier outside, “It was right after I graduated U.A., so it was already a long time ago. His quirk had begun to stress his major organs out, and they just found him in his hotel room, already long gone. To say I don’t regret talking to him would be a lie, but my mother always reassured me that he still loved me.”

The passiveness in Aizawa’s voice stung Izuku. Even though he wore a disinterested look and had a lazy, bored presence a majority of the time, Izuku could tell Aizawa was still upset about this fact. He gulped, not knowing what to do next.

“Hey, come on,” Aizawa nervously muttered, “sorry if I upset you.”

“No, I…” Izuku fell silent. He had never thought about the possibility of getting a call informing his mom that his dad died on the job from an accident or stress. Izuku didn’t know the details of his working conditions, but work was still work, and it could take a toll on anyone.

“Even though we ended on bad terms,” Aizawa closed his eyes and smiled, “those gymnastic and dance classes weren’t all for nothing. They’re why I’m able to move as fast as I can when it comes to villains, even if my quirk has been limited since USJ.”

Another bit of silence formed before Aizawa softly spoke again, “You’re very lucky to have a father who loves you and your mother enough to work so hard.”

Izuku blinked the forming tears away. He couldn’t almost cry again, that would be so embarrassing! Quickly wiping his face with his forearm, he felt a large hand ruffle his hair uncharacteristically. He looked back at Aizawa, who had a warm look on his face.

“Hey,” he whispered, “I want to show you something.”

--

When Aizawa mentioned he had something to show him, Izuku didn’t expect to end up on the roof of the dormitory building.

“That… was so scary!” Izuku gasped. There wasn’t really a ladder to use, so Aizawa had to use his weapon to get them both up. Getting wrapped up by the pro-hero was nothing new, but it was more terrifying when you’re five stories in the air. Aizawa seemed to be totally unfazed though, considering he’s scaled higher in his career.

As he stood up after catching his breath, Izuku’s eyes followed Aizawa who walked in front of him. He began to follow and looked up at his teacher, who’s composure was relaxed with his hands in his pockets.

“Look. There’s less light up here, so you can see everything.”

“Huh?” Izuku looked up and saw a vast sea of stars with the moon, as full as can be. It overwhelmed him for a second, and he lost his balance from the sheer beauty above him. Bracing for the impact from falling back, he suddenly felt Aizawa’s hand grab his arm and keep him upright.

“Are you okay?” Aizawa asked, pulling Izuku closer. The young U.A. student felt his face heat up and he turned his face back to the night sky. “Y-yeah! Thanks…”

Aizawa let go, the warmth from Izuku’s arm vanishing immediately. “I come up here sometimes just to think, especially after long days.” Aizawa explained, sitting down as his legs dangled over the edge of the roof. Izuku followed suit, accidentally brushing the other’s shoulder as he sat down.
“Don’t tell anyone, though,” he lazily smiled and winked, “no one is supposed to be up here, much less past curfew.”

Izuku felt his face heat up at the gesture and he nodded. Silence fell between them as they both admired what lay before them. Izuku couldn’t believe how much he learned about his teacher in one night, especially from a pro-hero he greatly admired. Now, he even trusted him enough to show him a private spot no one else knew about.

Wasn’t this whole ordeal… a little romantic?

Izuku rapidly shook the thought from his head. What was he thinking?! Aizawa-sensei just told me a bunch of personal feelings he would have never told anyone else! All to make me feel better! he mentally scolded himself. Why am I getting so worked up?!

“Midoriya.”

He jumped, “Y-yes, Aizawa-sensei?!”

“Is that… a person?”

Izuku froze and looked downward. From their height, it was hard to make out, but there was definitely a figure standing before the building. Aizawa stood up quickly and grabbed his weapon, his expression becoming serious.

“I don’t like this aura,” he muttered.

“Don’t tell me, that’s,” Izuku swallowed, “a villain?”

Chapter End Notes

New chapter coming soon...
Comments/kudos are appreciated to the stars and back-!! (●∀●)) ᵉ☆°
I just want to protect you

Chapter Notes

HEADS UP: I'm not a physicist or anything, so my time travel plot devices are all just favorite theories that I've grown up with and read about (constants and variables, cause and effect, etc.). Since time travel isn't real (as far as we know), the fic won't get TOO confusing since physics is hella complicated and I ain't about that life... It's all made-up science from here on and makes as much sense as a world full of superpowers would (lol). So, sorry for any hardcore theorists out there!! I'm trying to have it make as much sense within the reality of the fic as possible! //sobs This isn't the last time we'll be hearing about the time travel quirk though, it gets ~*~deeper~*~ later in the story.

finally getting to the plot stuff... I WAS going to end it with a much more sadder tone but was like nah... let's balance this angst out!

as always, thank you so much for all the feedback so far! It means the world to me! and keep an eye on those tags...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Impossible…!” Aizawa began to take position.

“Aizawa-sensei,” Izuku interrupted, “if you’re going to fight, let me help!” The now pro-hero, Eraserhead, had taken stance and was ready to jump at the suspicious figure.

“No, what you’re going to do is run and sound the emergency alarm. Then I’ll-“

Aizawa blinked and Izuku was gone.

The absence was so sudden, so baffling, that when he looked back at the ground below, he saw a head full of dark green hair. “Shit-!” he used his bandages to get down as fast as possible. Panic settling in, he began to come up with a plan in his head as he landed in front of Izuku.

“I told you to get help, not fight!” Aizawa barked, voice filling with anger.

“I didn’t do anything!” Izuku exclaimed, just as confused, “I felt weird and then I was suddenly right here!”

“Who are you,” Aizawa growled, “and how did you get past the security alarms and cameras?”

“Aizawa and Izuku's attention snapped at the unfamiliar voice. The figure standing before them was a tall, thin man, who looked to be in his mid-30s. He was dressed in a standard black suit with a gold tie and had equally black, short hair parted to the side. Over his clothes, a beige, cotton trench coat topped the outfit off. In his right hand, he held a pocket watch, the chain wrapped tightly around his wrist. He looked more like an everyday civilian than a villain, if anything, Izuku observed.

“Who are you,” Aizawa growled, “and how did you get past the security alarms and cameras?”

“Apologies,” the man bowed, “the presence you’ve been graced with belongs to the villain, Throwback. As for your security, well… it's probably somewhere in a time period where that sort of
technology doesn't even exist.”

“What are you talking about?” Aizawa glared and raised his arm in front of Izuku, as if to say, “don’t lay a finger on him”.

“I’m surprised you have not heard of me,” Throwback spread his arms out and stepped forward, “but I suppose it is hard for me to reach headlines when hardly anyone has lived to report me.”

Aizawa heard enough. Quickly throwing his weapon faster than Throwback could react, he tied him around the torso, flinging him to the ground. Aizawa jumped towards the now incapacitated villain, placing a firm foot on his neck. “You’re going to tell me how you took down our security and who sent you. Was it the League of Villains?”

Throwback chuckled, “The League of Villains? I’m offended, Eraserhead, to even assume I would associate with those idiots.” Pocket watch still firmly in hand, Throwback pushed the latch release and Aizawa felt a sudden rush of vertigo hit him.

Abruptly, he was back where he was seconds ago, in front of Izuku with Throwback unscathed.

“Aizawa…sensei…?”

“… what the-“

“Really, you should listen to your foes before mindlessly attacking them!” Throwback playfully grinned as he swung his pocket watch back and forth. He held it up to his face as if to show it off to Aizawa and Izuku. “My quirk is called Reverse. As long as something is within my sights, I am able to transfer an object or another person to a former point in time, completely of my choice. This pocket watch lets me work from longer distances, especially if I’m in a literal bind, as you experienced earlier.”

Aizawa felt a bead of sweat run down his temple. “Is that how you got Midoriya down five stories in an instant, because he was down here an hour ago?”

“Of course! Although, I was aiming for you… the child merely got in the way.”

Izuku’s brain, at this point, was having trouble processing what just happened. Two times he became affected by Throwback’s quirk, and neither times could he predict how to react in time. He mentioned he got past the alarm system by sending the security cameras to a time where that sort of tech doesn’t exist, Izuku thought, it’s possible that he had used his watch while simply looking at the cameras, so as to not activate anything. Not to mention, getting me down from a height like that means he can see extremely well. He could have been standing anywhere as long as he could see what he wanted his quirk to be used on. Which means-

If all of the cameras were gone without a single sound, and the signals were lost, no back-up was coming.

Aizawa’s glare hardened, keeping calm. “Me, huh? Why’s that?”

“Because you’re a pro-hero, of course!” Throwback stood up straight, as if he were a carnie starting a show. “I believe Hero Killer: Stain had the right motivation when it came to cleaning up the streets of “false heroes”, it’s just a shame that he was too full of himself, as if he were some sort of immortal deity. As for me, well... I deem that there are two types of heroes: the first being those who genuinely believe in their morale and work hard to improve civilization. The second- and you fall under this so listen carefully!- taking their powerful quirks for granted and instead resort to being useless wastes of matter. Always wanting praise, but never actually proving themselves, never taking into initiation
one what truly makes a hero… a hero.”

Izuku clenched his fists, anger building up inside him at Throwback’s belittlement, “Eraserhead is a hero!”

Aizawa glanced back at his student as Throwback cocked his head to the side. “That so? Is that why he’s failed not once but twice as both your teacher and hero?” Aizawa stood his ground, trying to not let the rogue’s words and his past faults affect him.

“Allowing the pathetic League of Villains to not only infiltrate and hurt your comrades, but also having one of his students slip away and get kidnapped? That doesn’t sound very heroic to me.”

“None of that was Aizawa-sensei’s fault!” Izuku defended, “He did what he could at the time, given the circumstances, and has always been supportive and protective of us! Being a hero doesn’t always mean success because failure is a real possibility too!”

He remembered during the villain attack with the Pussycats and the look Bakugo gave him as he pleaded for Izuku to stay back. He smiled bitterly, looking Throwback in the eyes, “To me, Aizawa-sensei has never once failed as a hero!”

“Midoriya…”

“I see, I see!” Throwback clapped his hands and chuckled, “It doesn’t matter if he hasn’t failed you, what he’s failed is society. When was the last time you actually saved someone, Eraserhead? When was the last time you actually contributed to the people you claim to protect? You weren’t even allowed to participate in your student's rescue mission! You know, it’s quite pitiful when all the information I needed to find your location was the big, public apology you made before All Might retired.”

Aizawa clenched his fist tightly, Izuku’s words from the heart filling him with renewed vigor. He blinked as Erasure took Throwback off-guard and turned to his pupil. “I erased his quirk. Run and sound the alarm from inside the dorms.”

“R-right!” Izuku turned swiftly as he ran as fast as he could through the front doors. Behind him, he heard the scuffle of close-quarters combat between the hero and villain.

“You’re not going to harm anyone as long as I’m here!” Aizawa high-kicked Throwback in the side, causing him to stumble but still remain upright. “Are you sure about that?” he smirked. Before Aizawa could retort with another kick, Throwback headbutted him hard, directly on the side of his brow, forcing Aizawa to clamp his eyes shut from the pain. With his quirk returned, Throwback turned his gaze to Izuku. “Oh, no you don’t, brat!” With that, he hit the latch release again.

Izuku just barely opened the door to the dorm when his vision blurred, his legs staggered and was once more right next to Aizawa. “No-!”

BOOM.

Aizawa and Izuku stumbled backward as a harsh explosion took up their vision. Throwback was also taken by surprise, as he too flung to the ground and onto his back.

“For fuck’s sake,” the familiar, raspy voice that Izuku knew all too well grunted, “only a dumbass villain would have to annoy me while I’m trying to sleep!”

“Kacchan!” Izuku was never so relieved. His childhood friend looked back at him and Aizawa, battle stance ready. “Who is this bastard?” his question was directed at Aizawa, the older man getting
back up on his feet while holding his head. “A villain named Throwback. Bakugou, listen, I need you to—“

Click.

Bakugou was gone.

“K-Kacchan!?” Izuku’s eyes frantically looked around for his friend. Not again!

Aizawa’s angry eyes met Throwback’s, who was dusting himself off, a trail of blood dripping off his brow from the earlier recoil of his headbutt. He held his trench coat and pouted at the tattered fabric from Bakugou’s attack. “Honestly, I just had this suit dry cleaned, too. Oh, well, the last thing I needed was two brats in my way.” Aizawa attempted to run in for another attack, but he stumbled, blood from his head filling his left eye’s vision.

“Shit,” he thought, “I think my left orbital bone is broken…!”

“Aizawa-sensei, are you okay!?” Izuku tried to support his teacher with all his strength while trying to come up with a plan. “How can we win!?” he desperately thought, “Every time we try to attack and run, he just turns back time and we have to try all over again!”

Throwback’s stride towards them felt like it was in deliberately slow, as if he were teasing them. Pulling out his pocket watch, he smirked. “I’m not leaving until I have you right where I want you, Eraser. And by the looks of it, you seem ready to collapse.”

“I can’t use my full power without my restraints,” Izuku mentally cringed, “I’ll end up becoming a burden on Aizawa-sensei if I hurt myself! Think, Izuku, think!”

Feeling the distance closing between them, Izuku attempted to turn around and get away, until—

“OUT OF THE WAY!”

A mere foot away from his goal, Throwback was punched away from Aizawa and Izuku. He landed ungracefully to the ground, a few meters away, as Bakugou had done to him earlier.

“Wow, you might have knocked him out with that hard punch of yours, Kirishima!”

“Aah, hopefully!”

Looking at who came to their rescue this time, Izuku’s eyes widened. “Kirishima-kun! Ashido-san!”

The two 1-A students turned to face them, grins on their faces. “Sorry, sensei, but we couldn’t sleep!” Mina stuck her tongue out, “We were too worried about Midoriya, so we stayed up a little. But when Bakugou was yelling about what was happening through the halls, well…”

Kirishima punched his fist into his palm, his skin hardening again, “We just couldn’t sit around, y’know!”

Aizawa sighed, “I’ll punish you both later for staying up past curfew. Right now…”

Their lines of vision met Throwback, who was currently beginning to stand himself up. He looked at his pocket watch, yet again, this time his expression souring.

“We already told Bakugou to sound the emergency alarm, so he should be down soon!” Mina took position to fire her acid quirk if need be, Kirishima doing the same with his. “Midoriya, take Aizawa-sensei back inside! We got this!”
Izuku nodded, beginning to pick up the pace and headed back. As he turned around, he could hear Kirishima, Mina and Throwback fighting, two-on-one.

"Wait a minute," Izuku paused, realizing something, "Why didn’t Throwback use his quirk on Aizawa-sensei and me before Kirishima-kun and Ashido-san showed up? He had us in full view and could have gotten rid of us at any point! Not to mention right now, he’s actually fighting back instead of throwing any of them back in time. Does that mean… he has a limit?"

"Aizawa-sensei," he whispered, "I think he’s running on empty with his quirk." Aizawa glanced back and forth from Izuku and Throwback, muttering through heavy breaths, "I’ve noticed too. He’s been constantly looking at his watch, as if keeping track of how many times he’s used it."

Izuku worriedly looked up at Aizawa as he held the side of his bloody face. There was no way he could use Erasure with an injury like that, so it was up to Izuku to make sure he protected his teacher.

As Mina foretold, the emergency alarm from their dorm building finally sounded, blaring as loud as possible for the surrounding areas to hear.

"Attention all U.A. staff and students: this is not a test. The on-campus emergency alarm has been activated in Class 1-A’s building, indicating a threat to all personnel. All students are to remain indoors while pro-heroes are to act. This is not a test. Attention all…"

Izuku and Aizawa looked up as the front doors opened, Bakugou standing before them. “Kacchan, you did it!” Izuku acclaimed. Despite the relief in his voice, Bakugou’s expression was one of shock as both teacher and student slowly looked back to where the fight had gone eerily silent.

A shudder hit Izuku square in the back as he saw Kirishima and Mina on the ground, unresponsive. Throwback threw his tattered trench coat to the side, using the last of his strength to sprint towards the three.

"GET BACK!" Bakugou yelled as he jumped in front of Aizawa and Izuku, ready to fire another explosive round his arm. Before he could, however, Throwback grabbed the blonde by the shoulders and kneed him straight in the chest. Bakugou, feeling the wind get knocked out of him, collapsed instantly in front of the two people he, Kirishima and Mina tried to protect.

"KACCHA-!" A punch to the face cut off Izuku, and with it, Aizawa fell to the ground as well, his support gone.

"Attention all U.A. staff and students…"

Throwback grabbed Aizawa by his hair, painfully pulling him up to meet him at eye-level. “I don’t normally like hurting children,” he panted, “but if they’re in my way, I won’t hesitate.”

Izuku lifted himself upright on his forearms, looking back where Throwback and Aizawa stood. He shook the punch off and unsteadily made his way on his feet.

"… this is not a test."

“You want to know how I kill pro-heroes, Eraserhead?” he sneered, Aizawa flinching from the excruciating pain filling his head. “You see, I don’t actually kill them at all. All I do is send them back to a specific time and place relevant to where their past-self once stood. Once they’re gone from my sights and back in the past, they come across their younger selves, face-to-face. You know what they call that?”

Aizawa’s consciousness began to fade, but he answered, “A… paradox…"
“You are so smart!” Throwback mockingly commended, “When your present-self meets your past-self, it creates a paradox. In turn, you end up irrevocably changing the timeline you came from. So, you immediately end up ceasing to exist and erased from everyone’s memories!”

“The on-campus emergency alarm…”

Izuku began to run, just barely noticing the oncoming pro-heroes in the distance. All he could focus on was Aizawa.

“Therefore,” Throwback glanced at his pocket watch and gleamed, “I have just enough energy to unleash my most powerful attack. The one that has wiped away numerous, useless pro-heroes from existence, that even I can’t remember anymore!”

“… has been activated in Class 1-A’s building…”

Aizawa did feel useless. He let his students down, he couldn’t protect any of them from this psycho who thought he was doing the right thing for society. He was a failure to his father and could never apologize for it. Why should anyone save him? With his senses blurring, Aizawa slowly let his depression settle in.

“Let’s send you back, oh, let’s see,” Throwback grinned, “you’re thirty, now, so how about fourteen years ago at U.A.? You can make amends to those you’ve let down by killing yourself with a single glance.”

”… indicating a threat to all personnel.”

“Farewell, Eraserhead,” Throwback raised his watch in triumph, thumb on the latch, “Special Move: Deadly Precedent!”

Aizawa Shouta… had given up.

“AIZAWA-SENSEI!”

Click.

Aizawa saw it all through his working right eye. Everything felt like a movie scene in slow motion. Izuku, in Aizawa’s place and in Throwback’s line of sight, his arms reaching out towards him. His student had pushed him out of harm’s way before Throwback’s thumb made contact with his watch.

Which meant-

“All students are to remain indoors…”

“No,” Throwback’s hand shook, his expression full of shock and disbelief.

Aizawa tried to reach out and grab Izuku’s hand, but there was nothing there.

“Eraser!” he heard Midnight’s voice ring out as she released her quirk, immediately knocking out Throwback, who was stunned into silence from the selfless act by Izuku. Many other teachers, including Vlad, Cementoss, Ectoplasm and Snipe raced towards him and his unconscious students.

“… while pro-heroes are to act.”

Aizawa looked blankly at the empty space where Izuku should have been, as dread filled his entire being. His body shook and his stomach and heart felt like they were going to spill out of his mouth. To counteract this feeling, he allowed Midnight’s aroma take over, his mind and body shutting...
This is not a test.

--

14 Years Earlier

“Ne, ne, Ai-chan! Come with Yamada-kun and me for karaoke!”

“YEAH! It’ll be fun!”

“No, thanks.”

Three U.A. students made their way out to the front of the prestigious hero school. Kayama Nemuri, a curvy, blue-eyed girl with long, black hair excitedly talked about her plans after school with a taller, short-haired blonde. He wore a cheerful grin, his eyes obscured by white-framed glasses with orange lenses. The third boy with them was quiet and bore an indifferent expression, seemingly uninterested in the conversation. He pulled a black strand of his shoulder-length hair behind his ear, awkwardly.

“COME ON, Shouta!” the blonde, Yamada Hizashi, exclaimed while stopping them in their tracks, “You need to do something instead of staying in your apartment all the time!”

The girl nodded in agreement, “That’s right! Like, even if it’s super big and super cool you live on your own already, it’s not healthy.” The boy at the receiving end of these statements, sixteen-year-old Aizawa Shouta, shifted his eyes to the side and shrugged. “It doesn’t matter.”

“Yo, Kayama-san,” Hizashi whispered, “how about you put him to sleep and we just drag him with us?”

“Ooh, I like that idea!” she giggled.

“I can hear you, you know.” Aizawa deadpanned. He sighed and began to take his leave, with or without them. Before he took another step, he froze and looked around.

“What’s wrong?” Hizashi asked.

“Do you,” Aizawa furrowed his brows, “do you guys hear tha-?”

A frightened scream cut him off, the direction it was coming from seemingly being from… the sky?

All three looked up from each other and Shouta didn’t have time to think before a teenager he didn’t recognize appeared above him. It was as if he was flung down from the atmosphere and both boys collided to the ground rather painfully.

Nemuri and Hizashi’s surprised gazes followed their friend, who was lying on his back with a green-haired boy dressed in casual clothes on top of him. The unknown person groaned in pain, lifting his hand to rub the back of his head. He began his apology but stopped as his eyes met surprised, black ones.

“Ah…”

Silence.

“Ai…zawa…sen…sei…?”
Izuku’s voice trailed off and shifted his body. Realizing his right leg had ended up between Aizawa’s legs, causing them to be in a questionable position. Both of them blushed rather awkwardly as Hizashi wolf-whistled and Nemuri choked back a laugh.

“Gee, Ai-chan,” she blushed, a smug grin forming, “I wish I had cute boys fall from the heavens and land on top of me.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter coming soon...

so... turns out BNHA OCs are hard to come up with;;
Throwback was a little difficult to write because I didn't want to accidentally plagiarize already existing quirks (Eri already has a time-reversing quirk, and I almost accidentally called Throwback’s "Rewind" so I had to break out my synonym dictionary LMAO) secondly, he MAY seem like another Stain fanboy, but I decided to have him hold himself higher than Stain rather than respect him as many other villains do. while their views on heroes are similar, Throwback is more cleaned up and graceful, but still just as unmerciful and deadly. instead of torturing and killing "false heroes", Throwback sends them back in time to face themselves and then immediately just become non-existant. that's how he views punishment and the ultimate repentance for not contributing as HE thinks a hero should- to have heroes indirectly kill themselves.

i read somewhere that if you were to meet your past self, physics will usually reign supreme and both you and your past-self will spontaneously combust... i don't think i want to meet my past-self anymore

Comments/kudos are appreciated to the stars and back-!! (●//●)) ⊕ ☾
stranded in a dream

Chapter Notes

Before I start this chapter, I need to give a HUGE thanks and shout out to Ace who drew me some PRETTY FANTASTIC ART for this fic!!
THANK YOU SO MUCH!! I gushed and gushed about it to you on two different websites so I won’t overwhelm you again XD

all I gotta say for the end of this chapter is two words: sad aizawa

enjoy! and keep a sneaky eye on those tags

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’ve never seen a teleportation quirk in action like that!” Nemuri exclaimed in glee. “That’s what it is, right? Teleportation?”

Izuku moved backwards from off top of Aizawa, who’s red face bore glaring eyes at him as he slowly sat up. “I-I’m so sorry, I-!” The words wouldn’t come out right. He was stammering like crazy as his brain raced with a million thoughts.

Aizawa-sensei...

He looked up at the other two and nearly choked on his own surprised yelp. He clamped a hand over his mouth and avoided eye contact with all three of them.

Midnight-sensei and Present Mic-sensei too!? That means I...

“Hey, are you okay?” Nemuri worriedly inquired. She reached out and touched Izuku’s shoulder, causing him to flinch. The warmth from the sunset settling in, Nemuri’s touch, and the fact that he could feel the scratches on the palms of his hands from landing earlier meant that this was all real. Throwback really did send him back fourteen years to Aizawa’s past- and from the way he landed directly on top of his younger self, the villain did intend on killing Aizawa. Izuku’s thoughts flickered as he remembered jumping in front of his teacher and being the one to take his place.

Overwhelming emotions and thoughts engulfed his head, like a monster clamping its mouth down on its prey.

Izuku’s brain and body collapsed, and he fell over, unconscious.

Nemuri shrieked, pulling her hand away quickly. “Kayama-san, did you put him to sleep?!” Hizashi asked as she shook her head wildly. “He’s not dead, is he?!” her voice shook.

The blonde knelt down in front of Izuku, making sure he was still breathing. He sighed in relief and scratched his neck, unsure of what to do next. He looked back and forth between Aizawa and Nemuri, then back at Izuku.

“Well, since karaoke is now canceled,” he began, as he lifted Izuku’s arm over his shoulder for
support, “how about we head to Shouta’s to hang out with our new pal?”

The smallest, “Huh?” emitted from the currently dumbfounded Aizawa.

The first thing that filled Izuku’s senses was the smell of tea.

Flashes of Aizawa talking to him about his parents from earlier as they drank tea together passed through his mind. Is that where he was right now? Was everything before he passed out a dream? He slowly opened his eyes and saw, not the dimly-lit office ceiling, but a bright, brown ceiling.

“Ahh, you’re awake!” Nemuri’s happy face filled Izuku’s vision and his eyes widened. “You gave us a scare back there! I thought my quirk accidentally put you out of commission because I’m still trying to keep it under control, but I’m so relieved to know it wasn’t my fault! See, my quirk is “Nemuriga”, which is an aroma that emits from my skin and can put people to sleep! It works equally on boys and girls but since I’m a girl, boys are more easily affected and…”

Izuku’s ears were filled with Nemuri’s bubbly words, but they seemed to have just go right through him. He silently watched her ramble on and his attention shifted to Hizashi who was sitting on the floor at a small table in the middle of the room. He grinned and waved at Izuku, the latter too stunned at the realization that, no, this wasn’t a dream, and it was still all very real.

He began to slowly sit up, a towel he hadn’t noticed falling from his forehead and onto his lap. Nemuri swiped it up and stood, going towards the kitchen. “Ai-chan! The cherub is awake!”

Izuku looked at his new surroundings. He seemed to be in some sort of large living room, a kitchen adjacent with Nemuri and Aizawa currently occupying it. He was on a small sofa that was parallel to the small table Hizashi was sitting at. Across from them, a medium, flat-screen TV was mounted over an electric fireplace that was turned off. Next to it in the corner, a large bookcase with numerous books and DVDs filled the shelves. The sheen from the hardwood floors smelled of lemon, as if they had just been recently polished. The ceiling had integrated LED lights which were on what was likely the brightest setting. The entire atmosphere was like a Japanese and Western mash-up and also looked very expensive. Despite that, for such a large space, there wasn’t much furniture, Izuku noted.

“I don’t know why he had to be brought back to my apartment.”

Izuku turned and saw Aizawa walk towards him and Hizashi. He held a wooden breakfast tray in his hands that housed four cups with steam rising out of each one, presumably the tea Izuku had been smelling. He placed the tray down on the table and Hizashi raised a brow, smug grin in place, “Aw, come on,” he murmured, “you really gonna just leave someone passed out on U.A. grounds?” Aizawa didn’t say anything, instead sitting down and silently watched Izuku.

*His* apartment? The sudden realization hit Izuku that this large living quarters, that a teenager had no business of living in on their own, belonged solely to Aizawa. *This* was the apartment he had been talking about to him before.

Nemuri walked back into where the three boys were and sat herself down as well, across from Hizashi. She patted the floor at the extra empty space for Izuku, who blinked in confusion. “Come sit with us,” she motioned, “I wanna know how you fell from the sky!”

Izuku nervously looked back and forth between all three of his future teachers, still not knowing how to react. Would any little movement cause a disruption for their future selves? How was he supposed
to act, what to say? He’d have to tip-toe around everything at this rate. All Izuku knew about time travel and butterfly effects came from movies and fiction, and now that he was dealing with it for real, he had no idea what to do. *Calm down, Izuku thought to himself, as long as I don’t mention or do something that will drastically change my own time, everything should be okay.*

He gulped and slowly made his way to the floor, sitting on his knees.

*I shouldn’t say anything about the future, he told himself, just keep quiet about U.A., All Might, them being teachers-*

“So, what’s your name?”

Nemuri’s question snapped Izuku out of his thoughts and he felt his body stiffen. “M-my name?” he shook. Could he say his real name, or would it cause time to rip apart and cease everything to exist? The sweat nearly poured from his skin. This was too stressful, too dangerous, too much for him to handle! What should he do, what should he-

“M-Midoriya Izuku!” he spat out, and clamped his eyes shut, waiting for the end to come.

But it didn’t.

“Midoriya-kun, huh?” Nemuri smiled. “Well, my name is Kayama Nemuri. Nice to meet you!”

“I’m Yamada Hizashi,” the blonde boy waved again, grinning the same toothy grin Izuku was familiar with seeing, ‘nice to meet’cha!”

Izuku bowed, “N-nice to meet you…” *Although, I already know who you all are.*

All eyes turned to Aizawa, who was sipping on his tea silently. He looked at the floor, avoiding Izuku’s stare.

“Aizawa Shouta… nice to meet you.” The last half was more of a mumble and Izuku barely caught it. He felt his shoulders scrunch up at the slightly aggressive tone Aizawa spoke with. Certainly, he must have been intruding on them after such a wild, confusing display.

“Ai-chan, don’t be mean!” Nemuri scolded as she turned back to Izuku, “Sorry, he’s horrible at interacting with new people. He’s basically a *hikkikomori* in the making when it comes to socializing.”

“I am not—“

“Anyway, what was up with you, earlier?” Hizashi cut his friend off, “I’ve seen people float and stuff but to just pop out of nowhere at full force… what’s your quirk?”

If Izuku could freeze up any more, he’d be a full-blown ice cube. “M-my quirk?! Oh, that! My quirk is, uh…” he thought back to Nemuri’s words from before, excitedly asking him what his quirk was.

“… j-just as you guessed earlier! Teleportation!” he laughed nervously and gulped more hot tea than he would have liked. “I-I’m not really good at it, as you saw, so, I, uh, te-tend to teleport randomly!”

God, his voice was shaking and stuttering so bad, there’s no way they would believe such a half-assed lie!

“Oooh, see, see! I was right!” Nemuri gleamed, sparkles in her eyes, “So, where’d you teleport from? I’ve never seen you at U.A., are you from another academy?”
“But he’s in casual clothes when we were just barely getting out of school,” Hizashi observed, “were you skipping?”

Nemuri mockingly gasped, “Such a naughty boy! Midoriya-kun doesn’t look like a delinquent, though, more like a cute baby!”

Izuku felt dizzy from Nemuri and Hizashi’s overwhelming, positive aura. However, they were at least making him feel more relaxed and was honestly shocked they believed that horrible lie he spat out. As the energetic teens talked back and forth, Izuku’s eyes traced over to Aizawa, who was quietly tapping away on his phone.

“If teleportation is your quirk,” Aizawa spoke, his unimpressed yet hard eyes meeting Izuku’s, “then what’s with all those scars on your arms and hands?”

Nemuri and Hizashi hushed when they looked back at Izuku, who instinctively held his right forearm with his left hand. “I-” he started, trying to find an excuse, “I fall a lot because of my quirk. I usually wind up in random heights if I’m not careful or focused enough, s-so I end up getting hurt a lot in the process.”

Aizawa studied him firmly, his expression blank. Izuku could practically feel his back crawling from how much annoyance and anger was radiating from the other boy. “Now, now, Ai-chan,” Nemuri pouted, “it’s, like, super rude to ask about personal things like that!”

“YEAH!” Hizashi’s eyebrows furrowed, “It’s none of our business about that kind of stuff, especially if it makes him uncomfortable.”

Aizawa closed his eyes in defeat and grabbed his empty cup, walking towards the kitchen. “Sorry,” he mumbled.

“Jeez, what’s up with him?” Hizashi sighed and whispered to Izuku, “Sorry, he’s not usually like this. He’s really nice, I promise! I think he’s just mad because we basically had to drag you back here against his will.”

Izuku nodded in understanding, feeling even more like a burden. What else could have been done? On one hand, he was happy that he was at least under a roof with people he knew, but on the other, what was he going to do after? His wallet was back in his dorm and all he had on him was his cell phone.

Cell phone?

Izuku’s heart raced and nearly spilled the rest of tea. His cell phone! It was still on him when Throwback teleported him, so, was it possible it transported with him? He slowly went to touch his shorts’ pocket and felt the familiar outline of his smartphone. Holy shit! It was a miracle, a truly honest-to-God miracle. Pulling it out with his slightly shaking hand, he looked at it and felt a rush of hope and relief fill his chest. He pushed the power button on the side, the real test being whether it still worked, and lo and behold, the lock screen showed up as normal.

It took a lot of energy to not burst out crying.

“Oh, you have a cell phone, Midoriya-kun?” Nemuri asked.

“What kind of model is that? I don’t think I’ve ever seen that one.” Hizashi added.

Izuku came back to reality and tightened the grip on his phone. He’d have to make a call or text to see if it could actually connect to anyone later. “Ah, well,” he stumbled, “it’s just a regular model,
nothing special! Everyone has one like this where I’m from.”

Nemuri and Hizashi looked at each other, then back at Izuku, “Where are you from, anyway?”

Aizawa walked back in, this time with a full cup of tea, and sat back down across from Izuku. They all eagerly waited for an answer, an answer which Izuku didn’t know how to even begin to respond to. He opened his mouth to say something, but quickly shut it.

_Do I say I live really close by, or make something up?_ He panicked, knowing they wouldn’t even believe him if he somehow slipped he was in the wrong time period. “I live… I live in Fukuoka.”

All three of the teen’s eyes widened, even Aizawa who had remained stoic until now. “F-Fukuoka?!” Hizashi sputtered. “Then… you teleported… all the way from _there_ to _here_?!”

Izuku was most certainly not from Fukuoka, but the farther away from Tokyo the better. If he had to reveal as little about himself as possible, then at least teleporting from Fukuoka to Tokyo was semi-believable. “Y-you know you’re in Tokyo, right, Midoriya-kun?” Nemuri asked, nervous, “That’s like a thirteen-hour drive!”

Izuku broke out what little acting skills he had, “T-Tokyo?! I’m in Tokyo? Oh, jeez, that’s… bad…”

“Uh, YOUH, that’s bad!” Hizashi countered, “How are you going to get back? Train?”

“M-maybe,” Izuku gritted, “I’ll have to check.”

“Can’t you just teleport back?” Aizawa asked as he took another drink.

Izuku shook his head, probably a little faster than he should have. “I-I can’t. “Teleport” takes a lot of energy and I, uh, am totally wiped out after coming this far…”

Nemuri looked at her phone and hummed, “Well, the trains stop at one in the morning, but neither of us have transportation to get to the nearest station. Do you have money for a bus, maybe? It will take a little longer to get back home, but it’s better than nothing.”

Izuku felt his face heat up. “I, uh, actually don’t have my wallet on me.” He looked away from the three of them. How embarrassing he must have looked right now.

“Ah, jeez, neither do we,” Hizashi rubbed his chin, “that sucks, dude.”

“Ai-chan’s family is pretty loaded!” Nemuri snapped her fingers, gaze falling on Aizawa. The black-haired teen sighed and rested his head in his arms on the table. “Don’t say that,” he grumbled, “you know I hate bragging…” Izuku blinked as he remembered that at this point in time, Aizawa’s mother and father were still in the picture. He _had_ mentioned that his mother set him up with a savings account and paid his apartment rent.

“I-it’s okay!” Izuku threw his hands up in defense, “I can just call home and explain my situation.”

Home.

_Mom._

Izuku let his hands fall slowly at this revelation. What was she doing right now? Did the school contact her to let her know what happened to him? She was already hesitant to have him live on campus, so much so that she stood up to the Symbol of Peace to protect him. Izuku couldn’t fathom how heartbroken she was right now if she had already been informed. His expression had visibly
saddened as Nemuri and Hizashi’s faces became serious. “Is everything alright?” Hizashi asked, genuine worry in his voice.

When Izuku didn’t answer right away, surprisingly, it was Aizawa who spoke up. “Why don’t you just stay here?”

Nemuri and Hizashi’s heads whipped back towards their friend so hard, they simultaneously felt their necks pop. “Really?!?”

Aizawa shoved his head into his arms, hiding his face and muffling his voice, “Just for the night.”

Izuku felt tears burning his eyes, both from Aizawa’s offer and thinking about Inko. “Aw, Midoriya-kun, don’t cry!” Nemuri comforted. Izuku hid his face with his forearm, rubbing away budding waterworks. “I-I’m not!”

Smiles plastered the two peppy teenagers while their tired companion merely sighed. “It’s no big deal,” he vacantly stated, “the apartment is big enough, anyway.”

“Well,” Nemuri stood and grabbed her bookbag, “as long as Midoriya-kun is safe tonight, then I guess it’s time for us to take our leave.”

Hizashi followed her and began to place his shoes on at the door. “Yep, it’s already late for us. I guess we’ll see you later, Midoriya-san! If you need us to accompany you or anything, we can after school tomorrow.” Nemuri nodded at this and pulled open the front door. “See you tomorrow, Aichan!”

Izuku and Aizawa slowly waved them goodbye from the table and watched as both friends finally left. After a short silence, the tired-looking teen’s attention went to Izuku, who gulped nervously.

“I’m really sorry about earlier,” Izuku said, “falling on top of you like that. I didn’t mean for… that to happen.”

By “that”, he meant basically nudging his knee into the other’s crotch from the fall. Aizawa’s brows scrunched together and he felt his upper lip recoil in annoyance. “It’s whatever.” Izuku could swear he saw a red tint shade Aizawa’s cheeks at the memory.

“Anyway.” Aizawa’s tone became more serious, but still held the calmness Izuku was all too familiar with. What he wasn’t prepared for were the words that came out of his future mentor’s mouth.

“You may have fooled Kayama-san and Hizashi, but you didn’t fool me. You don’t have a teleportation quirk and you’re not from Fukuoka.”

Izuku felt Aizawa’s red eyes bore into his soul, sweat beginning to form on his temple and palms. The air thickened as Izuku felt his quirk disappear and a long white bandage suddenly bind him tightly, preventing any sort of escape. Aizawa’s black hair started to slightly raise off his shoulders as he gripped his familiar weapon and stood over Izuku, glare hardening.

“So, cut the bullshit and start talking.”

Present Day

“Honestly, you’ve already sustained irreversible damage from USJ that I could barely fix. The nerve of him!” Recovery Girl seethed as she took one final look over Aizawa’s former wound which she
had graciously healed. “Was that man’s head made of titanium or what?!” When she didn’t receive a reply, she sighed and worriedly placed her hand over Aizawa’s currently limp one.

“Aizawa-kun,” she murmured, “you know you can’t be in here all day pretending to be catatonic, right?”

She was right, as always. Ever since the fight with Throwback from the previous night, Aizawa didn’t speak or look at anyone after waking up. How could he face anyone in the eyes, especially his students and All Might? He lost Izuku, all because he gave up and didn’t react in time. *If I had pulled him in just a second sooner, he would still be here.* The thought ran circles in his mind, hurting each time is finished and started another lap. A knock at Recovery Girl’s door interrupted his thoughts and for the first time, slowly looked up.

“Come in.”

The police detective, Tsukauchi, briskly made his entrance with All Might and Midnight behind him. “Eraserhead,” he greeted, “I know we’ve met before, but I’m Tsukauchi Naomasa, detective for the Police Force. Since you’re finally awake, it’s only my duty to come and inform you on what transpired last night.”

Aizawa didn’t say anything, instead avoiding his eyes and staring at his hands solemnly.

Tsukauchi’s mouth formed a thin line, but he continued. “After we were alerted of the incident, we were able to arrest and take the villain, “Throwback”, into custody thanks to Midnight’s quirk. His real name is Namikawa Hiroshi. While he eventually woke up and his weapon, being the pocket watch, was apprehended, he has refused to cooperate with us, including with All Might.”

“He wouldn’t even let me get a word in,” Toshinori gritted. Aizawa saw that he was especially upset, and turned away, not wanting to feel those emotions on his conscience.

“It’s my fault,” Aizawa said flatly, “I didn’t do anything but get my skull split open, again, while my students fought.” He felt his fingernails dig into his palms as his frustration grew to the point his voice began to shake.

“A-Aizawa-kun,” Toshinori held his hands up, “please, don’t think any of us are angry at you! I’m sorry if it sounded like that.”

“We know you did what you could,” Midnight consoled, “but time travel quirks are one of the hardest kind to fight against, they’re unpredictable. Not to mention, your eye being bashed in, and all.”

A dull stillness flooded the room and Aizawa felt as if he were suffocating. He didn’t need to be reminded of the shortcomings that caused him to completely and utterly be defeated at the hands of some smug bastard.

Aizawa pushed his knees to his chest and wrapped his arms around them, hiding his face. “Why am I even still in this profession at this point? He was right, I’m a useless excuse for a hero who hasn’t been there for anyone.” He felt like a child in this position, apologizing to adults who did more for Izuku than he ever could. Was he always this depressed on the inside? Talking about his family probably reopened old wounds he thought had scarred over by now. “I should be in Midoriya’s place. Maybe then I could have actually done something useful.”

The implication that Aizawa should have just died to better everyone around him made the atmosphere go cold. No one said a thing, unable to comprehend that the grim words came out of a
pro-hero’s mouth- Eraserhead’s no less. Toshinori was about to reach out to comfort the erasure hero, but a finely-manicured hand beat him to it. Midnight swiftly grabbed Aizawa by the hair, lifting his face up to her, and slapped him hard enough to be heard in the halls.

Everyone was stunned into silence. Tsukauchi and Toshinori’s mouths fell open as Recovery Girl facepalmed. “I just healed him...” she muttered. Aizawa, who felt the stinging red pain begin to quickly form on his cheek, blinked his vacant gaze away and looked up.

Midnight had an irritated look on her face as she glared at her friend and colleague. “You think you’re the only one who feels like he’s failed?!” she shouted, “What about Midoriya-kun’s classmates, his friends, his teachers? His mother?! Don’t you think they also feel responsible for not being there to protect him? You’re not the only one suffering because your students also tried their hardest to protect the both of you! Putting our own lives on the line for others is the bravest thing a hero can do, and we have done it many times in the years we’ve known each other. Yet, you really believe that we would be better off without you in our lives? Don’t you ever say that with a serious tone to my face ever again, Aizawa!”

Aizawa didn’t have time to retort as she placed her foot on the edge of the bed and grabbed the collar of his shirt. Their faces met and Aizawa could see the clear anger and sadness Midnight harbored in her expression. “You are not going to sit here and feel sorry for yourself, is that clear? We are going to the station because there is something only you can do. Now, be the hero we all know you are, that Midoriya-kun knows you are, and stand up!”

She let go roughly and inhaled a deep breath, crossing her arms through small sniffles. Aizawa’s expression softened at her as he thought for a moment. “Was the slap really necessary?” She huffed and pointed her whip in his direction, “Just be happy I didn’t use this on you!”

A light pause. “You’re right,” feeling the air lighten a bit, Aizawa finally relaxed his body and face, “I’m sorry for saying that, Midnight, All Might.” Midnight’s sour look changed into a relieved one as she sighed, but returned a smile along with Toshinori.

Being able to speak such inspiring words in an outfit like that, Tsukauchi thought with amusement, truly only something the “18+ Only Hero, Midnight” could pull off.

“What she said is true,” the detective affirmed, “while Throwback refused to cooperate with us, he did say one thing worth noting.”

Aizawa rubbed his burning cheek, “Which was?”

“He said that he would only speak to one person: you.”

Aizawa’s hand lowered from his face. “Why me?”

“We don’t know. He said he will only talk as long as you’re there.” Toshinori replied. “Seeing as you were the target for his operation, it isn’t surprising. But we’ll be with you in case anything happens. He’s cuffed and seems to have exhausted himself.”

He only wants to talk to me, huh? Aizawa thought. Of course, he did. Probably to gloat in his face on how right he was. How the hero, Eraserhead, was a complete joke-

Stop that.

Aizawa took a deep breath and clenched his fist. This time, not out of self-hatred or malice, but out of determination. He was going to get Izuku back, no matter the cost. If it meant having to go back in time and take his place, then so be it. As long as he returned to his friends and family, as long as he
was safe, that’s all that mattered now.

He’s a hero, isn’t he?

“Alright,” Aizawa’s head lifted up for the first time since the fight, his resolute appearance raising the spirits of everyone in the room, “let’s go have a chat, then.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter coming soon...

im sooooo excited to write teenzawa/deku interactions
s'gonna be GR8 //winkwink

Comments/kudos are appreciated to the stars and back-!! (●▽●) ◯☆°
we need to talk

Chapter Notes

Before we get started, I need to point out a small change I made to the first 3 chapters as well as this and future ones. I changed my way of referring to Deku as "Izuku" instead of "Midoriya". Usually, I just go with what names are more familiar to fans and myself for easy understanding, but referring to him as his last name rather than his first just bothered me, personally, so I changed it. Sorry for any confusion!

Also, I tried to reply to a lot of comments from the last chapter but ao3 kept crashing whenever I tried to... it's fixed now, though, so I'm going to respond to them as soon as I can!

This chapter is a bit longer than usual, and we go back and forth in time about 5 times this installment. HOPE YOU'RE EXCITED FOR PLOT-!!

enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Izuku could feel the thick, metal bandages digging into his skin as Aizawa tightened his grip. “Ow-ow-ow-ow! W-wait a minute!”

This was not how he planned things on going. He thought Aizawa was okay with everything up until now, but it was just a façade to please his friends until they left. Now that it was just the two of them, Izuku felt impending doom. He tried to speak again, but Aizawa stepped on the side of Izuku’s face threateningly.

“You knew my name long before I even mentioned it,” Aizawa interrogated, “and you looked at Kayama-san and Hizashi as if you knew them, too. Your shitty lies about your quirk and Fukuoka only got past them because they’re too nice and too busy trying to be friends with you. So, explain yourself. Who are you, really?”

Izuku cursed himself. Even at sixteen, Aizawa was as attentive as ever. He was an idiot to think he could lie to his face like he just did. Sweating, Izuku looked Aizawa in the eyes, preparing to defend himself.

“You’re right,” he gritted through the pain, “but I have my reasons! The only thing I swear I didn’t lie about was my name!”

Aizawa’s foot pressed down harder on his face.

“What do you want, then?” he pushed, “It sure is funny how you just so happened to “teleport” on me. Are you after my family’s money? If so, you’re as pathetic as you look.” Izuku could feel the tightness around his chest and gasped for air.

“Please… stop…”

“Talk.”
“I… can’t…. if you keep squeezing…”

Aizawa loosened his handle on his weapon, giving Izuku a chance to greedily take in air. His eyes met the other boy’s, whose still glowed red. *He’s nothing like the Aizawa-sensei I know*, Izuku thought, *he really doesn’t trust me. What should I do? Do I tell him? Can I tell him? I don’t…*

He had no choice. Even though he had no idea how much he could say, or how much he could do, he had absolutely zero options except to tell the truth. He couldn’t outwit him. This was life or death, and he wasn’t talking about Aizawa. Hell, getting beaten into submission by him would be more of a blessing than causing all of reality to crumble. It was so stressful not knowing how to act in this type of situation! Izuku clamped his eyes shut, anxiety fueling him on the verge of tears. He inhaled, accepting his fate. *Mom*, he thought in defeat, *I’m so sorry…!*

“I’M FROM THE FUTURE!”

Complete silence, but no crumbling reality.

“What.”

Aizawa’s arms relaxed slightly at Izuku’s outburst. Izuku slowly opened one eye, then the other, looking around to make sure his surroundings still stood. He looked up at Aizawa, who bore a perplexed expression through half-lidded eyes. He gulped, “It-it’s the truth.”

For a moment, Aizawa did nothing but stared, trying to process Izuku’s statement. When he snapped back to reality, he slowly began to tighten his grip on the bandages again. Izuku gasped in pain, trying desperately to not succumb. “What are you doing?!”

“Do you ever get tired of lying?” Aizawa leaned down, taking his foot off Izuku’s face. “Or are you just getting off to this?”

Izuku couldn’t tell if his face got red from the struggle he was putting up or mortification at Aizawa’s accusation. Hearing his teacher say something so lewd… it was foreign and humiliating. “I *swear* to you! I’m telling you the truth! A villain named Throwback used his time travel quirk on me and transported me back to this time!”

“Prove it, then.”

Izuku paused his flailing, mostly because he was exhausted, but also to think. Prove that he was from the future? How?

“If you can’t,” Aizawa kneeled on top of him, getting dangerously close to Izuku’s face, and growled, “then I’ll just have to beat you into my living room floor and toss your disgusting body in front of the police station.”

“Oh.

There was a rush of heat that ran through Izuku. *Is Aizawa-sensei… into THAT… er, c-can’t get distracted*! he thought in a flustered panic, *Think, think, think! What can I say?! I wish time travel came with instructions! What’s something that can prove to him that I’m not an enemy-

With his eyes drawing themselves to the bookshelf, he paused. He saw a picture frame of what looked to be an even younger Aizawa, standing with his parents in front of what appeared to be an elementary school. Izuku managed to calm down enough, his expression softening but harboring fierce determination. Turning back to the boy on top of him, Izuku took another deep breath and made direct eye contact.
“Your name is Aizawa Shouta,” he replied, “and you’re sixteen years old. Your parents are Aizawa Daisuke and Aizawa Aiko, a pro-figure skater and pro-ballet dancer.”

Aizawa’s expression shifted from hostile to surprise. Izuku didn’t give him a chance to speak.

“Your relationship with your dad isn’t perfect- he wanted you to be a pro-athlete like he was, but your mother just wanted you to be happy! Because of that, your father cut off all contact with you. It’s something you hate but want to desperately fix because you still love him!”

Aizawa couldn’t say anything, he just looked on in shock, breathing becoming heavier.

“I know all of this,” Izuku was now shouting, “because you tell me everything yourself, fourteen years from now!”

For a full minute, neither one moved.

Aizawa’s gaze wasn’t on Izuku anymore, instead, it was vacant, lost. His face suddenly relaxed, his quirk deactivating as he closed his eyes and his hair fell back down. The bandages returned themselves to his hands, Izuku turning over to breath correctly again. Aizawa stood up from him silently, and slowly walked out of the room and into a side hallway.

“Aizawa—“

Izuku was interrupted by a door closing, presumably Aizawa’s bedroom, and his entire body fell limp. His arms spread out on the floor and he stared at the ceiling, the only sounds being his breaths.

Izuku didn’t know what to do. He was at a total loss, not expecting having to blow his cover so soon. He said his name, that he was from the future and even outed how much he knew about Aizawa to his face. Despite that, the fabric of time didn’t rip, the universe didn’t collapse and time just seemed to march on as normal. Everything was alright.

But was Aizawa alright?

Izuku’s eyebrows pressed together in worry. He did say a lot, and Aizawa seemed to be in shock. Sighing, Izuku sat himself up and rubbed the areas where he was tied up, soothing the slight pain. Pulling out his cell phone, he decided to test out his theory from before and check on Aizawa later.

I have to at least try.

Unlocking the screen, he went to his contacts and immediately eyed Inko’s number. He nervously pressed the call button, slowly lifting the phone up to his ear.

Ringing.

Izuku’s eyes widened. No way! Was it possible that, since his cell phone was now from the future, he could contact someone from the same time frame?

Then, the sound of static filled his ear with the accompaniment of a broken voice.

“Iz...ku?!”

His teeth chattered, and the tears were too quick to stop, “M-mom?!”

The other end was heavily distorted, as if Inko were in a tunnel and her words kept cutting out. Despite it, Izuku can hear her own tears on the other end well enough. “Iz...ku...re...are...ou?”
“Can you hear me?! Mom, I’m here!”

“Pl…se… an…swer…m…e…”

He choked on his own voice and his hands began to shake. “I’m alright, mom! I promise, so-“

Beep, beep.

Signal lost.

Izuku looked at his phone where the call dropped, stunned. He got a hold of her. The connection was imperfect, predictably, but he had a shot at calling all the way into the future. It was another miracle.

Happy to realize he had some connection to his own time, but anguished from hearing the bits and pieces of his mom’s desperate voice, Izuku thrust his head into the couch cushion and screamed.

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Present Day

Inko was called right away once the U.A. staff learned what happened to Izuku. Principal Nezu and numerous teachers, including those on the scene from last night, met her outside the front gate of U.A. early in the morning. When she arrived, she was panting from exhaustion. The second Nezu went to lead her inside, she saw the look of loss in his eyes and immediately fainted.

Before they left to see Throwback, Aizawa had the responsibility of accompanying All Might, Midnight and Tsukauchi to meet with Inko. After leaving Recovery Girl’s infirmary, they headed to Principal Nezu’s office where Inko had been waiting since. “I hope she’s alright.” Tsukauchi murmured.

“Would you be alright if your only child suddenly vanished?” Midnight asked.

“I guess not.”

Aizawa and Toshinori were the most nervous out of the four of them. Toshinori, especially, since he promised not too long before all this to protect Izuku with all he had. Inko was a tough woman to convince, but she hesitantly let her son go in the promise that he would be safe. He felt like vomiting all the blood in his body having to face her and do the same song and dance once again.

When they reached Nezu’s office, they all slowly walked in, Inko with her back to them and Nezu at his desk.

“Here they are,” Nezu motioned, “Midoriya-san.”

She didn’t turn around. The pro-heroes and detective felt a heavy aura around her, but tried to press on through her. “Midoriya-san,” Tsukauchi broke, “I am Tsukauchi Naomasa, detective for th-“

“Where is my son?” Her words were slow and her voice, raspy.

Tsukauchi stopped, but answered earnestly, “I’m afraid I don’t know. But I promise you, we are going to do everything we can to-”

“Where were his teachers when he went missing?”

Toshinori, Midnight and Aizawa grimaced. She wasn’t having it, especially since she was refusing to
look at them. The rage and despair that hung over her made them, pro-heroes, feel small and no match for her.

“Midoriya-san,” Toshinori took a step forward, “this whole situation was all of our faults. The villain that attacked your son had a time-travel quirk; his power outnumbered our security and his homeroom teacher. We’re assuming that young Midoriya is—"

“Is he dead?”

Everyone froze in the room. To make such a bold assumption about her own flesh and blood was sudden, but not surprising. Izuku hadn’t been seen or heard from and without knowing anything about what happened during his time being here and then not being here, meant death was a plausible outcome. She was already assuming the worst, trying to rip the pain off like a band aid, but Aizawa wouldn’t have it.

“No.”

He marched his way over, getting in front of where she was sitting. She slowly looked up at him, and for the first time, Aizawa really saw her appearance. She was disheveled, her large eyes tainted red with bags under them. Tears stained her cheeks and her lips were chapped from dehydration. The empty cup of water on Nezu’s desk gave Aizawa the hint that she refused to drink it. He clenched and unclenched his fists, his expression one of frustration and shame.

“I’m the reason your son is gone.”

Her hollow eyes didn’t move, just stared. Aizawa’s own eyes shut and he slowly got on his knees, placing his forehead to the ground where her feet dangled off the chair.

“I’m extremely sorry,” he groveled, “I don’t deserve your forgiveness, but please. I need to let you know that from the bottom of my heart, I’m truly sorry.”

“Eraser!” Midnight exclaimed. Toshinori went to his side and knelt, his hands hovering over his coworker. “Aizawa-kun, please stand up!”

Inko stared down at Aizawa, expressionless. “I can’t.”

Toshinori’s head whipped up at her in surprise while Aizawa gritted his teeth. “That’s fine with me. Like I said, I don’t deserve it.”

“No,” Inko’s mouth began to shake and fresh new globs of tears fell out of her tired eyes, “I can’t.”

Aizawa slowly lifted his head up, trying to understand what Izuku’s mother was trying to say. She began to have a full-blown breakdown, right in front of him. Seeing her face, contorted into utter misery and hopelessness, broke his heart.

“Please,” she could barely form the words through her palm, “please, stand up.”

Aizawa realized what her words meant.

*She can’t do this anymore.*

He sat on his knees and clasped her hands in his. “Your son saved my life,” he said, “I literally wouldn’t exist if he hadn’t pushed me out of the way.” Inko continued her sobbing, but was very clearly listening as her cries became louder.
“I promise you,” he gripped her hands tightly, “I will do everything I can to return him to you.”

Inko swallowed between sobs, pulling a hand away to wipe her eyes. “I know you will.”

The sound of Inko’s phone ringing broke the moment between the two. She apologized hurriedly and reached into her purse. The second she saw the screen, her entire face dropped and she nearly dropped the phone trying to accept the call.

“Izuku?!”

Everyone in the room stood up straight in alert and rushed over to Inko.

“Midoriya-kun?!”

“He can call from where he is?!”

“M…o…m…’”

Inko sharply inhaled, the static on her end dividing her son’s words. It was no doubt, though, this voice belonged to Izuku.

“Izuku, where are you?!”

“…an…ou…ear…me?! M..om…m…ere!”

“Please,” she begged through tears, “answer me!”

“…I…al…righ…om…prom…ise…so-“

Beep, beep.

Signal lost.

“No, no, no!” Inko was screaming at this point. She buried her face in her hands, waiting for exhaustion to just force her to pass out again. How many more times must her heart go through this? Midnight placed her hands on Inko’s shoulders in an effort to comfort her.

“There was a large amount of static from what I could hear, but-” Tsukauchi observed, trying to keep calm.

“That was indeed Midoriya’s voice.” Toshinori confirmed.

“If he can make phone calls, even if they’re not perfect, then…” Nezu pondered.

Aizawa let out a breath, preparing to head out immediately. “We need to go to the station, now.”

--

14 Years Earlier

Izuku had done nothing since the phone call ended abruptly. He stayed sitting on the floor, cheek on the sofa cushion that was wet from his crying. He’d have to apologize to Aizawa later for that.

*That reminds me,* Izuku remembered. Aizawa still hadn’t come out of his room. It had been a good hour since he spilled everything and was becoming slightly worried on what to do now. Leaving seemed to be his only option, now. “It’ll probably be better if I just told him through the door…” he
mumbled dejectedly. He might as well sleep outside at this point, Aizawa was definitely not going to allow him to stay, not after that.

“Tell me what?”

Izuku spun around at the voice and saw Aizawa standing at the edge of the hallway entrance frame. “Aizawa-sen-” Izuku quickly corrected himself, with hesitance, “Aizawa-kun!”

At some point, Aizawa had changed out of his U.A. uniform and into grey sweatpants with a black tank top. A small towel hung over his shoulder and beads of water decorating his hair. Oh, he showered, Izuku observed. He must have been too busy crying and zoned out to notice the running water in the background. His reflexes took control when Aizawa threw the towel at Izuku without warning, the “One for All” user yelping as he caught it.

“Did you think I was still contemplating about kicking you out?” Aizawa asked, walking over to Izuku. He flopped on the couch and sighed, running his fingers through his damp hair and pulling it into the tiniest ponytail Izuku had ever seen on someone. Aizawa’s hair wasn’t nearly as long as his adult counterpart, though it was a fairly decent length that suited him. His facial features were younger, and while he already had forming bags under his eyes, they weren’t too dark. The scar that Izuku had gotten used to seeing on his cheek was nowhere to be seen either, just healthy, soft-looking skin. Izuku flushed when he caught himself staring for too long from the floor and stood up.

“I mean,” he replied, “weren’t you? I told you a bunch of things that weren’t any of my business. Not to mention, the whole… “being-from-the-future” thing…”

“It’s okay,” Aizawa flat-out said, “I believe you.”

“R-really?!”

“Really. Though, it’s still difficult for me to process, right now.”

“Are you… angry?”

“No, should I be?”

Izuku swallowed, trying to find the words. “I’m sorry.”

“For?”

“Ttalking about your family as if I knew them. It was rude of me, but I didn’t know what else to say to convince you.”

“Well, it sounds like you do know me.” Aizawa placed his elbow on the couch’s armrest and relaxed his face on his hand. “Not even Hizashi or Kayama-san know about my dad and his problems with me. Do we know each other well? In the future, I mean.”

“I don’t know how much I can say, to be honest,” Izuku genuinely said, “I don’t want to accidentally mess up anything in my own time.” He wanted to tell Aizawa more, about how he achieved his dream in becoming a pro-hero. How he was not just an amazing hero but an amazing teacher and role model as well. How, even after school hours, he was still willing to talk to Izuku about Hisashi to help him feel better. Even though he was right in front of him, Izuku felt a warmth fill his chest thinking about his teacher, but it also carried a weight of sadness.

Aizawa hummed and closed his eyes, “Well, it’s okay if you can’t tell me every little thing. I was just curious, but don’t let me stop you from tearing apart your own reality, or something.”
Izuku cautiously sat down next to Aizawa, making sure to have some space between them. He didn’t want to make it any weirder between them than they already were. “You believed me so fast,” he noted, “what if I’m lying?” Aizawa turned to him, cocking his head to the side.

“I heard you call your mom earlier,” he admitted after a pause, “but I didn’t want to bother you when you started crying. So, I took a shower to think and give you some time alone.” Izuku felt so embarrassed. Aizawa heard him? He didn’t realize he was crying to loudly, he must have sounded ridiculous.

“You don’t have to be embarrassed about it,” Aizawa responded, as if reading his thoughts, “I get it. When you’re away from someone you love, and it’s something you can’t control, it hurts. Someone who lies and intentionally tricks people for their own gain wouldn’t cry like you did. That’s why I believe you.”

The warmth in Izuku’s chest grew. It wasn’t just factual reasoning why Aizawa placed his trust in him, but also emotional reasoning.

Izuku fiddled with the towel in his hands and nervously asked, “Um, so I can stay here? For real?”

Aizawa nodded, the familiar half-lidded stare Izuku was used to, aimed at him. “That’s what the towel is for. Take a bath and come back so we can talk some more.”

The entire mood seemed to have changed. When Izuku arrived, Aizawa was cold, distant and suspicious of him. He couldn’t blame him, though. To Aizawa, Izuku was a total stranger, even after admitting that he wasn’t from the same time. Now, he was in a lighter disposition and even interested in speaking with him more. Sixteen-year-old Aizawa was different from thirty-year-old Aizawa, despite being the same person; but he was still willing to help Izuku by not only believing him, but also letting him stay under his roof.

“Aizawa-kun is already a hero, isn’t he?” Izuku laughed, trying to joke but also earnestly get out his feelings. The erasure user scoffed and rubbed his face into his palm, trying to hide his flustered expression. “Just go shower, already.”

Izuku’s big, bright smile made its way to his lips. “Thank you, Aizawa-kun!” He stood up and began to walk towards the hallway, rubbing his hand over the towel and feeling the soft fabric. Yeah, he felt a lot more relaxed now.

“Hey,” Aizawa called, “I’m sorry. For, uh, being such a jerk. Earlier.”

Izuku stopped and turned to him, waving nonchalantly. “It’s okay, I was never upset to begin with!” He smiled at him again for reassurance and continued his way to the bathroom.

Aizawa waited to hear the bathroom door close, and when he did, he buried his face into his hands. A rush of red heat stained his face as he groaned. “I’m so stupid.”

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Present Day

When they reached the police station, Tsukauchi immediately led Aizawa, Midnight and All Might to where Throwback was currently being held. The long hallway they were going through seemed to go on forever, but they pushed on. When Tsukauchi suddenly stopped at a large, wooden door with a sign that read, “Interrogation Room”, he showed his ID to the guard standing beside it. The guard nodded and pulled out a set of keys, unlocking the entrance.
“All Might, Midnight,” Tsukauchi said, “I’m afraid you two will have to stay outside. I’ll accompany you inside, Eraserhead, but after that you’re on your own. Throwback has been restricted with our toughest cuffs, both on his arms and legs. A security camera is installed in the corner of the room where the three of us will watch from. Good luck.”

Aizawa nodded and Tsukauchi turned the handle, pushing the door open with great force. On the other side of the door, a steel barricade was attached, contrasting against the normal wood on the front. It was most likely to prevent escape. As he stood between the door and the room, Aizawa slowly made his way inside. The room was dark, save for one large overhead light and a table with two chairs. One was occupied by Throwback, whose black hair was still disheveled from their fight and his tie and suit jacket were missing. His white button-up undershirt bore some burn marks from Bakugo’s head-on explosion and there were blood specks that may or may not have been his. As Tsukauchi said, his wrists were bound together with large restraints, as they were thick and made of the same steel the other side of the door was. Another pair was attached to his ankles, preventing any sort of movement or escape. His head had been lowered, but when the door opened, he slowly lifted it up, his piercing green eyes meeting Aizawa’s.

“All Might, Midnight,” he spoke, voice hoarse, “how ironic, isn’t it? I ranted on about how much of a failure you were as a hero- which, you still are- but in the process, I botched my own mission.”

Aizawa said nothing and sat down from across Throwback. “We’ll be watching, Eraserhead.” Tsukauchi affirmed again, shutting the door behind him. Throwback threw his head back as he looked in the corner of the room, glaring at the security camera currently aimed at them. “I would send that thing to the Dark Ages where it would become nothing but dust, if I could.”

“So, why don’t you?” Aizawa challenged. Throwback’s eyes moved from the camera to Aizawa, his head not stirring.

“Because I simply can’t.”

“Tsukauchi mentioned that you haven’t bothered trying to activate your quirk since you’ve gotten here.” Aizawa crossed his arms, continuing, “You said the pocket watch made you able to work from distances and bindings only. However, you can still use it just by looking at objects or people, right? Why not just time travel your way out of here, like you did to my student?” Venom plagued that last sentence, Aizawa cursing himself for getting too emotional in front of a villain.

Throwback sneered, but not in a smug manner, more in a tired one. He sighed and rested his elbows on the table, the hard clunk sound from the cuffs connecting with the wood. “First and foremost, I need to apologize.”

Aizawa’s face didn’t change. “I don’t need your-“

“Please,” Throwback interrupted, his face becoming serious, “believe me when I tell you this: it was never my intention to use ‘Deadly Precedent’ on a child. That’s not who I am.”

Aizawa felt the corner of his mouth twitch. Was he fucking joking? “You’re a villain who tried to murder me in an unfathomable manner and took away my student. Do you really think I give a shit what kind of person you “really” are?”

Throwback chuckled, “I suppose not. You don’t have to believe me, but let me just say-“

“I want my student back.” Aizawa demanded.

Throwback rolled his eyes childishly in return, “And! I am getting to that! Let me finish, since this
involves you as well.”

Aizawa crossed one leg over the other and unconsciously let it shake. He was so agitated and impatient with this guy already, all he wanted was to beat the living hell out of him. Throwback opened his mouth to say something, but stopped and leaned forward in sudden curiosity. “I can’t tell under this light, but,” he squinted, “your face is quite red.”

Aizawa blinked and felt his face. It was definitely warm and he furrowed his eyebrows in confusion. 

What the hell?

Throwback hummed, “Anyway, I have much to say, so let’s begin. As you know, my plan was to throw you back fourteen years into the past so you could encounter your younger self and cease to exist. We understand all that, correct? Very good. Now, your stupidly brave student- what was his name?”

A scowl. “Midoriya.”

“Midoriya, yes, Midoriya-kun pushed you out of the way like a true hero and took your place. As of last night, it’s highly likely he has already made contact with your younger self.”

Aizawa perked up, “So, he’s alive?”

“Of course!” Throwback answered, seemingly offended, “The target was you, not the poor, idiotic boy. My intention was to have you fall and land on top of your teenage equal, and since I had specifically willed it that way for my quirk, then Midoriya-kun is the one who did so. How old is the child?”

“Sixteen.”

“Which means, where he is now, he is only two years old. Did he need to take a train to U.A. prior to living on campus, by any chance?”

Aizawa felt as if he were the one being interrogated. “Why do you suddenly care about Midoriya?”

“As I’ve told you,” Throwback scoffed, “I have no problem hitting children if they get in the way of my goals, but I’m not so much of a monster as to use my most powerful and most deadly move on them. I would much rather have him returned where he belongs than to be stuck in the past where he doesn’t belong. To be frank, Eraserhead, I feel horrible. His selfless sacrifice for you already made me see how great of a hero that boy is to become.”

Aizawa was silent, looking Throwback in the eyes to find any trace of deceit in his voice and expression.

But he found none.

He gritted his teeth, “So, you feel bad. Amazing. You have emotions and shitty morals, after all.” Throwback ignored the sarcasm and continued.

“My special move, “Deadly Precedent”, is my most powerful technique. However, my quirk as a whole has an incredibly short time limit. Even in my younger days, I was only able to use it for a limited time. Sending small objects back one to five minutes from where they once were wasn’t much, but as a child, it was incredibly difficult. As I grew older, I eventually tested my ability on living organisms. Of course, traveling back an hour or two to a previous spot is amazing and I tested it on my classmates constantly, with their consent, of course. I wasn’t a villain then!” he chuckled, “Once I acquired my weapon, the pocket watch, my time extended much easier with less strain on
me. Traversing turned into three hours, then five, then eventually ten. Soon after much training, I could backtrack myself, other beings and objects up to about a week into the past.”

Aizawa listened, intently gathering the information he was receiving.

“One day, I decided to put myself to the test. I wanted to push my boundaries and limits and see just how far “Reverse” could take someone. I wanted to time travel ten years back into the past.”

“Did you do it with another living person?”

“Yes. Myself.”

Aizawa inhaled. Throwback had tested his deadliest technique on himself? But he was still kicking and sitting right in front of Aizawa, so, how?

“I wanted to go back to a specific point of time in my life. You see, I was seventeen years old at the time and figured going back to where I was seven would be alright. I thought of a place where I lost one of my favorite books at the city park, thus, I decided that would be my experimentation point. Of course, I took all necessary precautions as I had researched countless theories and methods about the consequences of running into yourself. I had on casual clothes, a cap, sunglasses and a face mask to prevent my younger self from seeing my full identity. It turned out when I had finally succeeded in traveling back ten years, I did in fact land in the same spot as my mother and younger-self were sitting. I had willed it as such, and so, it came to be. Obviously, suddenly dropping out of thin air in suspicious clothes and into a playground must have been an odd sight, so I quickly made a run for it before my mother or any other parent could confront me. Gathering my thoughts of being so far into my own past nearly broke my mind. I realized too late that my brain couldn’t handle what I had just accomplished, so I desperately tried to use “Reverse” to return me back home, but I blacked out before I found out.”

“Found out… what?”

“That my quirk would not activate.”

Aizawa was genuinely intrigued at Throwback’s story, sensing no sense of falsehood in his words. “What do you mean?”

“My move, “Deadly Precedent”, takes up all of my stamina and keeps it at zero for about a month, until it’s replenished. While I can convey whatever I please to any time period in history, time travel isn’t easy or forgiving. This is why I rarely use it unless I have a mission to fulfill, because it takes so long to reform and I am left virtually quirkless and vulnerable for a considerable amount of time.”

“Wait, you said,” Aizawa paused, his eyes beginning to widen, “you have no power for a month?”

“Do you see where I’m going with this?” Throwback asked, “Your student, Midoriya-kun, is going to be stuck in your past for an entire month.”

It felt like the world was crumbling around Aizawa. He placed a hand on his forehead, trying to contemplate what to do or say next.

“However, not all is lost!” Throwback interrupted, “Allow me to finish my story. When I came to, the next morning, I was frightened that I would have to permanently stay in a timeline in which my older-self did not belong. So, each day was a fight for survival. I had to make by on the streets and was broken up that I could not see my parents. If I were to have foolishly gone to my old house, I would have ceased to exist because my child doppelganger was there as well. By sheer luck, I lived through the entire month, and I had managed to make my way back to the city park where I had
traveled from. I was at a loss, had given up, until I saw it.”

Throwback cleared his throat before continuing, Aizawa fully focused.

“The portal through which I had come through opened again. I was astonished. I stood up, walked over to it and felt a rush light-speed take hold of my body. When I blinked, just like that,” he snapped his fingers as much as the restraints would allow, “I had returned to my own time. The same place which I had been at a month prior. I felt my quirk, stronger than ever, course through my being and I was so relieved that I began to cry. It must have looked silly, but I was honestly scared that I would die alone without my parents ever knowing.”

There was so much to take in from what Throwback was saying, Aizawa felt like his brain would explode. “Are you saying, Midoriya can return the same way?”

“Indeed,” the villain confirmed, “as long as he stays away from his family and makes it back to the exact spot I sent him to a month from today, he should be able to come back.”

“What if he tries to change things, on accident or on purpose?”

Throwback tried to cross his arms, but pouted when he remembered his restraints. “That won’t matter. You know of paradoxes but have you heard of constants and variables, Eraserhead? In physics, the constants are what remains the same; no matter what you say or do, events will play out exactly as they have been predestined to. Variables, however, are the things that change within those constants. They can be as small as drinking tea instead of coffee or wearing a blue shirt instead of a red one. You see, there are infinite universes, Eraser, and ours is merely a blip on the radar. I cannot change the past, I merely fling heroes into it so they can die. Midoriya-kun won’t be able to change anything either. He could talk to you about being a famous underground hero or even All Might not being the Symbol of Peace anymore, and it wouldn’t change a thing. When I was stuck ten years back, I tried to tell people I was from the future and they looked at me as if I were crazy. I even confessed to events that were to take place, but again, no one cared. I stole to eat, I went to places I had never been, talked to people I never met and traced my steps back and forth all over Tokyo. Despite all of that, nothing had changed. Everything remained the same and the only difference was my presence.”

As soon as Throwback said that, Aizawa felt a stabbing pain inside of his head. He gasped and clutched both sides of his skull, covering his ears from a massive ringing noise hitting his eardrums. Sweat began to protrude from his forehead and he groaned in pain. His eyes widened when he saw a blur of forest-green hair in his vision, and a smile he knew all too well.

“Mi… doriya…?” he grated out. As fast as it came, the ringing stopped instantaneously and Aizawa slowly relaxed through heavy breaths. “What the hell was that?”

“It seems,” Throwback detected, “Midoriya-kun is already altering your memories. His mere presence alone is effecting your past.”

“I couldn’t see his face.”

“Of course not, your brain is trying to protect your mental state. He isn’t supposed to be there, so, naturally, you’ll only see bits and pieces come and go when he makes a significant impact on you.”

Aizawa pulled out his cell phone and checked the time. Exactly one o’clock in the afternoon. Tsukauchi granted him as much as he wanted for Throwback, but Aizawa didn’t know how much more he could take. Despite the pain he was experiencing, he promised himself to do all he could for Izuku, and that’s what he was going to do.
“One more thing,” Aizawa remembered, “Midoriya’s mother received a phone call from him this morning. While it was distorted, we could all very clearly hear his voice. Does this mean he’s able to communicate with us?”

Throwback’s eyes widened in surprise, his expression one of bafflement. “I’ve never heard of being able to do such a thing! Did he really call her? Though, it would make sense that if he owns technology from here, the future, it should be able to connect to us. It was only fourteen years, but I’m bewildered his phone is working at all.”

“The distortion isn’t any help though,” Aizawa gritted, “we couldn’t understand anything he was saying, and I don’t think he could hear us either.”

“Why not drop calling altogether, then,” Throwback offered, “and instead text him? Not full ones, keep it short. One word per message, see if it works then. Even if the connection is hard to get through, if you were to keep it simple, the messages might send. It’s just a theory, though.”

Aizawa didn’t even think about that, and it was Throwback of all people who thought of the possibility. If he were suggesting ways to help get Izuku back, then he was telling the truth in wanting to assist. Aizawa begrudgingly looked at his phone again and unlocked it. He had asked Inko for Izuku’s number in case such a situation presented himself, so he attempted to test out Throwback’s proposal. He created a new message, inputting Izuku’s number, and began to write.

“MIDORIYA- CAN- YOU-READ- THIS?” Each word was in a new text box and Aizawa waited.

Bzzz, bzzz.

Aizawa and Throwback looked at the vibrating phone and saw a heavily disfigured reply. The box’s pixels were glitched and the words were a garbled mess. Aizawa could barely read it, but he recognized the one “yes” among the muddled hiragana and kanji.

“ONE- WORD- AT- A- TIME- LIKE- ME.”

Bzzz, bzzz.

“YES- I- CAN! WHO- IS- THIS?”

A wave of relief crashed onto Aizawa as covered his mouth with his hand. Thank God, Izuku was alright. He looked up at Throwback, who sported a smug grin. “Please, calm down, don’t thank me all at once!” Aizawa glared and returned to his phone.

“IT’S- AIZAWA. KEEP- REPLIES- SHORT- OR- ELSE- WE- WON’T- UNDERSTAND- EACH- OTHER. WHERE- ARE- YOU?”

“I’M- WITH- YOU.”

Aizawa stopped. “YOUNG- ME?”

“YES- HE’S- LETTING- ME- STAY- WITH- HIM.”

Aizawa sighed in relief. He was worried because he knew he could be a hard-ass as a teenager. “GOOD. I- HAVE- TO- TELL- YOU- SOMETHING.” The U.A. teacher took in another breath. He studied the keyboard and began typing.

Izuku’s reply took over a minute. Aizawa felt like he should be comforting him but he needed to keep him safe, first. His phone vibrated again and he looked at the message.

“I- UNDERSTAND.”

Regardless of how happy the reply made him, Aizawa felt something tight in his chest.


“GOT- IT. AIZAWA- SENSEI?”

Aizawa could feel his phone overheating at a rapid pace. This type of contact was probably overwhelming the circuits inside.

“YES?”

“PLEASE- TELL- MY- MOM- I’M- SORRY.”

He stared at the request and rapidly typed back.

“I- WILL. BE- CAREFUL.”

The second the message sent, Aizawa’s phone turned itself off. He stared at his reflection from the black screen and slowly set his phone down on the table. It was incredibly frustrating knowing there was nothing he could physically do, but the fact that they could text each other despite the distance was nothing short of a blessing.

“You know what I just realized?” Throwback leaned back in his chair, smiling in amusement, “Despite all that pain I went through, I never did find that book.”

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14 Years Earlier

Izuku had just stepped out of the shower and gotten redressed when his phone vibrated from Aizawa’s text messages. He couldn’t believe it, both the fact that they could just barely communicate and that he was stuck there for a whole month.

One month.

Izuku read the one-word texts repeatedly. Aizawa specifically ordered him to stay away from his home during this time, the possibility of him encountering even his baby-self was too dangerous. “I really couldn’t go home, even if I wanted to,” Izuku muttered, sadly. Since he was within range of U.A., that meant that Aizawa lived close by to the school. Getting back home also meant taking the train, anyway, so he was already far away from his house during this point in time.

*If he was talking to Throwback, Izuku thought to himself, that means he’s been caught and in custody. If what Aizawa-sensei told me was true, that meant that the past can’t be changed, no matter what I do. But if I’m here with him right now, I’m already interfering with Aizawa-sensei’s life. Will I be a part of his memories once I go back?*
He tussled a towel through his wet hair and paused. The price to pay for being here for one month instead of forever was relieving, but he was already worrying about everyone. Aizawa, All Might, his mom, Bakugo, Kirishima and Mina. Were they all okay?

He sighed, angry with himself that he couldn’t do anything. He went to grab his phone and realized it had not only shut itself off without him noticing, but was also incredibly hot. Izuku cried out at the sudden heat and placed his phone on the towel he used for his hair. “Jeez,” he waved his hand in the air to cool it off, “I guess texting the future isn’t good for my phone.” He would have to keep communication at a minimum, despite the annoying method of having to send them. The last thing he needed was his only source back home to catch on fire.

He handled his phone with his towel and began to make his way out the bathroom and into the hallway. When he made his way into the living room, he saw Aizawa lounging on the couch, his head on the armrest as he was preoccupied with his own phone.

“Um, do you have a charger?” Izuku asked. Aizawa looked up, a soft “ah” coming out of his mouth in response. He sat up and went over to the kitchen. “Forgot I left it in here when I was making tea,” he muttered nonchalantly. He unplugged it from the outlet over the counter and handed it to Izuku, who was now sitting on the couch. “If the port on your phone is different from mine, I have an all-in-one charger head, too.”

“Thanks, Aizawa-kun,” he acknowledged. God, it’s going to be hard getting used to calling him that. Izuku looked to the side of the couch and found a wall outlet. He eyed the model of the charger head and made a quick glance to Aizawa’s own phone. They both seemed to be of the same brand, apart from that the outside of Izuku’s was more sleek, thinner and advanced-looking than Aizawa’s. The charger ended up fitting into his phone and he saw the usual battery charging screen, breathing a sigh of relief.

Aizawa flopped back on the couch in his former position, his legs scrunched together while his feet rested near Izuku’s thigh.

“So, did you find out how long it’s going to take to get back to your own time?” Aizawa asked casually, eyes not moving from his phone. Jeez, he was scary; he seemed to know everything before Izuku told him. Izuku scratched his head as his phone screen came back on, the heat from it slowly dying down.

“Oh,” he tilted his head down, “about… a month.”

The sound of Aizawa scrolling on his screen stopped and he looked at Izuku.

“Oh.”

“O-okay?”

“Yeah, okay.”

“Is it… really okay?”

“I live by myself,” Aizawa sighed, “having someone stay for a month sounds like a nice change of pace, anyway. Even if you were a time traveling serial killer out for my family’s riches, I could kick your ass, no problem.”

Izuku couldn’t help but laugh at the deadpan joke, “I don’t even know what to say.”

“Then don’t say anything,” he retorted and went back to scrolling, “just accept my humble
generosity and leave it at that.”

Izuku couldn’t see Aizawa’s expression since his phone obscured his face. The sarcastic tone contrasted against his soft voice, which was less deep than Izuku was accustomed with. He smiled and turned his phone’s lock screen on, looking at the time. Eight-thirty at night.

“Oh,” Aizawa spoke up suddenly, “I have a spare bedroom down the hall next to the bathroom, so you can use that one to sleep in. There should be an extra futon in there.” Izuku nodded in response while he looked around the living room. “You have a really nice apartment, Aizawa-kun,” he complimented, “it’s really spacious!”

“Mmm,” he replied, “my mom got me it so I was closer to U.A. and didn’t have to commute every morning. My parents live further into the city, so I told her I wanted to be more independent. Though, you probably already knew that, right?”

Izuku’s rolled his shoulders awkwardly, “Y-yeah.”

“How much do you know about me, Midoriya-san?” Aizawa sat up now, placing his back against the couch cushion so they were sitting side-by-side. Izuku gulped at the way Aizawa said his name, an almost sly curiosity decorating his tone. “U-um, well…” he clasped his hands together nervously, entwining his fingers together.

“I’m just kidding,” Aizawa closed his eyes and stretched, “it seems we’re friendly enough, so let’s talk about something more interesting. Like, what your real quirk is.” Izuku halted his nervous fidgeting. “R-right. My quirk is kind of,” he paused, “difficult. It’s basically superhuman strength. I haven’t completely been able to control how much power I can execute in a fight, so I have to be careful. If I go too far with it, I can permanently damage my tendons and limbs.”

It wasn’t the whole truth, but it wasn’t a lie either. Izuku had hoped Aizawa wouldn’t pry further and that his answer was satisfactory enough. He looked to the long-haired boy who just seemed to nod.

“That sounds tough.”

Whew.

“You probably already know what mine is, but it’s only fair to formally share, I guess.” Aizawa said, “My quirk is “Erasure”, it lets me erase any quirk when I look at someone for as long as I don’t blink. Though, it started giving me dry eye last year, which means now I have to use eyedrops all the time. It sucks.”

“W-what about those restraining bandages from earlier?” Izuku already knew what the weapon was for, but he had always been curious as to why he chose such an unconventional type to fight with. Aizawa hummed and brought his legs up to his chest, wrapping his arms around them. He rested his face on top of his knees and looked directly at Izuku before smirking.

“I’m just super kinky like that.”

Izuku could feel his face burning. He quickly looked away, covering his mouth and clearing his throat rather awkwardly. Did he hear him correctly? He didn’t just say that. Did he?

“Ah, you fell for it.” Aizawa poked Izuku’s temple, the other boy quickly coming back to his senses. Embarrassed from not just being fooled but also for legitimately believing Aizawa’s tasteless joke, Izuku groaned. “Y-you’re terrible.” he chuckled, not feeling the red in his face disappear anytime soon.
For the first time that night, Aizawa openly smiled.

Chapter End Notes

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New chapter coming soon...  
Comments/kudos are appreciated to the stars and back-!! (●ᴗ●)) ◯☆*°
The first thing Izuku could feel as he slowly opened his eyes was the small bit of sunshine that shone on his face. He groaned, lifting his head up a bit and detecting his surroundings.

He was in an unfamiliar room, one that was basically empty. The sunlight he had felt shown through a small rectangular window from behind him. A floor lamp was in one corner and underneath him was a futon he didn’t remember pulling out. A closet was opposite of him, and a small desk and chair were against the wall where the door was. His shoes weren’t anywhere to be seen and as he sat up to wake up fully, a hand-written note rested beside where his head was. Izuku picked it up and began reading.

Midoriya,

You fell asleep while we were talking Thursday night and wouldn’t wake up (it’s Saturday now, so you’ve been asleep for two days). I pulled out the futon in here and carried you in myself. You can thank me by going grocery shopping and cleaning the apartment. Think of it as an exchange for staying here. I left your phone charging in the living room. There’s money on the kitchen counter and a spare key, so make sure to lock up. We have training after school today so I’ll be home at around 5:30 tonight.

-Aizawa

Izuku read the note five times over than necessary and gulped. He had been out for two days? He fell asleep in the middle of their conversation? To top it off, Aizawa carried him into the room by himself! “Was is bridal style? Or over his shoulder?” Izuku thought out-loud, and quickly shook his head. “What am I saying?! I need to apologize when he gets home. I’m so stupid!” He felt redness creep up on his face once again, trying to will it away with all his might. He’s been blushing a ton recently, especially around his future teacher.

Izuku paused. In fact, even before coming here, he had begun getting easily flustered around Aizawa. He wasn’t sure why, nothing had changed between them as teacher and student. Izuku felt these fluctuations inside him come little by little; awkwardly saying “hello” a little louder than needed in the hallways when they passed by each other, stealing small glances in homeroom and then ultimately asking to talk with him after Hisashi’s phone call.
Izuku slapped his cheeks lightly with both of his hands and clamped his eyes shut. These feelings were becoming unbearable. *Especially now that I’m stuck with him for an entire month,* he thought, *I feel like it’s only going to get worse.*

Looking down at the note one more time, Izuku sighed and began to roll the futon back up. He placed it back in its protective sleeve and in the closet, making his way out the spare room. As Aizawa wrote, his phone had been sitting right where he had left it, fully charged. Izuku had hoped someone would have tried contacting him again, but was disappointed that there were no messages. Maybe it was for the best considering how it agitated his phone, causing it to heat up rapidly. Placing his phone in his pocket, he made his way to the kitchen and saw the spare house key and envelope with his last name on it. Peering inside, there was a good amount of money. Izuku counted about ten-thousand yen, all in bills, and felt weird having so much money. *Isn’t this a bit overkill just for grocery shopping?* he wondered.

Aizawa did mention not liking to brag about his family’s wealth, which just made Izuku respect him even more. With how little luxuries were in his apartment, it seemed as if he didn’t like to spend money on extravagances and instead focused only on the necessities. Izuku placed the envelope back down and poured himself a glass of water to quench his dry mouth. “Ugh,” he felt the combination of the water and morning breath hit his taste buds and cringed.

“Oh, yeah,” he realized, “I don’t have my toothbrush or anything here.” This was going to be harder than it already was.

Bzzz, bzzz.

Izuku felt his phone vibrate as if on cue and pulled it out, seeing a text from Aizawa. He saved his number from his own time as “Aizawa-sensei” but this one was from “Aizawa-kun”. When did he put his number in his phone?

“Hey, I forgot to tell you that I ran to the convenience store to pick up some hygiene amenities for you. They’re in the bathroom. I have a ton of clothes, too, so go ahead and see if they fit. They’re in my room. Text me when you get this.”

Izuku blinked. Aizawa really went all out, just for him, so he could be more comfortable here. He was more thankful, as well as embarrassed, that he took the time to make sure he had what he needed. Izuku opened the keyboard to text back.

“Thank you very much! Also... how do you know my number?”

“You’re phone was unlocked once you passed out, so I kind of stole it from your contact information and added mine in yours. Sorry, it was just more convenient.”

“It’s okay! That was smart thinking. I’m sorry for sleeping for two days.”

“Don’t worry about it, you were probably exhausted. I have to go.”

“Thank you again, Aizawa-kun, really.”

When Aizawa didn’t text back, Izuku let out a small breath and made his way to the bathroom. Looking around, there was a plastic bag sitting on top of the towel basket. Rummaging through it, Izuku found a new toothbrush, hairbrush, deodorant and toothpaste. “I can’t believe he did all this for me,” Izuku revered. Sure, it was just common courtesy, but to Izuku it meant quite a bit. Probably more than it should.

After brushing his teeth and washing his face, he felt refreshed enough to change clothes and get the
day started. “He said the extra clothes were in his room,” Izuku gazed down the hallway to the last door. Slowly walking towards it, his feet stopped and his hand hovered over the door handle. Aizawa told him to go in himself, so surely, he wasn’t prying? Turning the handle slowly, the door creaked open and Izuku stepped in. “S-sorry for the intrusion…” he said to no one.

As he opened the door fully, Izuku saw the room was just as barren as the spare he was put in. A neatly-made bed with white and blue sheets was in one corner by a night stand next to it. On top was an alarm clock and another desk and chair was parallel to the bed. The desk was the messiest thing in the entire apartment, with notebooks, pencils and papers strewn about. A desk lamp was turned off, the neck craned over what looked like a history book. The wooden floor was clean and a large, circular black rug sat in the center of the room. The slide-open closet was firmly shut, just like in the spare and there appeared to be no windows in Aizawa’s room. Izuku took in a deep breath, the unaccustomed smell of another person filling his senses.

“Aizawa-sensei’s room,” Izuku whispered in awe. His eyes drew themselves towards the bed, a pile of clothes resting on top of the sheets. As he walked over and looked around it, he began to grab and study the clothes one-by-one.

“Wait,” he stopped, “these have to be Aizawa-sensei’s clothes, right? There’s no way he would go out and buy me new ones.” The thought of wearing Aizawa’s clothes filled Izuku with hesitation as well as a tingle of excitement. He felt like he should have some shame but as he went to unfold a black shirt he felt his face redden.

“What am I getting so worked up for? They’re just clothes! And I really don’t want to wear the same thing for the next month…”

Shaking his head, he began to try on the garments. He found that some of the pants were a little too tight for comfort around the waist, but remembered that at this point in time, Aizawa’s body frame was much smaller. The shirts also hugged his torso more than he would have liked, but managed to find a shirt that loosened around his abdomen.

“Am I really bigger than Aizawa-sensei right now?” Izuku asked himself. He would have to compare their heights and statures when he got home, as he didn’t get a proper look when he first arrived. True, he had been working out at a decent pace, so it was possible he had gained some more muscle. Aizawa, on the other hand, always seemed to have a thinner figure. Of course, he had never seen Aizawa’s actual body, so Izuku couldn’t tell how much muscle he really had.

When he finally decided on an outfit- white shorts over black leggings, a fitting black shirt and a red plaid button-up- Izuku checked the time. Eleven-forty in the morning.

“I guess I could go shopping now,” Izuku muttered, “even though it won’t take super long, or cost ten-thousand yen. But first…” He made his way back into the living room and went over to the bookshelf. There, he saw the picture frame from the night when Aizawa had asked him to prove himself. Picking it up, his eyes drew over it, the image encompassing his vision.

A very slim, beautiful woman with the longest hair Izuku had ever seen had a warm smile as she held the hand of a child who was in the center of the photo. She had a white dress suit on with red lipstick and heels, complimenting her entire color scheme. Opposite of her was an incredibly taller man, Izuku guessed at least six-foot-five. He also had a small smile on his face and wore a black suit with a dark blue tie. He had short, white hair, bangs swept to the right side of his forehead. The child, which was obviously Aizawa, wore a black, button-up blazer and dress pants that rose just above his tiny ankles. He had an eyepatch over one of his eyes and a short bowl-cut. “Oh, my God,” Izuku coughed, holding back an amused laugh. Aizawa wasn’t one to smile often, and this photo was no different. What he had thought was an elementary school behind them was actually a dance
academy, which took Izuku by surprise.

These two were definitely Aizawa’s parents.

Remembering what had happened between him and his father, Izuku frowned. As of right now, both of them weren’t on speaking terms and two years from now, Aizawa’s father will die. Feeling the mood suddenly change, Izuku set the picture back on the book shelf silently. During their texts, Aizawa had mentioned that Izuku could not change anything, no matter what. Even if he were here and interacting with those who would be a part of his life in the future, the same events will play out, regardless. Aizawa Daisuke will always die and Aizawa Shouta will always regret it, carrying that burden for years.

His lips flattened into a line, his thoughts making him consider trying to do something to help. What could he possibly do, knowing that nothing would change? Aizawa had always helped him and Izuku desperately wanted to do the same. But would it be the right thing to do, to try and alter someone’s past? Or was it selfishness in the disguise of support?

Izuku walked back towards the kitchen, sliding the envelope with cash in his shorts’ pocket along with the spare key. Making his way to the front door, he found his familiar red shoes and laced them on. As he turned to the apartment, he called out, “I’m off!” into the emptiness out of habit, and closed the door.

“YO, SHOUTA!” Hizashi dramatically pointed and grinned at his classmate. “I forgot to ask, but how did things go with Midoriya-san?!”

Aizawa glanced at his best friend and then back down at his lunch. “Fine.”

Nemuri, who was sitting in front of Aizawa, made a drawn-out, exaggerated “EH?” sound and placed a hand on her hip. “Just fine”? Ai-chan, you know I won’t settle for an answer like that.”

Aizawa’s half-lidded stare went up to her as he slowly pulled the tips of his chopsticks from his mouth. “I already know the kinds of things you want to hear, even if they didn’t happen.” Nemuri giggled and a fox-like grin spread on her pink lips. “We’re all growing, hormonal teenagers, Ai-chan! It’s okay, you can tell me every little detail.”

Hizashi took a sip out of his juice patch and cringed, “C-come on, Kayama-san, don’t be weird.” She pouted at both boys and sighed, stretching her arms over her head.

“Well,” Aizawa began, “he’ll be staying for a little while. Turns out he forgot his parents are out of town for a month on business, and he doesn’t have his spare house key. I told him he could stay with me until they get back and they were okay with it.” Hizashi and Nemuri made affirming sounds.

“Jeez, a whole month?” Hizashi asked. “That’s really nice of you to let him stay with you for that long, Shouta! Change of heart?” Aizawa stuffed his mouth with rice, mumbling in response.

“I guess I’m the only one who isn’t a coward in our group.” Nemuri gleamed. “I’ll gladly admit that I think Midoriya-kun is very cute! He has such a youthful face, and that pinch of baby fat on them?” she clapped her hands, “A-do-ra-ble!”

Aizawa paused from eating and looked back up at her.

“You think everyone is cute, Kayama-san,” Hizashi sighed.

“Of course!” she grinned. “Boys, girls, everyone is cute in their own way! We didn’t spend too long
with him, but Midoriya-kun had a very comforting aura about him, which just amplified his cuteness.”

Hizashi agreed, “YEAH! He’s a very chill guy, when he isn’t stuttering like crazy.”

“Kayama-san,” Aizawa interrupted, “do you like him?”

Nemuri and Hizashi’s eyes widened a bit at this accusation and she laughed. It was a terribly absurd and sudden claim, especially coming from Aizawa of all people. He was usually softer with her than he was with Hizashi, but he almost seemed to be on the verge of glaring. She didn’t seem threatened, however, and she placed her chin on the top of her hand, a smile forming.

“That came out of nowhere,” she said, “why do you say that?”

“You’ve been gushing over him since he showed up,” Aizawa replied, “back at my apartment and even now. It’s disgusting.”

“I’m allowed to find whoever I want attractive,” she answered, smile not fading, “you know that much by now, I hope. We’ve been friends for a while now.”

Hizashi looked back at her nervously, shutting himself up with another sip of his juice. Aizawa didn’t retort, but he wish he had so he didn’t have to hear the next words fall from her mouth.

“Ai-chan, are you jealous?”

Hizashi nearly choked on his straw and coughed, earning a few stares from other classmates eating their own lunches. “K-Kayama-san!” he whispered harshly.

“Ai-chan,” she continued, her tone soft, “becoming a pro-hero is my top priority right now. That’s why I’m here, at U.A. You can relax, I’m not going to steal your future husband.”

Aizawa’s face reddened quickly, his mind blanking out at what she had just said. He slammed his chopsticks down a little harder than needed, the loud clacking noise from them hitting the desk only gaining them more stares. He shot up from his seat and hastily made his way out of the classroom, not bothering to close the door.

“Shouta!” Hizashi called after him. He turned to Nemuri, whose lips pouted as she sighed.

“My, my, he’s hopeless.”

Aizawa made his way down the hallway and outside the building. He huffed as Nemuri’s words raced through his head and he turned a corner. When he looked up, he saw other students far away from where he was, socializing, and he slowly made his way under one of the many trees. He sat down, breathing heavily and drew his knees up to his chest and buried his face in them.

“Why did I ask that?” he muttered. The question just came out, as if Aizawa was on autopilot. It was incredibly out of character for him to talk to her the way that he did. Of course, he knew that Nemuri spoke like that about nearly everyone she thought was cute; Izuku was obviously going to be no different, so, why did he almost lash out at her like that? Aizawa drew in a large breath and exhaled. He felt like the world’s biggest jerk right now.

“Ai-chan.”

Aizawa’s head lifted as he saw Nemuri standing in front of him, hands behind her back. Her eyebrows were furrowed upward as she smiled. “I followed you. Sorry,” she said, “I probably
Aizawa shook his head, his limbs relaxing as he crossed his legs. “No, I’m sorry,” he insisted, “you didn’t deserve that.” She let out a breath as a quiet air filled between them. Nemuri shifted her feet and knelt in front of him, moving his bangs out of his face. His eyes moved up to look at hers, a slight red from his blush earlier not having gone away.

“If it makes you feel any better,” she quietly spoke, “I already have someone I’m interested in, and it isn’t Midoriya-kun.” Aizawa blinked as she cupped his cheek comfortingly.

“Do I know them?”

Nemuri pulled her hand away and gave him a big smile. “You could say that.”

Aizawa stopped and thought. He didn’t speak much to his classmates, really, only to Hizashi and Nemuri. Sure, he was acquainted with some students, but he didn’t know many of them personally. Nemuri waited for Aizawa’s response and his eyes grew wide.

“Oh, no.”

She curled her mouth up, clumsily. “Did you figure it out?”

“Oh, my God.”

She chuckled.

“Seriously? Him? Of all people?”

“Unfortunately.”

“Why.”

She shrugged. “He’s a dork and he makes me laugh.”

Aizawa groaned and rubbed his eyes. “Gross.”

Nemuri started to fully laugh and stood up, reaching her hand out to Aizawa who grabbed it as he also made his way to his feet. He dusted himself off and as they began to make their way back to class, the bell that indicated lunch was over rang. Both friends walked side-by-side and Nemuri rubbed her hands together rather awkwardly.

“Um,” her voice was slightly higher-pitched than usual, an uncharacteristic nervousness showing, “don’t tell him, please.”

“I won’t.”

“Also, since it’s only fair I told you,” she spun around and stood in front of Aizawa, stopping him, “you have to tell me when you and Midoriya-kun hook up!”

Aizawa glared. “I don’t like him like that.”

Nemuri giggled and stuck her tongue out at him. While she was feisty, she was just as observant as Hizashi and Aizawa, especially when it came to the connections people had with each other. Aizawa sighed, a tiny smile making its way to his face, the happiness of her being his friend settling in.

“Ah, oh yeah,” he pulled out his cell phone. Nemuri noticed him typing a message and then slid it
back into his pocket.

“Who was that for?”

A pause. “Midoriya.”

He could practically feel her cheshire cat smile on him. “Already exchanged numbers, and it’s only been two days? Scandalous, Ai-chan!” He huffed and walked a little faster, her small “hey!” and taps of rushing footsteps following him.

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Izuku felt his phone vibrate as he was about to check out of the store. Pulling it out, he saw a text from Aizawa which read:

“Pick up some salty licorice for me while you’re out. Thanks.”

Izuku’s faced physically recoiled. *Salty licorice? Aizawa-kun actually likes that kind of stuff?* He looked down in his basket, which already had fresh chicken, beef, curry mix and vegetables. If that’s what Aizawa wanted, Izuku wasn’t going to decline. After managing to find it in the sweets section, Izuku went to pay and made his leave from the grocery market. It turned out, it wasn’t that far from Aizawa’s apartment, about a fifteen-minute walk.

The weather was particularly nice and sunny, a light breeze accompanying the day. Izuku almost felt guilty enjoying it, as his family and friends from his own time were likely worried sick about him. He did tell Aizawa from his time that he was alright and to relay the information to everyone. As he saw Aizawa’s apartment coming up, he walked up the stairs and unlocked the front door.

“I’m back.” he said into the empty apartment. He slid off his shoes with ease as the laces had loosened a bit from his walking and placed the grocery bags on the kitchen counter. “I guess I should clean after putting all this away.” Aizawa did mention it would be repayment for allowing Izuku to stay, so he wasn’t one to complain about household chores.

Stretching, Izuku let out a breath and rolled up his sleeves. “Okay! Let’s get started!”

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Present Day

It had been two days since Izuku disappeared, leaving a void in Class 1-A. Lessons and training went on as usual, but there was a visible mood shift among everyone. Kirishima and Mina’s wounds were minor and they healed rather quickly. Bakugo, while Throwback’s knee made direct contact with his sternum that night, healed a little slower but he was going to be okay.

Emotionally, however, the three of them were at a low point.

Todoroki, Iida and Uraraka were visibly distraught the most when they heard the news, the rest of the class also in shock and disbelief. Aizawa took it upon himself to let his students know about this himself as he did with Inko. After they had left the station that day and went over the information Aizawa gathered, he immediately made his way back to the school and showed her the text messages from her son. She cried from both relief and despair, quickly mentioning that she needed to call her husband. She went home that day, accompanied by Ectoplasm and All Might who decided to be with her for support.

“When Midoriya returns,” Aizawa said from his podium, keeping his confidence in his words steady,
“I want you all to catch him up with schoolwork.”

“Yes, sir!”

Aizawa’s eyes went to Bakugo, who stared out the window quietly, palm covering his mouth as his elbow rested on the desk. Out of all of them, he seemed to have been hit the worst from Izuku’s disappearance, and it was understandable. After All Might and All for One’s fight during Bakugo’s rescue mission, he had mellowed out quite a bit. Aizawa had noticed him deep in thought all day, keeping to himself.

After class ended, he stopped the three students that attempted to help that night.

“Kirishima, Ashido, Bakugo. I need you three to stay.”

Kirishima and Mina glanced up from putting their school bags on as Bakugo said nothing. Once everyone and their worried glances had left the room, Aizawa motioned the three of them to sit in desks at the front of the room.

“I’m not supposed to be divulging information like this,” Aizawa began, “but I know how upset you are, especially since you tried your best to help me and Midoriya.” Bakugo shifted uncomfortably, eyes not meeting Aizawa’s direction while Mina and Kirishima perked up. “Did you find out if Midoriya is okay?” he asked.

Aizawa nodded. “He’s alright, with the exception of being in the wrong time period. He bumped into my younger self and so he’s in good hands.” He rubbed his neck. “Probably.”

Mina and Kirishima both breathed in relief, feeling as if a weight was lifted. Bakugo turned his head to Aizawa, his interest piqued. “Deku’s alive?”

“Yes, that’s the good news. The bad news is, he’s stuck there for one month. But a key factor has come into play- we are able to communicate with him via his cell phone.”

Bakugo’s hands fell out of his pockets and he straightened up, accidentally bumping arms with Mina. “Why didn’t you say that earlier?!” he whipped out his phone and opened his inbox, beginning to type. Kirishima and Mina were flabbergasted at how fast he was typing, unable to keep up with his speed.

“If you would let me finish,” Aizawa interrupted, pulling out his own phone, “you wouldn’t just mindlessly text him.” He showed the messages he and Izuku sent, showing the three of them the format required for both parties to understand each other. “They have to be like this, one word at a time. Though, keep the conversation as short as possible, as your phone will overheat badly and shut off. Texting back in time is obviously something technology can’t handle, we didn’t even think it would be possible, to be honest. Only text him if you absolutely have to, the last thing we need is his phone permanently dying from overuse.”

Bakugo’s thumb hovered over the send button, and he cursed under his breath, deleting the entire text.

“I was worried he wouldn’t be able to make it back at all, Aizawa-sensei!” Mina said, relieved. “So, Midoriya will be back in one month, huh?”

“That’s right,” Aizawa moved, “however, only you three know. Keep it from everyone else, since Tsukauchi and Principal Nezu wanted as little information about this getting out as possible. After Bakugo’s rescue, U.A. hasn’t looked very good in the public eye.” Bakugo glared down at the desk and sighed, Kirishima and Mina’s worried eyes falling on him.
“I was going to punish you three for getting out past curfew,” Aizawa continued, “but you truly gave it your all out there against Throwback, not to mention, it was incredibly brave. Because of that, I’ll let it go this once, but don’t get ahead of yourselves.”

Bakugo slid his phone back in his pocket and grabbed his school bag, intending to leave.

“Bakugo?” Mina watched as he got up from his chair.

“Hey, where are you going, man?” Kirishima called.

“If we had really done our best,” Bakugo said, not looking back, “then Deku wouldn’t be gone.” Aizawa didn’t say anything, instead exhaling and walking towards him.

“Blaming yourself isn’t going to make Midoriya come back faster.” Aizawa reached out to him, placing a hand on Bakugo’s shoulder. The blond immediately flinched and tore his arm away, glaring at his teacher. “What kind of hero am I if I can’t even save someone as stupid as Deku?! Both of you were right behind me, and I still let that bastard get away with hurting the both of you!”

“Bakugo, calm down!” Kirishima stood up along with Mina.

“Yeah,” she concurred, “don’t yell at Aizawa-sensei!”

Aizawa put up a hand to stop them as he looked down at Bakugo. “What happened was a result of my own incompetence. It’s just as Midnight told me; time travel is one the rarest, hardest and most unpredictable quirks that can exist. That’s why I meant it when I said all of you did your best going up against him.” Bakugo clenched his fists as his face fell to the floor.

“Bakugo,” Aizawa said, his voice hard, “are you angry because Midoriya and your classmates were able to save you, and you couldn’t do the same for him?”

A silence fell in the room, all three of his students frozen. Bakugo’s exasperated expression faced up at Aizawa, whose stare bore back at him. “If that’s the case, then the only person you’re hurting is yourself. Midoriya is safe, yet, you’re placing the blame on yourself that he isn’t here? That’s not what he-“

He didn’t finish, as the strong ringing in his head he experienced while interrogating Throwback returned. He clamped his ears with his hands and fell to his knees. “Aizawa-sensei!” Mina cried, she and Kirishima dashing towards him. Bakugo’s hands hovered over his teacher, not sure if he should touch him, even out of concern. “What’s wrong?!” Kirishima exclaimed.

Aizawa’s eyes were clamped shut and a flash of green hair appeared in his mind. He could make out what looked like someone sleeping, but as before, the top half of their face was completely blackened out, his mouth only being visible. A conversation he couldn’t hear involving himself and Midnight when she was attending school with them also flashed before his eyes, and then the ringing suddenly stopped. His breaths were heavy and he could feel the sweat from his temple dripping down to the floor. He felt hot and uncomfortable as hell.

“Aizawa-sensei…” Bakugo hesitated. Mina leaned down so she was eye-level with him and placed her hands on his shoulders to balance him up. “Are you alright, sensei?” she asked. Aizawa tiredly glanced at her and nodded, “Yeah,” he slowly stood up, tapping Mina’s hands in reassurance, “thanks.”

“What was that?” Bakugo lowered his hands, keeping his focus on Aizawa’s face. “A side-effect,” Aizawa flatly said, “from Midoriya. Since he’s staying with me in the past, his presence his effecting my memories. I just have to get used to it until the month is up.” He got back on his feet and shook
his head. “Sorry to make you worry.”

“Maybe you should take some time off, Aizawa-sensei,” Kirishima offered. “you can’t teach like this for a whole month. They seem to be at random, too.” Mina nodded in agreement as Bakugo’s expression softened, his anger from earlier subsided. Aizawa ran his fingers through his hair, his posture and breathing starting to relax and he pondered for a minute.

“Maybe,” he mumbled, “I’ll talk to Principal Nezu about it, later. Until then, remember to keep your word for me. Do not tell anyone what we talked about.”

“Yes, sir!” Kirishima and Mina’s faces became serious as they confirmed their secrecy to Aizawa while Bakugo nodded. Aizawa moved to comfort him, but the blonde turned away and quickly left the room. The other two students worriedly looked on and ultimately picked up their bags and left after saying their goodbyes. Once Aizawa was the only one left in the classroom, he exhaled for the umpteenth time that day and pinched the bridge of his nose.

*Midoriya,* he thought, *you better not be messing around too much.*

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14 Years Earlier

By the time five-thirty rolled around, Aizawa had just turned the corner to his apartment. “I wonder if Midoriya got my text about the licorice…” he mumbled to himself. As he walked up the stairs and reached his front door, he turned the knob and swung it open. The smell of food filled his nose and he heard the rustling of plates and utensils from the kitchen. He began taking off his shoes and called out in a passive voice, “I’m back.”

“Ah,” Izuku popped his head from out the kitchen and towards the front hall, “welcome back, Aizawa-kun!”

Aizawa set his school bag on the couch and walked over to where Izuku was. “Did you… make dinner?” he asked, slight surprise in his voice. Izuku’s expression was one of flustered nervousness as he began to set the food on individual plates. “S-sort of, I guess! It isn’t anything special, just omurice. It’s all I really know how to make…”

“*Omurice?*” Aizawa cocked his head to the side. “I haven’t had that in… years.”

“You came home just in time, then!” Izuku gleamed. “I just finished it, so go ahead and change, you must be tired.” Aizawa blinked and awkwardly nodded, making his way towards his room, leaving the other boy to finish prepping dinner. Izuku paused as he finished placing the omelet on top of the rice mixed with chicken and demi-glace sauce. He groaned in embarrassment, “I sounded like such a mom, just now…”

He finished setting the plates and noticed the lack of a kitchen table at the last minute. Pouting, he turned and and saw the wooden bed tray that Aizawa had used to place their tea on. As he placed both plates with spoons on it, he walked over to the living room and set it on the table. Aizawa soon came out, in the same sweatpants and tank top from before, his hair tied up again. He and Izuku sat down on the floor, made their thanks for the meal and began to eat.

Aizawa made an uncharacteristic noise of satisfaction, “This is really good.”

“R-really?” Izuku asked as he blew on his spoonful and took a bite. “I’m glad! Um, sorry, it’s such a plain dish.” Aizawa shook his head as he reached for the TV remote and turned to the channel *Hero News* was on. “The fact that you decided to make dinner for me at all was really nice. You didn’t
Izuku opened his mouth to say something, but was cut off from the news anchor. “Earlier today, a group consisting of three villains held a bank hostage, but were stopped by All Might. There were no casualties and the villains were promptly defeated, resulting in their immediate arrest.”

Izuku and Aizawa’s full attention was on the television as the segment turned to an interview with the Symbol of Peace. Izuku’s eyes widened as his mentor came on screen and noticed how vastly different and younger he looked. He was tall as ever, but he had long fringes on each side of his face while the back was short and wild, much like in his true form. His eyes weren’t a pitch black, instead, they looked normal and the deep, bright blues were filled with victory as Izuku had always known. While he retained the same muscular stature, he was also much leaner and wore a cape over his shoulders with his iconic costume. He smiled widely as he was being asked about the incident.

“It wasn’t much!” he boasted, his voice slightly deep but retaining a youthful sound. “I’m just happy to have arrived in time and bring those criminals to justice!”

“You must be called to scenes quite a bit, All Might.” the interviewer said. “Does it ever become too bothersome for someone as young as you?”

He laughed, “Never! I may be thirty-two now, but it’s not like I have much going on in my life. Although, I have been thinking about a change in my appearance, maybe a haircut.” He chuckled. “Protecting the peace of not just Japan, but the entire world, is my own personal privilege!” He gave a thumbs-up and a wink as cameras flashed wildly behind him.

Thirty-two years old? Izuku never thought he would be able to see All Might in his prime, live on TV. He felt his heart swell at his idol and how his selflessness was no different from the All Might he grew to know, even after his retirement. Izuku’s gaze fell on Aizawa, and he was surprised at the adoration that was clearly on his face.

“He’s as cool as ever,” Aizawa awed, sparkles nearly visible in his eyes.

“Cool”?

“Aizawa-kun really likes All Might, huh?” Izuku smiled as the interview ended and went on to the weather. Aizawa huffed and a tiny blush crept on his cheeks. “W-well, who doesn’t?” he mumbled, trying to save face. It was very clear that they shared the same view on All Might, which baffled Izuku. He was sure that, as teachers, both didn’t get along very well for a while because of their contrasting personalities. However, since USJ and All for One, it appeared their relationship finally steadied and they were on friendly terms. Izuku wondered what happened between now and the future that made Aizawa go from starry-eyed admiration to being unfazed towards All Might. Aizawa’s personality was essentially the same now as it would be fourteen years later, but Izuku noted that he was more expressive outwardly and verbally when he wanted to be.

Does being an adult really make you that apathetic over time? Izuku wondered. They finished their meals in silence and afterward, Aizawa offered to help with the dishes, which took no time at all. Finally, they crashed on the couch as they had when Izuku first arrived. Aizawa was lying down and reading a book while Izuku absentmindedly scrolled through his phone.

“You know,” Aizawa said after a long comfortable silence, “it feels like I’ve known you for a while now.”

“Huh?” Izuku turned to him.
“It’s only been two days,” Aizawa continued, turning a page, “and you’ve been asleep for most of the time. But, I feel like I understand you in a way. Like…” A short pause. Izuku waited for him and tilted his head. “Like we’ve talked before you even got here. I’ve been wondering why I was suddenly so relaxed around you after you told me the truth about yourself, since I’m not very easily trusting. But it’s as if I just knew.”

Izuku didn’t know what to say. Sharing their experiences with their fathers must have placed some disposition in Aizawa and he was feeling it now around Izuku.

“Sorry, that must have sounded weird,” Aizawa waved his hand, “forget I said anything.”

Izuku wanted to talk back, to tell him exactly how much he knew about Aizawa Daisuke and Aizawa’s regret for him. He wanted to say something, anything, but he felt a lump in his throat. “Oh, yeah,” Aizawa interrupted his thoughts, “Kayama-san and Hizashi asked how you were doing. I told them that you’re staying here for the month, so if they ask you anything, just say your parents are out of the country on business.”

“R-right,” Izuku nodded, “thanks for the cover-up, Aizawa-kun.”

The other boy hummed in response and went back to reading. “I noticed you took up my offer and wore my clothes.”

Izuku felt deep embarrassment and his face heated up. “I-I did! I’m sorry for being such an inconvenience on you.” Aizawa leaned up on one arm and raised an eyebrow. “I didn’t mean it like that. I just think it’s amusing they fit you at all.”

“Eh?” That’s right, Izuku was so distracted from the news and dinner that he completely forgot to compare their bodies.

“Stand up.” Aizawa closed his book and swiftly stood up from the couch. Izuku hesitated but did as he was told and stood in front of him, only finally able to register their height differences. Aizawa was about an inch shorter than Izuku, much slimmer and with a paler complexion. His arms had muscle definition but on a lesser level than Izuku did. His eyes wandered to Aizawa’s midsection, the tank top he was wearing fell loosely over his slender abdomen and as the black-haired student crossed his arms, a slight line of cleavage showed up.

“Hm,” Aizawa gazed up, “so, you’re actually a bit taller than me.” Izuku flushed and stared at the floor, not used to looking down at his teacher. “I-I guess I’m- eep!” he yelped in surprise as Aizawa gripped Izuku’s bicep suddenly. “I guess superhuman strength comes with having to work out a lot, huh?” he remarked and pulled his hand away, Izuku tracing the spot where he touched.

“Y-yeah,” he answered, “I also go to U.A. where I’m from. Without the training there, I probably wouldn’t be able to have handled myself this far.” Aizawa’s eyebrows rose but his eyes remained as passive as ever. “Ah, so you’re also a U.A. student, then? Got a hero name yet?”

A nod, “Deku.”

Aizawa blinked in misunderstanding, “Deku? Like, as in, “useless”?”

“It’s a long story, but,” Izuku scratched his head but smiled, “it has a lot of meaning to me.”

Aizawa untied and redid his ponytail inelegantly, “Well, mine is Eraserhead. Hizashi tagged it on to me because I didn’t think having one would be that important. Especially since I’m not going to be in the limelight, I don’t really care for public notoriety.”
Izuku knew this all well enough; Eraserhead would start his pro-hero life as an underground hero and remain that way for a long time before his teaching career. Izuku snapped out of his thoughts when Aizawa studied his legs and smirked.

“I like how you decided to wear my old leggings,” his tone bore a teasing aura, “I haven’t used those in a while. They were mostly for my dance classes.” Izuku gawked and raised his hands in defense. “I-I’m sorry! Should I have not-?”

“It’s fine,” Aizawa snickered, “I told you to wear whatever I had in there, so don’t worry about it. Besides, I think they suit you.”

Was it possible for all the blood in your body to just go to one’s face? Because that’s how Izuku felt right now. No one had ever complimented him on his clothes besides his mom and maybe All Might at one point, so to have another person do it- a boy, his forthcoming teacher of all people- was ungodly embarrassing.

“Also, stop saying “sorry” so much,” Aizawa placed his hands on his hips, tired eyes boring up at Izuku, “I told you, everything is okay. From you staying here to you using my clothes. Relax, for my sake.”

They stood there quietly for a little bit until Izuku spoke up. “Thank you, Aizawa-kun.”

“Don’t mention it,” Aizawa grabbed his phone, “seriously, don’t. I get it.”

Izuku nodded and checked the time. It was a little past nine o’clock and tomorrow was a Sunday, which meant Aizawa would be home. “Well, I-I should get to sleep, then!” Aizawa looked as if he were about to say something but stopped and made a grunt of agreement. “Right. Good night, then.”

“Good night, Aizawa-kun.”

Izuku made his way to the spare bedroom and as soon as he closed the door he exhaled harshly. “Oh, man,” he hissed to himself, “why did he have to touch my arm like that? That was weird, right? Really weird. But I didn’t hate it? He basically said that I looked good in his leggings.” His heart raced and he felt a bead of sweat fall from his face. He slid down against the door and onto the floor, covering his face with his hands.

Meanwhile, in the living room, Aizawa was also having a similar moment. “Why the hell did I do that? I wouldn’t want anyone touching me without my permission, so why did I do it to him? He looked so uncomfortable, too. He must think I’m disgusting.”

The night ended with both boys consumed with their own scattered thoughts, and fell asleep as nervous wrecks.

Chapter End Notes

note: usually, I love the headcanon that toshinori attended U.A. with aizawa and the other teachers, but I made him endeavor's age in this instead, so he would be 46 y/o in the present. i just wanted to sneak in some cute one-sided erasermight haha i think aizawa would have liked all might as a teenager

New chapter coming soon...
Comments/kudos are appreciated to the stars and back-!! (●❤∀❤) ♡☆*°
you make everything better

Chapter Notes

i conjured up some sketches of Throwback and Aizawa's parents' appearances so everyone has an idea what they look like!

https://imgur.com/a/G74Yxvz
https://imgur.com/a/2uCkcMl

also im v sick and need to sleep for 90 yrs so thank you again for all the feedback, comments and kudos!!
we finally meet the parents...
enjoy the chapter!

It wasn’t the birds chirping outside or the small stream of light peaking from under his door that awoke Aizawa, but the smell of coffee. He groggily made his way up and put on a pair of purple slippers. The morning air was cool as he walked down the hallway and the smell from the fresh brew overtook his senses. A hot cup sounds insanely good right now, he thought as he caught a glimpse of Izuku in the living room.

“Ah, good morning, Aizawa-kun!” Izuku greeted while sitting on the couch, a half-eaten rice cake in his hand. “I didn’t know if you liked tea in the morning, so I made some coffee instead.”

“Ah,” Aizawa rasped out, “thanks.”

While he made his way to the kitchen, the air had formed a thick awkwardness. Izuku didn’t seem angry like Aizawa had thought he would be. His mind raced back to the night prior and he felt his stomach twist. Even if Izuku wasn’t mad about being touched, Aizawa still felt shameful about it.

“Hey, um,” he spoke, not looking at Izuku, “I’m sorry for touching your arm like that last night. It was really impolite.”

“Huh?” Izuku swallowed the last bit of his rice cake. “Oh! D-don’t be, please, I… didn’t mind at all.” An embarrassed chuckle escaped his lips as Aizawa made his way to the living room. Instead of sitting with Izuku, he went towards the large, double-sliding glass doors that reached out to the veranda. He took a sip of the black coffee, the heat stinging his tongue a bit, and took to admiring the warm yellows and pinks of the new morning sky.

“Did you have any plans today, Aizawa-kun?” Izuku asked as he picked up his own cup, sipping the milk he poured earlier. Aizawa blew on his coffee to cool it off and made a droning sound in his throat, trying to think. “Not really,” he answered, “maybe just relax, yesterday’s training was tough. Why? Got something you want to do?” It was a genuine question and Izuku didn’t know what to respond with. Did he have anything he wanted to do in a time where technology and society was different from his own?

“No really,” he replied, “but I don’t mind spending the day here with you.”

A quietness occupied the space between them and Aizawa drank a little more coffee than he should
What does that even mean, he thought, that he actually wants to hang out with me? He gulped the caffeine down, the hot liquid staining his throat, and glanced back at Izuku. He was preoccupied with his phone as if he were waiting for a call or text, and for the first time since he arrived, Aizawa took a good look at Izuku.

His dark green hair had a beautiful shine with the early sun coming through the veranda windows, his skin a vigorous tone with a slight tan. His equally green eyes had a gloss, the softness in his expression showing through them. Aizawa remembered how Nemuri prattled on about his “chubby cheeks” and as he admired the outline of Izuku’s face, he did notice the little bit of baby fat on them. Everything about him looked soft and gentle, especially his smile, which Aizawa couldn’t look away from.

Abruptly, the loud ringing from his cell phone surprised him that he jumped slightly, nearly dropping his coffee. He pulled it out from his sweatpants pocket and answered casually after seeing the caller ID.

“Hello, mom?”

“Shouta! How are you?”

Izuku’s attention quickly turned to him as Aizawa faced back out the balcony window. “I’m good. How are things?”

“Oh, you know,” the woman, who Izuku knew as Aizawa Aiko, replied, “killing my feet one day at a time.”

“Be careful.”

“Yeah, yeah. So! I’m calling to let you know that your father’s home for the month.”

Aizawa fell silent. “Huh… that so.” She sighed on the other end and he could practically feel Aiko cross her one available arm across her chest. “Listen, kiddo. I know he’s been an ass for a while, but I have a proposition for you. Are you available a week from now, on a Saturday?”

He looked down into his coffee mug. “Yeah, I’m not busy. Just got school. Why?” He heard her rummage through some papers in the background, wondering what on earth she had planned.

“Well,” she cooed, “your mother has a very important show to perform in, and she’s the main lead!”

“Oh, congratulations.”

“Is that all you have to say? Honestly, you got all your good looks from me and nonchalant attitude from your father.”

“Sorry.” He rolled his eyes at her self-absorbed pride, but not in a bad way.

“A-ny-way! I got two extra tickets and want you to come. Bring a friend! We’ve been working really hard on this production the last few months- especially me- so take a break to come and watch! Your father will be there too, and it would make me really happy if you were both there.”

Aizawa glanced back at Izuku and made a reaffirming sound to her. “Sure.”

“Stop by later to come pick up the tickets, okay? This is my only day off before the big show.”
“Will do.”

Aiko made an overly cute squeal of excitement one would expect to hear from an idol, not a ballet dancer, “Okay then! See you soon, Shouta!”

“Bye.” He hung up and sighed deeper than Izuku had ever heard it. “Looks like I have to stop by my house later.”

“Y-your house?” Izuku asked. “Why? Is everything alright?” Aizawa gulped down the rest of his coffee in one swig and wiped his mouth. “My mom has tickets to one of her performances coming up and she wants me to go.” He made his way past Izuku, who noticed his tone had changed.

“Oh, yeah,” Aizawa sarcastically went on as he refilled his cup, “and my dad’s back home from abroad, too. So, that’s great news!”

Izuku froze. Aizawa Daisuke was here? No way, he thought. What a coincidence to be flung back to a point where Aizawa’s father was actually around.

“You told me you already knew that I don’t get along with him,” Aizawa placed his cup down on the counter, gripping the edges of it, “so, I’m not the most excited person right now. Sorry.”

“No, no!” Izuku shook his head. “Don’t sweat it, I just… will you be okay?”

“Obviously,” he picked up his mug and walked back to the couch, sitting down, “I’m not going to just not show up because of him. My mom sounded like she really wanted me to go, too. So, I’ll just keep telling myself that going there is for her sake.” Izuku twiddled his fingers together, unsure of what to say to Aizawa’s clear irritation. They sat there quietly for what seemed like an eternity. Eventually, Aizawa placed his cup down on the table and rubbed his eyes.

“Will you…“ Aizawa groaned and hid his face in his hands, Izuku noticing it was a bad habit from him at this point.

“What?”

“Will you please come with me?”

Izuku’s mouth dropped open slightly at this question. He had never heard Aizawa sound so meek and worried in his life, which concerned him. Was he really this hesitant to see his father again? Was their relationship worse than what Aizawa had made it sound that night? He was obviously on edge after the phone call and looked like he was about to throw up. Izuku let out a small breath and smiled at him in reassurance, placing his hand on Aizawa’s shoulder.

“Of course, I will, Aizawa-kun.”

Maybe it had to do with the light flowing in the apartment from the windows. Or maybe it had to do with the fact that Midoriya Izuku’s smile was just that bright. Whatever the reason was, Aizawa felt comforted almost instantly when he looked at him and a warmth surrounded the both of them. He smiled, full of relief and hung his head down, avoiding Izuku’s gaze.

“Thank you, Midoriya.”

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The train to Aizawa’s parents’ house took less than forty minutes to reach. They resided in a quiet residential area in Oyamacho, Shibuya, so they weren’t too far from the Tokyo area at all. By the
time they made it, it was only half past five o’clock. From how rich Aizawa made his family out to be, Izuku was surprised that there wasn’t a chauffeur in a car waiting for them outside the station. “I can walk just fine,” he had said.

“Don’t freak out how big the place is, okay?” Aizawa pocketed his hands in his jacket. Izuku had never seen him in casual clothes, even as an adult, so his current attire was completely different from what he was used to. He wore a black and white cotton jacket with black jeans, white shoes and a light pink v-neck shirt. Izuku had taken to wearing the same outfit from the day before, except without the leggings since it was too warm for them.

As they walked down the small open street, Aizawa stopped in front of a large black gate that had a plaque that read “AIZAWA ESTATE” written in gold kanji. Behind the bars, Izuku tried to comprehend what he was seeing.

“Mom,” Aizawa pushed the intercom button on the outside wall, “it’s me, Shouta.”

The gates automatically began to slowly open and Aizawa briskly walked his way inside, Izuku staggering behind him. Ahead of them stood a large house surrounded by a crisp green lawn and numerous trees. A concrete walkway with a neat zig-zag pattern directed them to the front of the house where an enormous fountain welcomed them. The house itself was a sleek white with warm brown borders around it, a black roof topping it off. Many windows adorned the outside, indicating massive amounts of natural light inside. As large as it was, it was only two stories, a balcony with a white wall and black railings showing it as so. As they reached the front double-doors (a sleek black with a polished shine), they swung open, presenting the same woman from the portrait Izuku saw back at Aizawa’s apartment.

“My, my! Who’s this handsome young man?” Aiko’s eyes met Izuku’s and he felt a blush creep up to his face.

“A friend from school.” Aizawa answered pointblank.

“M-my name is Midoriya Izuku!” Izuku straightened his back and bowed. “It’s very nice to meet you, ma’am!”

She placed a slender finger to her chin and grinned, her eyes becoming fox-like. “Look at how cute you are! Have you been taking good care of my Shouta?”

“Mom.”

“Y-y-yes, ma’am! Uh, more like, he’s been taking care of me…” Izuku felt his palms sweat. She was beautiful, no doubt, but she had a very sly aura around her. Despite being Aizawa’s flesh and blood, she was nothing like him. Her personality was eccentric and very energetic compared to him. Her smile seemed to be permanently plastered on her face and Izuku nearly jumped when she swiftly turned around.

“Please, come in, Midoriya-chan!” she welcomed, her hand beckoning him inside. He nodded as he gulped and made his way into the enormous manor.
shoes and placed on the complimentary slippers.

*Holy crap,* he thought to himself, nearly tripping over the step that led into the house, *Midnight wasn’t kidding when she said his family was loaded.*

The hardwood floors were as smooth as silk beneath Izuku’s feet as he followed Aizawa and Aiko into the living room. It was decorated from top to bottom; tables that held coasters for guests and their drinks, real plants in the back corners of the room, two full bookcases on each side of the fireplace that nestled between them, three massive couches that looked to be imported from the west, a long coffee table that separated them and a simple rug that rested underneath them. Izuku felt as if he were about to faint from the ostentatious vibe from living room alone.

“Come! Sit, sit,” Aiko motioned, “I’ll return shortly with the envelope.”

Izuku must have looked stupid with how he was ogling at everything because Aizawa grabbed his wrist and led him to the nearest couch. He leaned back into the cushions while Izuku covered his mouth and exhaled. “S-sorry,” he whispered, “your actual house is just… it’s so… wow.”

Aizawa rolled his eyes. “You can thank my mom for the obnoxious decorating. I think it’s too much, in my opinion, but she lives here, so she can do what she wants, I guess.”

Aiko rushed back in as fast as she left, waving a crisp envelope in the air excitedly. “Here I am!” she sung as she handed it to Aizawa. He looked at the front and saw her handwriting that simply had the kanji for “Shouta” written in what looked like a calligraphy pen. Aiko huffed and sat down on the couch across from them, her hands neatly placed on her lap.

“So, Shouta,” her smile softened, “how has U.A. been?”

“I’ve learned a lot and have been managing my quirk for longer.”

“Aah, yet, you started getting bad dry eye, right?” she pouted, “I’m sorry, kiddo. You need to be more careful.”

“It’s fine, my grades haven’t been suffering, at least. How’s the ballet show going?”

Izuku politely listened as mother and son talked back and forth, catching up on each other’s lives. It seemed that since Aizawa left home, he rarely kept in touch with her. Thinking back to his talk with Aizawa the night they were attacked, he remembered how soft his expression was when talking about her. She was the complete opposite of him in regard to personalities, but it looked like they got along extremely well. Izuku didn’t expect her to be as upbeat as he was, which made him wonder what Aizawa’s father was like.

“Where’s dad?” Aizawa asked, looking around. “I thought you said he was here.”

“Yep, I sure did.” Aiko curved her lips to the side, an uneasy look gracing her eyes. “He’s in his office right now.”

“Avoiding me, of course. Shocking.”

Aiko sighed heavily, crossing and uncrossing her legs. “Well, he told me to tell you to go see him once you got here.” Aizawa followed her lead and crossed his legs stubbornly. “Now *that* actually is shocking.” She hummed and flicked her head to the outside of the living room entrance. Her face softened and her tone became serious, the familiar “mom voice” sounding in Izuku’s ears.
Izuku saw Aizawa’s mouth twitch and his face hardened. He glanced at him and exhaled through his nose, standing up. “I’ll be right back, Midoriya.” He muttered and left the room, his steps going up the stairs being heard until it became quiet.

With his fists clenched above his knees, Izuku looked up at Aiko, her smile back. “You go to U.A. as well, Midoriya-chan?” He nodded and swallowed; her presence was very demanding despite her laid-back demeanor.

“Oh, no need to be anxious!” she clapped lightly. “Is it my house that’s intimidating you that much?” Izuku let out a sound and shook his head. “N-no! I’m sorry if I come off that way, I just… I’ve never been in a house as huge and beautiful as this.”

“Thank you, that’s very flattering.” She chuckled as she admired the room. “My husband and son think I’ve gone too far with the decorating, but there’s a reason for it. I don’t know if Shouta has told you, but I’m a professional ballerina, so I have the privilege of being able to travel all over the world. A few years back, I went to France to meet with a prominent ballet dancer. This was when I wasn’t as well-known; I was still working hard and training myself to the bone, quite literally, to improve my form. While in France—which is a beautiful country, I should add—the aesthetics and layouts of the homes and buildings were so beautiful to me, that I thought, “I want my house to look like this!” Once I had accumulated national and international fame, voilà! I am able to do whatever I please with the house I reside in.”

Izuku was engrossed in her tale and he felt respect as large as the room they were in for her. He didn’t know very much about ballet, but from what he had heard, it’s a demanding and incredibly stressful profession to perfect. Hearing Aiko talk about overcoming her hardships to get what she rightfully deserved, regardless of what anyone thought.

“That’s really admirable, Aizawa-san,” he said earnestly. She smiled at him again but shifted to a more alert expression. “Oh, how rude of me! Were you thirsty by any chance, Midoriya-chan?”

“Oh, uh,” he scratched his neck, embarrassed, “maybe some water would be nice?”

“You got it! I’ll be back and when I return, I want to hear more about you!”

She winked as she stood up and Izuku watched on as her elegance took her out of the room. Once he was sure she had left, he let out a hard sigh as if he had been holding his breath around her. Worriedly looking out the living room entrance and at the staircase outside it, he internally hoped Aizawa was doing okay.

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Prior to Aiko explaining her expensive taste to Izuku, Aizawa had just barely knocked on the door he knew was his father’s personal office. He really didn’t want to see him at all, but the last thing he wanted to do was to upset his mother. His stomach lurched as he heard his father’s unmistakable, tired, deep voice answer to his knocks.

“Come in.”

Turning the handle slowly, Aizawa pushed the door open and saw his father, the one and only Olympic figure skater champion, Aizawa Daisuke. The room was dark, save for a floor lamp on in the corner and a desk lamp next to him as he sat with a folder of what looked like schedules and routine practices. His short white hair was parted to the side, having grown out slightly since Aizawa
last saw him. Eye bag lines creased his face, pronouncing his exhausted appearance that Aizawa would later adopt as he also got older. Daisuke, for whatever reason, was not as lightly dressed as Aiko was. While he also wore the usual house slippers, he had on half of his work suit, including his black slacks and white button-up shirt. His black eyes bore into his son, who shut the door behind him and stood there.

“Shouta.” Daisuke sternly said. “Sit.”

Aizawa inhaled a deep breath but his expression didn’t change. He slowly walked over to one of the open chairs in front of his father and sat down. He leaned back in the chair and crossed his legs as he had done downstairs, resuming his former position. Looking back at his paperwork, Daisuke went back to doing whatever it was he had been preoccupying himself with and a long painful silence settled between them. Aizawa’s foot began to shake as his impatience grew more and more.

“Well?” he broke. “Mom said you wanted to talk to me for once.” Daisuke didn’t look up from his papers, seemingly ignoring his son. The latter gripped his arm through his jacket, feeling his nails dig into his skin.

“If you have nothing to say, I’m not wasting my time here.”

More silence, not even a glance.

Aizawa scoffed and muttered an “unbelievable” under his breath as he stood up fiercely, the legs of the chair scraping beneath him. As he turned to leave, Daisuke looked at his back and began to speak, stopping Aizawa in his tracks.

“How long are you going to play pretend, Shouta?”

The only child’s hand froze over the door handle and he slowly let it rest down on it, gripping it tightly. “What the hell is that supposed to mean?” he asked, not looking back.

Daisuke tossed the folder on his desk as if they didn’t matter and sighed. “It’s exactly as it sounds. How long are you going to keep up this “hero” nonsense?”

Aizawa slowly turned, glaring at his father. The irritation had evolved into full-blown annoyance at this point. “This again? You know it isn’t “nonsense”, it’s something that I want to do, just like what you have with skating and mom has with ballet.”

“You understand, though, that pro-heroes aren’t a stable job?” Daisuke inquired, standing up. “The only reason people like All Might are able to be successful is because they have immeasurable power that puts them above normal citizens like us. Do you have any idea what it requires to be a pro-hero?”

“That’s what I’m going to U.A. for, isn’t it?” Aizawa was raising his voice. “You think I don’t know how intense it is to become one? I’m not stupid.”

“I know you aren’t,” Daisuke placed his hands in his pockets, his tired gaze falling on Aizawa, “but I don’t want you to waste your time at this academy only to end up not being financially secure. A pro-hero isn’t a steady career choice. What if you get hurt so badly you’re put out of commission forever, or, God forbid, you lose your sight one day? Your quirk is a fragile one, Shouta, not one suitable for fighting crime.”

Aizawa spun around and fully faced his dad. He was about to yell at him, but stopped when he saw his father’s face. It was one he wasn’t used to seeing: a pained, saddened expression as his half-lidded stare focused on his son. He took in a breath, trying to find his words, but Daisuke cut him
"I have an offer for you. After this month, I’m going to be traveling to Thailand on business. There, I’ll be overlooking figure skaters that are aiming to take the sport seriously and compete. I want you to come with me because I feel like it would be good for you to get out of Japan and to open your eyes to what you’ve been missing out on these last three years. I’ll even pull you out of U.A. myself if that’s what it takes. It’s been a while, but you’re capable and strong. If you were to start up your training again, I’m sure your form would be mastered in no time."

His father’s words sunk into him like a poison. Aizawa clenched his fists tightly, as he had no intention of agreeing anyway. He wasn’t about to put his hero training on pause for him. "You don’t need to answer right away," Daisuke said, "you have a whole month to think about it, after all."

"No," Aizawa firmly answered, "I’m not going with you."

Daisuke’s glare hardened down at his son. "Like I said, you have a whole month to think about it. That’s all."

Despite being told this, Aizawa knew his father would settle for nothing less than a “yes, sir”, but he didn’t care. He hurriedly rushed out of his father’s office, slamming the door behind him and making his way down the long hallway and stairs. He didn’t even pause as he walked by the living room, instead going straight to the front door.

"Midoriya, we’re leaving!"

Izuku and Aiko looked up from their conversation and he immediately gulped down the rest of his glass of water. He placed it on the coaster, bowed to her as thanks, and made his way to where Aizawa was putting on his shoes.

"Shouta, is everything alright?" Aiko asked as she scurried her way towards them. "What did your father say?"

"Same old garbage," Aizawa huffed, tightening his laces hard, "but it’s fine. Your show is next Saturday night, right? I’ll be there." He was talking too fast, and all Aiko could mutter was a worried "okay". Izuku bowed again as they left with Aiko waving goodbye and calling to them to be careful.

As they walked in silence back to the train station, Izuku was trying his best to keep up with Aizawa. He was walking faster than usual, keep a strong distance between the two. "Aizawa-kun," Izuku called, "wait up!"

As if realizing he forgot all about Izuku being with him, Aizawa stopped in his tracks immediately. They stayed like that for a minute, the buzzing of the street lamps around them beginning to flicker on one by one as the sun began to set. Izuku’s soft breathing was the only thing Aizawa could recognize behind him and he opened his mouth.

"I’m sorry."

"W-what?" Izuku stammered. "No, it… it’s okay! I just… you ran out so fast." Aizawa didn’t look at him, instead he closed his eyes and rubbed at them. His voice was quiet as he began to speak slowly, "You know, if it had been any other time, I probably would have just gone home and straight to bed, pissed off."

As if realizing he forgot all about Izuku being with him, Aizawa stopped in his tracks immediately. They stayed like that for a minute, the buzzing of the street lamps around them beginning to flicker on one by one as the sun began to set. Izuku’s soft breathing was the only thing Aizawa could recognize behind him and he opened his mouth.

"I told mom that I would attend her show and I was seriously contemplating of making up something as an excuse to not go. Not because I don’t want to go, but because I don’t want to be around my dad. We haven’t spoken in over three years, and the first thing he wants to talk to me about isn’t how
I’m doing but how he wants me to travel with him. All he cares about is me competing in figure skating and dance competitions and that just isn’t me. But... I think because you’re here, I’m able to think more clearly now.”

“Were you still thinking about not going to the show, then?” Izuku asked lightly.

Aizawa’s head tilted up to the sky and he thought for a minute. The pinks, blues and purples from the sunset contrasting against the brighter schemes he saw from that morning. He took steady breaths and swallowed. “No. In fact, I would feel a lot better if you came with me.”

Izuku felt his stomach do flip flops and he scratched his arm nervously. “T-together? You want me to come with you?”

“I’m sorry I’m asking so much of you,” Aizawa sighed, “it’s just that...” He debated whether to say his next words, but he didn’t want to keep everything inside again. His arms rose and fell as he breathed and stared at the ground.

“When you’re with me, I feel like everything is going to be alright.”

He could hear Izuku’s slow footsteps walk up from behind him and a sudden warmth enveloped his empty right hand. He looked down, seeing what it was, and it was Izuku’s hand holding his.

Aizawa slowly turned and saw his concerned face, for the first time, actually looking into his green eyes. “If you need anything, Aizawa-kun,” Izuku said, his voice serious, “I’m here for you.” His hand squeezed Aizawa’s tightly, as if to both comfort him and affirm he would go with him.

It felt like time had stood still and all that could be heard were their breaths and hearts beating. The erasure user softly stared at their hands, clasped in each other’s, and felt the same warmth he had from this morning inside his chest.

Ah, he thought, that’s what it was.

He closed his eyes and all of the anger he had from earlier seemed to have melted away. Izuku wasn’t prepared for Aizawa’s next move, as he lifted his head up to look at him. A true, gentle smile graced his tired features, and Izuku could see it not just on his lips, but in his eyes as well. Tears pricked at the corner of them and his cheeks grew red, as if trying to stop them from falling.

“Thank you, Midoriya.”

A light breeze blew strands of hair around Aizawa’s soft, glowing features, and Izuku had never seen anything more beautiful.

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Present Day

Aizawa had thought about it and eventually asked Nezu if he would be able to take the month off until Izuku came back. The principal had cocked his head to the side in confusion, but eventually agreed, realizing that a teacher having physical ailments on the job wasn’t the best course of action.

He hated not being able to work, both as a teacher and a hero, because he liked the distraction it gave him. But now, with so much time off, he had no idea what to do with himself. The rest of the teachers were busy and he didn’t really have any close friends off campus. He sighed as the day came to a close, and he looked over at his wall calendar. On it, he marked the specific time that Izuku should be returning. As of tonight, since there were thirty-one days in the month, Izuku had about
twenty-seven days to go.

_I hope he’s doing alright_, he thought. It felt like all he could do was think about Izuku ever since he left. He had also been feeling hot both in his face and chest, wondering if he was coming down with a fever. However, they would go away as soon as they came, usually followed after one of his episodes. He groaned in boredom and tapped his finger away at the couch beneath him.

Then, without warning, the unbearable ringing jolted inside his brain. Aizawa lurched over, holding his head and tightened his eyes shut. “God… damn it…” he growled out and felt his senses growing dizzy. At that moment, new images flashed in his mind once again.

Morning. His apartment. He was with someone who sat on his couch. Midoriya? It could have been anybody, the face was blacked out like a censor bar. His parents’ home. That’s when dad came back for a while. Anger. Going home. Wait. A hand? Someone was holding his hand. He was staring at the person now, face to face. Tears were blocking his view, but he wasn’t sad. He was happy, overwhelmingly so. Who? Who was it?

_Who was making him feel like this?_

Aizawa gasped and fell to the floor as the ringing ceased. He panted through harsh breaths and felt his entire body go warm. His hand reached up to his face and felt something wet on his cheeks. He blinked and realized he was crying.

“What…” He remained on the floor, struggling to figure out the meaning of the memories and his tears. He shook his head, wiping them away, and stood up slowly. A knock at his door caught his attention and he made his way over to it, clutching the side of his head.

“ERASER!” a loud, familiar voice shouted in English behind the door, “OPEN UP!”

Aizawa sighed heavily and opened the office door, revealing Midnight and Present Mic in their lounging clothes, holding bags of what looked like take-out. Midnight had on knee-length black leggings and a cream-yellow sweater that looked too big on her. Mic was in a pair of loose track pants and white t-shirt with some English phrase he couldn’t understand on it. His long hair that was usually gelled up horribly was pulled down into a normal short bun. Both heroes had on their prescription glasses which made Aizawa internally smirk in amusement.

“YO! We brought some dinner!” Mic motioned as he picked up one of the bags and showed it off. Aizawa blinked as his eyes went from the bags to Mic to Midnight, who was also carrying two bags and had a grin plastered on her face.

He wordlessly let them in and Aizawa soon found himself surrounded by cheap Chinese take-out food with Midnight and Present Mic easily striking up a conversation. As he took a bite out of his small serving of white rice, Mic pointed his chopsticks at Aizawa and opened his mouth.

“That reminds me, Eraser! I heard you’ve been getting some bad headaches!” Aizawa looked at Midnight, who avoided his gaze.

She told him, he grimaced.

“Yeah, I have,” he reluctantly answered, “they come at random so I asked Principal Nezu for the month off until Midoriya comes back.” Mic and Midnight shuffled uncomfortably in their seats, which Aizawa noticed. “What?” he asked.

“About that,” Midnight spoke, placing her food down, “Mic and I… we’ve both been getting them too.”

Aizawa paused from eating and looked at the both of them. “What do you mean?”
“They’re not nearly as bad as yours!” Mic waved. “We were taking care of our paper work when the subject came up and we just kind of… started talking about them. They’re like regular headaches but they last a few seconds. Do you know if it’s because of Midoriya-san?”

Aizawa looked down at his food in silence. “Most likely. I did tell him to stay with my past self, and since we were all at U.A. at the same time, it’s possible he’s influencing your memories too.” Midnight sighed. “Well, that’s just great. I hope he doesn’t fall in love with me!”

Mic and Aizawa gave her the most unimpressed stares and she chuckled. “I’m just kidding! Jeez.”

“We also wanted to just check on ya, y’know?” Mic went back to eating. “I know you aren’t doing good and you feel bad for what happened to Midoriya-san. All we want is to support you. Not just as heroes but as your friends, too!”

“Your closest, bestest friends!” Midnight winked, her glasses bouncing on her nose.

Aizawa nodded as he picked up his bottled water. Taking off the plastic cap, he stared into the bottle as if trying to find something to say in the remaining water.

“I’ve been thinking about Midoriya a lot,” he admitted.

Midnight and Mic looked up at Aizawa as he was studying the water. “That’s only natural, right?” she asked, softly. “I’m sure you’re stressed beyond belief.” Mic nodded and added, “Also, this is Midoriya-san we’re talking about, he’s a pretty strong kid! If he’s around us from back then, I think he’ll be just fine. Don’t get too worked up about it.”

“I guess,” Aizawa mumbled. He drank the entire water bottle in one go to ignore the fact that his face began to heat up again.
i guess i wouldn't mind falling in love

Chapter Notes

Wow.

First of all, I cannot thank you guys enough for the nice comments I've been receiving the last few weeks. It's been rough for me IRL, but since I passed summer classes with all A’s and I'm quitting my current horrible job in favor of work-study that pays the same rate, I've been feeling like everything is getting better.

You've all been so mega patient with me, that I'm so overwhelmed with the love and support you guys have shown me while I was on a small hiatus. I didn't expect this fic to get any traction, but I'm so happy to have come into contact with more Aideku fans and people who genuinely enjoy the story and characterization. This chapter is especially dedicated to my wife, who has been a big emotional support for me through these last few weeks.

All I can say is, I hope this chapter was worth the wait. :)

Enjoy!

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It had been five days since Aizawa’s confrontation with his father.

The air in his apartment held a tinge of depression, Izuku noticed, and they had only interacted for short periods of time. Talking, asking how each other’s days went, what they wanted for dinner… it was a comforting lifestyle, but Izuku couldn’t help but worry about Aizawa since that day.

It was Friday, which meant Aiko’s performance was tomorrow. Aizawa was reluctant at first, but Izuku had been the reason he had decided to go and support her, despite his father being present. Before he had left for school that morning, Aizawa had informed Izuku that they would be going shopping for formal suits to wear to the ballet. Izuku had insisted it was fine, and didn’t want to be a burden on Aizawa financially, but the erasure user wouldn’t have it. “If we’re going to support my mother, we’re both going to look nice.” he had said.

Izuku sighed at the memory and stared outside the veranda window. It was nearing the time where U.A. classes were about to end for the day, so all there was left to do was wait for Aizawa to get home. He had preoccupied himself for the last few days by cleaning and forcing himself to learn how to cook new recipes. Omurice for dinner every night got old fast, and he felt it was a disservice to his future instructor by cooking the same thing over and over.

A knock at the door snapped Izuku out of his thoughts and he furrowed his brows. Who on earth would be visiting at this time? Not Aizawa, since this was his place. Izuku cautiously went over to the front door and opened it. “Uwa-!” he gawked at the form that stood before him. A rather tall man stood at the door. He wore sunglasses to conceal his features and had snow-white hair sticking out from underneath a black baseball cap. His clothes were rather casual, a black t-shirt
that hugged his extremely fit torso on top of blue jeans with white sneakers. In his right hand were two square envelopes that were black and had gold trimming printed around the edges. A salesman?

“Ah,” he uncharacteristically gaped, “sorry, I think I have the wrong apartment.”

Izuku blinked as his eyes widened slightly. He knew the man had looked familiar from the picture in Aizawa’s living room. This was…

As the man turned to walk further down the hallway, Izuku placed a hand on the doorframe and called out, “Are you… Aizawa Daisuke?”

The man stopped in his tracks and momentarily paused. He began to slowly take off his sunglasses and turned back to Izuku, who felt a familiar emotion surge through him as tired eyes bore towards him.

It was him.

“Aah,” he groaned, “didn’t Aiko say that Shouta had a friend staying with him? Green hair, right? Guess I forgot… what a pain.” Izuku gulped as Daisuke muttered to himself and walked back to him.

“Uhh, Midoriya-kun, am I right?” he asked, placing his hands in front pockets. Izuku had noticed Daisuke’s habit immediately when he continuously made groaning interjections before speaking. Was he just awkward, tired or lazy? Or all three?

“Y-yes,” he answered, a bead of sweat beginning to form on his temple. Aiko was intimidating because of her overly energetic personality and height, but Daisuke had a completely different aura. From the second Izuku opened the door, he thought he was back in his own time and Aizawa, his teacher, was standing in front of him. The same body stance, the deceiving relaxed posture, the low, drained voice and most of all, the same exact eyes… all those traits, Aizawa got from Daisuke. If it weren’t for the strikingly white, short hair, they could have been twins, no doubt.

“These are for you and Shouta,” Daisuke handed the two envelopes over to Izuku, who slowly and gently grabbed them, “they’re the pamphlets for the ballet show. Shouta’s mother wanted me to deliver them, but it seems as if you’re the only one here.” Izuku simply nodded, “He-he’s still at school, right now.”

Daisuke’s eyes formed a tinge of annoyance at the mere mention of U.A. as he side-eyed to his left, “Of course,” he looked back to Izuku and the latter felt as if a pressure was pushing down on his shoulders, “speaking of school, why aren’t you with him?”

Izuku gulped, unsure of what to say. His legs felt weak and he was getting a rush of blood to his cheeks. Daisuke’s perception was as good as Aizawa’s and he felt as if he were an open book. Before he could come up with an excuse, Daisuke quickly moved on, as if uninterested.

“Well, whatever,” he scratched the back of his neck, closing his eyes, “I’d appreciate it if you would just give that to him. See ya.”

Daisuke placed his sunglasses back on as he made his way back downstairs to the front of the apartment building. Izuku looked down the balcony and saw him get into an extremely expensive-looking black car as a chauffeur in a matching black suit opened the door for him and then drive off.

A light wind blew past Izuku as he stared at the two envelopes, one labeled as “Midoriya-chan” and the other as “Shouta” in gold writing.
“My dad came over!!”

Aizawa had come home an hour after Daisuke had left and both he and Izuku had left the apartment quickly to get their shopping over with. He seemed to have been in a hurry, as well as on edge. They had headed downtown by train and Aizawa had taken it upon himself to be in charge with where they were going. Izuku had never been in so many high-class dress stores, especially for suits, but Aizawa made sure to guide him towards the absolute best choices.

After running around, they had made it back home at eight o’clock. Aizawa had settled on black slacks with new, polished black dress shoes. For the top, he bought a form-fitting black blazer with two buttons in front, a lavender undervest and a white button-up shirt. He was debating for a while on getting a tie to go with the ensemble, but had decided against it. As for Izuku, Aizawa thought that a white suit complimenting his dark hair and eyes would be the best choice. He wasn’t very good at picking out good-looking clothes, especially for major events, so Izuku had let Aizawa take the lead and find what was good for him. After much deliberation between tan and white, Aizawa settled on a white suit with black shoes and a red tie to complete the look. The red added a pop of color in contrast to the monochrome outfit and Izuku agreed that it looked decent. Sixty-thousand-plus yen and constant apologizing from Izuku about the price cost later, they had their clothes for the big night.

It wasn’t until they made it back home that Izuku had a chance to bring up Daisuke and the envelopes he brought, Aizawa completely unaware of them.

“Tch,” Aizawa clicked his tongue, “of course he just happens to conveniently drop by when I’m not here. You should have just not answered the door and left him standing there like an idiot.”

Izuku’s mouth formed into a thin line. “He had a lot more informal way of speaking than I thought he would,” he admitted, “not something I expected from a pro-figure skater.”

“Dad is only professional around the camera and colleagues,” Aizawa crossed his legs on the couch and huffed, “with anybody else, he talks like a rude kid, despite being almost forty.”

Forty?! Daisuke looked to be at least in his late twenties to early thirties. I guess the Aizawa family genes are really good… Izuku thought.

“Was he rude to you?”

“N-no, not particularly.”

“You don’t have to lie, he can be a real asshole.”

A nervous laugh. “Honestly, Aizawa-kun, he was fine.” In fact, he reminded me a lot of you, Izuku wanted to say, but he kept his mouth shut.

Aizawa hummed as he leaned forward to inspect the table in front of him, the envelopes Daisuke brought over earlier resting on top. He picked the one up that read “Shouta” and ripped the top off, pulling out a small, white booklet with black elegant writing and designing over it.

“Ohh, she’s doing that ballet, huh,” Aizawa’s voice lit up with an impressed tone as Izuku sat next to him, his own envelope in hand, “no wonder she wanted me to come.”

Izuku pulled out his own pamphlet copy and the front of the booklet read the name of the play.
Izuku flipped open to the first page which was completely black except for a single question in the middle that asked, "What does “home” mean to you?"

What a strange way to begin a pamphlet. "Have you heard of this ballet, Midoriya?" Aizawa asked, pointing to the booklet. Izuku shook his head and smiled awkwardly, "No, I’m afraid I don’t keep up with plays or ballets very much, besides the popular ones like Swan Lake."

“Well, let me start off by saying this is no ordinary ballet performance,” Aizawa flipped to the last page which had the list of the cast and crew, “see that name right here?” Izuku peered over to Aizawa’s booklet and saw a special effects credit with the name “Lumière Kobayashi” under it. “Who is that?” Izuku asked, as he looked up to his caretaker. His eyes widened as he saw an expression on Aizawa’s face he was never used to seeing: pure pride and excitement. His eyes had sparkles in them and the biggest, brightest smile he had ever seen could put Uraraka’s to shame.

“This guy,” Aizawa explained, a slight red gracing his cheeks, “he’s super famous! He works on stage plays and ballet recitals that incorporate quirks into the performances! He’s half-French, half-Japanese and has a whole team of diverse people that work with him behind the scenes; they use their quirks to perform things like invisibility or illusions that trick the audience into seeing things that aren’t there on the actors, like transformation sequences or fire. He brings a lot of what he does to life and it makes everything he works on way cooler than it would be if it were just things the audience has to imagine were there. It’s really expensive and the training is especially hard, since the actors and dancers have to be in sync with Kobayashi-san’s team’s quirks. I didn’t know mom was doing a SFX-themed ballet! She probably kept it secret because of her contract."

Izuku’s face lit up with wonder, the Aizawa in front of him being visibly overjoyed at this information. “Ah, sorry,” he stopped himself, smile vanishing and cheeks reddening, “I’m just ten times more excited now that I learned my mom is working with Kobayashi-san.”

“No, no!” Izuku waved his hands, “Don’t worry about it, I… I really like seeing you like this.” Aizawa inhaled a deep breath sharply at those words and went back to the pamphlet, clearing his throat. “Anyway, since you don’t know this ballet, I’ll let you in on it since it can be a little hard to follow at first. Especially since there’s no dialogue.”

Izuku flipped back to the front of the pamphlet and went to the table of contents, eyeing where the plot synopsis was.

“The story goes like this, in four acts: in act one, the main character, Anura, is introduced as a girl who genuinely cares and loves her family and friends. She’s a joyful person and like her home village, worships the many gods and goddesses of nature. As she’s gathering apples one day, she is spotted by the God of Wind, Borias. Having seen her beauty, he craves her to become his and his only. He comes before her, promising to make her his immortal bride, but she declines, saying she would rather grow old with the people around her than live forever and watch them die without her. Enraged, Borias tries to rape and take her by force but Anura escapes, running away from her village to protect her family.

“In act two, Anura finds she can’t escape the wind because it’s nature, which is all around her. With her feet bloodied from the stickers and splinters of the forest floor, she gives up and collapses from exhaustion. Before Borias’ presence can reach her, a large stag protects her, engulfing them in light. She awakens later to find herself in a small cottage home, the man from earlier having taken a human form. He is Aeden, the guardian of the forest and he reveals that Anura is far away from home. He is able to transform himself and other organisms into other living things like rocks, trees, etc., which is
how he is keeping her presence concealed from Borias. She breaks into tears, worried she would never see her family again. He comforts her and promises that, as a guardian of both nature and humans, he would protect her.

“In act three, Anura and Aeden have been together for over a month hiding from Borias. Within that time, Anura had become newly pregnant with Aeden’s child. Aeden explains that while he was patrolling, Borias was still very much looking for Anura and that he had conjured up massive, deadly wind storms searching for her. Concerned for her family, Anura convinces Aeden to take her home, as Borias’ growing tantrum may destroy her village and kill her family. They leave Aeden’s home, much to his reluctance, the only place concealing her presence. As they make their way to their destination, Borias finds them with ease, and gravely injures Aeden. He encourages Anura to leave him and be with her family. She refuses, because he is now also her family.

“In the final act, act four, Borias senses a child between a forest guardian and a human inside of Anura. He attacks her in a rage, promising her village is next. As her blood spills on the forest floor, she feels the combination of power from Aeden and herself. Realizing she now harbors a share of his power inside her, she makes a last resort to save her family: she transforms herself into a large Beech tree, her self-sacrifice and resolve being so great it towers over Borias and Aeden. The gods and goddesses of nature sense her selflessness and arrive to bless her as protection for her village and the forest, stripping Borias of his power and damning him to eternal isolation. Aeden, heartbroken and dying, is reborn into the new God of Wind, able to dance in the air where Anura’s new leaves now blow. Her family prays beneath her bark every day, all finally reunited.”

Aizawa closed the pamphlet and sighed. “Dramatic, right? It could be a Greek myth.”

Izuku was in awe. “It’s a beautiful story, but really sad.”

“How?” Aizawa asked, “Anura and Aeden are together, even though they look different, and she’s able to be with and protect her family.”

“But Anura wanted to remain a human so she could die with her family,” Izuku retorted, “now that she’s a tree, she has to look on as the world moves on without her.”

Aizawa hummed, “True. In a sense, Metamorphoses is a tragedy, despite the disguise of a happy ending. Well, I’d call it bittersweet, mostly.”

“It’s so detailed, I’m wondering how they’re going to do all of this without dialogue?” Izuku put a hand to his chin, in thought. Aizawa clicked his tongue and waved a finger, “It’s ballet, everything translates into body language, music, dance and expression. You’re just going to have to wait and see, it’s gonna be awesome!”

Izuku smiled at Aizawa’s ecstatic demeanor. He wasn’t used to seeing him react in such a way, so he made sure to take in the moment as much as he could. His smile, his eyes, the way he accidentally went on and on about ballet and its production, he wanted to absorb it all. It filled his entire senses with warmth. That’s when Izuku realized.

He wanted to see Aizawa happy.

He wanted to see him get along with his father.

He wanted him to not have any regrets when he got older.

He wanted to protect him, be there, emotionally, for him.

He wanted…
“Ah, we should get to bed,” Aizawa stood up, “after I get out of school tomorrow, we have to head straight to the theater, it starts at six-o’clock sharp. Make sure to be ready.”

“I will.”

Aizawa smiled and walked to his room, leaving Izuku alone in the living room in silence. He was so wrapped up in his own thoughts that Izuku hadn’t noticed he stopped breathing.

Izuku wanted to be with Aizawa.

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Saturday night came as fast as Izuku could blink.

It was already twenty past four when Aizawa rushed through the front door and pushed for both of them to get in their suits. He had quickly explained his mom arranged a chauffeur for them so they could arrive on time and that he would get here any minute. As Izuku slipped his shoes on, he tapped the front of them so they could fit properly and walked outside of the spare room. No sooner had he done that, he caught the eye of a pacing Aizawa, who froze when he saw Izuku, the latter doing the same.

Their suits had fit perfectly on each other, not too baggy and not too constricting. It was the one thing that worried Aizawa since he didn’t have time to get them tailor-made. The dash of red on Izuku’s tie pulled his whole outfit together, and showed not only class but Izuku’s personality as well. On the other hand, Izuku also noticed how decent Aizawa looked in his choice of colors. Black was always his trademark shade but the lavender vest added a gentle aura to him. His hair was also slicked back, a style that made Izuku remember his public apology on national television.

“You look great!” they both said in unison, flustered at each other’s reaction.

“Uh,” Aizawa motioned, “here, let’s see what we can do about your hair.” Izuku followed him into the bathroom and heard the sink faucet begin to run. He pulled a hairbrush from one of the bathroom drawers and lightly wet it, pulling Izuku to stand in front of him. The other boy clamped his eyes shut as he felt Aizawa part his usually wild hair to the side with the brush. He felt Aizawa cup his free hand on Izuku’s cheek to keep his head still, an action that made his eyes wander away to avoid looking at the other.

“It isn’t perfect, but you look presentable enough,” Aizawa said as he turned the faucet off. Izuku looked in the mirror and saw that his hair, while parted to the side, still maintained some edges that stuck up. It didn’t look too terrible, it still looked like him just neater.

“Th-thank you,” Izuku stuttered.

Aizawa rubbed his hands together nervously, realizing how close they were. “Sorry, I… I’m a little nerve-wracked, at the moment.”

“You have been since yesterday,” Izuku admitted, “you were running around and on edge all day.” Aizawa huffed and began to make his way out of the bathroom, Izuku following behind. “Yeah, I’m excited for mom’s show but just anxious around dad. I just hope he doesn’t say something stupid.”

Izuku chuckled, saying that everything will be fine.

Aizawa had gotten unusually quiet and he stood in front of the doorway. He looked at his phone, mentioning the chauffeur was right around the corner. Izuku couldn’t help but look back and forth between them; the suits, the scheduled performance, the high-class expectations…
“Is this a date?”

Aizawa froze, his surprised face slowly turned to Izuku, who didn’t realize what he had just said out loud. He had his eyes to the floor and they seemed to be looking far away, the kind of look Aizawa had been getting used to seeing whenever Izuku was deep in thought. He stared at him, for what seemed like an eternity; as he opened his mouth to reply to the unsuspecting boy, a car horn blared twice outside.

“Oh, that was fast!” Izuku snapped out of his thinking and made sure he had his spare key in his pocket. Aizawa followed behind him, quietly deciding against saying anything, and shut the front door.

It took no less than thirty minutes to get to the theatre, still having a half-hour to spare to get seated early. The car ride was filled with an awkward silence, Aizawa contemplating whether to bring up what Izuku had asked. He seemed to have genuinely no clue that he asked that externally, since he was acting as if nothing were wrong. The thought of bringing it back up made Aizawa’s stomach turn and he felt as if his chest were about to explode.

He had to keep it cool.

Tonight had to be perfect, for Aiko’s sake.

As they made their way inside the theatre, they were greeted with numerous people conversing with each other, all sharply dressed. Izuku had never felt so out of place since he was one of the only two teenagers in an event full of adults.

“Shouta!” a strong voice called from the front of the entrance hall.

Aizawa and Izuku’s heads turned to the direction of the voice and Aizawa scowled when he saw Daisuke waving. His white hair was parted to the side and his body adorned a navy-blue suit with a black tie. Around him were a few people, probably the colleagues Aizawa had mentioned, since Daisuke’s appearance and demeanor was vastly different from the day prior. Aizawa gripped Izuku by the hand, to the latter’s surprise, and briskly made his way to his father.

“Your mother got us front row seats, as usual,” Daisuke motioned, “make sure to have your tickets on you when we enter.”

Aizawa nodded. They had both placed their tickets into their blazer pockets way ahead of time, but for some reason, Aizawa felt Daisuke was treating him like a baby. Izuku gulped as Daisuke’s eyes traced over to him, a warm smile gracing his good-looking features. “Well, don’t you look handsome tonight, Midoriya-kun? Quite a difference from yesterday.”

Izuku’s face heated at the compliment as Aizawa felt a surge of annoyance shoot through him. “Th-thank you, Aizawa-san,” he stammered, avoiding his gaze. Aizawa bore a glare into Daisuke, who merely smirked down playfully at his son.

He’s doing this on purpose, he thought, squeezing Izuku’s hand tightly. Despite not seeing each other for a long time, Daisuke had always liked to tease Aizawa, especially around company. It was amusing for him, but a hinderance on Aizawa, who would always uncharacteristically lose his temper and get embarrassed easily. Now that they were at an extremely important event, Daisuke was challenging Aizawa to make an idiot of himself in front of everyone by flustering Izuku, but he wouldn’t give in.

“This is your son, Aizawa-san?” one of the women next to him asked, “He’s so cute!”
“Ah, yes,” he affirmed, “Shouta, this is-“

Aizawa was already walking away with Izuku in tow, far away from Daisuke. The pro-figure skater sighed with a chuckle and turned towards her apologetically, “Teenagers.”

Aizawa stopped at the front of the entrance hall and groaned loudly into his hands. Izuku rubbed his arm nervously and waited for the other boy to calm down enough to talk. “He’s such a bastard,” Aizawa mumbled, “sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Izuku responded.

“He does this every time,” Aizawa placed his hands in his pants’ pockets and glared at the red carpeted floor, “not out of maliciousness, mind you, he acts like that just to get on my nerves.”

“Is that his way of… trying to joke around with you?”

“You could say that,” Aizawa shrugged, “I’m shocked, to be honest. I thought he wasn’t going to bother with interaction at all tonight.”

Izuku breathed softly. Daisuke, as weird of a way he had with playing around, was trying to reconnect with his son. Did he have a change of heart? Aizawa seemed to not be having any of it, though. “His comment about me… was that what made you mad?”

Aizawa stiffened and looked up at him, “Probably. I was holding your hand, so he might have thought we…” He paused for a minute.

“Thought… what?”

“Ladies and gentlemen, if I could have your attention please!” a voice from the theatre entrance boomed. Everyone, including Aizawa and Izuku, went silent and turned their attention to a man in a tuxedo with thick-rimmed glasses.

“Tonight’s highly anticipated ballet performance of Metamorphoses will now begin its seating. Please have your tickets ready as you calmly and collectively make your way through the doors. We will begin with VIP guests first!”

A large crowd began to form as people removed their tickets from their pockets and hand bags, Aizawa once again grabbing Izuku by the hand. “We can’t get separated, so just stay close to me.” Izuku merely nodded as they made their way through the sea of people, Aizawa and Izuku excusing themselves as politely as possible.

When they made it to the front and flashed their VIP status, the doorman tore the tickets on their dotted lines and welcomed them inside. The theatre was brightly lit with rows upon rows of red velvet seats by the hundreds. Izuku gawked at the size of the elegant room as Aizawa led him to the very front where he saw Daisuke standing.

“I was waiting for you,” he said, “get lost?”

Aizawa scoffed and moved past him as the three of them sat down in their assigned seats. Daisuke was first with Izuku next to him and Aizawa was last. Izuku felt incredibly awkward sitting between a father and son, especially a father and son who weren’t on very good terms with each other. When Aizawa had mentioned Daisuke’s way of joking with him, he felt his hands clench up. It seemed that, out of all the Aizawas, Aiko was the least socially awkward.

His eyes slowly glanced to Daisuke, who had one leg crossed and hands clasped together in his lap.
Professional, clean, elegant. He then looked towards Aizawa, who had both his arms and legs crossed, his expression a half-lidded stare with a tinge of agitation. Aizawa was never good with professionalism or expressing it, he barely managed on national television and nearly lost it at that one reporter.

It felt like an eternity for the theatre to fill up, but as soon as it did, the lights began to dim until the entire room was dark. The lights at the front of the stage remained on, the large red curtains still drawn closed. The orchestral band had also taken their seats and prepared themselves for their opening performance. The theatre grew quiet from the numerous chatters as a man in his later forties to early fifties took the stage, his dark tailcoat flowing behind him.

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and thank you for coming here tonight.” He bowed and slowly stood straight, continuing, “My name is Takano Hiro, and I am the director for Japan’s first dance academy that specialized in combining the art of dance and quirks. The performances you are about to see tonight are some of which I take the most pride in. I say that with the upmost respect to the people involved, including the extremely talented, and one and only, Lumière Kobayashi.” He took a moment to pause and smile as applause erupted from the audience. “He was very informative and amazing in how the dancers would combine their unique movements and quirks into his SFX routines that what came out, was truly spectacular. I hope you will enjoy tonight and appreciate all the demanding work that went into this production. Thank you very much and please enjoy our rendition of *Metamorphoses*.”

Hiro began to walk off stage after bowing once more as more applause flooded the auditorium. The sounds of soft strings from the violins in the orchestra built up slowly as the curtains began to separate, silencing the entire room.

The stage was enormous, Izuku noted, much more so than he had expected. The first thing he noticed were the numerous greens against a dark blue background. Because it was a ballet, there wasn’t much need for practical props, which worked in favor of the SFX team. He could tell an illusion quirk was being used, and it was probably Kobayashi’s go-to type of quirk since it proved the most effective. The room was immediately flooded with the smell of pine and translucent trees graced the edges of the stage. Already, there were ‘ooh’s’ and ‘aah’s’ from the crowd, but Izuku noticed how silent Daisuke and Aizawa were. He observed the stage more, and saw about ten dancers on each side of the stage. As the music grew louder and more upbeat, they began to dance. Their movements were light and graceful to match with the music. Izuku remembered that the beginning of the ballet was to introduce Anura and her family, but he didn’t see Aiko anywhere.

The side dancers were dressed in flashy gowns, something Izuku expected more from a stage play than a ballet. The dresses they were in hit the floor, and Izuku wondered how on earth they were going to dance in them. His question was answered when they flawlessly danced on their toes, as light as feathers, the long dress skirts wrapping around their legs and forms brilliantly.

“No all ballets include tutus and tights,” Aizawa whispered into Izuku’s ear suddenly, making him jump, “lots of different kind of outfits are used, especially for dramas.”

“I-I see…”

They turned back to the stage and saw a group of four walk briskly onto the stage, smiles on their faces. An older-looking man, woman and two young ladies. They, too, bore the same village dresses and did not dance, but instead made gestures to each other. One of the girls looked around as if looking for someone and the oldest women placed a hand on her hip, her gaze wandering to the dancers to behind the “trees”.

Suddenly, spinning out from the side, was Aiko.
She moved gracefully on her toes, her long legs stretched as she took center stage. Her “family”
looked on in amusement, making excited faces and hand movements at her. Her long, black hair was
done up in a tight bun with a pink ribbon tied around it. Aiko, or Anura as she was now, wore a pure
white costume dress that looked more like a traditional tutu, but with significant changes. Her top
was form-fitting and her skirt was short with frills that bounced with each of her movements. Her
opaque top led into sleeves that were decorated with lace and her legs ornamented with white tights
to match on her light pink ballet slippers.

Izuku could feel the mood from Daisuke and Aizawa change positively immediately, and he felt
more relaxed. He looked back and forth at them again and their faces lit up. Aiko had a large smile
on her face as she danced with her team, and Izuku couldn’t help but smile as well. She was
absolutely glowing, and the ballet had only just begun.

As the dancers and Anura came to a halt, there was a bright light from above them. Izuku looked
upward and saw rays of what looked like sunshine beam down on stage. Anura, front and center,
wrapped her arms around herself as she balanced professionally, stretching out her arms above as the
others on stage followed suit.

Once the bright rays dimmed away, Anura made a quick twirl and landed gracefully in a sitting
position with one leg outstretched. The stage lights went off as the curtains closed and there was a
loud applause from the audience. Izuku wasn’t sure how exciting his first ballet show would be, but
the opening wasn’t boisterous enough to where the SFX got too overbearing. Both already showed
promise of being a stable blend and he couldn’t wait to see the rest after knowing the basic plot.

When the curtains reopened, Anura was the only one on stage. She held a basket in her arms as she
calmly walked along the stage as more trees were forming behind and all around her. The SFX team
is doing such a good job, Izuku thought to himself, not only are they making it look like a forest, but
it smells like we’re actually in one, too. As Anura walked over to one of the faux apple trees, she
looked to as if pluck one from the branches and drop it into her basket. Suddenly, a soft wind blew
on stage and onto the audience as the orchestra began to lower in tone.

From the opposite side of the stage, a male dancer slowly made his way on stage, the soft wind
continuing. He was in a completely gray leotard, a long, tattered top covering his torso. On his face
was white paint which went over his eyes and his black hair was slicked back. It was the God of
Wind, Borias. Anura, unaware of him, placed her basket down and stretched her arms over her head.
The male dancer’s movements were slow and his expression of longing and curiosity at her was
convincing. Anura began to slowly twirl but stopped once she saw Borias. She danced away from
him on her toes, delicately, one hand placed on her chest in fright.

As Borias danced towards her more, he gestured for her to come closer, which she did not. Instead,
she avoided his movements with her own, gracefully jumping around him with her long legs. That
was when Izuku noticed her movements in mid-air were longer than someone who was just jumping.
Aiko was using her levitation quirk for a prolonged time to avoid Borias.

The “conversation” they were having was completely through their body language. Izuku had a
wonderous gaze on them, amazed how they were able to communicate the story without words.
Aizawa looked over to Izuku and smiled, genuinely happy that he was enjoying the performance so
far.

As the music picked up and became more loud and eerie, a cello’s strings were being emphasized as
Borias wrapped his entire arm around Anura’s waist. He leaned down as he dipped her, and she
pulled her face away as she stretched out one leg. It was a harsh, nonconsensual dance, Anura
pulling away from Borias numerous times as he yanked her back. Izuku looked at Daisuke to check
his expression, unsure how he felt about another man being so close to his wife. However, he wasn’t 
fazed at all, knowing that they were just doing their jobs. Aizawa was focused on his mother, 
observing her feet and how they contorted around Borias’.

*She really did work herself to the bone,* he internally cringed, unable to imagine the pain she had 
gone through for this role.

Anura then made her way off-stage, her expression pained, twirling quickly and vanishing behind 
the wall; Borias took a stance with an outstretched arm towards her direction. A large, gust of wind 
rushed past him and the curtains closed as the music reached its climax. Another round of applause 
erupted and Izuku was floored.

The play from then on followed suit.

When Aeden showed up in his stag form, many people gasped as they were caught off guard by the 
illusion. The way the illusion moved and interacted with Anura was so life-like, Izuku heard some 
whispers from concerned audience members that somehow a real animal made its way on stage. 
However, once it dissolved into smoke and the scene changed, he knew it was the work of a quirk. 
The smell of water and the sounds of birds chirping accompanied with the romance blossoming 
between Anura and Aeden created an overwhelmingly relaxing atmosphere. The orchestra had 
begun to perform a calming, piano and violin-centric ensemble for their five-minute dance, 
cementing their love for each other.

Izuku could hear the faint sounds of noses sniffling in the crowd, unaware that a ballet could produce 
this much emotion for people.

As act three neared its end, Borias returned with an explosion of drums, strings, and a violent gust of 
wind that enveloped him, Anura and Aeden. As Aeden fell to the stage floor, Anura spun towards 
him and gently laid her body over his in despair. As the scene melted seamlessly into the final act, 
Borias loomed over the two “lovers” like a hawk over its prey. As Anura got up and performed a 
routine of moving away from Borias, she fell to the center of the stage floor as a gust of wind from 
him knocked her over. It was so convincing, Izuku was worried that Aiko had actually gotten pushed 
down, but remembered the wind was just an illusion.

As she slowly got to her feet, she placed a hand to her abdomen and gazed upward. The same rays 
of light from the first act shone down upon her, a sense of resolve forming on her tired features. As 
she stood up, Borias stepped back and Aeden gazed at her, his face contorting into pure pain.

The ballet had reached its apotheosis; the final dance from Anura, from Aiko, had begun.

The orchestra’s previously loud and anxiety-ridden sound had lowered into a soft violin and begun to 
sync with Aiko’s movements. She balanced on one leg, spreading her arms wide as her face looked 
towards the sunrays. The music began to pick up as she performed a flawless spin and moved with 
such sophistication and refinement that Izuku heard full on quiet sobs now. Her pained expression as 
Aeden reached out to her caused her hug herself as she did from act one.

Then it happened, she began to levitate off the floor completely.

Aizaw mentioned that she could only do it for a short time, and not at a very impressive height. But 
what made him and Daisuke completely in awe was the light surrounding her body. The strings from 
the violins and cellos reaching a dramatic peak. Izuku had never seen anything quite like this, and 
neither had the audience, apparently.

As she continued to spin herself in the air, she stopped and spread her arms as if she were being lifted
into the heavens. Branches began to form from her arms and her hair was released from her ribbon, turning into leaves. It was as if she were actually transforming before everyone’s eyes. Her expression looked downward, a warm, accepting smile gracing her features. Before Izuku knew it, Anura had completely vanished and what stood on stage was a large Beech tree.

Silence completely engulfed the room, with the exception of the orchestra, which continued their final notes.

The light from above grew brighter, as Borias fell to the floor in visible agony, and stopped moving. Aeden, still reaching out to the tree that was now Anura, slowly dissolved into smoke as his stag form had earlier. It was then, his form took on the form of a light wind, that breezed through the stage and around the tree. As the music ended, Anura’s family and village dancers made their way to the large tree, which was now glowing with beautiful light. They danced around it, the soft wind that was now Aeden, engulfing them all as they made their way off stage, leaving only the illusion of the tree. The curtains came to a final close, and a roar of applause exploded throughout the large room.

It seemed a standing ovation was in order, as everyone, including Izuku and the Aizawas were one of the first to do so. As Izuku looked to his right, he nearly stopped clapping when he saw Daisuke’s face. He had a visible look of love and adoration on his face, tears threatening to spill from his eyes. Izuku hadn’t expected this and neither did Aizawa, apparently. However, they didn’t say anything.

As the cast and crew were revealed behind the curtains, Aiko and the man who played Aeden were the first to come forward. They held hands, huge smiles on their faces, waved and bowed to the crowd. Aiko’s eyes met her husband’s and she clasped one hand over her mouth, trying not to cry herself. She waved to Aizawa and Izuku and made her way off stage with Aeden’s dancer in tow.

After everyone had received their well-deserved applause, Daisuke, Aizawa and Izuku waited outside the front hall for Aiko. When she had finished getting dressed in her normal clothes, she ran towards Daisuke with open arms, a smile and tears streaming from her eyes. She practically jumped into his arms, exclaiming, “I’m so happy you all came!”

“You were amazing,” Daisuke softly assured, “this was your best performance yet.”

She pulled away, her face red, as she wiped her tears and turned to the two teens. “Shouta, Midoriya-chan!” She leaned down on her knees and hugged them both tightly, “Seeing all of you there for me helped me so much! I thought I was going to mess up horribly.”

“You were really great, mom,” Aizawa said.

“Yeah, you were incredible!” Izuku beamed as she pulled away and stood up.

“Thank you,” she smiled, “I worked really hard on this, harder than anything else in my career, I think. I couldn’t have asked for a better evening.”

She paused and grabbed both Daisuke’s and Aizawa’s hands in hers. “I know things have been difficult between you two, but… having you both here to support me meant the world to me. Nothing is more important to me than my family, so seeing you two put aside your differences really filled me with indescribable joy.”

Aiko and Daisuke silently gazed at her as she choked on a lump in her throat. “I know we don’t agree on everything, but all of us being together tonight meant the world to me.”

Aiko was about to say something else, but was cut off as her husband and son embraced her instantaneously. Instead of talking, she sobbed into Daisuke’s torso. Izuku sighed as he looked on at
them, a relieved smile forming on his face.

This is the kind of happiness the Aizawas deserved.

“Ah, let’s not forget Midoriya-chan,” Aiko chuckled as she looked towards him, “you’ve been so good to Shouta, I consider you part of the family as well!”

Izuku waved his hands nervously, his face flushing. “A-ah, no, it’s okay! Really, this was your night!” He was cut off as Aiko embraced him as well, and Izuku quickly gave in to her. He was caught off guard as she whispered in his ear.

“I’ve noticed how he’s changed for the better lately,” she said, “so, please continue to take care of him, okay?”

She pulled away and smiled at him, turning back to Daisuke. She groaned in exhaustion and playfully fell into his arms. “Let’s go hooome, my feet hurt so baaad!” He smiled and nodded as Aizawa made his way back to Izuku and motioned for them to take their leave.

“Text me when you get back to your apartment, Shouta!” Aiko waved, “Be careful!”

When they reached their residence, Aizawa and Izuku collapsed on the living room couch together. They lazily took their blazers off and unbuttoned their vest and button-up shirts. Thankfully, Izuku’s tie was a clip on, so he was highly grateful it was easy to just pull off.

“I’m so tired,” Aizawa groaned, “today was too much socializing for me.”

Izuku laughed at the remark, as he leaned his head back on the couch cushion. Aizawa rustled his hair back to its natural state and looked at the other boy. He smirked and placed his hand on top of Izuku’s head and wildly rubbed his palm through his hair, messing it back to his usual style.

“H-hey, Aizawa-kun!”

A half-lidded stare blinked back at Izuku as Aizawa lazily smiled at him. “Thanks for coming with me tonight.” Izuku’s hands fell from his head to his lap and he nodded. “Of course! I’m glad I went, it was a lot of fun!”

Aizawa leaned back and sighed a breath of exhaustion. A comfortable silence filled the room as Izuku pulled out his phone and began to preoccupy himself with it. Aizawa stared at the ceiling, kicked off his shoes and took a deep breath in.

“Before we left,” he began, “you asked if this was a date.”

Izuku paused his scrolling and slowly turned to the other boy. “W-what?”

“Earlier, before we were about to leave for the show. You asked if this was a date.”

Izuku felt like retro dial-up noises were filling his head. He asked that? Out loud? Impossible. Did he? He was thinking about it, sure, but did he really… He felt his face heating up little by little and he avoided Aizawa’s gaze, covering his mouth with his hand.

“I was debating whether I should bring it up, but,” Aizawa scratched his temple, “I didn’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

Izuku had his entire face covered at this point, elbows on his knees and leaning over out of sheer
embarrassment. Aizawa raised an eyebrow and scooted over to him so that their thighs touched. He slowly reached to grab one of Izuku’s hands and revealed part of his face, completely red and tears threatening to spill from his eyes. This took Aizawa back and raised his other hand out of concern.

“A-are you okay?” he blinked. “What’s wrong?”

“I’m sorry,” Izuku muttered, “you probably… think I’m gross.”

“What? No,” Aizawa’s eyes met the floor, “I thought… you were the one who thought I was gross.”

Izuku was confused. He shifted to wear he was sitting back in his former position and wiped his eyes. “Me? Why?”

Aizawa thinned his mouth out into a line, unsure of what and how to say. He furrowed his eyebrows and rested his forehead in the palm of his hand as if he felt a headache coming on. “I kept holding your hand all night.”

Izuku stared at Aizawa and then back down at the hand that was removed from his face earlier. The black-haired teen was still holding on to it, very gently, and Izuku stared back up. The top of Aizawa’s face was still covered, but Izuku noticed a hard blush forming on his face while a shaky frown took form.

“I kept trying to find ways to do it,” he turned away, “I don’t know, I just… wanted you as close to me as possible, tonight. You really helped relaxing me, not just around dad but… in general. So, thank you.”

Instead of a heavy atmosphere, for some reason, Izuku felt the opposite. It was like the room filled with the same light that shone down on Aiko during the ballet. The warmth that began to form in his chest and spread through his entire body was like a gentle embrace.

“What I’m saying is! I don’t mind if,” Aizawa gulped, “if you want to call this a date or not. Call it what you want, just make sure to take responsibility.”

“Take… responsibility?”

Aizawa turned to him, his entire flustered face now on display for Izuku. He couldn’t help but think of how unbelievably adorable he looked right now.

“Have you ever even been on a date before, Midoriya?! he asked, gripping the other’s hand tightly. “At the end of the night, you know… after you had a good time together, you…!”

They both stared at their hands as Aizawa slowly intertwined their fingers together. Izuku felt like his chest was about to explode as hard as one of Bakugo’s gauntlet blasts. Both of their faces were stained with blush, sweat beginning to form at their temples and their breathing became harder.

“I’m aware we know each other in the future, but right now I don’t care about any of that,” Aizawa softly said, “even if I can’t see you after this month, I know we’ll meet again later. That’s why, if it’s okay with you, I… don’t mind if we go on more dates like this.”

They found themselves leaning closer into each other. He could now feel the warmth of Aizawa’s breath against his face and saw his eyes begin to close.

Yes, this is what he wanted.

The first thing Izuku didn’t expect was Aizawa’s lips being so soft. At first, the kiss was as soft as a
feather’s touch, inexperienced and awkward. As they squeezed each other’s trembling hands tighter, Izuku inhaled through his nose and pushed forward to connect to Aizawa more. The latter was surprised by this, but didn’t make a move to pull away. He pushed back to match Izuku’s rhythm and their lips were now fully locked. Izuku ran his free hand through Aizawa’s black hair carefully, as if he were made of glass.

When they pulled away for air, their eyes met and it was like into two separate galaxies. They felt as if they would get lost if they stared for too long, so Aizawa made the first move to get up. Izuku stared up at him, not saying anything, but worrying internally that he did something wrong.

“Make sure to get some rest,” Aizawa said, grabbing his blazer from the couch. He began to make his way towards the hallway to his bedroom, but stopped at the entrance and turned back to Izuku. A smile that reached his fox-like eyes flashed to him.

“Let’s do this again, soon.”

With that, Izuku was left alone in the living room once more. He touched his lips where Aizawa’s had previously been and he fell back onto the couch. He felt like he had just run a mile and stared dumbly at the ceiling.

He just went on a date with his crush and ended the night in the most perfect and ideal way imaginable. Aizawa wasn’t disgusted at all, and it seemed as if he might have shared some of Izuku’s feelings.

A wobbly smile made its way to Izuku’s face and he knew he wouldn’t be able to sleep tonight.
Aizawa landed on his bed with a hard “plop” sound, burying his face in his pillow. He was having a hard time processing what had just occurred between himself and Izuku; he felt his face turning every shade of red and pink known to the human eye. He had never considered doing something like that before, especially never having feelings for anyone like this.

He pulled out his cell phone from his pocket and pulled up Nemuri’s number to text her.

“I can’t believe what I just did right now.”

He quickly sent the message and no sooner than a second later, he had his response from her.

“What’s wrong, Ai-chan? Did something happen?”

He flipped over on to his back and typed faster than he ever had before, almost in a state of flustered panic.

“We kissed.”

“WHA-AT!!”

“Midoriya and I… we kissed.”

“WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, DID YOU REALLY?! REALLY! AI-CHAN-!!”

Aizawa put the back of his hand to his mouth, muffling an uncharacteristic chuckle of amusement at her reaction. He could practically hear her shrieking over the phone. Suddenly, he received a follow-up text right after her reply.

“How was it?! Is everything okay between you two?! Was it a mutual kiss?! You have to tell me EVERYTHING.”

“I’m really exhausted and about to pass out, but I’ll confirm: it was mutual. Also… I think…”

“Think what?!?”

“I think he likes me. And I… really like him, too.”

A wild keyboard smash of hiragana from her made its way to his text box.
“I KNEW IT! I KNEW YOU LIKED HIM! I AM SCREAMING INTO MY PILLOW, AS WE SPEAK.”

“Please don’t wake up anyone.”

“You know what we should do? A DOUBLE DATE. You and Midoriya-kun with me and Yamada-kun!”

“Wow, brave of you.”

“Right! I’m getting sick of hiding my feelings, so I’ve come to the point where, even if he doesn’t feel the same way, I’ll at least have an answer!”

Aizawa was caught off-guard by her maturity. The one thing people, not just teenagers, feared the most was rejection. But Nemuri was confident enough to go through with her confession, whether her feelings were reciprocated or not. He began to type again.

“Sure, sounds good. Just make it sooner than later, Midoriya leaves at the end of the month.”

“I will, I will! Good night, Ai-chan! I’m happy for you.”

Her last sentence made Aizawa get a lump in his throat and a warm feeling in his chest. He blew out a sigh, smiled and typed, “Thanks, Kayama-san. Good night.”

She sent an emoji blowing a kiss with an extra heart and Aizawa placed his phone down. He sat up and began to undress, getting out of his suit and into a plain tank top with just his boxers. He was too exhausted after the ballet and as soon as his body hit the bed, he closed his eyes and was long out.

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Bzzt, bzzt.

Aizawa forced his eyes open, as slowly as they would allow. He looked at his bed side table where his phone and alarm clock were, the latter which read five-eighteen in the morning. He lifted his head and grabbed his phone, the source of the insistent vibrating. As soon as he read the caller ID, his eyes widened and he was fully awake.

“Dad?”

He hit the green button to accept the call and pressed the phone to his ear. “Hello?”

“Yo, Shouta. Sorry for calling so early.”

When was the last time he had received a phone call from Daisuke? It was almost foreign to see his name come up on his phone these days. Aizawa had noted how much… friendlier Daisuke was since Midoriya had showed up, if the behavior could be called “friendly”. Aizawa’s gaze lowered to the floor and he spoke up. “What do you want?”

“I know it’s been a while, but I wanted you to spend the day with me. You don’t have school on Sundays, right?”

A long pause filled Aizawa’s head and he was at a loss for words.

“Are you saying you want us… to hang out?”

“Sure, that.”
There had to be a catch. This was so sudden and it had been years since he had wanted to talk to Aizawa, let alone be around him. But now that he thought about, even though he was around colleagues the night prior, Daisuke was acting differently. Before, he would have never even pretended to acknowledge Aizawa’s existence. Now, he was cracking stupid jokes and actually trying to be involved with him. Was it because of Midoriya?

“Truth is, I have an old friend visiting me from America and he was interested to see your skating. I told him you hadn’t been interested in doing it in a while, but he insisted. He’s going to be a judge for the Olympic figure skating portion next year, so he was really intrigued when I told him about you.”

There it was.

“How many times do I need to tell you I’m not interested in that?” Aizawa snapped. “Even if I do remember skating routines, what makes you think my form would be acceptable? I’ve put on muscle in places where it would throw my body off balance since I’ve been at U.A., ever think of that?”

“Well,” Daisuke groaned, “it’s not for me, it’s for my friend. I’d also appreciate it if you could come over ASAP. The earlier the better. Your mom is expecting you, as well.”

Aizawa clenched his fist so tightly, he thought it would break the skin and bleed.

“See you in a few, then.”

Click.

He felt like throwing his phone, but knew it wouldn’t solve anything. Aizawa huffed and began to get dressed, grabbing a jacket to throw over the tank top he slept in and found the leggings Izuku had worn when he first arrived. Before putting them on, Aizawa stared at them, the realization hitting that Izuku had worn something so personal of his. A slight blush crept up to his cheeks, and he carefully slid them on, finishing his outfit with tennis shoes for comfort.

He carefully made his way out of the room, walking as lightly as possible so he didn’t wake Izuku. He felt bad, as if he were sneaking out past curfew, but if a fight were to erupt between Daisuke and him, he’d rather Izuku not be there with at all.

“Sorry, Midoriya,” he mumbled to himself as he walked past the spare bedroom. As Aizawa carefully closed the front door, he pulled out his phone to text Midoriya so he wouldn’t worry where he had gone after he woke up.

After finishing the short message, Aizawa felt like he should have ended the text with something else. Especially after that kiss. He stopped and blushed, glaring at his message as if expecting it to give him an answer.

“Love, Aizawa”.

He hurriedly backspaced that part and groaned. That was stupid and didn’t sound like him at all. How could he let Izuku know his feelings so they could get across to him, but not in a cheesy, overbearing way? He was so inexperienced in this type of stuff and felt like a fool.

As he made his way into the train station, Aizawa felt a light go on in his brain and finished his text. He hit the send button and felt a whirl of anxiety as well as joy fill his insides. As the train arrived, Aizawa pocketed his phone and got on, making his way to his parent’s home.
Eight-thirty in the morning.

Izuku, for the most part, woke up at eight o’clock sharp. However, he had been staring at Aizawa’s text message for the past thirty minutes.

"Midoriya,

I got called home early this morning from my dad. Everything is fine. I just wanted to let you know where I was so you wouldn’t freak out at me being missing. When you wake up, text me back.

- Shouta"

Izuku gulped hard.

“Shouta”.

“Shouta”.

He nearly missed the entire point of the message. Was this… permission? Was Aizawa giving Izuku permission to call him by his first name? His heart couldn’t stop pounding in his chest and ears. Even if he was allowed to do so, he didn’t think he would be able to. Izuku shook his head rapidly and placed his phone down.

“His dad called him, huh,” he said to himself, “it must have been really important if he didn’t want me to come.”

In fact, this was the first time Aizawa didn’t ask Izuku to go with him when it came to his dad. The first two times he did, but not this one. “I hope he’ll be okay.”

Izuku’s mind traced back to the night before, where he had his first kiss with no one other than a man he would get to learn under fourteen years later. He hugged his knees up to his chest and went into deep thought.

“How much is this going to effect, Aizawa-sensei?” he asked. “Should I have let that happen? It’s not as if I acted on my own, Aizawa-kun also wanted to do it. So…”

He was confused and worried.

Eraserhead, as far as Izuku knew (and he knew a lot about pro-heroes, even the underground ones), had never been in a relationship. In fact, he seemed very uninterested in them and only worried about himself, his colleagues, his students and his job. If he had truly never been with anybody romantically in his lifetime, then that meant that Izuku was now the first person he was involved with.

Izuku felt his ears and neck heat up.

Thinking back to the texts he got from his teacher, he safely confirmed that there would not be any major changes to the future, no matter what Izuku did or said. However, he still made it his goal to be careful. Things like Aizawa being his teacher, about them being fourteen years apart where Izuku was from, about All Might and One for All… those were too important to let out, so Izuku kept quiet.

But wasn’t romance a big part of someone’s life?
Would Aizawa even remember any time they spent together?

Or would his brain protect his mentality and erase bits and pieces of Izuku’s existence?

Izuku didn’t want that, but he didn’t want to interfere with Aizawa’s feelings. Especially if it meant they couldn’t even be together in the future. In what world would a student and teacher relationship be accepted, especially from a pro-hero? Aizawa’s career would be ruined and Izuku’s life would be in shambles before it even began.

If the Aizawa here were to push forward with his feelings for Izuku, and vice versa, it meant one thing. Once Izuku returned to his own time, things would absolutely have to go back to normal between them. No mention of it, no reminiscing. Aizawa would have to dwell on feelings of someone he forgot while the one he forgot would be in front of him, longing.

But what if he didn’t forget Izuku?

He was officially two weeks into his stay here and reality was beginning to sink in.

Even if Aizawa had developed the same feelings as he did, who was Izuku to act on them? He should have just let him down before things got out of hand. He should have never admired the pro-hero this hard. He should have never-

A sudden wetness on his knees made Izuku lift his head. Touching his face, he found himself crying at the following words that filled his head.

*You should have never fallen in love with Aizawa Shouta in the first place.*

Wasn’t trust the most important part of a relationship, whether it be platonic or romantic?

Izuku felt as if he were the most selfish person on the planet.

Bzzt, bzzt.

His head turned to his phone resting to the side of him and saw Aizawa’s name. He quickly wiped his eyes and tried to hide the shakiness in his voice. “H-hello, Aizawa-kun?”

“Oh, good, you picked up,” Aizawa answered, “how’d you sleep?”

Izuku bit his lip.

“I know I told you to text me back when you got my text, but I had to call. The atmosphere at my parent’s house is killing me.”

“Is,” Izuku faltered his words, “is everything okay?”

“Yes,” Aizawa replied, “my dad actually wanted to spend time with me today. Can you believe that? Ignores me for years then suddenly, BAM, he wants to finally communicate.” There was a pause. “I think… it’s thanks to you, Izuku.”

“Huh?”

“Well, how do I put this,” Izuku could feel Aizawa scratch his neck in awkwardness, a nervous tick he noticed, “augh, it’s hard to explain. I’ll just have to tell you when I get back home.”

“Um,” Izuku gulped, “actually, I… I wanted to talk, also. What time do you think you’ll be back?”
There was silence on the phone which made Izuku anxious, until Aizawa spoke. “Sure. I’ll probably be back around six, at the latest. Dad has a friend who wants to see me, and he doesn’t fly in until noon.”

“I-I see, okay,” Izuku nodded, “see you then.”

Aizawa furrowed his brows, clearly knowing something wasn’t alright with Izuku. However, he didn’t press.

“Alright, see you later.”

Click.

Izuku felt his bottom lip quiver. He had to be honest about their relationship in the future and how they couldn’t be together like this, even if they were the same age now. He knew it was the right thing to do, but… for some reason, Izuku didn’t want that. He wanted the opposite, badly. He wanted his feelings to be known and accepted.

“I’m horrible,” he laughed bitterly through sobs.

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Aizawa pocketed his phone and walked back into the living room. Aiko had gone out with a friend, so it was just him and Daisuke, alone together. While he would rather be back at his apartment with Izuku, he reluctantly sat across from his father on one of the extravagant-looking couches.

“Now that your mother’s gone, I can finally ask without denting my pride,” Daisuke took a sip of tea from his cup, “how’s U.A.?”

Aizawa crossed his arms and leaned back, “Fine.”

“Is it everything you hoped it would be?”

“That and more. I’m confident in my abilities more than ever.”

“Your mother told me you’ve gotten dry eye from overusing your quirk there?”

Aizawa clicked his tongue and turned away, “Of course she did.”

Daisuke stared at his son, placing his cup down on its saucer. “To think, even to this day, we have no idea how you got your quirk. The only thing sensible you inherited was the levitation on your hair from Aiko.”

Aizawa blinked, his hair falling and eyes going back to normal. He exhaled harshly, uncrossed his arms and stared at the floor. “Why now? Why are you suddenly talking to me again?”

Daisuke was silent. He copied Aizawa’s body language and moved his tired eyes to the floor, almost in sadness. He clasped both hands together as he leaned forward in his seat, trying to find the words to reply.

“While I was overseas and away on business,” he softly began, “I was thinking. About your mother, about you.” He paused, picking his words carefully and slowly. “Do you remember the day you told
us you wanted to go to U.A. and be a pro-hero?”

Aizawa turned fully to Daisuke and responded, voice calm, “Yeah.”

“You couldn’t see it, but you had the biggest sparkles in your eyes,” Daisuke smiled at the memory, “you were ecstatic. Despite being brought up with music and dance, you set your eyes squarely on your dream, in spite of being so young. Even though your mother was reluctant, she was supportive of your endeavors. Me, on the other hand…”

The silence between them grew, the only sounds being birds singing their songs in the early morning and the clock ticking away.

“… I was scared.”

Daisuke’s voice cracked and Aizawa’s eyes widened. Scared? His father? He tried to open his mouth, but nothing came out. Instead, Daisuke hung his head low and scratched the back of his neck.

“You hear on the news how dangerous pro-heroes have it, even worse than the police force and fire department. When the statistics came out that pro-heroes had a higher chance of dying than those who weren’t, it terrified me. Of course, I was happy you found a dream to chase after, but of all dreams, it had to be that one. My only child, running after an incredibly dangerous career.

“Ice skating and ballet are dangerous, too. Muscle tears, broken limbs, bloody noses, concussions, the whole nine yards. But it’s child’s play compared to the dangers and life-threatening scenarios pro-heroes put themselves through to protect entire cities and populations.”

Aizawa listened intently to Daisuke’s feelings. All this time, he had these emotions bottled inside about him, yet never once made an attempt to tell him.

“Then, why?” he asked, fists clenching, “Why ignore me for so long? Why did you pretend I didn’t exist?!” He was standing now, yelling. “Do you have any idea how much that hurt me and mom?!! How I thought you hated us?!”

Daisuke unclasped his hands and ran one through his white hair. “I’m aware. Your mother and I talked about it every night.”

“Tell me why!” Aizawa’s voice was shaking from the sheer anger he felt. He felt as if his head were about to explode and hot tears were threatening to escape his eyes. Daisuke knew how much he was hurting Aizawa, yet never talked about his feelings to anyone except Aiko? Pathetic, Aizawa hissed internally, you’re so-

“It was my fault.”

Aizawa froze and stared at Daisuke, who looked up with a pained face, stained with guilt and remorse.

“All of it was my fault. The years I didn’t speak to you was because I was a coward. I should have been there and supported you with your mother, but my fear of losing you was too great. I thought, “if I don’t acknowledge his choices, he will forget about it and come back”, but that was illogical. I had no idea how to express myself, but that isn’t an excuse. It was selfish. It was wrong.”

Daisuke’s expression didn’t change, but Aizawa felt his stomach drop to the pits of his guts when he saw the tears begin to spill out of his father’s eyes. His usually deep, nonchalant voice was tinged with a broken tone.
“When I saw how you were with that Midoriya kid,” he continued, “that was when I noticed just how much you’ve grown. That day I went to bring the pamphlets, I remembered Aiko telling me he was also a U.A. student. Just from the brief time I’ve met with him, I felt how positive and comforting his entire presence is. I can tell that, because of U.A., you’ve made unbreakable bonds. I know you probably have other friends, but Midoriya… he’s special. Especially to you, isn’t he?”

Not once, in his sixteen years of living, had he ever seen Daisuke express this kind of emotion in front of him.

“It’s okay if you hate me. My choices on how to handle you moving away from me weren’t the best and were incredibly problematic for your mental health. But please, just know, I never, ever meant to hurt you,” Daisuke held his head down and clasped the side of his head and officially broke, “I just didn’t want to let you go.”

Aizawa felt his legs move without warning, rushing towards Daisuke and embracing him.

“You’re a really stupid father, you know that?” Aizawa said, biting his lip.

“I know.”

“I never hated you, but I was angry and lonely you couldn’t be here to see how much I’ve improved.”

“I’m sorry.”

The black-haired teen hugged his father tighter as he felt large arms wrap around him as well. “That makes the both of us, I guess,” Aizawa laughed as his vision blurred, “we’re both idiots when it comes to the people we love.”

The older man chuckled as Aizawa buried his face into Daisuke’s shoulder, and they stayed like that for a while.

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14 Years Later

Aizawa hated being cooped up in his Heights Alliance office, so he took the time this particular day to give it a shot and walk around the school. He made sure to be careful to stay away from areas where he could potentially become incapacitated and hurt himself. Even though it was already around the time for students to return to their dorms, there were still some lingering about getting last-minute homework and studies done.

It probably wasn’t the best idea to be surrounded by upbeat students, especially for not getting sleep the night prior. He had the strangest, yet most realistic dream. It was his mother’s important ballet performance, the one he had avoided and didn’t attend because his father was there as well. However, this time he was there, watching it with him and the figure whose face was consistently blocked out.

Aizawa knew this person was Izuku, but his brain refused to expose him to his presence.

He had a hard time remembering the ballet itself, but couldn’t forget how happy his mother was after. The scene transitioned immediately to his apartment, where he went back with, whom he was sure, was Izuku. They were talking and it was beginning to get warm, he felt as if his entire body had become hot. When their faces had moved in closer, Aizawa, the teenager, had whispered something to him before their lips touched. That was when Aizawa, the teacher, woke up in a hot sweat.
Why would he dream of something like that, something so taboo? He never saw any of his students like that. Sure, he had a soft spot for Izuku, and maybe he favored him a fraction of a bit above the rest of his class, but to dream about kissing him?

Was that a memory being altered? Or was his mind just so preoccupied on Izuku that his brain conjured up some vivid dream?

Either way, Aizawa didn’t sleep for the rest of the night.

As he made his way to Gamma Gym, he heard explosion after explosion and a familiar voice yelling before and after each one. He furrowed his brows and poked his head through the front doors, blinking at the sight.

“ANOTHER ONE, CEMENTOSS-SENSEI!”

“Bakugo-san, I think-“

“DON’T THINK, JUST MAKE ME MORE WALLS TO DESTROY!” A pause. “PLEASE!”

The teacher sighed heavily, “Very well.” Suddenly, ten more large, very tall cement walls were formed, much to the eagerness of the rowdy student.

Aizawa made his way inside and stood next to Cementoss, who looked to be at his limit. “Eraserhead! What are you doing here?”

“I could ask you the same thing,” Aizawa nonchalantly asked, “as well as Bakugo.”

Cementoss’ face formed an uneasy expression as they watched the blonde destroy one cement wall after the other with ease. “Bakugo-san has been asking me to come assist him in training for the past two weeks. I must say, I end up leaving more exhausted than he does.”

Aizawa looked towards his student, whose face was one of anger and determination. It was obvious to him that this wasn’t training, but an outlet for Bakugo to release his frustration and anger without hurting anyone.

“Go on and head back, Cementoss,” Aizawa waved, “I’ll take it from here.”

“Ah, thank you,” the large creature looked back at Bakugo and exhaled, “good luck, Eraserhead.”

As Cementoss left the gym, Aizawa turned back to Bakugo, who had already demolished every last one of the walls. “CEMENTOSS-SENSEI! MORE PL-“

Bakugo stopped his tirade when he saw Aizawa looked back at him. The teenager’s breathing steadied as he turned away and began to remove his grenade gauntlets. He made no eye contact with his teacher, instead rubbing the soreness of his arms from overusing his quirk.

“It’s almost closing time, Bakugo,” Aizawa mentioned, shoving his hands into his pockets, “it’s time to head back to the dorms.”

Bakugo didn’t respond. He let his arms drop to the side as he stared at the ground, clenching and unclenching his fists. Aizawa went to reach out to him as he did before in the classroom, and this time, Bakugo let him rest his hand on his shoulder. “Does destroying cement wall after cement wall fill the void?”

“It helps.”
Aizawa sighed and pressed his lips together in a flat line.

“I thought I was strong enough,” Bakugo said after a long silence, his voice quiet and low; it was a tone Aizawa wasn’t familiar with hearing, “but it turns out, I have a long way to go. I’m not proud to admit it, but that’s just how it is. If I deny that fact, I’ll never improve.’

“That’s right,” Aizawa agreed, “there’s no such thing as a “perfect” pro-hero, not even All Might was perfect. We’re always improving ourselves for the better in order to protect the people we care about most.”

Bakugo went quiet. His shoulders scrunched up and Aizawa heard him swallow a lump in his throat.

“Aizawa-sensei,” he croaked out, “am I… am I going to be a good hero?”

The erasure user’s eyes widened as Bakugo turned to look at him. His face was red and he was, unashamedly, crying. Aizawa felt his heart skip a beat and his stomach turn into a knot, a familiar feeling overwhelming him. He felt his body move on its own, and he wrapped his arms around his usually confident student.

Déjà vu.

He felt Bakugo’s fingernails dig into his jumpsuit and press into the flesh of his back. It was as if he was holding on to his teacher for dear life as he cried out his next words into Aizawa’s chest.

“I miss him,” he sobbed, “I miss Deku...!”

“Me too,” Aizawa confessed.

Pulling Aizawa with him, Bakugo fell to his knees, the sound of his knee armor clanking against the dirt ground. He held on to Bakugo as he patted his back, encouraging him to let out every last ounce of emotion built up inside of him.

“Destroying things all the time isn’t the solution to dealing with your frustrations,” Aizawa gently said, “it’s okay to let out your feelings like this, too.” Bakugo pulled away and wiped his eyes, sniffing hard and trying to steady his breathing.

“Usually, Deku is the only one who gets to see me like this since he’s a bigger crybaby,” he swallowed, almost pouting, “but I know you won’t laugh at me, either.”

Aizawa squeezed Bakugo’s shoulders lightly and huffed a relieved smile. “I’m glad.”

Bakugo eventually relaxed as he took off his mask, the slight amount of eyeliner he wore for his skin to blend into his mask smearing on the top of his hand as he wiped his eyes. Aizawa went to pick up Bakugo’s gauntlets to help him carry them out, but as soon as he took a step forward, his body fell back to the ground and what felt like the worst migraine of his life began to form.

“Sensei-?!”

The pain was so unforgiving, so severe, that Aizawa couldn’t even scream. This was unlike any of the previous times he had endured Izuku’s interference. His vision began to blur from the immense discomfort and Bakugo’s voice sounded as if it were being muddled underwater. He wanted to scream to distract himself from the agony, but all he could muster was gasps and short cries. Tears stung the corner of his eyes and he could feel saliva spilling from his open mouth. A ringing tone filled Aizawa’s head and flashes of images accompanied it.
Home. Early morning. Daisuke was there, just him. Aizawa had become angry but eventually relaxed. Daisuke was talking, but he couldn’t hear the words. He doesn’t remember this. His body was hunched over and suddenly an overwhelming sadness engulfed Aizawa. Daisuke was crying, something he never recalled seeing. Warmth. They were hugging.

Like a wire snapping, Aizawa felt the pain immediately disappear and his body collapsed to the ground. He felt Bakugo’s hands on his arms, trying to move him. “Aizawa-sensei! Wake up!”

Aizawa didn’t move.

“Hey, hey, hey,” Bakugo carefully turned Aizawa on to his back, “come on, get up!” He brushed Aizawa’s hair out of his face and the older man opened his eyes slowly. Bakugo released a breath he didn’t realize he was holding and his hand hovered over his teacher. “Are you okay?”

Aizawa stared at the ceiling, blinking and not saying anything. Bakugo waited for an answer. Should he call for help? He didn’t want to leave him here by himself though, and everyone was heading out of school by now. As Bakugo thought of what to do, he saw Aizawa lift himself up from the ground on his elbows. He grasped his head, trying to process what had just happened.

“Sensei?”

Aizawa, for the first time, felt like an immense weight he had been carrying for years was lifted. He felt lighter, in a way. What struck him, however, was the fact that in this memory, Izuku was nowhere to be seen.

Something in his life had definitely changed, but it wasn’t because of his student.

Chapter End Notes

I REALLY hate when people write Bakugo OOC and make him disrespectful to his teachers.
He isn't!
He canonically calls them by their titles and, while he gets annoyed with restrictions and rules sometimes, he always follows them and respects their authority.

Sorry, it's a HUGE pet peeve of mine. lmao
Bakugo is a good boy leavehimalone

Thank you for the comments and kudos! You're all so wonderful!! xoxo
Izuku felt his phone vibrate in his pocket and propped the broom he was previously using against the wall. He had decided to distract himself from his anxiety-ridden thoughts by cleaning the apartment, which had absorbed almost the entire day. At this point, it was already four o’clock in the afternoon. He made the decision to deep-clean so that when Aizawa returned and Izuku laid the whole vile truth, he could at least die on a clean floor that smelled like lemons and pine.

He unlocked his phone and went to his inbox, finding a text message from Aizawa along with an attachment. He pulled up the text and a picture of himself and what looked like an ice skating rink behind him. All Izuku could see to know it was Aizawa who took the picture was him at the bottom of the picture from the eyes-up with half-lidded stare. The accompanied text read, “At the Edogawa skating rink, hope you’re not busy. Dad insisted you come and got a ride for you.” Izuku furrowed his eyebrows. A skating rink? What did he mean he already got a ride for-?

Knock, knock.

Izuku turned and slowly went towards the front door, opening it carefully. He jumped slightly at the sight of a large adult man. Izuku immediately recognized him from the day Daisuke came over to drop off the pamphlets as the same man who transported him here. Up close, however, he was extremely tall and underneath his prescription glasses was a stern, but professional expression. A black suit hugged his thin body frame and his short, brown hair was swept to the side of his face. His arms were tucked behind him and he moved his left out to push up his glasses.

“Midoriya-san, correct?” he asked politely, despite his voice being deep and gruff. It definitely didn’t match his appearance…

“Y-yes,” Izuku stammered.

“Good evening, my name is Ishida. I was given orders from Aizawa-sama to transport you to the Edogawa-ku Sports Land skating rink.”

*That was fast*, Izuku thought. He pocketed his phone and nodded, “I-I just got Shouta-kun’s text, um, let me go get my jacket.”
Ishida raised an eyebrow but nodded as Izuku lightly closed the door, afraid of getting on his bad side. Why did Aizawa want him to go where he was? Wasn’t this whole day supposed to be about just him and his father? He hoped everything was alright, but from the sound of the text, he was curious as to why Daisuke sent a ride. He quickly picked up a red jacket from the spare bedroom he had taken from his host and laced up his matching red shoes. Patting his pockets to make sure he had his phone and spare key, he huffed a sigh and opened the door. The man was still waiting where he was previously.

“Oh okay,” Izuku nodded, “I’m ready.”

Ishida simply nodded as Izuku followed him to the black car parked out front. The exterior looked brand new, the coat of the car being as sleek and shiny as one would expect from someone of high importance. Ishida opened the door to the back seat for Izuku, motioning him inside, something that took the boy off-guard.

“He has to be a bodyguard of some sort,” he thought as he uttered a “thank you” and sat inside.

“According to traffic reports, we should arrive to our destination in thirty-five minutes,” he stated as a matter-of-fact. Izuku made a noise as a confirmation and buckled his seatbelt. As soon as the car began to move, Izuku felt as if it were the smoothest car ride in his life. The tires must be brand new.

“Um,” Izuku spoke up after ten minutes of silence, “are you… Aizawa Daisuke-san’s bodyguard?”

“Yes,” Ishida replied, “typically no one is allowed inside this car except me and Aizawa-sama. However, it was per his request that I bring you to where they currently are.”

“Ah, I-I see.”

There was a short pause, when the bodyguard, surprisingly, was the next one who opened his mouth. “I am curious, if you don’t mind me asking a question, Midoriya-san.”

“Yes?”

“Earlier, you told me the young master sent you a text message. By young master, of course, I am referring to Aizawa-sama’s only son. Though, I found it peculiar that you referred to him by his first name.”

…

… oh shit.

Izuku froze. Did he really call Aizawa by “Shouta”? In front of his dad’s bodyguard? Why did he keep saying things without thinking?! It came out so naturally, he didn’t even notice. Ishida continued, his eyes glancing back at Izuku through the rear-view mirror, “Are you, by chance, close to the young master?” The U.A. student stared outside the car window, unsure of what to answer with. His fingers fidgeted against the nice, leather seats, as if it would give him his answer.

“We- we’re friends,” Izuku gulped, his face slowly getting redder and redder, “we go to the same school and we’re in the same class, s-so, I would say we-”

A flash of the kiss they shared went through his mind and he clamped his mouth shut.

“- we’re pretty close… probably.”

That was enough for Ishida apparently, as he muttered a small “Is that so?” and turned his attention back to the road. Izuku knew Ishida meant no harm by the question, but the rest of the car ride felt
claustrophobic.

“We have arrived.”

Izuku looked out the car window at the brown building before them. As Ishida put the car in park, he exited his side and opened the door for Izuku. The boy unbuckled his seatbelt and thanked him again as he stepped out onto the pavement. “I will be parked outside until Aizawa-sama has finished his business here,” Ishida said, “per his request, should you need assistance back to the young master’s residence, I will be here.”

“Ah, th-thank you again, Ishida-san.” Izuku bowed and made his way towards the building and into the front glass doors. He felt his phone vibrate, as if on cue, and opened a text from Aizawa.

“Just follow the signs to the skating rink when you get here. Dad rented the whole place out.”

Wow.

Izuku still couldn’t fathom the amount of wealth that the Aizawas’ garnered. As he observed the interior and direction signs, he eventually made it to his destination. Walking through the double-doors, he was greeted with an enormous ice skating rink, the entire area empty except for three people who were standing on the outside of the ice arena.

Immediately, Izuku recognized Daisuke and Aizawa. They had their backs turned to Izuku, none of them hearing him enter, and their attention was fixated on a lean, foreign man. He was a little shorter than Daisuke, but not by much, and had short platinum blonde hair with bangs concealing his forehead. Sharp green eyes bounced back and forth between father and son. He wore a brown overcoat with a white suit underneath, but his top collar was unbuttoned in a lazy fashion. As Izuku walked slowly closer he could make out that they were speaking English. Aizawa, taking no part in the conversation, turned around and met eyes with Izuku.

“There you are!” he exclaimed. Izuku scratched his neck as all eyes went to him and he felt as if he were being put on the spot. “H-hello,” the freckled boy waved.

“Ah, Midoriya-kun, you made it.” Daisuke switched back to Japanese and formed a crooked smile, “Hopefully Ishida wasn’t too much of a talker. He can go on and on forever.” Izuku raised an eyebrow and when he saw Aizawa roll his eyes, he realized Daisuke was trying to crack a joke. Badly. “Erm, no, he didn’t!” Izuku forcefully laughed.

Daisuke shrugged as Aizawa motioned towards the foreigner to Izuku, “This is my dad’s friend, Cecil. He’s come from America to visit for a little bit before he has to go back to training.” Cecil smiled widely and waved at Izuku as he bowed in greeting and mustered up his best English, “N-nice to… meet you… Cecil-san.”

“No need for English, Midoriya-kun,” he insisted in surprisingly well-spoken Japanese, “I can speak Japanese just fine! I just got carried away with my English when I saw Daisuke and forgot to switch.” Daisuke shrugged again and huffed a smile, “I don’t mind speaking English, Shouta and Midoriya-kun just won’t understand anything. But either way, it’s whatever.”

“Lazy as ever when it comes to basic conversation, aren’t you, Daisuke?” Cecil chuckled.

“As long as we get to talk, I don’t care what language we speak.”

Izuku was taken aback at the romantic undertones that last line from Daisuke sounded, but both men
simply laughed. He felt like he was the fourth wheel to Aizawa’s third; his attention from Cecil shifted to Aizawa, who crossed his arms and looked back at him.

“What is it?” he lowered his voice, so as to not interrupt the adults’ conversation.

“You seem,” Izuku paused, “relaxed.” Aizawa blinked at this comment and fully turned his body to face Izuku.

“How so?” he asked and began to slowly walk away from Cecil and Daisuke, Izuku following suit. The latter fidgeted his fingers, trying to find his words, “Well… how do I put this? The aura around you and your dad isn’t… as thick or heavy as it used to be.”

Aizawa continued to slowly step away from the adults and nodded slightly, “Yeah. We talked a lot this morning.” This piqued Izuku’s attention immediately and they both sat down in the arena seats.

“We finally got to sit and talk to each other face-to-face, for once,” Aizawa explained as he stared at Daisuke from afar, “as in, actually talk. He told me why he’s been acting the way he was and that he was sorry. It was hard to understand why he would be like that for so many years, but my dad is also extremely stupid.”

Izuku snorted, earning a small smile from Aizawa.

“We made up.”

The cold temperature in the room required for the rink felt as if it had gone up, as if it had coincided with Aizawa’s feelings. Izuku stared at the boy next to him, who rubbed his own thighs, deep in thought. “Dad talked about how he noticed how different I became. I don’t think anything about me has changed, to be honest, but he acknowledged that it was thanks to U.A. that I had made friends I could rely on and influence my personality. He mainly mentioned you since he doesn’t know about Hizashi or Kayama-san.”

“Izuku, you haven’t done anything, though. Actually, I… I wanted to do something to help you both.”

Aizawa raised an eyebrow. “As in… trying to help us get along? Why?”

Izuku pressed his lips together. Because you regret it in the future. Because, even though you passively said his death was years ago, you never really healed. Because you doubted yourself. Because the fear in your eyes of potential loss I saw that night has been burned into my memory.

Both boys stared at each other and Izuku didn’t know what to say, so Aizawa continued.

“To be honest, I don’t think you would have been able to change anything between us if you tried to tell us to talk it out. We’re too stubborn, not even mom could do anything. That’s why, I made the decision to see my dad alone. I made the decision to talk to him. Just as my dad made the decision to finally open up to me. There’s only one thing you did that I can think of that helped.”

“What was that?”

“Midoriya, you helped me enough just by being here with me.”

The sound from the air conditioning accompanied with Daisuke and Cecil’s voices drowned out in Izuku’s head. He felt extremely small in the enormous room and made a sudden connection that he felt stupid enough for not having thought of in the first place.
“Like I said,” Aizawa pressed on softly, “maybe it has to do with the fact that we know each other in the future already, but, it feels as if I’ve always known you, even in this time and place. As if you were here with me from the start. I don’t think I would have had the same thoughts and actions were Hizashi or Kayama-san were the ones in your place.

“I don’t know what it is, but you’re like a blinding light in my life. One that I tried avoiding for a long time, but now it’s gotten so bright, I can’t look away.”

Izuku had never felt his heart beat as fast as it did right now. He inhaled a deep breath as Aizawa moved closer towards him and enveloped his fingers around Izuku’s.

“I wanted you to watch me, tonight,” he whispered. Izuku was confused, unsure of what Aizawa meant. The black-haired boy pulled away slightly, his eyes tracing their hands as a warm blush crept up to his pale features.

“Cecil-san is here because dad told him that I used dance and ice skate,” he explained, “so he was interested in seeing what I can do. Frankly, I’m nervous. I haven’t practiced in years, but I know once I hear the music, I’ll remember. Dad was the one who offered me if I wanted you to come for support, and of course, I said yes.”

Izuku gulped at this reveal. Aizawa, who hadn’t touched sports in years because of his dad, was now willing to not only make an attempt to show off his old skills but also to show them to Izuku.

“Shouta-kun!” Cecil waved from where he and Daisuke were. “Are you ready to get started?”

Aizawa waved back in response, nodding once and turning back to Izuku. He leaned closer to Izuku’s ear and, feeling Aizawa’s hand tremble in his, felt goosebumps form on his arms and neck at the erasure user’s words.

“I want to feel your gaze on me.”

Aizawa hurriedly sat up and made his way down to Cecil and Daisuke. Izuku was thankful for the darkness of the sitting area, because his entire body felt like fire. He watched as Aizawa pulled off his jacket, revealing the black tank top he wore the night before and he adjusted his leggings. Cecil reached down for something in a bag that had been sitting on the floor that Izuku hadn’t noticed when he arrived. Pulling out a pair of ice skates, he heard Cecil say something in English while Daisuke waved it off. Aizawa took the skates and sat on the floor, removing his own shoes and lacing the skates on.

“Can you stand by yourself, Shouta-kun?” Cecil asked, reaching out a hand. Aizawa nodded and pulled himself up to his feet, balancing himself immediately. He walked over to the rink and placed both feet on the ice carefully. Aizawa exhaled and let go, feeling his weight on the ice as he slid his way across the gigantic floor. Immediately, he remembered everything that was taught to him and casually skated across the ice.

“He has to get a feel of how to skate again,” Daisuke observed in English, “it’s been years. He’s also been training differently than an ice skater normally would, so, wherever he gained muscle might easily throw him off.”

“So, I’ve heard,” Cecil acknowledged, “although, I’m sure he’ll be able to figure out how to maintain himself. He did get accepted into U.A. after all. Shouta-kun is a very smart kid!”

Daisuke smiled, “He is.”

Izuku watched Aizawa on the ice and was in awe. He wasn’t doing anything particularly exciting,
but his smooth movements of simply gliding with ease was relaxing to watch. He picked it back up really fast, Izuku thought. He looked down at Daisuke and Cecil, the latter pulling out a medium portable speaker from the same bag the ice skates were in. He pressed one of the buttons on it and called out to Aizawa. “Got any particular choice of song?”

Aizawa waved from far away, shouting back, “Whatever is fine!”

Cecil sighed, “Honestly, he takes after you so much in the “whatever” department.” Daisuke chuckled and skimmed through his smartphone. “That speaker can connect to my phone, right?”

“Yes, sir,” Cecil answered lightheartedly, “got something in mind?”

Daisuke hummed and opened his music app, scrolling through his playlist. “He always liked skating to one particular piano piece and would constantly have me put it on for practice.”

Izuku could hear their conversation now that they switched back to Japanese. He never knew Aizawa to be one who cared for music, but classical and instrumental pieces seemed to be the most likely genres he would enjoy.

“Found it.” Daisuke said.

“Are you ready, Shouta-kun?” Cecil called as Aizawa slowed to a stop in the center of the rink and nodded back at them.

Izuku tensed up. He had never seen ice skating in person before, and for his first experience to be with Aizawa was heart-palpitating. Aizawa stood still in the center, waiting for his cue to begin. As Daisuke connected to the speakers and hit play, Aizawa felt as if everything had come back to him all at once.

The piano's keys started to play together at gentle, yet quick pace. Aizawa had extended his arms, did a spin, and lightly began to skate across the floor, his body movement relaxed. Izuku observed him and would have never guessed that Aizawa hadn’t skated in years. He was extremely into the routine, as if he had memorized it down to the wire. He was caught off-guard when, as the piano went into a lower tone, Aizawa performed a double axel, earning a surprised noise from Cecil.

Bending his knees, Aizawa lowered himself as he continued to glide across the floor, lifting himself to perform another move. As the music transitioned from a lighter pitch to an extremely low one, he attempted a jump combination. However, his landing was off, and he lost his balance, his hands hitting the ice to provide stability from completely falling down. He got back up and continued to skate.

Calm down, Aizawa thought as sweat emerged from his temple, it's been a while, it doesn't have to be perfect.

Izuku felt a pang of worry and he looked down at Daisuke, who had his arms crossed as he watched his son. He couldn’t tell what his expression was from where he was sitting, but he didn’t sense any animosity. Satisfied with that, he went back to watching Aizawa.

Aizawa’s figure skating made Izuku feel like he was floating in space. His movements were graceful, even when they faltered; the way his hands, arms and legs moved as if they were weightless made Izuku feel weightless too. He clenched his shirt over his heart, as if his body were a greenhouse and the warmth and brightness that Aizawa emitted from the accompaniment of the piano and his delicate spinning would cause countless flowers to grow inside his chest.

As the piano came to a slower interval and built itself up, Aizawa again attempted a difficult move.
He positioned his body correctly and executed a triple Salchow excellently, however his landing was slightly wobbly. This earned Cecil standing up in his seat and making a very loud noise of excitement. Daisuke uncrossed his arms and leaned forward in his seat.

Izuku was blown away how fast Aizawa did the move in mid-air, his spinning was almost at a pro-level execution. However, the expression Aizawa wore wasn’t one of pride, but rather frustration. Izuku could tell he was trying to keep a level-head, but after faltering two jump landings, he was visibly annoyed with himself.

As the piano keys reached a pinnacle of rapidly-moving keys, Aizawa’s speed picked up as he skated. His body language showed the passion that was tied with the musical notes, eventually twisting his torso in an enigmatic way. His arms hugged tightly to his body and slowly let them flick away from him as he prepared one final jump. He leapt and did a triple Lutz, this time landing perfectly.

Izuku jumped from the shouts of encouragement from Cecil and Daisuke, and Aizawa felt a small smile creep up to his mouth. As he was preparing one final turn, he pointed his attention to where Izuku was sitting and felt his heart stop.

Izuku was absolutely entranced. His lively smile and eyes filled with adoration were clear as day.

Distracted, Aizawa missed his turn by a second, barely managing to scrape the wall that surrounded the arena. He stumbled but caught his balance in time and made his way to the center of the rink. He circled around the ice one more time, ending in a camel spin. As the music came to a soft, elegant end, Aizawa finalized his pose by reaching one hand outward as the other touched his chest.

The room went quiet as the last piano key sounded and Cecil erupted in applause from his seat. Daisuke also stood up, slowly clapping and Izuku felt like he should do the same. Instead, he leapt from his seat and rushed over the wall ledges separating the ice rink and the carpeted floor. Aizawa, panting heavily, began to skate toward him, waving one of his wrists to the side, as if trying to shake something off.

“That was amazing, Aizawa-kun!” Izuku praised, sparkles in his eyes.

“Thanks, but I messed up a lot…” Aizawa rubbed his neck, “…it has been a while. Kind of hurt my wrist when I landed, but I’ll be fine.”

Daisuke and Cecil made their way to the two boys as Aizawa placed his feet on the carpeted floor. “Incredible, Shouta-kun!” Cecil exclaimed, “For someone who hasn’t skated in a few years, I’m amazed how clear and precise your form remained!”

“Thanks,” Aizawa nodded, warily moving his eyes to Daisuke’s.

“You did great,” Daisuke agreed, “it seems you had the most trouble landing, but that might just be due to the excessive training at school you’ve been doing. Not a big deal.”

Aizawa nodded, not expecting more praise than criticism from his father. “What was up with that last turn though?” Daisuke asked.

“What do you mean?”

“You were distracted and almost collided into the wall.”

Aizawa turned to Izuku and blushed at the floor. “I, uh, I don’t know. I think I got a little dizzy or something.”
Cecil stood with an innocent smile on his face as Daisuke looked back and forth between his son and a confused Izuku. He sighed, pocketing his hands. “Well, it was much better than I thought. I was sure you wouldn’t have remembered anything you were taught, but I figured it would be easier if you skated to a song you were familiar with.”

“I noticed that, thanks,” Aizawa replied as he knelt down to untie his skates, “well, I’m done here. We have school tomorrow.”

“Thank you for agreeing to let me see you skate, Shouta-kun!” Cecil said, “I haven’t seen you since you were up to my knee in height, so I was really excited to see your routine.” Aizawa pulled off his skates and handed them back to Cecil, replying with a simple, “You’re welcome.”

“Ishida should still be in the parking lot to take you back,” Daisuke said, “he knows Cecil and I will be here a while.”

Aizawa finished tying his own shoes and pulled his jacket back on, leaving it unzipped. He and Izuku began to make their way out of the arena, but before they exited the double doors, Daisuke called out to him.

“Shouta.”

The only Aizawa child turned to his father and saw him form a gentle, genuine smile.

“I’m proud of you.”

Aizawa froze in his tracks and felt his breath hitch. Those words plagued with honest affection and love were some he never expected to hear from Daisuke ever. It filled him with the feeling that, yes, things had changed for good between them. The feeling he had always craved. Instead of responding with something heartfelt, embarrassment got the better of him. In typical teenager fashion, Aizawa pouted and blushed, turning and waving at Daisuke. “Yeah, yeah, whatever. See ya.”

Izuku heard Daisuke and Cecil chuckle as they exited and began to walk with the other boy to Ishida’s car in silence.

“You were,” Izuku spoke up, “really cool, Aizawa-kun.”

A chortle. “Was I?”

Izuku nodded earnestly, “I’ve never seen ice skating in person before, and your moves were incredible! I can see how you would be able to use them in combat because they’re so elegant and you’re able to quickly change position!” Izuku began to ramble on, something which Aizawa found amusing.

“Combat?” he laughed, “Do I incorporate my ice skating and dance training in my pro-hero career?”

Izuku stopped himself, going silent. “Th-that’s right,” he remembered, “I told you I had something to talk to you about, didn’t I?”

Aizawa stopped and looked back at Izuku, the mood changing uneasily. “Is everything okay?” he asked, noticing Izuku unable to make eye contact with him.

Aizawa’s usual half-lidded expression remained the same as he tilted his head in confusion. Izuku gulped hard, remembering all of the things he had to get out of his system, both for his and future teacher’s sake.

“Everything is okay, I just,” Izuku stumbled over his sentences, “I’m anxious.” Aizawa’s eyes
moved to the floor, furrowing his eyebrows. He could sense something was wrong and was affecting Izuku terribly now that he remembered.

“Well, let’s not talk in the middle of a hallway,” he turned and began walking, “let’s get home first.”

Izuku followed, not responding, almost out of shame. The enjoyment from earlier seemed to have died as quickly as it came, and Izuku felt responsible for ruining the mood.

The thirty-minute car ride was in complete and utter silence.

--

Cecil and Daisuke sat together and had started a new conversation after Izuku and Aizawa left. Both men felt like they hadn’t spoken it what seemed like years, when in reality, they talked quite frequently while away on business.

“Still,” Cecil giggled, “I can’t believe Shouta-kun almost crashed in the wall like that!”

Daisuke closed his eyes and smiled, “For some reason, it reminded me a lot of when I first saw Aiko.”

“Really? You never told me that! How?” Cecil leaned forward, his attention squarely on Daisuke’s features.

“Hmm,” Daisuke reminisced, “the first time I ever saw her was during a performance I was scheduled to do for national television. I had just finished a triple loop. For some reason, I felt someone watching me as intently as any crowd ever did, and my eyes were drawn to her. She had a bright smile and her eyes were not just on me physically, but I felt like she was staring into my soul. Once I saw her, I thought my heart stopped for a second. That’s a frequent problem with me because of my quirk being able to bear a large amount of stamina. I thought I had overdone it. Turns out, no, I just fell in love the second I saw her.”

“How did you almost bite it?” Cecil asked, playfully poking Daisuke’s arm.

“Well, I was so focused on her that in that split second, I nearly missed an important turn. I ended up fumbling and twisting my body to avoid serious injury. Almost broke my ankle. On national TV. I’m pretty sure the video is somewhere on the internet.”

Cecil erupted in laughter, patting Daisuke on the shoulder. “You never told me it was online! Now I have to look for it.” He turned his attention to the rink, pointing at it. “Do you want to skate for a bit?”

Without warning, Daisuke turned away and coughed violently into his elbow. Cecil was so shocked, he placed his hand on Daisuke’s shoulder in concern. “Whoa, whoa, you okay?”

Daisuke nodded, covering his mouth with his hand and rasping out, “Yeah, it’s just the weather changing getting to me. Happens all the time.” Cecil furrowed his eyebrows and blinked, not fully convinced.

“I’m fine, really,” Daisuke removed his hand from his mouth and clenched his fist, “go on ahead, I’ll meet you on the ice in a little bit.”

“Okay,” Cecil muttered, heading towards the rink.

Daisuke cringed and swallowed, a strong, copper taste filling his throat. He unclenched his fist and
looked down at his palm, staring expressionless at the blood that had emerged from his mouth.

--

For some reason, the apartment seemed darker than usual when Aizawa opened the door.

It was six o’clock when they returned home. The skies went from warm oranges and pinks to blues and blacks, the cooling autumn air descending upon them. Both boys took off their shoes and Izuku followed behind Aizawa, who continued walking into the hallway. He opened his bedroom door and motioned for Izuku.

“Well?”

“Well… what?”

“If you have something to talk to me about, I’d rather it be in my room.”

“W-why?” Izuku was so confused. “Why not the living room?”

“Just come in, already.”

Aizawa made his way in while Izuku, reluctantly, followed suit. He stripped his jacket and socks off, tossing them carelessly on the floor. Izuku also removed his jacket, placing it on the edge of Aizawa’s bed post. They both sat down on the nicely-made sheets and another quiet atmosphere began to form around them.

“What is it you had to tell me?” Aizawa asked. He wasn’t angry, Izuku noticed, but he did seem on-edge. He bit his lip and inhaled a deep breath, exhaling slowly.

“I have to tell you about us,” Izuku began, “in the future, I mean.”

Aizawa didn’t react, staring at the floor wordlessly.

Izuku continued. “Last night, I… felt like I overstepped some boundaries between us. I was acting on my own feelings, and I’m sure you were too, which is why I think…” A harsh pause. “… it wouldn’t be a good idea for us to pursue that kind of relationship.”

He glanced at Aizawa, who was still staring at the floor and listening silently.

“Not only because of that but also because I don’t know how much it would affect you in the future. I was debating on whether or not to tell you this, but… you’re my teacher at U.A. where I’m from.”

No reaction.

“In my time, we’re fourteen years apart in age, but even so, I still somehow…” Izuku felt his heart in his ears and sweat emerging from his pores for finally going through with this, “… somehow, I still fell in love with you.”

“Midoriya,” Aizawa said.

Izuku heard Aizawa’s soft breathing come to a stop, his bangs covering his eyes so Izuku couldn’t see the expression he was making.

“I wasn’t planning on acting on my feelings, ever. I knew it wouldn’t be possible between you and me because of obvious reasons. However, being transported here where you and I are both the same age only intensified my feelings for you. In my time, I was only able to admire you from afar, but
here, I’ve gotten to know you. I’ve gotten to spend time with you, and before I knew it, my love for
you only grew.” Tears started spilling from Izuku’s eyes as his voice became shakier, unable to
steady it. “I was planning on killing off these feelings, but now, they’ve only grown. What I’m- I’m
trying to say is that-“

“You don’t want to speak like this ever again,” Aizawa muttered solemnly, “is that it?”

Izuku felt his heartstrings tear in half. Even if the pain wasn’t equivalent to destroying his limbs, what
he was feeling right now was just as unbearable.

“I just don’t.” Izuku raised his voice out of distress, “I don’t want to mess your life up! Past, present
or future! I don’t know if you’ll forget me when I go back or if the time we’ve spent together will be
erased from your memory. What if you do remember everything and it carries over to there? I don’t
know anything about time travel or how it works! I was told that nothing I say would affect the
future but what about my actions on a person? I can’t chance it!”

Izuku began full-on sobbing. He felt pathetic, disgusting and worst of all, like a liar.

“I wanted to be honest with you before anything else happened between us. I didn’t want to lie to
you about how we know each other in the future. I thought if I did, you would hate me and then we
really wouldn’t have a relationship at any point in time. I didn’t want us to get wrapped up in
emotions if it meant destroying our lives down the road. I…”

Izuku trailed off, covering his face and muffling his sobs into his hands. There it was. The worst of
his anxiety and truth spread out for Aizawa to hear. He wouldn’t be surprised if the boy threw out
the last two weeks as if it were nothing and beat Izuku into the ground. He waited for the inevitable
assault or screams to erupt.

Aizawa, instead, opened and closed his mouth a few times. This was a difficult revelation to process,
but Izuku was right. It was something he had to tell him, no matter how brutal the truth was to hear.
He swallowed the forming lump in his throat and entwined his fingers together, clenching bit by bit.

“Do you… regret coming here?”

Izuku shook his head rapidly, trying to conceal his face as he did so.

“Do you regret… falling in love with me?”

There was a shift on the bed and Izuku wiped his face as best as he could from the tears continuing
to spill. He sniffled and breathed in and out deeply, trying to remain steady. He eventually managed
to calm his crying down enough to shake his head in retort.

Aizawa separated his hands and stared at Izuku, feeling his bottom lip shaking.

“For a while, I didn’t get it,” his voice trembled, “I didn’t understand why, when I had just met you, I
felt like I knew you. I’ve never liked anyone like this in my life. Hizashi and Kayama-san are the
only two people I’ve ever gotten close with. But with you, it’s different. Maybe…” Aizawa paused,
“I’ve also fallen in love with you, not just here, but in your time?”

Izuku gasped and blinked. “You mean… in the future?”

“I don’t know,” Aizawa continued, his voice raising, “maybe that was stupid of me to say. I just
know that you aren’t interfering or forcing anything on me. My feelings are also genuine, and you
shouldn’t make assumptions about how I feel or don’t feel!”
Izuku’s eyes widened when he saw drops of water fall onto the hardwood floor beneath Aizawa. He was crying.

“Aizawa-kun,”

“I’m glad you told me about our future connection, I am. I never once thought you were deceiving me. If you were so worried about being in love with me, you should have just told me.”

“That’s not-!”

Aizawa fully faced Izuku, his angry eyes unable to stop the tears. He grabbed Izuku’s shirt by the collar, gripping tightly as if he were going to vanish. “If you’re so worried about our future together, about me remembering or not remembering or whatever, then don’t do anything when you get back! Don’t say anything until you become an adult yourself. It would be more responsible if you just waited until we were both adults, right? You don’t have to kill your feelings for me, I don’t want you to. If you did that, I…” Aizawa’s shoulders slumped and he pressed his forehead against Izuku’s shoulder. His sharp breaths indicated his determination to not break down, but it was failing.

“If you want to make things easier, then we can stop while we’re ahead.” Aizawa’s suggestion was barely audible, but Izuku wasn’t about to let the conversation end there.

“There was something I realized today at the skating rink,” he softly said, “it was about something you said. You told me that, even if I tried to get you and your dad to sort things out, it wouldn’t have worked. That seems like the most likely outcome to me, too. But then, you said the only thing that I might have had help in changing how events unfolded was just by being here.”

Aizawa didn’t move from his position, instead gripping the other’s shirt tighter and muffling, “What are you talking about?”

“Time travel quirks have very little information available about them, in general. I’m sure even the villain who sent me here, Throwback, only knows what he’s able to do and the basics, the rest of his knowledge on it must be vague. He also mentioned that he’s never once failed killing anyone, so it’s safe to assume that I’m his one and only exception. The day I came here, your future-self, my teacher, texted me as best as he could and explained that nothing I say or do would change the future. I think he was wrong on the latter part.”

Aizawa listened, his grip slightly relaxing but not releasing.

“I think… my foreign presence in places I never was in can cause others to change things. Maybe there isn’t much of a change in the future if someone drank juice instead of milk or stole an apple from a vendor. Anyone can say anything, so, even if you were to confess things that do happen in the future to someone in the past, it wouldn’t matter because there’s no warning signs of that particular event during that time. But I’ve been here for two weeks, my existence has been here, but I haven’t directly changed anything on my own. I’ve just been.”

Izuku placed a hand on Aizawa’s shoulder and squeezed it, nestling his face on top of his black hair.

“You were right, it wouldn’t have mattered if it were me, Yamada-kun or Kayama-san were here with you. If your dad saw either one of us, he would have come to the same conclusion that you had made friends thanks to U.A. and have changed. I didn’t mention anything about you two having to get along. Both of you did that on your own and because of your decisions, fixed your relationship. I haven’t done anything except be here for support, just like anyone else could have been. But they wouldn’t have, because you never told them about your family issues, did you? You told me that yourself, the night we were attacked by Throwback.”
Aizawa leaned slowly away from Izuku’s shoulder and let go of his shirt. “No, I never told Hizashi or Kayama-san about me and dad. I didn’t want to bother them with business that wasn’t theirs.”

“But because of that, it ended up hurting you more.”

Aizawa closed his eyes, “You’re right. I should have opened up to them, but it was just… hard. It wasn’t something I wanted to talk about with anyone, ever. But when you showed up, you already knew, so there was no point in trying to hide it.”

“There was something else that Throwback mentioned,” Izuku recalled, “when he killed people, they were erased from everyone’s memory, including his. But I’m alive, so… what will happen to you and everyone when I return? Will everyone just… forget I was here?”

“I don’t know.”

Aizawa stared at the bed, unable to meet Izuku’s eyes. Both of them remained silent for a whole minute, but it seemed like an unbearably long time. Aizawa finally spoke.

“I really like you, Midoriya. I want to be with you.”

Izuku’s breath caught in his chest and he bit his lip. “Me too.”

“Then, let’s make a promise.”

Aizawa grabbed both sides of Izuku’s face, placing their foreheads together and closing his eyes.

“I want you to promise me that, when you return to your time, you’ll wait for us to both become proper adults. Become a hero first. If we still feel the same over time, then you’ll take the responsible way out, even if it means putting us on hold.”

Izuku nodded, in complete understanding. “I promise.”

“Also,” the corner of Aizawa’s eyes crinkled, and his voice broke terribly, “promise you won’t forget me, because I promise I won’t forget you.”

It wasn’t a request, it was a plead. The second it left Aizawa’s lips, Izuku knew what he meant. He was begging in hopes that, once Izuku returned to his own time, that their memories wouldn’t be overwritten to the point where they forgot about each other. In the end, Izuku was in a place he did not belong, and in order to protect Aizawa and the others who came into contact with him, their minds would surely try to protect their mental states.

Izuku reached up to Aizawa’s face, wiping the tears off his cheeks with his thumbs.

“I promise.”

They both closed the space between them and the softness of each other’s lips brought instant comfort. Like their first kiss, Izuku wasn’t sure where to move his hands, so he just ran his fingers through Aizawa’s soft hair. He moved one to Aizawa’s hip, pulling him closer, earning a small, surprised noise from the other.

Aizawa opened his eyes slightly, pulling Izuku’s face closer to him, his kisses becoming more desperate. Aizawa felt as if his chest would burst open as he gathered the courage to pull Izuku down on top of him and onto the bed. He felt Izuku entwine one of his scarred hands with Aizawa’s as he suddenly deepened the kiss without warning.
Aizawa moaned between their lips as he felt Izuku’s tongue slip into his mouth, clumsily trying to devour him. He squeezed the green-eyed boys’ hand and attempted to kiss back, feeling a slight dribble of saliva spill from the corner of his mouth.

They pulled back for breath and felt their faces flush against each other’s hot breath. Below Izuku, Aizawa’s hair was a mess, black strands splayed across his pillow and the sides of his face. His pale face and neck were red, and his eyes were half-lidded in a lustful daze. He moved his eyes to his mouth, which was red and glistening from their kissing, to his chest, which heaved up and down through his tank top.

God, he was beautiful.

“S-sorry,” Izuku stammered, “d-did I go too far…?”

Aizawa grinned lazily. “No, I liked it.” He pulled Izuku down by the face again and kissed him softly, a bubbling warmth of happiness filling their chests. When Aizawa pulled away, he licked his lips and looked into his eyes.

“We should sleep.”

Izuku blinked but didn’t question it. It was an extremely tiring day, physically and emotionally. He desperately wanted to kiss and touch Aizawa more, but he didn’t want to press on if he was tired.

Izuku went to move off the bed, but Aizawa grabbed his wrist, stopping him.

“Where are you going?”

“T-to the… spare bedroom?”

“No, I… want you to sleep in here. With me.”

Izuku’s eyes shifted from the bed to the floor and blinked, stupidly.

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

He got off from on top of Aizawa and turned away. They both removed their pants, remaining only in their shirts and boxers. Despite the feverish make-out session they just engaged in, they were still extremely awkward and flustered. Izuku walked over and turned off the bedroom light, making his way to the bed again.

As they both made their way under the covers, they positioned themselves to where they were both facing each other. It was dark, but as their eyes adjusted, it was obvious their faces were still very red and warm.

Aizawa slowly blinked at Izuku, his half-lidded stare soft and filled with his newly confessed-love. He moved his hand up to the other’s, which was resting on the pillow between them, enveloping their fingers together.

“I’m glad we met.”

The words stayed in Izuku’s head, even long after Aizawa fell asleep.

In the same apartment, fourteen years later, Aizawa lied in bed alone. Panting and sweating, with his body uncomfortably hot, he was unable to comprehend why he had been thinking about Izuku so
much as well as feeling… a certain way about it. He covered his eyes with his arms over his head and groaned, hoping the sweet release of sleep would take him soon.

Chapter End Notes

1. Edogawa-ku Sportsland is a real skating rink and sports center, one of Japan's largest, where a lot of pro figure skaters go to practice! I couldn't find any pictures of the outside, so I had to take some liberties describing the exterior.

2. The song Aizawa was skating to was Ravel's "Une barque sur l'océan" (Andre Laplante's version).

Time travel plot devices are so fun to write because there's so much to mess around with... hopefully it was pretty straight-forward, I try not to make everything too difficult-sounding. lol

I gotta say, confessions are my absolute favorite things to write, because there's so many ways to say "I love you". I think being creative about than simply just saying it outright is more interesting and romantic, so we'll be seeing a lot of that.

Comments/kudos are appreciated to the stars and back-!! (●.placeholder(●)) ♡☆*°
i want to be the lesson you never stop studying

Chapter Notes

hello again!!!!

Firstly, I can't express how sorry I am for the long hiatus, everyone. :( My third college semester took an extremely hard toll on my mental health and I had a couple of breakdowns (became very suicidal multiple times). It was hard and I lost my 4.0 grade average because of one B, so everything sucked last semester. I had to rest a lot during my Christmas break even though I really wanted to write and draw, but I was emotionally, physically and mentally drained. Hopefully this semester will be easier and I can write in between classes and work. My goal is to finish this fic this year!

Not everything was bad last year though... I got officially married! To my beautiful girlfriend of five years. :)

While this chapter isn't long and nothing advances plot-wise, I decided to write a bit of a filler chapter. It's self-indulgent, but I needed to get back into the swing of things. So, as a thank you for your patience and support (and hitting over 900 kudos WOW!!!!!!), the rating has gone up and we get romance and a little more this chapter. :)

please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Kayama-san wanted all four of us to hang out tomorrow night.”

Izuku looked up from his phone as Aizawa opened the fridge to grab a water. The week had gone by particularly fast, at least to Izuku. U.A. was doing training more and more after school, so Aizawa wouldn’t be home until six or seven o’clock. They had barely seen each other, the most interaction they had done since… that night… involved greeting the other, Aizawa showering, dinner and then bed.

The most affection that had lingered between the two was when Aizawa would hold onto Izuku throughout the night as they slept in the same bed. Despite it being reoccurring, it still made the green-eyed boy embarrassed.

It was already Friday, which meant that Izuku had one more week in this time frame. The days had gone by so fast that it almost seemed cruelly unfair. He was relieved at the fact that he could return home soon, but he tried not to think about it since it made his chest and stomach tighten up.

“Oh, she does? Will Yamada-kun be there too?”

Aizawa took the bottle cap off his water and glanced to his side awkwardly before taking a drink. “He will.”

He promised Nemuri he wouldn’t tell Hizashi the details of the outing being a double-date, but Izuku should be fine, Aizawa thought. Then again, the mysterious boy didn’t last long keeping his identity a secret from him when he first arrived. Despite that, Izuku was incredibly smart, and Aizawa knew
he would find out his own, so he didn’t say anything more. Instead, he walked over to Izuku, taking his place on the couch beside him. Aizawa leaned his head on Izuku’s shoulder and instantly felt his entire body relax, the tension from today’s training gone.

Izuku blinked harder than he would have liked, face warming. He pocketed his phone in his shorts, clasping his hands together nervously. “Ai-Aizawa-kun?”

“Hm.”

Izuku flattened his lips together, unsure of what to say. Even though they feverishly made out in Aizawa’s bed five days ago, things like holding hands or even leaning on the other was still heart-pounding. In fact, they hadn’t kissed at all since that night.

“I’m sorry I’ve just been coming home and going to sleep,” Aizawa murmured, “it’s been… a week.”

Izuku unclasped his hands, turning to Aizawa, “No, d-don’t apologize, please! I understand how exhausting U.A. can be!” The raven-haired teenager hummed and grinned, amused, “I don’t know why that fact about you slips my mind.”

Izuku tilted his head in confusion, unsure of what his words meant.

“Having you here the past couple of weeks makes it seem as if you’ve always been here,” Aizawa began, “so, I end up forgetting you don’t technically belong here as you are. You’d think I wouldn’t forget something as outrageous as time travel so easily, but this whole month has been eventful. A lot has happened, and it made everything go so fast. To think, next week you’ll be…”

He trailed off and half-lidded eyes met the floor. Izuku felt his hands clasp together nervously, as if twiddling his fingers would make a response come to him faster.

“I mean,” Izuku started, “we’ll still be together! In a different sense, I suppose… but we won’t be apart.”

“I just think it’s selfish of me,” Aizawa admitted, “that I want you to stay here like this. With me.”

Izuku became quiet. He couldn’t tell Aizawa’s full expression because his dark bangs were covering his profile, but the way his mouth was pursed and the slight blush that began to creep on his cheeks was defining enough. Izuku let out a soft breath, smiling, “A little selfishness is okay occasionally, right? I would be lying if I said I didn’t want to stay.”

Aizawa blinked and turned to look at him. His face was in that perpetual state of passiveness as Izuku had always known it to be. Aizawa’s eyebrows were slightly furrowed, not out of anger, but from the redness he couldn’t help forming on his cheeks. His admittance made him feel embarrassed but also relieved that Izuku felt the same way.

A comfortable silence filled the room as Aizawa stood up and placed his hands in his sweatpants’ pockets.

“Aizawa-kun…?”

“I remember you saying I’m your teacher in your time,” Aizawa rubbed his neck awkwardly, “honestly, I don’t really believe it since that kind of stuff doesn’t interest me. But, I figured I could teach you something at least a little interesting while you’re here.”

Izuku tilted his head in confusion, looking up at the other teen. Aizawa held out his hand and turned
to Izuku, “How about I teach you how to dance?”

“How about I teach you how to dance?” Izuku blinked at this offer.

“It won’t be anything crazy, just some basic ballroom steps.”

Dance lessons? From Aizawa? Izuku stared at Aizawa’s outstretched palm dumbly, trying to think of what to say. The day they went to the ice skating rink made Izuku itch to take out his notebook and furiously observe and take notes of Aizawa’s graceful and smooth movements. He was thankful for having such a great memory and felt instantly energized hearing that his future mentor wanted to teach him on another skill he was amazing at.

“I-I would be honored, Aizawa-kun!” Izuku sat up quickly, causing Aizawa to huff a small smile.

“Alright then, let’s move all this stuff to the side first so we have some room.”

Since Aizawa was a minimalist, all that needed to be done was move the couch against the wall and lift the table to the side. Both pieces of furniture were light to begin with and were relatively easy to move, thankfully. Aizawa then instructed Izuku to come with him to the center of the floor and gently held Izuku’s left hand with his right.

“I’m going to lead, but you’re going to be in the masculine role while I’m the feminine role. I know it sounds odd for us, but it’s just old, traditional speak, so don’t worry. Start by placing your right hand around my waist,” Izuku listened to Aizawa’s instructions as he did as he was told, “make sure you’re cupping my shoulder blade and your fingers are pulled together, not separated.”

Aizawa then moved to place his left free hand on Izuku’s right shoulder, his fingertips touching the seams of Izuku’s t-shirt.

“Now, picture a box shape on the floor between us. You’re going to use that as your movement guideline.” Izuku looked down while Aizawa had no need to. “Start with your left foot forward, then slide with your right to meet it and then step to your right. We’ll do it as I count to three. Ready?”

Izuku nodded as he took notes in his head. First, start with my left, then slide with my right… he thought, concentrating.

“One,” Izuku took a step forward, “two,” moved with his right foot, “three!” and glided to the right of Aizawa on his left foot, wobbling slightly, but meeting both together.

“Not bad for a beginner,” Aizawa praised, “now just finish the box you pictured earlier until you’re back where you started. Step back with your right, slide to meet it with your left, then glide with your right. Make sure you’re shifting your weight, or you’ll mess yourself up.”

Izuku executed the directions as he was told, trying to improve his stepping.

“Good,” Aizawa said as he lowered his arms, “now, let’s try it with some music and moving around more.”

He pulled out his phone and pulled up his music player app, finger sliding meticulously over the screen until he rested on a song and hit play. He hurriedly placed the device on the couch they pushed back and took his place back with Izuku. The freckled boy inhaled as the first key of the piano contacted his ears and he began to step as he was taught. It was flimsy at first, but he could feel himself getting back into the groove of the steps.

“Just keep going?”
“Mmhmm, go with the music and use your steps to branch out more.”

Izuku focused and stepped more out of the center and to his right, taking Aizawa with him. He almost didn’t feel the need to visualize a square anymore and felt he could now look up from the floor. As he did, his breath stopped but his feet didn’t.

Aizawa was looking at him. Really looking into his eyes and was probably watching Izuku the entire time. Izuku could have easily chocked it up to his mentoring and was trying to study his movements, but it wasn’t. Aizawa’s eyes had an unbearably soft look to them, as if Izuku could feel the sun rays hitting his face on a warm summer day. There was comfort and love, so much love, in his eyes.

Instead of saying anything, Izuku felt the need not to. He instead kept his movements as they moved across the hardwood floor and stared at each other. The gentle piano music accompanying them reached a crescendo and Aizawa, on a whim, expertly spun himself outward from Izuku and outstretched their arms, Izuku bringing him back in as if on instinct. He heard a small chuckle from Aizawa, amused, as they slowed.

“Didn’t expect that, did you?”

“I… didn’t.”

The song wasn’t over, but they lowered their arms from their positions. Aizawa slid his hands all the way down from Izuku’s shoulders to his hands, his touch never leaving. His eyes traveled over the scars that decorated his hands, fingers and arms. They had looked painful and all he could do was squeeze the other boy’s hands as he did the same back. Aizawa looked up at Izuku and as he opened his mouth to say something, but Izuku had already leaned in, silencing him with his lips.

The last notes from the piano halted to an end and for a moment in the silence, it felt like the universe stopped. As far as Aizawa knew, only the two of them existed in the entire world. There was no way any other person could make him feel like this- vulnerable yet so calm. Izuku had some nerve, showing up out of nowhere and changing his entire life like this. But Aizawa didn’t mind as he kissed back.

“Am I a good teacher?” he asked against Izuku’s lips.

“Yes,” he replied, “the best.”

Neither had any idea if Aizawa was asking about the dancing or the future, but either way, the answer was a firm yes. Aizawa grinned and pulled Izuku down closer to him to match their height difference. Izuku placed his hands on Aizawa’s hips for leverage as they continued kissing, the movements becoming more frantic and hungry. The erasure user could feel his face and neck heating up as his fingers ran through Izuku’s forest-green curls.

He didn’t know what came over him at that moment, but Izuku pulled away from Aizawa’s lips and went for his neck. This earned a gasp of surprise from Aizawa as he felt Izuku kiss up and down his nape, as if he were being eaten alive.

“Mi… doriy… ah-!”

Izuku instinctively did what he felt he should and ran his tongue over Aizawa’s neck. His kisses were becoming ravenous and Aizawa was beginning to feel weak. The feeling of hot muscle and teeth against his skin was so fucking hot and he felt himself clinging to Izuku for balance. He made an out-of-character yelp in his throat, high-pitched and embarrassing.

“A-are you okay, Aizawa-kun?” Izuku pulled away worryingly.
Aizawa panted as his eyes contacted Izuku’s, their faces unable to get any redder than they already were. His eyes had a tint of annoyance in them and Izuku impulsively felt as if he were going to get scolded. Instead, Aizawa grabbed his hand and dragged Izuku to his bedroom where they had been sleeping for the past week.

“Aiza-!”

Izuku was cut off as Aizawa pushed him down on his bed and slammed the door shut. Izuku sat up but Aizawa quickly straddled his waist, pinning him down. Izuku blinked up at him and the sight of Aizawa pulling his black hair out of his face as he sat, back straight, just above Izuku’s groin was a sight to behold.

“I think I’ve tortured you enough,” Aizawa panted out, “myself, also.”

“Huh?”

Aizawa slowly lowered himself so their faces were close and murmured against Izuku’s ear, “You’ve been wanting this, haven’t you? I purposely didn’t do anything since that night because I wanted to see how far I could push you… it’s kind of my thing. It turns me on a lot.”

Aizawa was practically moaning out his words as his hands caressed Izuku’s thighs and chest. The latter felt as if his entire mind was about blow, his lewdest fantasies throughout the week coming true. Izuku did want this and much more since that night but knew respecting Aizawa’s space and consent was more important. To learn he was being toyed with because Aizawa enjoyed it and was now ready for both to release their pent-up frustration was insanely sexy.

“I am okay if I…?” Aizawa sat up as he traced hand to Izuku’s crotch and rubbed him through his shorts. Izuku’s face heated up and he gulped, unable to form a thought. Instead, he nodded, almost in hurried anticipation, which made Aizawa smile a toothy grin. He got off from Izuku’s pelvis as he positioned himself between his legs, causing Izuku to sit up and watch him.

Aizawa seemed to have planned this, since he knew exactly what he wanted to do. It made Izuku wonder if he had experimented with someone before they met, and his expression caught Aizawa’s attention.

“I’ve never done this before, so,” he rested his face near Izuku’s crotch and coyly smirked up at him, “tell me if anything makes you feel uncomfortable, okay?”

His tone was gentle and honest, but his face had lust written all over it. Izuku covered half of his face nervously, “O-o-okay! Yes! I will!”

Aizawa turned his attention back to his object of desire and licked his lips, “I’ve been waiting for this,” he whispered against Izuku’s thigh as he pulled the other boy’s zipper down slowly.

The night they had discussed their worries and opened their feelings up flashed in Izuku’s mind. Both were firm on making sure each other become proper heroes and adults before pursuing anything once Izuku returned to his own time. That was an obvious moral choice, but since they were the same age right now, this didn’t concern them as much. If it did, Aizawa wouldn’t have purposely done this, and he had been more careful than Izuku was at this point. Not to mention, physically, it was agonizing at this point. Izuku snapped back to reality as he felt Aizawa use his mouth over his shorts and then his boxers. The teasing made Izuku hitch his breath in his throat. This was becoming painful.

“Are you, he gasped out, “a masochist or something?”
Aizawa smirked, “I guess. I don’t really think about it, I just like to feel good.”

What an “Aizawa” thing to say, Izuku thought. He gasped in surprise when he felt the cool air hit his more sensitive area as Aizawa slowly pulled out his hardened member from his shorts.

“Sh-shit,” Izuku suddenly swore. The slow method Aizawa was using to pleasure him was painful and he had become totally erect from it. Izuku could have sworn he saw hearts in Aizawa’s eyes as he began to take him in his mouth and suck him off greedily. The sensation made him throw his head back and cover his mouth with his hand. As he stared downward at Aizawa, he noticed the other boy’s hand stroking himself, not noticing at some point he had begun to satisfy his needs too.

Despite Aizawa saying he had never done this on anyone, Izuku was convinced he was already a pro at it. Maybe it was just because this was the first time doing anything seriously sexual with someone else, especially his object of affection. Whatever it was, it was feeling so fucking good.

Aizawa panted between each round of having Izuku’s cock in his mouth, licking from his base to his head. As he continued to jerk himself off, he used his other hand on Izuku and made eye contact with him.

“W-what is it?”

“Midoriya, can you do me a favor?”

Izuku blinked, trying to balance his mind from being sucked off and being asked a request. “Y-yeah, of course! What is it?” He was moaning between words and felt so embarrassed, but Aizawa couldn’t help but find it cute.

“Can you call me Aizawa-sensei?”

Izuku felt his mind go numb and his cock harden considerably. It almost hurt, but Aizawa took notice of this and smirked. His expression, full of lust and satisfaction, was one unfamiliar to Izuku.

“Aah, is that the kind of thing you’re into?” Aizawa asked, unable to contain his open-tooth grin. He had Izuku in the palm of his hand, literally.

Izuku felt one hand clench into a fist and the other clamp over his mouth that was releasing frustrated groans. He couldn’t speak at this point, it was humiliating torture, and Aizawa was relishing in it. All he could do was pant and nod furiously, which pleased him enough.

“I want you to call me “Aizawa-sensei” until you cum in my mouth,” he lazily winked as he opened his mouth, “okay?”

“Y-yes, Aizawa-sensei!” Izuku practically screamed out the “sensei” part as Aizawa took him back in his mouth.

Izuku couldn’t fathom that Aizawa had this side to him. It was so shocking and contrasted greatly against the professional, serious pro-hero he was used to. Knowing that he was into sadomasochism and had such a slutty side to him was going to make his entire body implode on itself. But could he really talk? Izuku admitted openly he loved calling Aizawa by his title…

Aizawa fastened his movements and could feel Izuku’s cock pulsate against his tongue. He was about to hit his limit, as was Aizawa. He loved the idea of servicing someone while they writhed and moaned above him and didn’t care much whether he got off or not. However, he was so deep into Izuku, emotionally and physically, that he couldn’t help but touch himself too.
Izuku gripped Aizawa’s hair as he bucked his hips up, “Aizawa-sensei! I’m about to-!” He was unable to finish his sentence as Aizawa moved his mouth faster and kept Izuku in place. His panting grew faster as he let out an uncontrollable cry of ecstasy and released himself into Aizawa’s mouth.

Aizawa felt each shot of Izuku’s load fill his mouth and spill down his throat. He furrowed his brows as he growled around the other’s length and came as well. His own cum dripped on the floor beneath him as he continued to swallow until Izuku was spent.

As the black-haired teen slowly lifted himself off of Izuku, the other boy fell back onto the bed, energy gone. He wiped his mouth and grimaced when he saw the mess he made on the floor. Izuku could hear rummaging from the other side of the room, Aizawa saying something about “cleaning” and “tissue” but was too out of focus to pay attention.

Aizawa lied down next to him and Izuku managed to turn his head to face the other boy. He had one arm under his head to support him and a smug smirk on his face.

“You alive?”

Izuku nodded.

Aizawa chuckled and looked at the clock on his desk as Izuku fumbled to put himself back in his pants. “Eight-thirty already? Guess we should shower for tomorrow, huh?” Izuku blinked and nodded, beginning to steady his breath after the amazing ordeal that just happened.

“Was it,” Aizawa glanced to the floor and back to the other boy, “good?”

Izuku slowly sat up, covering his face, “It was so good. I’m sorry I’m into something like… that.” Aizawa raised an eyebrow as he stood up off the bed. “There’s nothing to be ashamed of, Midoriya. You can’t help what you’re into. To be honest, I think your and my tastes mesh pretty well.”

Another blush crept up on Izuku’s face. That’s true, but Izuku was well aware his sexual experience was a big fat goose egg until now. The idea of having a teacher or mentor kink went through his head, but it wasn’t the sole reason he was in love with Aizawa. The idea of being dominated by someone much more experienced than him was a turn-on, he supposed. He’d had a lot of middle school fantasies about being with older men or women, and he had definitely looked at porn like any other teenager did. Aizawa seemed to have been the push to awaken the mentor fetish he had. Even though he didn’t do much of anything, Aizawa was happy with himself and the oral sex he gave him.

“Um,” Izuku stammered, “I feel bad I didn’t do anything for you.”

Aizawa waved his hand and shook his head, “You got your kinks and I got mine. I got myself off during it, so I’m good. You should probably take a shower now, though.”

“R-right,” Izuku sat up and began to make his way towards the bedroom door. As he turned the door handle, he felt a hand grab his wrist and pull him down as he turned to see what it was. Aizawa connected their lips together, slipping his tongue in Izuku’s mouth slyly. When he pulled away, Aizawa gently pushed Izuku out of the room and shut the door.

Izuku stared blankly at the bedroom door, bringing his palm up to his mouth and covering it. His face began to heat again as he rolled his tongue from the bottom to the roof of his mouth.

“Salty.”
Aizawa had endured another boring week of paperwork being given to him from All Might. “It’s good to keep yourself busy at least a little bit!” the former number one hero encouraged. Per usual, the blonde’s cheerful attitude was opposite of his, but he did appreciate the concern.

Bakugo was still distancing himself from everyone, but Aizawa caught a glimpse in the hallway of him and Uraraka talking. Well, Uraraka seemed to have been doing the most talking, but at least Bakugo seemed to be listening to her. Mina and Kirishima were also trying to keep their class in high spirits, and despite the reports of everything seeming okay with them, Aizawa knew they wouldn’t be alright until Izuku returned in one piece. Tsukauchi had been keeping in contact with Aizawa and giving him updates on Throwback’s status. His quirk still had not returned, but the time frame was slimming down. Izuku had to last for one more week and then return to where he was first sent.

It fueled Aizawa with anxiety that he would not return or something wrong would happen. What if the portal back didn’t open? What if he was stuck there forever? What would he tell his mother? The only times Aizawa was able to rest mentally was when he passed out from lack of sleep.

He was worried to hell and back for Izuku.

As he sat down on his dorm office couch, he leaned his head back. Gazing up at the ceiling, he thought of his first day with Class 1-A. Everyone showed potential, apart from Izuku. He had failed every single test given to him except the ball throw. It made Aizawa suspicious that if he had so much trouble applying his quirk to simple tests then he was not used to using it at all. As if he hadn’t obtained it until recently. However, when he managed to use his head and only obtain minor injuries from its awesome power, it awakened something inside of Aizawa.

Izuku’s confident smile through tears as he proved himself ready for anything Aizawa gave him not only intrigued him but made his heart soar. It was strange- no other student made him feel such a way. It was as if Aizawa had pride in that Izuku was his student, but he also wanted to protect him and make sure he was by his side as he grew and learned.

The night he saw Izuku upset after a call from his father worried him immensely. He wanted to talk to him and made sure he was okay and felt like he wouldn’t have been able to sleep if he didn’t. As they talked about their fathers, he realized he had a lot in common with someone as young as Izuku. He shouldn't have, but they did.

It didn’t feel normal to worry about a student this much.

He wasn’t attracted to Izuku, romantically or sexually, Aizawa glared upward. Not for his student, of all people. That would be immoral, obviously. But there was the want and need deep inside of him that wanted to be next to Izuku’s side, whether as a teacher or a pro-hero or…

Aizawa sighed as he got up to get a glass of water. He felt incredibly hot suddenly, as if the heater had been turned all the way up. This had become reoccurring recently and he left his room less and less because of it. He couldn’t understand why his body would react in such a heated manner, surely nothing crazy was happening where Izuku was, right? He had distinctly told him to take it easy around his younger self.

When Aizawa eventually fell asleep that night, he woke up in a sweat and recalled bits and pieces of a vivid dream. A wet dream. He was a teenager again and doing an unspeakably lewd act on another boy. The face, per usual, was scribbled out and Aizawa dreaded on who it could have been. Was his subconscious just acting up? Was the stress that bad?
He looked down at his sheets, the sticky fluids shimmering in the moonlight making him cringe in disgust.

“I’m losing my mind.”

Chapter End Notes

1. The song Izuku and Aizawa were dancing to is "Clair de Lune" by Claude Debussy.

Like I said, not much plot progression, but I am VERY excited to write the next chapter! I love double-date plots hehehe

Everyone, truly, thank for you sticking by this story and me as well. It really means the world to me and I can't wait to finish it. I will never abandon it, even if I go on long hiatuses. I don't like unfinished stories and to know there are many shippers of this pairing and people interested in my fic is a wonderful feeling. Thank you, thank you, thank you, please look forward to the next chapter!

If you enjoy my work, please consider showing your support by buying me a coffee! https://ko-fi.com/malibu :)}
“Midoriya-kun! Ai-chan!”

Nemuri waved at Aizawa and Izuku, who were making their way towards her and Hizashi. It was a surprisingly warm Saturday despite the upcoming Fall season, and Izuku was excited to be out of the house and doing something that didn’t involve grocery shopping. Granted, when he first woke up next to Aizawa, the reminder of what had happened last night made his entire body heat up. Aizawa, however, wasn’t as embarrassed, and managed to get ready for the day without a problem.

There were some hand touches in between their morning preparation for the outing with Nemuri and Hizashi. For instance, while Izuku brushed his teeth, Aizawa would casually place his hand on his hip and drag it along his back as he maneuvered around him in the bathroom. It caused Izuku to sputter and shiver, much to the other teen’s amusement. As they sat and ate breakfast, Izuku absentmindedly held Aizawa’s hand between bites while skimming through his phone. The act didn’t escape Aizawa’s notice as he smiled and continued eating.

It was around eleven-thirty in the morning when they left to meet with Nemuri and Hizashi, the former offering Shibuya as an ideal place for a group trip.

Both Izuku and Aizawa were dressed comfortably casual, Izuku sported Aizawa’s black leggings again with knee-length, light blue shorts over them. He had on his red shoes and the shirt he had arrived in, as well as a red cardigan, courtesy of Aizawa’s closet. Aizawa was also in a simple get-up- black, fitting jeans and a pink t-shirt that had a crude drawing of a cat’s face on it with the word “NEKO” written in English underneath it. It was quite a silly shirt, Izuku thought, especially for someone as passive as Aizawa, but it fit him for some reason. He had also brought a water bottle for himself, saying, “The sun can get to me, sometimes.”

Nemuri wore a pleated black skirt and a low-cut, pastel purple blouse that hugged her ample chest,
revealing some generous cleavage. Around her shoulder she had a small, pink purse and had her hair
dark done up in a ponytail. Her legs sported black tights and she had on purple flat heels that
matched her blouse. Izuku blinked in surprise when he saw prescription glasses with hot red frames,
reminiscent of her future hero mask.

Hizashi stood next to her with his hands in his pockets, his body relaxed as he grinned at Izuku and
Aizawa in greeting. He sported his usual white-framed, orange-lens glasses that shone brightly in the
daylight. He had on a dark green jacket and a black tank top underneath with some sort of graphic
design Izuku didn’t really understand. White jeans hugged his legs and showed off their thin frame
along with flashy, fashionable black and orange shoes. His hair was its usual hairstyle, and compared
to Nemuri, Izuku felt like they were all underdressed.

Wow, he thought, Midnight was always really pretty, huh? He felt Aizawa nudge his side with his
elbow and Izuku turned to him. His eyes had a hint of… jealousy?

“You’re staring.”

Izuku’s mouth formed a thin line in embarrassment, “S-sorry. It’s just weird to me seeing them like
this.”

Aizawa blinked and turned his gaze back to his friends. That’s right- to Izuku, he had probably only
ever known Nemuri and Hizashi as adult figures in his lifetime. Seeing them so young and casual,
especially having not interacted with them since he got here, was probably alien to his eyes. “Ah,
well,” Aizawa pocketed his free hand in his black jeans, “I guess I understand.”

As they both made their way to the other pair, Nemuri was already shifting her feet back and forth in
excitement. “Today is gonna be so fun!” she squealed. “It feels like forever since we’ve seen you,
Midoriya-kun!” She leaned forward towards him in a playful manner as Izuku nodded in retort.

“YEAH!” Hizashi pointed at Izuku with his index and pinky fingers. “How’s Shouta treatin’ you?
Not too cruelly, hopefully!”

Izuku stammered slightly as Aizawa placed a hand on his shoulder, looking at Hizashi with his
typical half-lidded expression. “He’s been fine.” Nemuri had a glint in her eye as Aizawa met her
gaze, and he could feel the smirk on her glossed lips as the tiniest blush crept up on his cheek. She
seemed to not be in the mood to torture him, however, and instead straightened up.

“Well, let’s get going!” she clapped. “Yamada-kun and I have been around Shibuya a few times
already, so we know where some good places are. I know you don’t care where we go, Ai-chan, but
do you have a preference, Midoriya-kun?”

“Oh, not really,” he waved, “I’ve actually never been through Shibuya.”

“WHOA, really?” Hizashi exclaimed. “You’re missing out, Midoriya!”

“I was thinking maybe we could have lunch, walk around the shopping district, go to the arcade and
wrap up the day with some karaoke!” Nemuri put her index finger to her chin. “But that’s just what I
had in mind, as long as we have fun, that’s all that matters!”

“Lunch sounds good, to be honest,” Aizawa stated.

As they all discussed their food penchants, the group made their way down the sidewalk, eventually
settling on cheap fast food. Hizashi led the way as they all discussed school and said something that
made Nemuri laugh and place her palm on his back. Izuku and Aizawa were partaking in the
conversations, but the former noticed Nemuri’s very girlish body language. She acted as he normally
knew her to, but it felt like she was holding herself back slightly. It caused him to tilt his head in perplexity, which Aizawa noticed.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing, just,” Izuku quietly trailed off, “has Kayama-san always been close to Yamada-kun?”

Aizawa turned the cap off his water bottle and slurped it louder than he would have liked to avoid answering.

Come on, Midoriya, Aizawa thought, isn’t it obvious?

Izuku continued to stare at the back of Nemuri and Hizashi, her hands clasped behind her as he continued telling a story from class. She had a soft, barely noticeable blush on her cheeks and she was fully engaged in what Hizashi was saying.

Despite having immense knowledge on heroes and eager to learn many new things, Izuku’s weak area was apparently relationships. Then again, Aizawa saw his cluelessness first-hand. It wasn’t irritating, though. In fact, Aizawa was sort of fond of that in cute boys, and Izuku was very cute.

Aizawa sighed, realizing he wasn’t going to figure it out any time soon.

“It’s a double date.” He flatly whispered, quickly placing the head of his water bottle into his mouth to ignore the small blush creeping up. Waiting for the other boy’s reaction, he turned back slowly.

Izuku’s face was in a blank state, the gears in his mind turning at a rapid pace to decipher exactly just what Aizawa said. Midnight? Present Mic? On a date with him and Aizawa who are also dating? Wait, were they dating?!

Midnight and… Present Mic. Izuku and Aizawa. Group date.

“Wait, does,” Izuku stammered, his voice almost raising, “does Kayama-san like-?”

Aizawa shot his hand up to Izuku’s mouth, silencing him while shaking his head. “Don’t say anything, she doesn’t want him to know. Just go with it.” Izuku blinked and flattened his lips again, nodding in understanding. Hizashi turned to them, asking if they were even listening, to which Aizawa repeated what he had just said.

Nice save, Izuku thought.

They eventually reached a small fast-food chain restaurant that was nestled between an arcade and shoe store. Izuku and Hizashi took their typical orders of burgers and fries while Nemuri and Aizawa settled on a strawberry milkshake and soda with fries, respectfully. They sat in a booth, Hizashi and Nemuri sitting across from Izuku and Aizawa, and began to eat comfortably. Hizashi was the first to speak after a bite of his burger.

“So, Midoriya,” he chewed, “what have you been doing while staying with Shouta?”

Aizawa sipped his drink through the straw harder than necessary as his eyes shifted to Izuku. Midoriya twiddled with a fry for a second before answering, “O-oh, just, cleaning and cooking, sometimes. As a way of showing my thanks!”

“Aw, how sweet!” Nemuri gleamed. “You’re like a little housewife! That’s adorable.”

Aizawa’s finger twitched as he glared at her and Izuku’s face grew red. Nemuri crossed her legs as
she waved her hand. “I don’t mean it in a bad way, of course! That’s very nice of you to take up some responsibilities like that, Midoriya-kun.”

Hizashi nodded at her words. “YEAH! But also, I meant, what have you been doing about school and things like that? Since you live in Fukuoka, and all.”

“Oh!” Izuku shifted in his seat. “I called my parents who called the school and told them I would be out for a while. I usually go on trips with them, but since I didn’t this time and my quirk brought me here, the school understands.”

“Are your parents worried about you?” Nemuri asked.

“Not really,” Izuku laughed, “this has happened so many times that they’ve become kind of accustomed to it. Not to mention, since I’m staying with someone as nice as Aizawa-kun, they’re not too scared.”

Aizawa closed his eyes, internally complimenting Izuku on his casual lie.

“Man, you’re sooo lucky!” Hizashi groaned as he took another big bite of his burger. “I wish I could take a whole month off school like that. U.A. is no joke.” Nemuri made an exaggerated sigh, following up, “Seriously! This month has especially been draining! I’m just glad we finally have a chance to hang out together and have fun.” Izuku smiled as he continued eating, listening to Hizashi and Nemuri’s venting about school and training. He had never been able to bond with Present Mic or Midnight as much as he had liked to. The only times he really saw them were on television and in class during their English and history lessons. Even though they were at completely different stages in their life right now, Izuku felt a warmth inside him that made him grateful to be sitting there right now. Then, as soon as that warmth formed it vanished, making him stop and stare at his food.

“Grateful”?

Was he grateful for being shot back into a period where he didn’t belong? Grateful that he was causing his mother, teachers, classmates and friends anguish in his own time? Was he deserving of being able to smile and laugh with his future mentors? The thoughts made Izuku’s mood turn sour, but before he could dwell on them, he felt something touch his clenched fist that was resting on his thigh. His eyes traced downward and saw a hand belonging to Aizawa placed on top of his. The table blocked Nemuri and Hizashi’s view of this gesture, so Aizawa didn’t have to worry about being teased by his energetic friends.

Izuku exhaled lightly and felt his fist cease shaking and relax. He began to clear his mind and stared out the window at passing people, the warmth of the sunlight hitting him through the glass.

Of course, he wasn’t grateful for the negative impact that had been caused to everyone he loved and cared about at home. However, the truth he had to accept was that, yes, he was grateful.

Grateful that he had saved Aizawa’s life from Throwback. Grateful that he had taken his place. Grateful that he was able to communicate and bond with the object of his affection at a proper age. Grateful that he had gotten to understand Aizawa’s family more than he ever thought he would. Grateful to Nemuri and Hizashi, his future heroes he would look up to, were so welcoming and friendly to him. Most of all, he was grateful for Aizawa and his existence alone. All the cleaning and cooking in this lifetime and the next wouldn’t be able to express his gratitude for him.

Izuku was absolutely, undoubtedly grateful for everything positive that had happened while being here.
“Hey, what do you think of All Might, Midoriya-chan?” Nemuri asked, Izuku’s gaze shifting from outside back to the table’s inhabitants.

Aizawa chewed on some fries quietly as he squeezed Izuku’s hand for a final time and retracted it. Izuku blinked, trying to gather his thoughts enough to retort.

“Oh, I-I really love All Might!” he exclaimed, blushing at his sudden fanboy outburst.

Hizashi laughed. “See! I knew he would, everyone loves the Number One Hero!”

“Oh, even Ai-chan loves All might!” Nemuri giggled. Aizawa placed his drink down in annoyance, a small blush hinting at his cheeks. “Hey.”

Izuku then took the opportunity to ask something that had been on his mind since they both saw All Might on the news when he first arrived. “I’m a little surprised you really like All Might, Aizawa-kun!” he smiled. “I didn’t think you would be that kind of person, your personalities are so different!”

Aizawa swallowed another sip as he side-eyed Izuku. “Really.”

“I mean,” Hizashi butt in, “you are pretty different, Shouta. You’re like an anti-social, black cat and All Might is like one of those golden retriever dogs.”

Aizawa glared, unamused. “Is that how you all see me?”

“N-not in a bad way, Aizawa-kun!” Izuku defended. “I’m sorry if that offended you.”

“It’s fine,” Aizawa closed his eyes as he shifted in his seat slightly closer to Izuku. “I was kidding.”

Nemuri hummed as she smiled. “We can honestly never tell when you’re joking, Ai-chan.”

“I am aware.”

They laughed as they carried on their conversation, Izuku continuing to eat his food in the process.

Soon after they finished lunch, Aizawa and Izuku followed Nemuri and Hizashi as they made conversation. “There’s a super cool arcade a few blocks from here!” Hizashi waved his hands excitedly. “Do you play video games, Midoriya?”

“Yeah! I usually play whatever is available, but I’m pretty good at crane games.”

“I love that confidence!” Nemuri cooed. “Think you can win me something, Midoriya-kun?”

“I-I’ll try!” he forced a laugh.

As Aizawa listened to their banter back and forth, he felt the smallest smile curve at the edges of his lips. It had been a good minute since he felt so relaxed around his friends, often declining invitations to hang out. He had always preferred time alone, finding himself comfortable staying inside and secluded from the world and other human contact. That hadn’t changed, but he felt the smallest tinge of remorse at what he had been missing out on. Nemuri and Hizashi were, he considered, his best and only true friends in his life. Then, Izuku…

Dark eyes glanced to the side at the freckled boy that walked beside him. Izuku’s mouth formed words and sentences about a situation in his life to the duo in front of them, mesmerizing Aizawa. Izuku could read the contents of the world’s most boring book and Aizawa would still listen, taking in every wave of his voice. He noticed that dark, forest-green hair bouncing as Izuku walked,
brushing against his cheeks. Aizawa remembered how soft it felt through his fingers, how he wanted to caress it gently but also wanted to pull it towards his own face.

That was when Aizawa realized it, really realized it.

“Here it is!”

They stopped in their tracks as Hizashi presented the arcade with an outstretched arm, his other hand reaching for the door handle. Aizawa blinked out of his thoughts as they walked inside, his eyes going back to Izuku. Maybe it was his eyes adjusting from the sunlight into the dimly-lit arcade, but it looked as if Izuku was glowing with excitement.

“Come on, Midoriya!” Hizashi jabbed a thumb at the multiple crane machines lined up. “Show me what’cha got and teach me a little something too!” He grabbed Izuku’s wrist in a friendly gesture, dragging the flustered boy over with him. Nemuri chuckled as Aizawa sighed next to her and they watched from afar.

“You’re really soaking this up, aren’t you?” Aizawa asked.

“Of course,” Nemuri grinned. “How often is it that I convince you to go on a double date?”

Aizawa didn’t say anything as she dusted her knees, patting them through her pantyhose which caused her skirt to sway back and forth. Despite being a Saturday, the arcade wasn’t horrendously busy as he observed their surroundings. There was a decent mix of teenagers and young adults playing games, but it was less busy than other popular arcades. Hizashi must have picked this place for me, Aizawa thought as he looked back at him and Izuku. How considerate.

The crane machine they were occupying was filled with abnormally large plushies of a cute bear mascot. Izuku was trying to direct the claw that Hizashi had control of and drop it at a particular angle. He couldn’t hear exactly what they were saying over the loud sound effects from multiple car racing, dancing and FPS games.

“He’s always thinking about you,” Nemuri interrupted. “We know it’s been a while since you’ve been out, so Yamada-kun wanted to make sure our outing wasn’t too noisy or crazy for you.”

“Yeah,” Aizawa’s lips formed a thin line. “He’s a good friend. Annoying sometimes, but I’m really lucky.” Nemuri snickered at his honesty.

Hizashi may have been the total opposite of Aizawa, both in personalities and appearances, but he did truly care about him. He knew that Aizawa liked dim atmospheres and preferred low-energy locations compared to Hizashi’s loud music and flashy style. Of course, they would make each other’s tastes work together, which was why they were able to stay friends long enough to be on a first name basis. Whether it was going out or training or studying together, Hizashi always did his best to make sure Aizawa was comfortable, Nemuri as well.

I can tell that, because of U.A., you’ve made unbreakable bonds. Aizawa remembered his father’s words.

“How have things been, anyway,” Nemuri leaned her head playfully on Aizawa’s shoulder, “living with Midoriya-kun, I mean?”

“Good,” Aizawa replied flatly.

“I haven’t been able to follow up with you since,” she whispered closely into his ear, the tip of her glossed lips grazing his ear, “your first kiss.”
Aizawa flinched away as he glared at her fox-like smirk. She always knew how to make even the most level-headed boys blush, and Aizawa was no different. He huffed and stared at the floor, ruffling the back of his hair. He wanted to tell her off for being so pushy, but he also knew she was just teasing in her usual way. He relaxed himself and sighed, the sounds of the arcade drowning out into background noise he could ignore.

“Incredible,” he admitted. “Everything has honestly been amazing since he arrived.”

Nemuri blinked, her expression becoming both serious yet full of curiosity. She studied Aizawa’s profile, his cheeks fading back to their usual color as he studied the maroon carpet beneath them. “Really?”

His eyes traced back to Izuku, now in Hizashi’s place and showing him the secret tips and tricks to crane games. His blond friend had rested his trademark orange-lensed glasses on top of his head as he intently listened to Izuku’s directions.

“Even though I have you and Hizashi, having Midoriya stay with me really makes me feel…” Nemuri waited patiently, her eyes softening at the gentleness in Aizawa’s tone. “…complete.”

“That’s a very special feeling, Ai-chan,” She leaned against a purikura machine that was unoccupied. “I understand, though. Remember when you asked me why I liked Yamada-kun despite him being, well, Yamada-kun?”

He glanced at her, thankful for the loud music and arcade sounds obstructing their conversation from Izuku and Hizashi.

“When U.A. had the entrance exams, I almost failed because I had a lot of trouble manifesting my quirk when I wanted it to. You’d think since it comes from my skin it would just emanate automatically, right? Well, it didn’t during the enemy portion and it almost ended in total disaster.”

Nemuri failing? But she was so good during their training sessions. Aizawa gave her a puzzled look as she undid and redid her ponytail.

“I cried a lot afterward when I was about to walk home, but then he came jogging along up to me.” She chuckled as Hizashi made an exaggerated groan of frustration from dropping another crane item. “He came up to me and said that he was glad I was okay. I did get hurt, but nothing too major. He was saying everything in the book to cheer me up- from honest encouragement to eventually getting me to laugh until my tears went away. He’s one of those people who wants to make others smile however way he can. We ended up talking for a long while until he offered to walk me home. Then he told me something that made my chest feel like I got shot with twelve arrows at once.

“He told me, “U.A. would be pretty boring if I didn’t get to see you.””

Aizawa was taken aback at the sentence that fell from Nemuri’s lips. They were so romantic that it would have sounded cliché coming from anybody else, but Hizashi had a talent for it. He remembered the scattered notes of lyrics and music writing that filled his backpack sometimes, the corners crinkled and torn. His prose always surprised Aizawa and Hizashi never even realized how unintentionally dreamy he could sound.

“Can you believe that?” she sighed. “Putting yourself on the line to get in one of the best hero schools ever and then calling it boring if some random girl you just met didn’t get in. He was basically saying I was more interesting than the academy All Might attended. After that day, he introduced me to you and that was that. I figured, I’ve had these feelings for over a year now, might as well get it over with. I know I tease you about Midoriya-kun, but it’s made everything easier for
me knowing we both have people we like. Even if Yamada-kun doesn’t like me back, I just wanted to have fun with everyone and enjoy his closeness.” She said the last sentence with the slightest hint of wavering in her voice.

“Kayama-san,” Aizawa muttered, but she didn’t hear.

They stood side-by-side, watching their objects of affection tackle another crane machine. This time it was filled with small, bear shaped plushies. They were in various shades of pastel pinks, blues and purples, the colors bouncing off the boys and onto their figures. The lights and colors illuminated them in warm colors as they inserted more coins into the slot. Aizawa noticed how the pinks especially bounced off Izuku’s green hair, highlighting it in a gorgeous hue reminiscent of watermelon in the summer.

“I’m in love with him.”

Aizawa said it with such certainty, such confidence, that all Nemuri could do at his words was smile. She, too, felt those words in her bones as she stared at Hizashi.

The sounds of the crane machine’s loud music, indicating success, snapped their attention back to the pair of boys who became ecstatic as the crane claw dropped a pink bear into the drop area.

“Yes!” Hizashi yelled in English as he grabbed the heart from the depths of the crane machine’s maws, holding it up in victory.

“You did it, Yamada-kun!” Izuku cheered.

“It took about five-thousand yen, but I finally got something! You’re an awesome teacher, Midoriya.” Izuku scratched his neck, laughing in embarrassment. Never thought I would be teaching my own teacher something like crane games, he thought. Nemuri and Aizawa walked towards the pair as Hizashi turned around, his face lit up with pure pride.

“Here ya go, Shouta!” he shoved the plushie towards the black-haired teen, who stared back unamused. “Just kidding, it’s for Kayama-san!”

She blinked. “Huh? Me?”

“Yamada-kun really wanted to win you something himself,” Izuku stated. “I offered to win something in his place, but he really wanted to do it himself.”

“Yeah, you know,” Hizashi stammered as Nemuri gently cupped the stuffed bear from him, their fingers grazing. “You’ve had a tough week with exams too, so, I figured, you deserve something that’s easier on the eyes than a multiple-choice test, right?”

Nemuri genuinely laughed as the tip of her fingertips squeezed the top of the plush toy lightly, her eyes softening. “Thank you,” she giggled, her tone making Hizashi spin around quickly to avoid eye contact.

“Come on, Midoriya, let’s go find another game!”

“Wa-wait up, Yamada-kun!”

Aizawa turned to Nemuri as they began to follow the pair. Her sparkling eyes glowed with delight like fireflies at night and she grinned at him, her giggles turning into laughter.

“See? He makes me laugh.”
It had been a week since Midnight had heard from Aizawa, and she was becoming slightly concerned. The last time she tried to call him he sounded as if he was dehydrated and… bothered.

“Are you feeling alright?” she had asked.

“Yeah,” he grated out.

“Seriously, do you need to see a doctor, Eraser? You sound… unwell.”

“I’m fine, just,” he audibly swallowed, “don’t come over. I’m contagious.”

Then he hung up.

Midnight was no idiot, and she knew those sorts of moans and groans were not from someone who was sick. In fact, she would be lying if she said she didn’t slightly blush at how breathless Aizawa had sounded. Had she interrupted him while he was having… “alone time”? No, he wouldn’t have answered. Then, was it maybe a side-effect from Izuku being in his past?

Midnight didn’t understand this convoluted time travel stuff, but she did know that she was worried both for her student and her high school friend.

“So, he hasn’t even contacted you?” She sighed as she crossed her legs and lightly picked at her lunch with her chopsticks. Present Mic had been spending much more time with her lately and he was equally just as concerned as she was. He shook his head as he drank some water from a disposable cup. Luckily, they were the only two in the teacher’s break room, so they could speak freely about Aizawa without worrying the others.

“Nope, not a word,” he tapped an index finger on his thigh.

“I think we need to check on him,” Midnight chewed on her cherry tomato and pursed her lips. “No one has heard anything from him and I’m worried he’s just locking himself away from us. We’re his friends, aren’t we?”

“I don’t know,” Present Mic rubbed the back of his neck, “I mean, when Shouta wants to be left alone, it’s best if we give him that space.”

“When has that ever worked out, though?” Midnight set her bento on the table in front of them as she turned to him. “He needs to talk to us, to somebody! He’s been moping for half a month and beating himself up over Midoriya-kun. I understand that he’s a natural introvert, but there’s a difference between being introverted and purposely hiding away from everyone.”

She huffed and crossed her arms, her breasts squishing together, “People need people, Mic.”

“I know, I know.”

They sat in silence and Midnight’s expression softened.

“We can try and head over tonight after work,” Present Mic offered, “to check on him. Both of us! How’s that sound?”

Her eyes fell to the floor and then up to him. “Thank you. Ai-chan is gonna have to deal with his loudest grievances whether he likes it or not!” Present Mic laughed, and she began to laugh along
“Hey, this is kind of an off-topic question but,” Present Mic scooted closer to Midnight and lowered his voice, “have you been getting headaches recently?”

She stared at him, the sudden closeness between them catching her slightly off-guard.

“I… headaches?”

“Yeah, like,” he was whispering now, “not big ones, just ones that last for a couple of seconds?”

Midnight’s brow furrowed, slowly becoming deep in thought. She had heard about Aizawa suffering from sudden collapses and intense migraines from Nezu, which resulted in him confining himself in his house to avoid causing a scene during school hours.

“Not recently,” she answered. “Sometimes I’ll get what I think is one when I wake up, but it usually goes away. Why?”

“I wonder if Midoriya being around Shouta could also affect us.”

Her eyes widened as she stared at Present Mic with a bewildered expression. He was being serious, for once, and she didn’t know how to respond.

“Midoriya-kun is a smart kid,” she insisted, “Aizawa told him he should do as little as possible to interfere with anything that could change drastically.” She was silently hoping Mic wasn’t implying that Midoriya had been intentionally causing harm.

“Yeah, but I’m worried about his presence. We don’t know how things are affecting us here while he’s there. Seeing Shouta was inevitable, but has he met our younger selves?”

Midnight didn’t think about that.

“I just hope whatever he’s doing- or saying- doesn’t screw things up here.”

“Mic, I think you’re overreacting. I’m sure he understands the consequences by now, and if Aizawa is still having these,” she faltered, “reactions, that means Midoriya and everything else is okay. Nothing worthwhile has happened here, so it’s safe to assume things are going just swell with him and our embarrassing teenage selves.”

Present Mic leaned back on the couch and crossed his arms behind his head, exaggerating a sigh, “I guess you’re right.” He then glinted at her through his glasses, “As always.”

Midnight playfully stuck her tongue out at him as he grinned at her reaction. She ignored the slight thumping in her chest as she looked down back at her abandoned bento. Another silence emitted between then until Present Mic suddenly snapped his fingers, as if having an ah-ha moment.

“Hey, remember when we all went out in Shibuya and did karaoke?”

--

14 Years Earlier

The sun had begun to set sooner than the group thought, unaware how much time they spent in the arcade and walking around the Shibuya shopping district. As soon as Nemuri saw the hour, she urgently rushed the boys and herself towards the karaoke spot she had mentioned at the beginning of their day.
It was conveniently close to the Shibuya station, however, slightly hidden. Nemuri called it a “hidden gem”, talking about how she had spent time with a few female classmates and wanted to desperately bring Hizashi and Aizawa.

Nemuri led them into the Shibuya MODI building, a shopping mall, and directed them all the way up to the sixth floor. As soon as they walked through the elevator doors, Izuku noticed how clean and slick the interior design was. The sign leading into their destination was painted on a white, brick wall that read, “Rainbow Karaoke”. It was very westernized inside, faux street lamps with LED lights turned on decorated the hall towards the front desk.

“It looks like New York in here!” Hizashi awed.

“Right?!” Izuku exclaimed.

Nemuri relished in the praise her choice was receiving and winked at them, “And it’s only four-hundred and fifty yen for the first hour!”

Aizawa graciously paid for all of them (much to the protest of Izuku and excitement of Hizashi and Nemuri) for two hours. “Any longer and we’ll be home too late,” he stated as-a-matter-of-factly.

When they settled into their booth, Hizashi wasted no time in skimming through the song list on the television. The booth had blue, purple and pink neon lights, illuminating everyone in bright hues. There were four overhead regular LED lights to give lighting for the menus set neatly on the table in front of their booth seats.

As Nemuri pulled one of the snack menus and began looking, Izuku sat next to Aizawa who was focused on Hizashi’s quick-paced search.

“I’ve never been to karaoke before,” Izuku admitted.

“WHAAAT?!” Nemuri and Hizashi exclaimed in unison.

“You’re missing OUT, Midoriya!”

“Yeah! Like, what kind of friends do you even have where they don’t take you out to karaoke?!”

“Me either,” Aizawa’s passive voice stopped them, “I mean, this is my first time too… I guess.”

Izuku had formed the wobbliest smile Aizawa had seen on him so far and it was insanely cute. Too cute, that he had to avert his eyes due to the slight blush that had begun forming on his cheeks. How many times has Izuku made him feel so mushy and bubbly today?

“Are you going to sing, Aizawa-kun?”

“Ah, no, I’m just going to watch.”

Nemuri made a devilish giggle, “Oh-ho, no you aren’t Ai-chan! You’re definitely joining in with us.”

“I don’t sing.”

Hizashi and Nemuri exchanged mischievous grins which Aizawa ignored and Izuku internally dreaded. He didn’t realize that Midnight and Present Mic could be such a compatible duo.

They spent the first half-hour shuffling between mostly rock and pop songs. Hizashi, being an avid singer and lover of music, had the type of voice that was attention-demanding. Amongst Japanese
rock songs, he also daringly chose popular English hits from the U.S. and Britain. Nemuri’s was more of talk-singing, but had a nice, sultriness to it when she emphasized certain notes.

During their turns, Izuku had tried to familiarize himself with the songs that were mainstream during this period, picking ones that were mainly charter-hits. Luckily, none of his companions argued or judged him. When his turn came, he stated up-front that he was self-conscious about his singing voice, describing that he had to raise the pitch of his voice slightly to sound “somewhat bearable”. Hizashi shrugged with his trademark toothy grin, encouraging him that it didn’t matter how he sounded (or how he thought he sounded).

“That’s just singing, MAN!” he exclaimed, “You gotta adjust your voice for the right tune, but even if you can’t sing, we’re just high schoolers having a good time!”

“Yeah, the point is just to have fun!” Nemuri agreed.

That confirmation softened his nerves, especially since Aizawa was quietly watching over with a small amused smile. When he picked a track by a popular male idol, he lost himself in the song as Nemuri clapped along. It was short, exactly three minutes, and by the end of it his face was a slight red of embarrassment.

“Wo-w!” she awed, “You have a cute voice, Midoriya-kun!”

“AMAZING!” Hizashi supported in English.

Izuku looked at Aizawa and he could see a satisfied expression on his face beneath the colorful neon lights. He scratched the back of his head awkwardly and looked as if he were about to hand it back to Nemuri. She was surprised when, instead, he gave it to Aizawa.

“I, um,” he swallowed, “would really like to hear you sing!”

For a moment, there was a pregnant pause between all of them, save for the stand-by music on the TV. Hizashi even lowered his glasses to fully look at the two of them and Nemuri looked as if she were about to explode from the rare romantic scene taking place in front of her. Aizawa blinked up at Izuku with wide eyes, the green-haired boy’s features taking on a red and pink hue as he stared at the floor, avoiding his stare.

Damn it, Aizawa thought, he’s just too stupidly cute.

In a shocking move, Aizawa Shouta, who was known for denying his closest friends (including his best friend) to anything fun, swiftly grabbed the microphone from Izuku. He stood from his seat and walked over to the TV, Hizashi and Nemuri gawking at how easily swayed he was to Izuku’s request.

“HOLY SHIT,” Hizashi rarely swore and became overly giddy, “are you for real gonna sing, Shouta?! You gonna show them?!”

“What do you mean “show” us?” Nemuri questioned, a puzzled look gracing her features. Aizawa ignored them as Hizashi began to ramble to her and Izuku, tuning his loud friend out. Hizashi leaned in towards them, waving his hands in the air, obviously very excited.

“So! This one time during a break between our training, I was grabbing a drink of water. Suddenly, from the locker room, I heard someone singing…”

“Hey.” Aizawa cut in, but Hizashi wasn’t listening.
“It was like, the silkiest voice I EVER heard! So, then…”

“HEY.”

“I poked my head in the locker room, and who do I see just as he was zipping up his training uniform?”

“HIZASHI.”

“Yeah?” the blond whirled towards Aizawa with the cheekiest grin he could muster.

“Shut up.”

With the click of the remote, Aizawa chose the song he was looking for. “I’m surprised they even had this song, it’s so old…” Aizawa mumbled, clearing his throat. The jazzy instruments blared along with a soft electronic ballad accompanying it. As soon as they slowed to a halt to introduce the vocals, Aizawa opened his mouth as Hizashi, Nemuri and Izuku looked on with anticipation. What came out was the sound equivalent of melted chocolate oozing over a basket of fruit.

“Leave all the things you don’t have behind, even now,
Because the person you must protect is in your heart…”

The way Aizawa’s voice delicately danced along the lyrics were as smooth as his dancing. He had very obviously memorized the song by heart as each word came out. Both Nemuri and Izuku’s jaws were half-way open in utter surprise while Hizashi was silently geeking out over his friend’s hidden talent.

“In a false world, you seek with overflowing feelings,
your quivering lips and wet eyes, I devote myself to them…
Right now, Dark and Light! is beginning.”

Izuku couldn’t believe how good of a singer Aizawa was. His vocals were deep, but not enough to be baritone. Not only that, but to flow along with the instrumentals, Aizawa added an air purposeful seductiveness as he sang along to the lyrics on screen. Did he still sing as well as he did in the future as he did now? Hizashi wasn’t kidding when he said that Aizawa’s voice was like silk; Izuku felt as if he were being wrapped in a blanket entirely made of it.

“The rest of those dreams are left behind on the wounds left on my body,
At this moment, I don’t want to be separated from you…”

Aizawa glanced back towards Izuku to see his reaction. It was his way of conveying, “Do you understand that I’m singing just for you?” Izuku had a wide smile and visible stars in his eyes at the way Aizawa was slowly getting into the song and emphasized the words.

“Days that stood still and your dreary feelings, I’ll be waiting right here,
Things such as imprisonment and undefined futures, I’ll create them with you,
It’s moving, dark and light! Feel it…”

As the song drifted into its final instrumental phase, it finally ended and Aizawa heaved a sigh as if he had just completed a daunting task. He turned around at his friends and Izuku, who were too
dumbstruck to say anything at his grand performance. Aizawa couldn’t help but smirk in amusement at their reactions and tossed the microphone to Hizashi.

“Your turn.”

“UWAH!” Nemuri groaned girlishly to no one as she and Hizashi walked side-by-side. They had ended up spending three hours in karaoke, much to the chagrin of Aizawa. He didn’t enjoy going to sleep so late and insisted that he and Izuku needed to return home. Despite Hizashi having endless energy out of all of them, Nemuri also reluctantly admitted that she was getting tired. All four of them had left on the train back to Tokyo and parted ways as soon as they reached their destination: Izuku and Aizawa went one way while Hizashi offered to walk Nemuri home in the other.

“I didn’t know Ai-chan was such a good singer!” she squeeled as she squeezed the heart plushie he won her. “Why didn’t you tell me?!”

He laughed and shrugged slightly, “He doesn’t like attention like that.”

It was true, Aizawa was talented at many things that would surprise anybody: dancing, ice skating, singing, gymnastics, et cetera. However, he was shy about that kind of stuff, though he wouldn’t admit it. Hizashi knew that if word got around their peers that the quiet, asocial Aizawa Shouta and his “everyone-bores-me” aura was a damn good singer that could make people so hot they’d change the Earth’s temperature by two more degrees, he would avoid everyone more than he already did.

“To think we would have never actually heard him if Midoriya weren’t here!”

“Oh, no,” Nemuri winked, “Ai-chan told me he wanted to come on his own. Midoriya-kun just so happened to be there.”

Hizashi chuckled as they reached the front gate of Nemuri’s house. The street lamps along the sidewalk made a low buzzing hum through the otherwise silence of the neighborhood. “Did your parents know you’d be home so late?” Hizashi asked. Nemuri walked over to the gate, opening it slightly. “Yeah, but if they knew I was hanging out with boys they’d freak out. So, I mayyy have lied to them a little and said I went out with Futaba, Yazawa and Shibusa-san.”

Girls from her class that Hizashi saw a few times on campus with Nemuri but didn’t know a single thing about. In fact, he didn’t know a ton of stuff about Nemuri like he should have- he knew they were friends and that she had a dangerous quirk that could easily be used for evil. But she didn’t and pursued an active hero lifestyle. He even told her that once; her quirk would be perfect for bank heists or general burglary because then no one would be able to stop her. In response, she playfully tapped him in the center of the chest with her index finger and formed a daring smirk on her lips.

“Like stealing your heart?” she had asked, and just as Hizashi had smelled her aroma emitting from her skin, Nemuri stopped, whipped around and bellowed over in laughter. Apparently, the look on his face was just oh, so hilarious.

He had concluded that day that she was dangerous in other ways.

“I had a lot of fun today!” Nemuri exclaimed, snapping Hizashi out of his memory. “I’m sad Midoriya-kun will be leaving soon, though.”

“Yeah, he’s a pretty cool guy,” he pocketed his hands and grinned, “if a little nerdy-lookin’.”

She shushed him jokingly and heaved large sigh, “We should do this again sometime. Except,
“Maybe…” She pinched the bottom of the plushie and bit her bottom lip slightly, nervousness creeping into her.

“Maybe what?”

“Maybe next time it can be just the two of us?”

It took a second for Hizashi to understand what she meant until it clicked. His mouth slowly opened in an o-shape and he felt his ears begin to burn. “Like- like a, uh,” he stammered, “a d-d-date?”

Nemuri’s gaze shifted back and forth at the ground until she bravely met her eyes with his, her cheeks a bright pink. “Only if you want to,” she insisted, “but if you don’t feel the same I won’t be upset if you-”

“N-no, I- I mean, only if you want to!” Hizashi felt his knees buckle beneath him. “You’re really cute Kayama-san, and you can have anybody you want but you don’t have to force yourself to go out with me-”

Nemuri stepped forward and closed the distance between them, grabbing his left hand out of his pocket. She squeezed it as she leaned in close and confessed, “I’m not forcing myself. I really like you, Yamada-kun.”

Hizashi’s glasses faltered off his nose slightly, the red hue of his eyes being visible as he stared down at her. Nemuri uncharacteristically swallowed the forming lump in her throat and took a deep breath. She wanted to inch closer and connect their lips, to be as brave as Aizawa was with Izuku.

“You,” Hizashi squeeked out, “like me?”

Her grip on his hand softened and she retorted, “You think I’m cute?”

Both teen’s faces heated all the way down to their backs, Hizashi feeling a bead of sweat form at his temple. “Yeah, I… you’re really pretty and smart. Ever since we met at the U.A. entrance exams, I knew you’d make a great pro-hero! I’m…” his voice shook, “…really glad I talked to you that day.”

He took her hand in both of his, and, surprising her even further, he pressed his forehead against hers. He couldn’t bear to face her with his next words and so he closed his eyes.

“I’m really happy I get to see you every day at school.”

When Nemuri watched sappy romance movies, the love between two characters was always described in such poetic prose. Butterflies in the stomach, bubbly insides, and so on. But in that moment, Nemuri felt like she became a human heater. Her skin felt hot and her insides were boiling like a kettle left on the stove for too long. Was it normal to feel dizzy and light-headed when your crush likes you back?

“Ai-chan,” she thought, “I did it. I was brave.”

Hizashi slowly opened his eyes and backed up, concerned about her silence. “Kayama-san?”

A wobbly smile made its way to Nemuri’s face as she grinned up at him. She quickly got on her tiptoes and kissed Hizashi’s cheek. Before the action processed in his head, she pulled away and walked through her house gate, gently shutting it. Finally, she stopped and turned back towards him, squeezing the heart plushie tighter to her chest.

“It was a double-date!” with that admittance, she briskly walked to the front door and disappeared behind it. Hizashi was left standing there outside, dumbstruck at both the kiss and what she had just
said. Were they dating now? Double-date? Today? But Aizawa and Izuku were there-

Hizashi’s eyes widened to impossible levels and the sound of a sixteen-year-old Japanese student screaming “WHA-T!” in English left Nemuri giggling into her pillow uncontrollably.

--

“Today was a lot of fun!”

Izuku had long since changed out of his outing clothes and rubbed his feet while sitting on the edge of Aizawa’s bed. It was less awkward sharing the same bed now that they had been doing it for the last few days. However, Izuku still became slightly flustered at how intimate they had become the past week. “I had no idea you could sing, Aizawa-kun!”

Aizawa shrugged and made an expression. “It’s nothing special. When you’re taught to dance, of course you’d be taught how to sing also.” Izuku understood, but this newfound knowledge about the future pro-hero made him ecstatic. As far as he knew, no one back in his time was aware of this (besides Present Mic, as evidenced from his story) and he felt as if it were a special secret only he and two other people knew about.

“I haven’t sung in a while,” Aizawa admitted as he patted his black tank top and sat next to him, “so I think my tone was off.”

“Not at all!” Izuku said. “Your voice is really beautiful. Nothing I expected!”

Aizawa became slightly flustered at this and turned his head slightly. “It’s nothing special,” he insisted. With that, he mumbled something about the bathroom and exited through his bedroom door.

Izuku smiled after him and unlocked his phone. He was used to not receiving any messages at this point, however, his eyes widened when he saw a few missed texts. Was he just tired and his eyes deceiving him? He pulled his phone closer and realized it wasn’t a dream. Someone had tried to contact him.

“Aizawa-sensei?” he whispered.

Tapping the green icon quickly, the texts were a usual garbled mess, but some of the hiragana and kanji were legible between the glitches. Izuku’s eyes glazed over the messages and at first, was confused. The tone wasn’t Aizawa’s and the message overall was straight-forward. However, when he got to the last two lines, he felt his heart thump in his chest.

“COME- HOME- SOON.”

“EVERYONE- MISSES- YOU.”

“DAMN- NERD.”

All Izuku did was stare at the messages and felt his hand shake slightly. “Kacchan,” was all he was able to rasp out. His vision blurred, and tears threatened to start pouring out at any second. Izuku could practically hear Bakugo’s voice through the words on his screen and his breath hitched at the thought of his childhood friend. Sniffling and wiping the tears away before they ran down his cheeks, he typed back:

“I- WILL.”

With that, he shut his phone off, the device already beginning to overheat. Aizawa then walked back
into the room and they eventually turned off the lights and got under the covers for bed. Both lay on their backs side-by-side, staring at the ceiling as their eyes adjusted to the darkness.

“One more week, huh?” Izuku said out loud.

“Yeah,” Aizawa mumbled.

There was a long silence between them, neither knowing what to say.

“I wish I could just not go to school this week,” Aizawa stated, causing Izuku to glance his way. “That way I could spend more time with you.”

Izuku fiddled his scar-ridden hands on his stomach, unsure of how to respond. “Well, don’t do that, U.A. is really important!”

“So are you.”

Aizawa slowly grabbed Izuku’s hand and entwined their fingers together, and nothing more was said until they succumbed to sleep.

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14 Years Later

Present Mic knocked on Aizawa’s door frantically, both as a joke and as a concerned friend.

“SHOUTA! Are you alive? Are you in there! Answer us!”

“Mic, stop,” Midnight scolded. “You’re going to wake everyone in the dorms up.”

She couldn’t get what Mic had said in the teacher’s lounge earlier that day out of her head. Karaoke? In Shibuya? She had questioned him about it, and he responded that it was a group outing with him, her, Aizawa and another friend they had met recently that month. She tried to recollect the memory to the best of her ability, and while bits and pieces came back, she couldn’t for the life of her remember the other “friend”.

She did, however, remember the aftermath of the outing, which made her blush. Nothing ever came of them that night between her and Mic, and he didn’t seem to mention it either.

Did he still have feelings for her since then? Or had it deteriorated into a one-sided love over the years on her end? She never found out as their hero careers took off after U.A. and went their separate ways.

The slow creak of Aizawa’s door jolted her out of her thoughts.

“Why are you always so damn loud, Mic.” He was only peeking out slightly from behind his door, a small blanket draped over his shoulders and the bags under his eyes looking worse than usual. His face was red, and his voice was low and croaky.

“We were just worried about ya!” he said, voice raised. “Wanted to make sure you were alive, too. You doing okay?”

Aizawa’s mouth formed into a flat line, as if asking, “Do I look okay to you?”

“Aizawa,” Nemuri cut in, “is it okay if we come in? We just wanted to talk to you. I can order you some food too. Anything you want.”
Her tone and serious expression made Aizawa feel awful. He didn’t mean to upset his friend and colleagues, or even his students. He just could not be around anybody for the past week because of his heated outbursts and the unwanted predicaments that came with them. He was worried what was happening to his younger self and what Izuku was up to.

_Hopefully it’s not what I’m thinking of_, he internally gritted.

He had waited all day for the same effects that had been plaguing him, but shockingly, none came. Just to be safe, however, Aizawa had holed himself up and refused any human contact until now. He contemplated for a second of what Nemuri said, and slowly pulled on the door more until it was fully open.

“To be honest,” he sighed, “a beer sounds _really_ good right now.”

Chapter End Notes

1. Rainbow Karaoke is a real karaoke joint in Shibuya! However, I don't know if they're an all-age karaoke bar, so I took some liberties for the sake of plot.

2. The song Aizawa sang was "Kakusei ~Dark & Light~" which was sung by his seiyuu, Junichi Suwabe, for the 2008 BL anime Monochrome Factor! Look it up on YouTube and prepare to die from his sexy, sexy vocals. <3 Also, a big thank you to Wordpress user Mizuno who uploaded the translated lyrics to their blog @ Aoikunotaku!

1300+ kudos! I CAN’T BELIEVE IT! Thank you for sticking by this story everyone, I am so grateful for the support and encouragement. Please look forward to the next chapter!

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