One More Minute
by bakudekutodo

Summary

If he could, he would ask for another minute.

If it were possible, he would do anything for one more minute.

One more chance, one more possibility to realize how much he has fucked up, and stop. Stop and fix the shit he did. Stop Deku - Izuku, from becoming what he has become.

Deku has become a Villain, Bakugo blames himself. Their fates intertwine yet again so close to Bakugo's graduation from UA, bittersweet moment to which he wishes his dead childhood friend could be there.

i suck at summaries, but i wanted to write a Villain Deku AU for so long because im burning with emotional trauma Izuku that i want to come out, hope you like it!!
Hi everyone! Gosh it's been so long that I've wanted to create this AU but never got around to! I've been reading so many wonderful fics but I never was able to find one that is what I needed to come out for a Villain Deku AU, I want this to burn, to hurt, to make people cry, I don't know if I have the capability to portray those emotions but I will try my best and hope you can enjoy!
Note!

Hi everyone!

This is my Villain Midoriya AU, and there's a few points to please keep in mind as you choose to read through my story!

1. This is - technically - my first official published fic of mine that I'm ever posting, so I hope you don't mind how weird I might be or nervous for your feedback!

2. I am not a native English speaker, English is my second language and I try my best to make sure my English is up to bar! Yet I am not a child as well and have been speaking this language for years but mistakes happen!

3. I am a med student, writing this on my summer break, so I might not always be able to publish on time especially when my university starts again, hope you keep that in mind!

4. I want this fic to be very sad, dark, extremely dark, I want to try to show raw pain and emotion so please make sure that if you are easily triggered to be noted that abuse, rape, and more things that can cause triggers you might find it in this fic, so please continue with warning having been given

5. This is a story from my head, from many videos and shows and stories I've read, In no particular way do I own the characters, all are affiliated to their original creators and if there is a chance there is a resemblance of my story to another it is ACCIDENTAL

6. Hope you enjoy!
Wildflowers

Chapter Notes

First chapter!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

So excited

The fic will go from a PRESENT to PAST switch !!! so please keep that in mind as you read!

Leave any comments, kudos, or love if you liked it!

Be the best person you can be today

Present

Wildflowers

The wind was soft and warm against his tanned skin, scents of wildflowers blowing past him, reluctantly reminding him of young summers, young memories, and young kids. He exhaled before turning his head to the side, from where the source of the smell is coming out of. It was quiet, just how he liked it in here, the only place he prefers it to be silent, where he can succumb down to his thoughts to dig out memories suppressed in any other time; of a young curly haired boy, smiling dazzlingly at him.

The fair haired young man gave a sad smile, the corners of his mouth slowly turning into a grimace before tears threatened to fall. It was ridiculous, he thought, that after almost three years he still couldn’t keep his feelings in check. Fucking useless tears falling when they can do absolutely nothing at all, disgusting is what it was. Disgusting is what he was. Scarlet eyes fell before the words written on the gravestone, sharp reminders of how much was lost and how much he was at fault. Dusting a small portion he heaved another sigh, knowing he spent longer time than usual sitting here, and honestly what the fuck did he think doing this would do? It’s not like he would ever get a reply back, stupidly talking to a piece of stone embedded to the fucking dirt.

“Bakugo?” He heard a gasp before looking up, eyes wide at practically the last fucking person he wants to meet.

“A-Ah,” He tripped as he suddenly got up, flustered and honestly, fucking disgusted more of him than any way possible. “Mrs. Midoriya…” His voice trailed off. What was he supposed to say? What could he possibly say? Sorry for not seeing you in almost three fucking years? Or better,
“It’s good to see you healthy Bakugo.” She says in her small voice, Bakugo looks at her again this time, she’s become very frail from when he last saw her, her eyes now permanently holding dark circles, face sunken in and pale. He wondered when was the last time she had any color on her face to begin with. She was carrying an arrangement of wildflowers as well, identical to the ones left on the ground next to them.

“Mhm,” He mumbled in response, eyes glancing on the floor unable to meet hers.

She walked up to him, slowly passing him by and putting the flowers next to his, patting the still fresh ones with a sad smile. “I always wondered who would replace the flowers more than me, didn’t cross my mind to be you Bakugo.” The blond clenched his fist, his chest heaving with the gaping hole no one but him seems to see, biting his lip to keep the sob that threatened out of him. There wasn’t any ounce of venom in her voice, no accusatory intention, no hatred. She should be the one to hate him most, despise his existence, and want him dead.

“I-He…” Bakugo took a deep breath, “He always liked wildflowers.” He saw her slowly nod before getting up, “Yes he did, and he would always get me a whole bunch of them whenever the two of you would go out.” The two of them sadly smiled at a shared memory, one receiving flowers, one picking flowers.

She exhaled at the ground and turned to the tormented boy, her hand slowly finding its way to his cheek, her ever so familiar green eyes falling against his crimson ones, “It was really good to see you Bakugo, albeit the years, but you are a son to me as well, and you will very well be a good Hero. Let me see you soon, okay?”

Eyes wide, mouth opened, pain radiating from his heart to everything that is Bakugo; he watched her walk away silently unable to respond to her, to form any word of consolation, apology, anything. He was useless, he was empty, and he was not a hero. Bakugo gritted his teeth as his chest hurt, and God did it fucking hurt. He couldn’t breathe, his heart hurt, his lungs hurt, his body hurt, he fell on the ground gripping his chest, air refusing to enter his lungs. He was having another episode, fucking pitiful of an episode, one which he triggered to others, ironically causing him to be on the floor unable to move. His eyes burnt from how many tears fell, his nose blocked, his voice failing him as he sobbed through the panic attack. Unsure of how much time elapsed he got up, more repulsed of how dirty he’s become and turned to walk away glimpsing back for a second at the grave stone of his former childhood friend as he went on with his last year of high school, leaving him behind yet again.

You wouldn’t have guessed him to be the heaving boy he was hours ago as Bakugo walked through the gymnasium to join his class for the morning assembly, the last one he’d ever do in his life. He mumbles at how fucking annoying this was just as he comes closer to his friends huddled in the last row, a bubbly haired brunette not failing to hear him before grinning and smacking his back.

“Ow, watch it fucking round face!” He grimaced, “Don’t fucking touch me.”

“Cheer up Bakugo! It’s our last assembly, why are you so damn grumpy?!” She gave him a small smile, “It’s our last year, we’ve got to start and end it with a smile!”

He tsked at her and ignored, choosing to let go at the fact she fucking rolled her eyes at him and opting to stare at the wall on his side as the president spoke about it being another great opening to
another great fucking year, how he expects the students to face it with courage, smile and hope, and at how to the seniors to make sure they stay up to their level and more of being the best they can be. His mind couldn’t help but drift to how a young green haired boy would react to this assembly in excitement, almost having a fucking tail like a puppy wagging from excitement. At that he chuckled, the action being caught on by his – what he would somewhat call – best friend, Kirishima. The red haired boy watched his best friend disappear into the land of daydreams with a solemn expression, he knew this and graduation would probably be the most difficult times school wise for Bakugo, being the only one who actually knows about Bakugo’s past, keeping a mental check to remind himself of the various dates he knew would be the worst for the blond this year now that he spent the last two years figuring them out. He won’t let his best friend fall down again this year.

As the assembly ended, class 3–A walked back to their classroom, jittering with excitement at what this year would bring to them. Kirishima jogged up to Bakugo, announcing his presence before wrapping his arm around the other boy’s shoulder. “It’s the final year Bakugo!” He smirked as Bakugo attempted to shove him away, “Aw don’t be like that, we’ll be able to do so much stuff this year, and by the end of it, we’ll be junior Heroes!” Bakugo flinched at the word, “Yeah? Do you want to be a fucking one handed hero?”

Kirishima eyed him confused before realization daunted at him and he yelped away just before a small explosion popped off Bakugo’s hand. Damn, he didn’t even see his hand move towards him. “Alright man!” He laughed before going serious, “Bakugo.” At his friend’s tone, Bakugo turned around; both waiting till the hallway was almost empty to speak again. “You went to visit him again.” It wasn’t a question or just a mere statement out of Kirishima. Despite understanding the past Bakugo had and knowing the unspeakable amount of burden he feels and the never ending blame he puts himself through, Kirishima has been pushing Bakugo to slowly attempt letting his childhood friend go. He doesn’t mean to add harm in wanting Bakugo to move on, but it being past three years of self-torment he hoped to see his friend finally having some relief, some form of deliverance from the shackles of nightmares he keeps on himself.

“So fucking what?” Bakugo spat back, “You know my answer to this shitty hair, and I’m not doing this bullshit fucking again.”

Kirishima’s hand grasped the retreating Bakugo, “Bakugo, no matter how much you blame yourself, or visit, or hurt, or do whatever the hell you’ve been doing again and again, it won’t bring him back.”

“Watch it,” The blond growled, but Kirishima didn’t falter.

“I know you miss him, I know you’re so fucking sorry, I know you’d rather take back everything and start over again, but it’s been three fucking years Bakugo. It’s been years and you still haven’t let yourself start to forgive the past and let it be just that, the past.” Bakugo shoved his friend back, releasing his grip from his arm.

“I don’t fucking need this from you. I don’t fucking need anything from you. You know what happened because you were the only one who eyed me and fucking faced me, I respect you, fuck I like you. You are my best friend in this shithole, but don’t you for one fucking second I will allow you to spew any bullshit you like about him. I know you’re talking this shit for my sake, I’m not a fucking child to not know what I’m doing is bad. But I’m not going to allow you to go past your fucking line just because we’re friends.” He was breathless as he finished, emotions gaining the best of him as his flushed face looks on his friend.

Kirishima pursed his lips, “Alright Bakugo, this isn’t the time or place for this talk, but we will
Bakugo grimaced as he walked back in class, stopping for a second waiting for his friend to catch up. Kirishima, knowing this was his way of agreeing to the talk, grinned at Bakugo’s back as he caught up to his pace bringing on a new subject of rambling.

The day goes as normal as it can be, Bakugo staring out the window as the bell for the last class announcing its end, a tired sigh comes out of him as he turned to pack up and get the hell out of here. His name was called out just before he grabbed his back so he turned towards the owner of the voice, his homeroom teacher for three years.

“Come here for a second,” Aizawa calls out to him, “I was just telling Todoroki and Kirishima here about a chance to shadow an agency’s work this few coming weeks. Nothing major, but since you three are the top of our school, I want you getting used to working with multiple agencies and having more experience.” Bakugo rolled his eyes at the mention of the fucking half-and-half being part of this, meaning he’s stuck with that shit face for more than just school related bullshit. Aizawa, having the experience of dealing with Bakugo’s tantrums for three years, swatted his head before giving him any chance of his bratty remarks although the frequency decreasing more and more as he grew older. He eyes the young boy before him before he speaks, at how much he’s matured without Bakugo realizing it himself, at how collected he’s become in comparison at how he started. He still a little shit, Aizawa thought, but one people are becoming to like. “No bullshit out of you, it’s happening like it or not, this is good for you.” He then addressed the three named young boys, “Each of you will get a report of the recent works Best Jeanist’s agency has been doing –”

“Fucking Best Jeanist?!” Bakugo’s exclamation interrupted the dark haired man, his memory allowing the horrid experience of once joining that agency after his first sports festival and at how fucking Best Jeanist did.

“Yes, now shut up.” Aizawa sighed and turned to Todoroki, “I need you to keep an eye on these two. Kirishima will be over excited most times, Bakugo will just be miserable; you’ll be able to at least have a clear head around them most times.”

Bakugo turned to speak but was beat, “No problem.” Todoroki grinned at the volcano that is Bakugo, a smug smile playing on his face knowing that despite Bakugo talking shit, the three along with a certain pink skinned Mina, and an electric idiot Denki were a good group of friends. Todoroki was also personally close to the bubble haired Uraraka and Ida, but he knew these two tend to not disturb Bakugo as much.

“Great!” Aizawa faked happiness, “Now get the shit home so I can finally sleep.” The three boys bid him farewell before leaving with Bakugo’s voice leaving trail of curses and swears at the two of them as they laughed his tantrum off. Aizawa watched them go, feeling a little uneasy as to whether this truly will be a good year for his class, he hoped it was.
Tremors

Chapter Summary

Past - Some glimpse from Izuku's perspective

Chapter Notes

Hey!! New chapter! So soon!
i know it's sudden, but im oozing with ideas and wanting to write so im hoping it
doesnt sound like rambling

i dont think i have specific dates or times of when i’m updating but im free as heck
now so i might as well update!

WARNING
GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF ABUSE
IF TRIGGERED PLEASE READ AT CAUTION

I DO NOT CONDONE THIS BEHAVIOR IN ANY WAY, SHAPE, OR FORM

ABUSE IS WRONG AND IM COMPLETELY AGAINST IT

THIS IS JUST FICTION AND MY OWN EXPLANATION

PLEASE BE ADVISED
LOVE YOU

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Past

Tremors

He didn’t consider himself as someone whose life would drastically change in a moment, wasn’t
one of those people who would suddenly realize their potential is greater than what they perceived
and that despite all odds, life would in any way get better. No, he was nobody, no one, just a vessel
meant to have experiences that frankly? They haven’t amounted to much.

Chuckling at how unbelievably somber his train of thought has become; green eyes glanced
upwards towards the closest window, to the silent movement of the leaves as he imagined himself
anywhere that isn’t here. It’s funny how fast places change in meaning to people, how a small memory in a small space can convert a whole person’s reaction, He doesn’t hate his class, he doesn’t hate his school, it was preferred to get done with it as soon as possible. Green eyes turned towards the source of his thoughts before he could register them moving, and they stayed looking on towards a blond headed boastful boy, currently in the middle of rambling at how he can’t wait to get the hell out of this shithole and apply to UA.

UA is the top school for heroes, it brought up some of the most prestigious and powerful heroes of our times, along with two additional courses, the support team and the general education team. It was without any doubts the number one school that any kid who wants to be a hero, aimed for; it’s a school he aimed for as well. Well, aiming for actually.

Ironically, the guy who says he can’t amount for anything is one who aims to be a hero. It sounds stupid, he thinks, it sounds downright ridiculous to him as well, especially when you live in a world where 80% of the population is born with quirks, special powers that are unique to each individual, hence allowing us to live in the Hero Society. Sighing, he looked down to his notebook, one of the many journals he began writing and collecting on all heroes that interest the curly haired boy. Their quirks, how they work, how to improve, countermeasures, personal combo attacks. It sounds obsessive, but wouldn’t anyone admire the people that do the one thing you want to do with your life, but you can’t ever achieve? Midoriya Izuku can’t ever be a hero, he’s been told that repeatedly, he knows it, he understands it, being part of that small percentage of people who are born Quirkless; just absolutely normal while having a dream that’s so farfetched… it takes a toll on a person more than anyone would know.

“Deku,” Venomous tone spat in his direction causes Izuku to flinch, “What’s this I fucking hear of you saying shit like you’re going to apply to UA?”

“K-Kacchan…” He gasps while being grabbed from the collar and shoved on the floor. Somehow without realizing it, Izuku is in class with only three people. The bell must’ve rang and he didn’t hear it, silently cursing at himself on how clueless he’s been acting, Izuku turns back towards Katsuki Bakugo, his former childhood friend, now a turned personal bully and tormentor. “Where did you hear that from?”

“Don’t fuck with me you useless piece of shit,” Bakugo growled as he grabbed a chair to sit before the cowering boy, “It seems like you never learn your lesson, do you?” Before Izuku could reply back, he was shoved back to the ground, unable to move as Bakugo made himself comfortable on top of him. He laughed at Izuku’s cry of pain when he twisted his arms behind his back, personally taking the sight of him on the ground where he fucking belongs. It was a high he never stopped getting, and didn’t understand it himself, as to why it feels so fucking good to get that sound of the useless Deku. He ordered the two of his friends to go out and keep on a lookout, but not to fucking enter, and Izuku shuddered at the understanding of what was about to happen. He tried to reason with the boy on top of him, pleading him to not do anything and just let him go, but Bakugo wouldn’t falter, if anything his anger seemed to grow the more Izuku would speak. Once the two boys were completely alone and hallways all cleared and checked, Izuku’s heart began beating erratically, his throat constricting from the fear of what’s going to come.

“Now,” If Bakugo’s voice could become even more menacing it would, “What am I going to do with this useless piece of shit I have under me?” He mused at the pathetic boy under him whose tears already began to fall doing nothing but excite the blond further. Bakugo flipped on top of Izuku, whose face was pushed further against the ground with one hand, while his other hand grabbed the green haired arms back. He made himself comfortable sitting on the back of the useless shit under him before he started. Slowly and carefully making sure Izuku felt it, he grabbed each finger and twisted it till Izuku’s screams rang deep in his ears. The boy under him cried his
name out, begged him to stop, and yelled it hurt, but he didn’t falter until he twisted each finger, he was careful not to break them, but he nevertheless made sure they pained him every time Izuku would move them.

Izuku couldn’t remember when the pain aggravated to the point it became everywhere, he could no longer pinpoint where it starts or where it ends, except that everything hurt. But Bakugo wasn’t done, he got up from Izuku’s back and dragged him further back to the classroom, slamming him hard against the wall before Izuku grunted out in pain and fell back down to the ground. Bakugo was relentless after that, using his legs to kick Izuku in the stomach in a never ending pattern, and the green eyed boy cried out again, feeling the life being sucked out of him as his body began pulsating in pain. Bakugo gave him an especially hard kick followed by series of rather hurtful words that did damage internally, more than the blond could ever imagine, just adding on to the emotional destruction Izuku already had piling on top inside of him. He had lost track of how much time has passed, or when Bakugo had actually stopped and was now glaring down at him, Izuku laying down on his back, arms held above by the blonde’s own, his face feels heavy, and he can’t seem to open his right eye completely, he was also positive he was bleeding from multiple places but he couldn’t bring himself to do anything but stare directly at Bakugo’s enraged face, but he seems to be calming down. Thank God, thought Izuku, that Bakugo’s looking much better now.

Bakugo on the other hand wasn’t sitting there merely to catch his breath only, at some point throughout this he blacked out again, and went into an anger fit. He doesn’t remember what he did exactly to Izuku, but as his eyes are clearing up, they widened if only a fraction of a second at what his hands has done. Izuku’s right eye was practically swollen shut, color already starting to change, multiple cuts and bruises on face are painted across his body as well, he could tell from the torn edges of his clothes, of the blood that’s began collecting underneath them. He was heaving, unable to breathe properly, and as his eyes travelled towards the hands he was grabbing upwards, a gasp escaped out of him at the harsh lines collecting on his wrists, angry red marks of healed and yet to heal cuts, some of them horribly deep and other shallow. But he didn’t allow himself to think, to consider anything more, he deserved it, he fucking deserved the beating, why else would Bakugo do it? And before he let himself dwell on his actions he got up, grabbed his bag and left without looking back at Izuku.

He was alone yet again, and despite trying to hold his tears throughout the beating, they escaped and continue to fall. It hurt so much, it hurt so much, and he didn’t understand why he had to hurt more. Why was he someone whose life is this meaningless? Why is it, that he is the one who has to suffer through life when others are enjoying it? What has Izuku done so terribly in his life to deserve this amount of pain? He began to vocally cry out his pain, to let the sobs come out of him if in any way they would decrease the physical damage his mind has begun accumulating. The tears hot on his face, stinging against the cuts that began to swell, he turned to his side crying out the sudden pain he felt from the side before whimpering on the ground. He was empty, wholeheartedly empty from inside, and despite having this physical pain burdening him and limiting his movements, he tried to remember the moment he started to depend on them to feel. Because yes he’s crying, yes he’s hurting from Kacchan’s words, yes he’s feeling worthless… but he hasn’t felt something in such a long time. He took a shuddering breath as he slowly tried to get up, using the chairs previously used to abuse him for support, till he was able to sit on one of them.

Looking at his watch he cursed at how late it has actually began, Kacchan took his time more than he thought, his mother would be scared shitless at this point. He went to grab for his phone, inside the discarded bag that once was his, now a torn pile of mess under him. There were 7 missed calls and three text messages from his mother, opting to directly call her rather than reading her over-the-top worried texts, he waited till the phone connected and sighed as she gasped into the phone with his name, already knowing she’s been crying relentlessly.
“Mom,” He winced when he moved in the wrong way, “I’m fine mom I’m okay.”

“Where are you Izuku!? I’ve been so worried! Are you okay?!” She asked him nonstop, and he sadly smiled at the only form of care he ever got in his life.

“I—I’m… okay now.” He began and hurriedly tried to explain before she could interrupt, “I got into a small accident Mom, but I’m okay now. It might take me sometime to reach home, but I’ll be there.”

“What kind of accident? Are you hurt? Should I call the ambulance?”

“No! No Mom, I,” He clicked his tongue in frustration, pulling his hair back from his eyes, “I am hurt, but not badly. No Mom, no don’t cry, please don’t cry Mom it’s going to be okay.” He comforted her as best as he could, “I promise I’m okay, I’m just a little beat down, you know us boys, and we always get into arguments.”

“What about Bakugo? Wasn’t he there to help?” Izuku physically flinched at the mention of the blond, taking a deep breath before the venom of his lies spread further to his damaged heart.

“He was the one who got me out of this mess!” Izuku forced a laugh as tears fell from his green eyes, “You should’ve seen him Mom he was like a hero!”

Inko sighed in relief, “I’m glad he was there to help you, make sure to thank him very much from me.”

Izuku couldn’t keep the trembling of his lower lip, or the emptiness that began to cloud around his chest. “I will Mom, I’ll be home soon. I promise.”

It was safe to say that Inko’s reaction to the vast difference her son arrived in and his previous description of his injuries was that she was livid. It took Izuku some time to calm her down and not call the cops on the unbelievably not well taught and ill-mannered children; Inko was a woman with few ill words towards people, even those who harmed her son. She did finally cool down and rushed to coo him again, Izuku begrudgingly allowing her, blush creeping to his face but secretly welcoming the only hands he physically allowed to touch him anywhere. Inko dressed his wounds, cleaned them and helped him get into the shower arguing against her son for not letting her help him with it despite having seen it all, but Izuku just whined her out, blushing furiously at the fact his mom had at some point seen his junk, but that doesn’t mean he wants her to see it now.

Izuku doesn’t know what time it was when he finally plopped himself on his bed, so tired and weary resulting in him falling into a deep sleep just before his mother entered with a tray of food. She chuckled sadly at her boy before placing the tray down and properly covering him up, choosing to sit on the edge of the bed to not disturb him. She looked at her only child with nothing but love in her eyes, blaming herself at how she was unable to protect the only light in her life. But she didn’t know what to do, she didn’t know when Izuku had begun to distance himself from her, having a life of his own that she didn’t know about, or in some way chose to not know about. She was terrified of what she would find if she dug deeper, something she would admit to herself only on the lowest of the days, Inko was completely terrified of discovering what exactly was happening with her son, she didn’t know if she could handle the truth of it. She told herself that at some point Izuku would come to her, would one day realize that she was here for him for anything and come clean to her about what he’s going through. It’s what she convinced her mind with, what she taught herself to believe, and as long as her boy still chose to come back and let her coo him and take care of him, she was positive that one day they both would talk about this. But for now, she gave her
son a kiss on his forehead minding not to press on any bruises, and took the tray out, letting him get
his much needed rest. He’ll take the next few days off, is what she decided, till his body feels
better.

Chapter End Notes

please leave any kudos / comments / love !! if you have any questions im open to
answer!!

Be the best person you can be~
Brush

Chapter Summary

back to the present!
Bakugo goes on sole patrol, and encounters something that will slowly begin to change his life

Chapter Notes

Ah!! 500 views!! Thank you so much for reading my story!!

This is just a heads up to tell you, that even though this is BNHA universe, a lot of things will be different from the manga/anime so if you're reading this, i hope you know that despite having characters/places/situations from the original story, a lot will be changed and different here!!
also, LONG CHAPTER, YAY

end notes for more!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Present

Brush

Three weeks passed since Aizawa told Bakugo and his friends to shadow Best Jeanist’s agency, with Bakugo’s reluctance to come forward and actually attend. The small reunion he and Best Jeanist had was nothing of pleasantry, the two of them bat ting each other till Best Jeanist had him shut up by tightening his clothes all around him. It wasn’t as bad as he thought once they actually started, what was required of them was simple. A few paperwork to do once they enter, then tag along in patrols around the neighborhood B’s agency was monitoring, taking care of the small complaints that would normally hinder the progress of their seniors when they worked on bigger cases. It was boring, but it was a nice change of pace from just going to school and working out, it gave Bakugo an outlet to let himself be, relax in patrolling without having to worry about keeping a façade of normalcy for other people’s sake. He wasn’t much of a person who would be able to control his emotions, especially when he’s angry or frustrated, but for some reason walking alone in patrols enables him to just let go, to be able to breathe for once and have a neutral expression, no need to have small talk, no need to fake anything – as infrequently that is to him to begin with – but all in all, he was grateful for this chance Aizawa had given him despite knowing he would never
admit it to a soul.

It was one of those lone patrols that he was out on when things slowly started spiraling out of the minute control he had on his life, it had started out as a normal day. School was as normal as it gets, he had lunch with his class this time and not just singular friends, he might’ve actually laughed at something Denki said, and he might’ve kicked Mineta for another sexual harassment joke but he’d deny all charges. It was easy to say Bakugo has become friendlier, if only a little, with the group of people he experienced multiple things with, and even though he would bitch about and announce how annoyed he was all the time, he was sure everyone by now had somewhat grasped how truly okay he was being around them. He chuckled slightly at how he wished Izuku was there to see him, what a complete new person he’s become. They had training with All Might, Bakugo somehow never was able to move on from the fascination and absolute love he had for his number one hero, and always tried his best to show the change he had gone through to prove All Might’s words wrong about him from when they first met.

The end of the class came with a promise from him, Todoroki and Kirishima to join the rest of their friends for a late night dinner on that day and they bid them farewell as they walked to the train station. It was a quiet walk for once, usually Kirishima and Todoroki would start off some gibberish discussion that would involve him to voice out a few octaves higher for them to shut the fuck up for once, but glancing towards them he noticed they were sharing a headset listening to some new album of some new fucking band. Well, anything is better than their usual annoying talks, and they continued on.

B’s agency was placed in a large building in the center of east downtown from where UA was, a mere 30 minute ride on the train, a five minute walk to the actual building. It was eight stories high with each consisting of different task teams working without having to be in a mixed jungle as Best Jeanist once told Bakugo. The first two stories contained the first responders of the sidekicks, being closer to the main door for an easier and more efficient exit to reach any needed help, the third and fourth floor were the support teams work place, any new gadgets or machines needed to aid or be required by the pro heroes or sidekicks were efficiently placed where both sidekicks that’s below them, and the intelligence teams that were the two floors above them so they can come and take what was needed. The seventh floor was where the base of the operations were, any meetings or large discussions about cases where made up there along with any case briefing – which they had every morning – along with the break and coffee room. The eighth floor wasn’t entered unless it was a high profile case, to which only the pro heroes would enter, discuss plan of action and then go forward on debriefing what’s required of the sidekicks and any other heroes available to do, of course not all information would be stated to them. It was a system of action that Best Jeanist has created a few years into his pro hero work in order to minimize any loss of information or any leak of information. It was a system that was advised to be brought on and used by all agencies, which after a year of its creation was now used in every single agency.

Case debriefing was short, with the three boys standing at the back corner of the large hall, minor robbery incidents happening here and there to which the stationed heroes on those areas should go and inquire any witnesses. A few calls of distressed neighbors on a home incidence, and a situation of public vandalism that should be checked out, but other than those things were normal. Best Jeanist concluded that everyone should keep any eye out anyways for any situation that could seem suspicious and dismissed everyone but calling out to the three of them before they left the hall.

B walked up to them with his eyes upturned, Bakugo knowing this was a sign that bastard was grinning his heads off, “So,” Jeanist started, “How are things with you lads?”

“Great, it’s nice to be able to get some work experience even if nothing major happens.” Half
and half spoke out before Bakugo could.

Jeanist nodded in response. “I know you were expecting some great action and what not, but silence of our enemies doesn’t always mean it’s a bad thing.”

“It would be great to get some action though!” Kirishima grinned wholeheartedly, “Not saying I want shit to go down, but take out some bad guy here and there, it’ll be so manly!”

Jeanist chuckled, “I agree, and you Bakugo? How do you like things from when you first came to me?”

Bakugo *tsked* in response, eyeing the pro hero head on, “It’s alright.”

Todoroki sighed and tapped him on the back, “What he means that we’re all extremely thankful. He’s a guy of few words as you can imagine, but he takes this seriously.”

“Oi don’t fucking speak on my behalf! What are you, my mother?”

“I would be mortified to have you as my child Bakugo.” Todoroki said it with wide eyes and complete innocence of honesty that Kirishima and Jeanist couldn’t help but go into a fit of laughter which only increased at Bakugo’s flustered attempt to get back on the poor boy.

“Alright alright, let’s all calm down for now.” Jeanist took a breath, “Todoroki and Kirishima I’m going to need you to tag each other on this new area I wanted scouted, it’s not in our territory per se, coming close to another agency’s place, but it’s been a grey area between us for some time now and I want to at least have eyes on there. You think you can do a patrol alone for today Bakugo?” The blond nodded back seriously, he might be shitty with people, and have a temper, but over the years he’s learned to take this job more seriously than ever, and he wasn’t about to fuck up. “Good, come to my office later on so I can give you the daily requirements, and for you two, I’ll have the route sent to your mobile phones from the tech team, just make sure they upgrade your systems.”

The three boys nodded and headed off to their designated desks, three joint tables, two facing each other, and one facing the other two. Not many undergraduate junior heroes would get a chance like this, let alone have their own desks, but as the three walked to their place their presence wasn’t something everyone would ignore. It was clear the aura around them already screamed top heroes, where not every hero would be able to conjure and Best Jeanist knew the potential each of these boys had and how much they would actually grow as time goes on, he only prayed he was able to guide them properly on the paths they were to take.

Paperwork was easy enough, Bakugo clearing them out faster than the other two, who urged him on to continue to his patrol and not wait for them. After double checking with them he muttered an okay and headed to B’s office to announce his departure, along with a smack on his head for an offhanded comment and headed outside grumbling to himself at how fucking annoying the blue piece of pants was before he cooled off and continued on. Patrols consisted checking up on the shops more prone for robbery, looking on the inside of some alleyways for any situations occurring inside, and in general keeping a lookout on anything that might seem suspicious, or out of the norm. So far everything was as it’s supposed to be, and it was a good day in the weather scale, large clouds against the a fading blue sky indicating night is approaching, easy wind to help cooling the end of the hot weather, a normal day is what it was.

It was almost two hours into his patrol when Bakugo’s eyes caught the movement before he could register it in his mind, his body now accustomed to react to anything that would be dangerous from the fuck load of shit they went through in their first years of high school, so it was
nothing but natural instinct that told him to lie low and follow a darkened shadow of a figure as it entered a sharp alleyway just on the corner of the street. A small sweep of the road ahead of him told him that he would mostly be alone without any civilians around, making a mental check on not endangering lives point that Aizawa had drilled into them in school, quick on his feet he lied low to the ground keeping the center of his gravity as low as possible, then rushing his way to catch on to the figure that entered the alley. He leaned against the corner of the wall allowing only a fraction of his face to pop out, seeing the figure walking even further inside, he marked the multiple positions he can use to cover his body before hurriedly entering through and throwing his back against a collection of thrown away junk. It smelled like shit in here, so he chose to breathe through his mouth for now, turning to look at the disappearing figure and taking off, repeating the action of jumping and hiding out, careful to make sure the distance of his travels was quick, short, and as noseless as possible. The stench only seemed to increase the further he went inside, Bakugo internally cussing at how fucking awful it’s become, but he was relentless following the figure, something just not right in the way it was walking and behaving. Twenty minutes in he started hearing the voices, so he stopped opting to stay in his position since he can make out what’s being said and not to endanger his position.

“Please,” A voice whined, “Please don’t kill me; I’m so sorry fuck I’m so sorry I didn’t think I would be found out!” There was a sound of a crack, Bakugo flinching at the cry of pain following it. He cursed before taking his phone out sending a distressed call; he then tried to lean against the bin he was against enough to at least make out the shapes in front of him. There was a body on the floor, from where the cries of pain where coming from. He was filthy, clothes and face smeared with blood and whatever fuck he was rolling around in, Bakugo noticed he was severely injured as well, his face had massive cuts on them, and with wide eyes he noted how one of the guy’s legs was twisted in the most horrible fucking way. They closed and he clenched his fist, fighting back the bile threatening to fall out before opening them again. He had to try and see who the fuck was doing this. Crimson eyes travelled to the two people standing in front of the fallen man, one massively fucking large man, he could be more than seven fucking feet with the broadest fucking shoulders the blond has ever seen, and he’s seen plenty of fucking broad shoulder heroes. Both of them were wearing hooded cloaks, but unlike the other large monster, the other guy was a more slim of a body, he was somewhat shorter than Bakugo right now, but the blond wasn’t fooled by the difference in size, oh no. He might be slim, but it was easy for Bakugo to notice the curves of the cloak around harvested fucking muscles.

“You screwed me over for the last time, Heathcliff.” The slim man spoke. His voice was far smoother than what Bakugo expected, almost musical but stiff, without any emotion. “Why would I give you any chance of your pathetic existence to continue?”

“S-Sir, please sir, I didn’t mean to, I didn’t plan this,” The man sobbed through cries of pain. He didn’t continue, because the slim man raised his hand ever so slightly and out of nowhere, the fallen man’s arm twisted and turned, crunching in the most horrible way. Blood spewed out in the areas where the bone penetrated the flesh and skin, and Bakugo had to bite his fist from screaming at the sight before him. The man’s screams were sharp, resonating inside Bakugo’s head even after they turned to sobs.

The small man leaned down, “Do you assume that I care for what you have planned? I don’t Heathcliff, I really fucking don’t. I had an order to be executed, and you did not execute it. Whatever factor that came to play against my plan, was not from my lack of effort, it was from your lack of intelligence. And when have I ever allowed a mistake to happen.” The man under him cried even more, blood and various fluids coming out of his face as he attempted to plead for his life again. The action however caused some of the fluids to fall on the slim man’s shoes. He screamed in disgust, taking out a napkin for the larger guy to wipe out his show, screaming profanities at the one under him before flicking his wrist and the entirety of Heathcliff cracked
until he was nothing but a ball of broken bones, blood, and organs spitting out of him. Bakugo couldn’t breathe, he couldn’t move, his whole body screamed nothing but run fucking run but he was unable to fucking breathe. Who was this monster? Who was this fucked up piece of shit?

“Ah… I lost my temper. But he fucking dirtied my shoe.” No tone of regret accompanying the chilling words. A sigh blew past the man before he slipped part of his hooded cloak back, letting his hair fall out; black with some green streaks flashing against the dim lit moonlight. Black gloves pushed his hair back before turning back to the shit he did and laughing, “Did you see him beg? It was ridiculous. Honestly if you want a job fucking done, you have to do it yourself.” He sighed and turned to walk away.

Bakugo was conflicted at this point, judging by what he’s seen; the thin man is the dangerous out of the two. The big guy could be taken down, easier said than done, but guys like him tend to be more of an enhancement quirk of close range combat, type of guys Bakugo was good against, but the smaller of the two, he was the absolute nightmare. And even if he was able to fight off the big guy unconscious, stalling as much as possible till the pro heroes come, the smaller one could easily fucking finish him off before he could even let out a breath. Fuck distance ranged quirks, but Bakugo had to calm down and think this through, letting these two walk away means there’s no fucking actual chance on getting them as close as this ever again, but attempting any form of contact could result in his death, if not immediately, then at some point during the fight – if the fucking nightmare humored them to even continue fighting – he would not only endanger himself, but the heroes who are rushing through to here not having any fucking clue of what to expect. And patience isn’t something this guy is currently gracious to give out, so Bakugo cursed at himself at how fucking helpless he is at the moment.

“Is there a kitty that’s eavesdropping on our little happening?” The sultry voice spoke out and Bakugo could have fucking swore his heart stopped beating. He held his breath, leaning even further against the bin that was standing against him and his death. It wasn’t much of the fact they were two against one, it was the un-fucking-believable bloodlust brooding out of the figure behind him, so powerful that Bakugo’s knees gave out and he buckled on the floor. It was suffocating, as if someone was personally grabbing his neck and squeezing so tightly, he couldn’t breathe, his muscles wouldn’t fucking move and despite the struggle he faced, his ears were picking up the gravel of the feet behind him coming closer and closer. He was fucking dead, this was it, he was going to be crushed into nothing and be a useless piece of shit. He was going to die before he amounted to anything, he was to die before he could fucking live and show Izuku up in heaven the person he was changing to be. He was going to die being a fucking asshole unchanged from the boy who turned his childhood friend to his death.

Thinking of Izuku somehow had cleared some of the hesitation his mind was going through, and fuck no he thought, fuck everything that would stand in his way. He was not going to fucking die here, he was not going to be the same fucking hopeless boy he was, he will not allow himself to be degraded here before he could prove his worth. Fuck him if he thought he could make Bakugo cower, and with thoughts of his Izuku running through his mind, Bakugo’s body sprang to action, his mind on overdrive to survive, he moved fast running ahead to give some distance between him and his oncoming assailant. He charged up his arms, releasing the energy he kept in there and causing an explosion, allowing him to steeply turn around and face the attacker even though a larger distance was now placed between them.

It was dark as shit now, the blond realized, he sent the distress signal about ten minutes ago, and he knew they were close to him now, despite everything Jeanist does to annoy Bakugo, he knew he’d be some of the first to be here. It was harder to see than before, Bakugo’s eyes focusing on whatever objects he could obstruct the other guy’s movements with. There wasn’t much to go with, but if he used his explosions correctly he could at least hinder the guy’s sight even for a
second to allow him to run. But the man before him had stopped in his tracks, his hood covering most of his face except his mouth, which to Bakugo’s confusion, was slightly opened before the lips pursed against each other.

“Katsuki Bakugo,” The airless voice spoke, Bakugo froze, “Well, isn’t it an honor to meet the number one student of the UA.”

“And who the fuck is you?” Bakugo crouched against the ground, making sure to charge both arms before turning one hand to face the man. If he so much as moved a fucking second, Bakugo would blast him off.

He sighed before chuckling, “Aren’t you a little more in control these days? You don’t need to know who I am. Truthfully this is far earlier than I hoped to bump into you, but what do you know, since my plan got fucked over I’m not surprised there’s a repercussion.”

“You have one fucking chance to tell me who you are before I blast your fucking head off you fucktard.” The blond made sure to speak slowly, they don’t always tell you that when you’re dealing with a high end villain like this guy here, you have to move and think fast, but at the same time sound calm as shit. Bakugo’s mind flashing back to when All Might had saved him out of a pinch, reasoning with the villain in a calm and collected voice before jumping fast and giving a sudden attack. It doesn’t mean you’re reasoning with the villain, it just shows to them that you’re calm, albeit giving even a small fraction of a second where they think the one in front of them is collected and won’t attack suddenly.

The man sighed before Bakugo’s storage tank curled and shriveled against his arm, the blond yelled at how tight it has become around his hand and he was positive some shards hit him. “Fuck!” He yelled and fell to one knee, quickly raising his other arm against the villain.

“Oh don’t fucking do that! And here I was being so nice to you that I didn’t crush your arm. You’re quite the rude one.” He moved closer to Bakugo, his leather dress shoes hitting the gravel in crunches, “You were the one eavesdropping on my business, were you not? Usually I would get rid of nosy kittens like yourself, but you’re cute, so I’ll keep you around.”

Bakugo spat on the ground before yelling back, “Don’t fucking touch me you fucking dirt bag. Come closer and I’ll fucking end you!”

Hooded face laughed back at him, taking a small jump, moving faster than Bakugo could see and pinned him back flat on the floor. He sat himself on the blonde’s waist, arms holding both of Bakugo’s above his body, the hood now staring directly at Bakugo. He tried to struggle against him, but the surprise was evident on his face when he realized he couldn’t so much as move any muscle against this brat. He could almost swear he saw the fucking amusement on his covered face.

“Feisty, mm, I do like you like this.” He whispered at Bakugo, but before he could do anything a large yell of the blonde’s name caused him to snap his head up. A quick blast of ice was thrown towards him so he jumped back, releasing flustered Bakugo from underneath him as he was joined by Todoroki and Kirishima. They yelled out his name again, the red head quickly managing to help him back to his feet while half and half stood ahead of them in defense mode.

“Best Jeanist is here, you’re fucking surrounded you piece of shit!” Kirishima yelled out.

The figure’s somber expression was obvious from the turn his lips took, but he didn’t allow himself to stay a minute longer, he turned to leave but was quick to yell back to the now collection of heroes around Bakugo.
"You’ll be seeing more of me, heroes!" And he was gone into the shadows.

Jeanist dispatched sidekicks after him as they called on for a medic to take a look at Bakugo’s hand. The scene was taped off for the general’s public safety and multiple respondents from the police were now securing the crime scene. They waited till he was checked and cleared from any serious injuries – just a few scrapes doing shallow wounds – before calling Bakugo back to Jeanist’s agency into the eighth floor. The first he’s ever been there. Todoroki and Kirishima were also called upon after Bakugo gave his statement in the rather serious floor, his eyes bulging on the massive table that seemed to hold not only the pro heroes working for and with Best Jeanist, but as well as the top 10 top heroes, including All Might himself and Aizawa.

They grilled him for information, asking him to remember as much as he could from the encounter, faces turning pale serious at his description of the smaller man’s quirk and the ability he showed. After he was done, Kirishima and Todoroki told their version of their day from when they received the distress signal to now, not leaving out any information they could remember.

It was quiet after the three were done, Bakugo’s scarlet eyes befalling on the heroes as they sat in silence deliberating what they’ve just heard, and somewhere deep down, Bakugo knew this was going to be some big shit that’s going to fuck things around.

“Alright,” Best Jeanist began, “I think it’s safe to say we’re in a pinch here. No you three stay here,” He called out to the boys as they turned to leave, “As much as I hate to involve you into this, but you were seen by this villain, and from Bakugo’s statement, he at least seems to know who he is, we have to assume that he probably knows you two as well.”

“We can’t include kids into this.” The Dragon hero Ryukyu spoke back, “It’s dangerous for them.”

“I know that, but if we let them go without including them and allowing them to stay in the dark, can danger their livelihood if they were to run into this guy again.”

“What do you think Erasurehead? You’re their mentor.” She turned to him gouging him with her eyes.

Aizawa groaned in response, “This is tiring as shit. But Best Jeanist is right. If we were to let them be, the lack of knowledge could place them in a disadvantage. Plus, these three are the top of our school, if anything you should be giving them a break from how well they behaved, especially Bakugo. They should stay.” Seeming everyone’s approval, and All Might’s vocal agreement, the discussion continued with the three of them involved.

Word of their encounter with the villain was already with their friends, who greeted them in the designated diner with worried questions. Bakugo’s injury was fretted upon until he consistently reminded them he was fucking okay and to mind their fucking business. Dinner went on as planned after the discussion of what happened went on, the three boys leaving out some of the major discussions that happened on the eighth floor and after a while everyone seemed to unwind and be themselves again, ordering food and drinks and enjoying themselves.

Despite himself Bakugo couldn’t help but think back to when he was strapped down by the hooded man, how physically impossible it was for him to throw him off, it only seemed to frustrate him even more till he excused himself from the group and got up, Uraraka’s eyes following him out of their private room to the veranda attached to it. Quickly she announced she was going to the bathroom before exiting after the blond boy, finding him leaning against the edge, his hair blown
slight with the wind, moonlight falling against his tanned skin. Scarlet eyes watching nothing in particular, plump lips against a lit cigarette.

“Should you be doing that?” Her eyes widened as he jumped back at the sound of her voice, was he so deep in thought, that he didn’t even notice her presence?

“Fucking round face, what do you want?” He grumbled and went back to take a whiff.

She sighed as she approached and leaned with him against the bar, their arms brushing against each other. “I said, should you be doing that? It’s not good for you, you know?”

Bakugo rolled his eyes at her before taking a quick one and blowing it on her face this time, eyes twinkling in quiet laughter as she coughed and attempted to clear out the air around her.

“Fucking jerk,” She mumbled before joining him in laughter, “Are you alright?”

“Jesus, are you my mom? I’m fine, I don’t smoke often; this is my first in fucking months. I don’t need you on top of my head right now Uraraka.”

Brown strands falling on her round eyes, she looked at him closely, at the bags forming under his eyes, how tired he seemed, “I’m not asking to be annoying, you don’t have to lie to me you know, I’m fine without knowing the whole truth, but you’ve got to speak up sometimes Bakugo.”

Red eyes stared at brown ones, emotions running through his before he shut them back down, “Just cause we dated a bit back in the days doesn’t entitle you to know everything.” He mentally kicked himself at what he said, but he can’t fucking talk about shit right now. Bakugo threw the unfinished cigarette and turned to her when he saw the hurt look on her face, “No fuck that’s not what I meant, I just, I don’t feel like opening shit right now, and I’m not like in fucking need of anything. I was just thinking back to what happened today; guess I’m annoyed on how fucking cowardly I acted.”

“You were not a coward!” Uraraka exclaimed, placing both her hands against his soft cheeks, “You were not a coward Katsuki Bakugo. If anything, you were so damn brave. You stood your ground even though I knew it hurt you not being able to help that man; you assessed the situation and realized you were way out of your league. You were not weak. They were beyond your level, and it was the smartest thing you could’ve done, to save yourself. What good would it do to have died facing those two off today when you could be the one to bring them down afterwards? Don’t lose hope, and don’t regret what you did. We’re all thankful you acted that way, because we got you back.” He smiled at Uraraka and welcomed the hug she gave after her speech, she was somewhat right, and he agreed, but nothing could stop the feeling eating him away that this won’t be the last time he’ll see this man, and who knows what might result in the future?

Chapter End Notes

thank you again for the kudos/comments/views im so happy people are liking it even bookmarking !!
If you didnt notice i watch and read a lot of crime shows haha so it might seem boring but adding this chapter and its info is crucial for the upcoming things~~

love you lots!
leave any likes / comments / kudos !!

be the best person you can be ~
Hello! this chapter might be a little boring, or not so incredibly make your anticipation put at ease, but i want to take my time in slowly building the izuku i have in mind, and so we wont be much advancing in the past as fast as the present, because i want to properly do the build up

saying that! i will also be taking my time writing bakugo in the present - not as slow as the past - but i really want to make sure i give both of them, and you guys, the insight i find in them.

TRIGGER WARNING - SUICIDAL THOUGHTS

theyre not major, but theyre there, so please be careful, i love you - more notes down

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The buzzing of the crickets was all around, indicating the hot summer day to which a group of children were encircling the fresh lake. There were about seven of them, throwing water around and giggling at each other, none of them could’ve been older than four–to–five years old. A distinctive howl of laughter erupted from a young blond boy, flurry of excitement evident on his crimson eyes, twinkle of a smile spreading from cheek to cheek. They were flushed, his shirt soaked with water, and a bucket in one hand as the other pointed at the boy in front of him, now dripping wet from his curly dark hair to his small red shoes. He was laughing along with the blond, the two of them in a world of their own amongst the group; that is until another decided to join but pushing the dark haired down the lake. A new chorus of laughter started as he fell, everyone surrounding him at mocking his clumsiness, and the blond was about to join before he realized that his friend started to tear up, which resulted in the latter pompously shutting the rest up with a yell, then grabbing the fallen’s hand to walk him inside the small array of bushes, hiding him out of sight.
He walked gently, conscious of the sniffling behind him and the failed attempts of hiding sobs. A few minutes later, he stopped them both under a nice small patch of grass, filled with arrays of wildflowers scattered all around them, sunlight looming in from the sky in just the right amount without including its scorching heat. Scarlet eyes widened at how utterly gorgeous it was for his young mind, the scenery almost stopping time itself, he guided the boy behind him to the front, patting him on the back to let him see.

Green eyes widened and a gasp erupted, just as a blinding smile was painted across the dark haired boy, stretching the freckles on his face and knocking the breath out of the blond. “It’s beautiful Kacchan!” He gasped before running in, eyes taking it all in, small hands gently rubbing the flowers on his way.

Kacchan stood a bit back, still trying to calm his rapidly beating heart at the angel before him, not quite sure why he’s feeling so flushed and embarrassed but again so proud of himself for bringing that smile out of the now twirling and still quite wet friend.

“You’re amazing Kacchan! You even know places like this!”

His chest soared at the compliment, finger rubbing under his nose as he responded proudly, “Of course Izuku, I know all the amazing places.” Izuku stopped a second, causing Kacchan to lower his hand, worried his lie might’ve been caught but only to be again knocked out of his mind on just how pretty this boy was, standing in the middle of the sunlit patch, the light just hitting his face allowing a warm glow to come out, wildflowers dancing with the gentle wind, darkly curly hair shining with a few green streaks, wide round jade eyes staring back, a little red from crying matching his red button nose, the flushed cheeks with freckles painted all across his face. Izuku looked like he belonged there, something ethereal that Kacchan, for almost a second, didn’t think he was real anymore, but a mirage of nature’s splendor.

“Thank you Kacchan,” Izuku smiled his signature smile, “I love it.”

Time passed still, as the two boys lay on the grass facing each other, one asleep, another watching over tentatively. Small hands adjoined between them, one slightly tanner than the other. He was soft, Kacchan thought, so unbelievably soft, and small, and needs protection. Izuku needed him to survive, to protect him, how could he ever be safe without Kacchan? He let his other hand sweetly brush the strands away from Izuku’s sleeping face, closely watching his pink puckered lips softly mumble Kacchan’s name, sending another flutter of butterflies down his chest to his stomach.

The blond etched closer, hands sliding along Izuku’s soft curls, making sure he’s comfortable against the hard ground, a smile playing on his own face at the small flurry of movement from the sleeping boy’s lashes, dark and long in contrast to his milky skin. The sun was lower in position from when they first came, fresh smell of grass now accompanying the small dampness of the depleting humidity and Kacchan now was able to wrap his arm around Izuku’s body. Despite being the same age, Izuku was smaller than him, and in a proud tinge felt by Kacchan, fit perfectly against his body.

It was then decided by him, that Izuku was his, somehow and someway, he’d be sure Izuku would need him, always. He would keep the jade eyed boy safe, and protected at all costs, because Kacchan wasn’t sure how to think of a possibility where Izuku would ever go against him, he always followed the blond everywhere, asked for him, called out to him. It was the obvious thing to be like his hero All Might, and keep Izuku safe by his side. Kacchan looked back down at the sleeping Izuku, a sudden urge had him quickly lean down and peck his lips against his, filling his
heart with the strangest feeling before he whipped his head up and took some distance from him because Izuku’s eyes slowly started to open.

“Kacchan?” He mumbled, tiredly rubbing his eyes from sleep with one hand, keeping the other tightly wrapped around his friend’s hand. “What time is it?”

Kacchan cleared his throat, unable to look at Izuku in the face fearing he’d see how completely flushed he was, blood pumping to his cheeks and the tips of his ears from blushing so hard. “You slept; it’s time to go home.”

Izuku nodded in agreement and sighed, looking around the place he seemed to have fallen in love with, “Will you bring me back here Kacchan?”

Kacchan stared back at the green eyes, making a mental check to come back here before he took Izuku again to at least make sure he knew the way exactly, and nodded at the smiling curly boy.

Kacchan was absolutely positive, that the fluttering in his stomach wasn’t anything close to butterflies. He was sure they were at least dragonflies.

The first thing Izuku was sure of; was that he was really hungry. He groaned as he slowly got out of bed, body screaming in protest at the movement, begging for more time to rest and do nothing, but by looking at the window and how low the sun was, he was probably asleep for about a day.

Sighing while attempting to get up, Izuku yawned and checked the clock, panicking at the realization he missed a school day then realizing his mother would’ve probably called the school and informed his absence. He continued on to take a quick shower, getting the smell of sleep out of his system, then hurriedly making his way to the kitchen to find anything to scarf down. A note sticking on the fridge’s door told him that he had dinner in place, how to heat it, and to give his mother a call once he’s finally awake.

Relaxing himself back, he took his time preparing his dinner, humming to himself despite the protest of his body, it figures, he thought, because of how bad this time was. His body was painted black and blue, no signs of any healing bruises yet, the cuts have been cleaned again and dressed – his mother probably taking her time to re-do them when he was asleep. He took a deep breath before plopping down the couch with dinner in plate, and dialing the one number he had memorized in his life.

“Izuku is that you?”

“Yeah mom, it’s me,” Smiling he continued, “Thanks for the dinner, sorry to make you worry so much.”

“Oh nonsense Izuku, you’re my son, this is nothing. I do wish you wouldn’t put yourself in such situations.” It was so easy for him to picture her sitting at her desk fretting, hand flailing around at being thanked. He got that side of him from his mother, embarrassment at being thanked for doing something, although, there wasn’t much he was ever thanked on.
Clearing his throat he talked to her about her day, how she was doing, and general discussions of work annoyance she faced, laughing with her made him feel lighter. His mother was the world to him, and he hated making her feel sad about coming home all bruised and battered, but at least she didn’t know anything of what the truth actually had. It would ruin her, if she were to find out what he went through, who made him go through it. So somewhere when it first began, he swore to never tarnish Bakugo’s image in her eyes, and if one were to ask him why, he couldn’t give a reason.

Why did the sun go up? Why do birds migrate? Why does Bakugo hurt him? Why does he protect Bakugo? He has long learned that life wasn’t fair, that men were never born equal, not really. It was in such a young age when he found out where he really is placed in the ladder of superiority in society. And as for Kacchan… he was everything to Izuku, at some point in his life, and he tries, he tries to not hate the blond, not despise him for how he treats him, but that wall he has tried to create to keep the Kacchan of his dreams and the Kacchan of reality, of the thin line where love and hate reside inside himself, is beginning to crumble. Izuku wasn’t sure how long he had left, from trying to protect Bakugo, from trying to smile, trying to be happy, trying to feel. He didn’t know, and the possibility of ending it on his own terms peacefully and quietly has crossed his mind repeatedly; the chances of making this suffering just stop…

“Ah mom, what did you tell my homeroom teacher for the day I missed, so I can make sure I explain to him properly tomorrow?” He was nibbling on the last bite of his food when the spoon fell back on the plate at her reply.

“Izuku… you weren’t asleep for a day. Izuku, you were asleep for a week.” Her tight reply could tell him how truly disappointed she was in him this time. Despite a week being longer than he thought, it wasn’t as bad as he thought it was according to her. It just meant he was able to rest better than he thought. “I asked your school to give you another week off,” She continued, her tone making sure he doesn’t attempt to protest, “The doctor I called said you needed it to adequately rest, so you’re going to be off another week and as for your schoolwork, you can pick it up from your homeroom teacher at the end of the week but other than that, you have to stay home and rest.”

There was no room to argue so he didn’t, he replied a yes mom and let her continue talking before she had to go continue work. Bidding a farewell he walked back to his room after cleaning his plate and sat on his bed, All Might posters surrounding him from everywhere, and he mentally kicked himself for how stupid Kacchan was causing him to miss out on two freaking weeks of the last month of middle school. Izuku groaned in frustration and covered his face with his pillow, letting a muffled scream come out.

He wasn’t a fan of school, so it wasn’t an experience that he was upset about, he couldn’t care less if he didn’t actually go to that miserable hole. It was the credits that he needed, all he really freaking had, because it was the only thing he was submitting to UA, unable to show his Quirk credentials, since he had no damned quirk. He’ll have to manage it somehow, stay up later than usual to follow up on that work, if he’s able not to get injured for the last two weeks.

It was ridiculous, how he had to manage not getting injured to do his schoolwork. Ridiculous how life threw him under the bus, left him part of the population that practically doesn’t exist. Both his parents had quirks albeit small ones, but if he were to have manifested one, he was sure it would be one that he could’ve harnessed, grown, effectively done something with it so he wouldn’t be so incredibly pitiful.

His mind trailed back to the thoughts of just ending it. What was he to amount in his life anyways? He was a little smart, at least according to his mother and some teachers, the latter not being actually considered in the equation. His life-long dream was a farfetched, unapproachable,
and impossible one, a dream in the literal sense. Even if he tried, and attempted, even if he didn’t
give up just as much as he tried not to for the past eleven years… what would he account for in
society? He was heading into dangerous areas, very close to slipping and not being able to come
back, but he was tired. He was exhausted, and overwhelmed, and just tired of all of this. How much
does he have to fight in order to take one breath, just to live? Why was he the one to suffer all this
much, when so many were blessed. Even if it wasn’t a hero quirk, why couldn’t he just have a
quirk?

A week had passed with depression taking ahold of Izuku, deciding not to leave his bed unless it
was for the bathroom and the decreasing attempts to eat. He doesn’t even remember when he last
ate, one night of his week vacation, or when he last slept properly, his mind filled with nothing but
the nightmares coming alive as he tried his best to push his demons back in. Inko worried, and
worried some more, called doctors who reassured her that Izuku’s body was in better shape, and
that this was just a normal phase boys go through being embarrassed at the fact he lost a fight.

“Boys will be boys.” One doctor loomed in laughter, “He’s having nothing but a fit, he’ll man
up soon, won’t you son?” He clapped Izuku’s back, causing the young boy to wince and smile
bleakly back.

Inko chuckled nervously as she walked the doctor out, “Are you sure about this Doctor?”

“Of course ma’am, he’s alright.”

“But… But he’s not eating; he’s not doing anything really. He’s just on that bed… there but not
actually there.”

The doctor straightened his back and cleared his throat, reassuring her again with sweet words
that her son will be alright soon, and not to worry. He proceeded to give her his bill and thanked
her, heading down the stairs with a glee in his step. Upon seeing the somewhat cheerful attitude of
him, Inko seemed to take a sigh of relief, if only a little. No doctor would still be this cheery if their
patient is really in trouble would they? So she’s probably overreacting, and with that concluded in
her mind she shut the door and went on to make dinner for the both of them. Izuku would be back
in school tomorrow, and she was sure once he was around his friends again, and Bakugo again,
his’d be back to normal. She asked him what would he like to eat, he gave her a small response, as
she went away with preparing the ingredients, humming to herself a habit he picked up from her,
not able to realize the slowly decreasing twinkle Izuku had in his eyes, watching the moon through
his window, as a small dragonfly perched up against the edge. He watched as it flicked its wings,
head turning a few turns, right and left, before picking back off and disappearing in the night sky,
leaving him behind entrapped in his mind.

Chapter End Notes

okay sooooo, i might not be able to update for a few days, ill try to write as much as i
can, but ill be busy for the next couple of days so you might not hear from me but dont
worry! not abandoning my kids!!!

i hope you take the time to really read this chapter, and the next PAST chapter coming
up, that one we’ll be diving deep into much of izuku's insecurities and well.... i hope i
make it with enough emotions

the storyline will take time to build up and be at the point where things will spiral our
of control but i hope youre there for it~!!

love you guys! leave any comments / questions / kudos, thank you so much for taking the time to ready my child!

be the best person you can be ~
Katsuki was lying on the bed when he got the call, the first in almost a month from his encounter with the name blinking lights against his face. His hand hesitated for a minute before pressing the green button, clearing his throat and responding to the quiet hello on the other line. It was mid-afternoon on a Sunday, the blond had just finished a rigorous training with Aizawa and All Might and had taken the rest of the day to relax and do nothing. Agreement of a meet up in place, he got up to head for a quick shower, eyes befalling the only thing that decorated his plain room, a photograph of two young children laughing, torn in half between them. He pursed his lip at one end of the photograph, a grim reminder of that day, and continued on not wanting to be late on his unexpected appointment.

He dressed simply, dark skinny jeans that are ripped on the knees, and a simple plain shirt, strapping on a watch and double checking for money in his wallet, him actually not forgetting his wallet, and headed out. The walk to the café wasn’t long, a mere 15 minutes from the dorms, it was likely that place was chosen from how close it was to him, rather than the other person, he realized which only saddened him further. He should be the last person expecting any kind of thought-out
He scanned the small café, its homey atmosphere putting him off a little bit, but he’d swallow the unnecessary comments for the sake of having this go smoothly. Coffee was the first thing he smelled when he walked in, followed by the basking aroma of the baked goods, small round tables strategically placed all around, not many people were around now he noticed with a sigh of relief, and walked on till he found the designated table. She was as tiny as ever, her dark green hair tied in her signature half-up pin do, and a small smile on her face as she noticed him walk to her. With unease he sat after giving her a warm hug, the smile bringing back flashes of an identical one he would see so long ago, but he mentally kicked himself back into the present, the last thing he needed was to have any sort of episode right now.

“How are you doing Katsuki?” Inko Midoriya asked after they both settled down and had their orders taken.

Bakugo swallowed, “I-I’m doing alright, and you Mrs. Midoriya?”

“Oh I’m doing as much as I can these days.” She tucked a loose strand of hair back and straightened herself, “I’m sorry for contacting you so suddenly, but I bumped into your mother in the market a few days ago, and when I spoke of meeting you in the… the…” Inko took a shuddering breath, “Well you know.” She smiled sadly and patted the one hand he kept on the table.

“It’s okay Mrs. Midoriya you don’t have to apologize at all.”

“Call me Inko; this whole Mrs thing just makes me older than I am!” They chuckled slightly; Katsuki could see her fidgeting around nervously, evident by how startled she was when their plates were served. He motioned towards her plate, hoping if she had something to eat maybe she’d be less of a nervous wreck. Honestly, he thought, is she taking care of herself well? He then proceeded to scowl at himself, how he fucking could ask that, pretending to care, when he never once visited her. An abomination is what he was.

It did seem to do the trick, her hands shaking less, as she took a breath to steady herself and looked him straight in the eye.

“I wanted to talk to you, and see how you were doing really. I know I’m in no place to actually come and be so casual with you, especially with how long we’ve seen each other, but now that the opportunity has come, I thought best to take advantage of it and just… talk.”

Green eyes against crimson, a close comparison to a pair that has coexisted with each other, till red could no longer stand the green, Bakugo took a breath of his own and set his fork down against his half eaten pie. What was he supposed to tell her exactly? In what way can a spoken apology even begin to fix what his actions had caused? How can he stare into her eyes, and wholeheartedly be able to tell her just how fucking disgusted he was with himself, how he wished it was him who was the one to go because he deserved it. He deserved every single bad shit that happened to him, he deserves to sit here and suffer for what he has done.

“Mrs. Midoriya–”

“Inko.” He smiled at her.

“Yes, Inko… I,” Words failed him and they sat in silence for a few minutes till he began again, “I don’t even know what to say to you, because there’s nothing I can ever say, or even do, that can start with… with how sorry I fucking am. I messed up, and I did this, I caused this, and
I’m sorry, I’m so fucking sorry.” To Inko’s shock, tears started falling down the blonde’s cheeks, increasing in amount the further he spoke.

Inko raised her hands to his cheeks and wiped his tears; smiling with a little confused face she responded to him, “No child, no, it’s not your fault. This isn’t a responsibility for you to bear. He… Izuku, had a lot going on, he would get into fights, have problems and I’m not here, I’m not here to reprimand you, or guilt you, I’m here to thank you.”

Bakugo’s eyes widened, mouth dangling unable to form coherent words. Thank him? Thank Bakugo, whose sole existence destroyed the only family she had? For a fleeting second Bakugo wondered whether she’d gone mad, but looking into her eyes, he saw the raw sincerity of her words. She wasn’t bluffing him, or lying, she was being completely serious.

“Thank… me?” He whispered back, throat so tight he was surprised anything could come out of him at this moment.

She nodded, “You were always there for Izuku whenever he needed help, he used to tell me, you know? Of when you’d come help him out of a fight he’d put himself in, just like All Might mom!” She spoke in a voice almost similar to his that Bakugo was about to crumble right there, “Is what he used to say, and I never, I didn’t have the chance to ever thank you face to face for being such a wonderful friend to my Izuku.”

What. The. Fuck.

He couldn’t breathe; his hand went to his throat as if somehow touching it will let some oxygen back in his lungs but to no avail. His heart was beating erratically, hurting so much that he fell while attempting to get up and just go away from all this. What was she talking about? Me helping Izuku? What? What? What? She was fast by his side, calling for a glass of water and speaking to keep him awake because he knew he was going to pass out. It was another panic episode, and he’s probably going to die. Is this how Izuku explained to his mother about all those bruises? Is that how Inko has spent all this time thinking of Bakugo, that he was some fucking hero? What the fuck Izuku, he thought, what the fuck, what the fuck, after everything, after all of this, after every torment he gave him, he went back and told his mother he was the one saving him!

No.

No.

He can’t do this… he couldn’t have done this. This was beyond any level of… of fucking what! What was even normal about their situation?! How the fuck was any of this normal! How the fuck is one supposed to go about their day, knowing the person whose death was on them; has spent all this freaking time just protecting his ass! He was not normal. This fucking life isn’t normal, and it will never be normal. He was a monster, an abomination, a disease in this world, the only fucking reason he hasn’t shot himself off just yet was because of how fucking easy it was to just end it. How the fuck was he supposed to allow himself to just fucking die so easily, so damn simple, when so much misery were caused by his own hands.

Somewhere in his reverie, his mind seemed to register the sound of wailing somewhere out there, his ears muffled by how strong the pain in his chest was, and it was as if he was seeing all this outside of his body. He was the source of the cries, on his knees at the floor, howling echoes of a broken boy erupting out of him and he couldn’t stop himself, there was no power in him to wake out of this. What Inko spoke had shattered another piece inside of him, something somewhere that was still intact, that hasn’t yet crumbled, that gave him a chance to think he could be someone
worthy of forgiveness somewhere in the future. It wasn’t possible anymore; he’s no longer anything but a murderer.

Inko was holding him tightly; in some way her hands surrounding him were to keep him from shattering completely, but the pain before her eyes just brought out her own as she yelled the blonde’s name to snap back to reality, calling for help to hold his arms away from himself for he started to burn his own forearms off. She had no idea she would set him off like this, if she did she would’ve shut the hell up and let him try to move on, but it must be as hard on him as her, confirming it before her eyes and shoeing away all the small doubts she began to grow the last few years because she’s never seen him in person since. She’s seen his mother repeatedly, Mitsuki being an anchor by her side all this time, but the lack of presence that Bakugo showed made her think that he was guilty, but looking at the broken boy before her, she realized how mistaken she was.

He was feeling guilt, but in the same sense that she was as well. He’s lost him too. So with the strength she has taught herself to gather, she yanked his face and pressed his forehead against hers, and yelled out his name once more.

The young boy shuddered and stilled, empty cerise staring back at her and she instructed him to take deep breaths, in and out, slowly, yes Katsuki just like that, she’d say, breathe with me, in and out, there you go; you can do it. Repeating the motions, the words, as long as she had to, as long as he needed it, and at some point the ambulance arrived and picked him up, his sudden increase in heart rate and its rapid decrease giving him a state of shock and with an IV in one arm, oxygen mask on him, Inko holding his unused hand the two of them were escorted to the nearest hospital to keep Bakugo under observation.

He was asleep when he heard his mother’s voice, surprisingly not frantic or worried, but in a hushed whisper joined with another low voice. Bakugo didn’t have the energy to open his eyes, fucking stupid that he even got a panic attack so severe he had to be hospitalized, so he kept them shut straining to pick up on the conversation at the end of the room.

“I don’t know how to properly apologize to you Mitsuki,” A sniff and a sob.

“Don’t apologize, please, I know you meant no harm at all. I should’ve warned you about Katsuki’s situation beforehand, I just thought this year it might be a little different, he might be able to... let go.” His mother’s voice was gentle, “He hasn’t allowed himself to be a kid, to be properly happy after what happened, and I’m not putting anyone to blame please don’t take it that way Inko, I just wish he can sit with himself and be open about his feelings. Half of this is caused by how much he has pent up inside of him that he refuses to share and I’ve lost all means of communication with him. He’s my baby and I feel like I’m talking to a stranger when he comes in the holidays, and this whole dorms thing with the school just puts him at a greater distance from me that I just, I don’t know what to do.”

There was slight shuffling, and Inko’s voice comforting quiet sobs. Bakugo couldn’t help himself from scowling, he’s been such a fucking ass that he made his own mother cry. So pitiful, so helpless, so unbelievably stupid; he tries to fix things only to fuck it up even more.

“I’m so sorry Inko; I have no right to complaining to you about this.”

“Don’t be silly, Katsuki is like my own as well, of course I want you to tell me when you’re having troubles. My boy may be gone, but that doesn’t mean I’ll forget all the other children as well, it’s why I’ve taken this new job of mine.”

“Oh, you’re working again Inko? I’m so happy to hear that.”
A slight pause, Bakugo guessed Inko flashed her classic smile, “Yes, I’m excited about it. I’ve been studying human psychology, especially to do with young children, and I was offered a spot in counseling with the academy I’ve been learning under. It’s nothing major, but it allows me to talk to troubled kids regularly and help them as much as I can.” A sound of a pat, and what he guessed was a hug? But that was all he remembered because at some point he had fallen asleep again.

Katsuki was discharged the day after, refusing to take the anti-anxiety drugs he was prescribed despite his mother’s chagrin,

“I don’t fucking need any fucking meds. I’m not insane.” He yelled at his doctor the minute the pills were mentioned, grimacing at the slight pity look he gave the blond.

And Mitsuki was again fighting a losing battle with her son, choosing to secretly stash them in her bag, listening to the orders that if he were to get another attack she should administer them somehow in his system. But with the dorms still something happening, she knew was stuck in a helpless situation, and on the way to dropping her son back – with him surprisingly sitting quiet after the tough argument they had – she decided to speak to his homeroom teacher even though she can guess how livid Katsuki would be if he ever knew about this, yet at some point in their kid’s lives, parents have to be the bad guys to save them.

Katsuki’s voice had her turn towards him as she was getting out of the car, smiling she watched as he walked up to her with the infamous pout of his lips he’s done all his life. Her baby was too precious to her to lose, and she’ll make sure of it. But her baby can also do things that would knock her out of her feet sometimes, doesn’t mean she raised a bad kid, she’ll beat anyone the fuck up if they ever said that, but she knew that his pompous attitude was because of how gifted he was brought to life with, naturally succeeding at everything that even the shallowest of attempts from him were heavily showered with compliments, so he developed a form of complex as he grew up to be the best in everything. And Mitsuki knew it was one of the markers for his attitude that has grown with him, yet despite all that; he is a good child. He does want to save lives, and be a hero, he does care albeit in his own way, but he does. Losing Izuku has created something inside of him she can’t reach; it scares her not knowing what exactly is brooding up inside of her boy right now, and not being able to put that at ease. It was a ticking that Mitsuki was positive would at some point reach a limit he won’t come back from, this panic attack being another step closer to it.

Yet… at the same time, it had caused Katsuki to grow suddenly. His explosive nature dimmed little by little as the days went on, he controlled his anger better, even if he still yelled and his voice was loud, there wasn’t that murderous aura he carried around for everyone. He mellowed down in a sense where now he considers what his words and actions would result in, he can finally see the consequences of the situations around him, and he’s able to think about the future. Terrifying as it is to say it was the result of Izuku’s death, it was, and for whatever it is that made him think it’s time to change, and try to do it all these years while still having more time to grow, has his mother thankful for it.

“I… I’m sorry for worrying you so much,” He said and she was dumbfounded, “I’m trying, to be better, and learn, and not to fuck up as much. I didn’t want these meds because…” he took in a frustrated breath and let it out, one hand in his pocket the other on the back of his neck; an indicator that he was uncomfortable, “I know these meds fuck people’s minds up in the end. Make them either forget shit, or think of them less, and I don’t want that bullshit done to me. I don’t want to forget, I don’t want to think less. I know you think – everyone fucking thinks actually – that I have to move on. I know I do. I will. I am. But it’s not as simple as you think so I guess I’m just… I’m asking you to have a little faith in me with this. Because I’m going to be the number one hero,
Mitsuki was crying by the time he finished; hand on her mouth unable to believe how much her son has actually grown mentally. And when he saw her cry, Bakugo’s eyes slit shut at how he once again, *fucked up*, when he was engulfed in her arms and she happily cried of how proud she was of him.

“Back the fuck off old woman! Your boobs are in my fucking face!”

She smacked him in the head, “This isn’t the way to talk to women let alone your mother you fucking brat!”

“What woman!” He muttered back and she punched him, only to yank him back into a bear hug. “I can’t… *fucking breathe.*” He gasped out, but silenced himself when she spoke in a tone he heard as a child.

“Of course I have faith in you, you are my boy, and you are my Katsuki, my winner and savior. You’re my hero, from now till the end of time. It doesn’t matter in which position you are, whether number one or the last, you will always be the boy I have dreamt and wanted for so long. You’re also loud, and rude, and so ill-tempered, but I guess that’s my fault,” She grinned at him, “I’m just like that, but you also take from your father’s calculating and heck of a smart mind, *don’t even think of saying I’m stupid.* I just know how far you can go in this life. What I want is for you to be *happy,* to wake up in the morning and think of something good of the world; I want you to be able to look at your past straight on, without having to ruin your future because of it. Losing yourself, hurting yourself or in some way making yourself suffer even more than already have, I don’t want that happening to you. If you can’t find yourself living your life for you, then live it for me, for your friends, for the people who will need you, live it for the Izuku who would’ve done everything to get you out of this. You are loved Katsuki, by many, and you can’t break that trust people have in you to live on. You of all people know the effect it does on the living.”

Katsuki was unable to respond to her, feeling like a small child in her arms, reminded of when she’d hold him so close and coo him to sleep, of telling him stories of the world, and the sudden rush of memories basked the blond with such raw emotion he no longer gave two fucks if anyone saw him, he wrapped his arms around his mother and cried. And the two of them just stood there till he was able to be himself again, Mitsuki giving him a kiss on the cheek, a smack for his smartass reply and waved him away as he went back into his dorms. Her hand fell to her side hesitantly as she stared at the empty parking lot, back to where she saw her son enter and doors closed, allowing a peek down at her bag where the pills were placed before turning back to her car and driving away, the pills now a forgotten history.

Bakugo managed to scurry to his room without being caught and locking it after him, some dust piling in it for being away for two days and he made a mental reminder to clean this nasty shit up. He sat on the edge of his bed, tired and hungry and sleepy as heck. He was too late to any classes now, he might as well rest now and do some training later, but before making any more plans he swiped his phone up and scrolled past a few contacts till he found the one he wanted and began to type away.

*Good Evening Mrs. Midoriya, just wanna say I’m out of the hospital.*

*Sorry for causing so much trouble, i hope to see u again?*

-BK
It was too stressful to just sit and wait for a response so he went to work at making his way to the kitchen secretly, and stealing away one of Denki’s sandwiches from the fridge and what he was sure of was Todoroki’s chocolate pudding and slid his way back to his room unannounced to the rest of his class. They had just returned from their classes and he wasn’t in the mood to face the mother hen Kirishima just yet, he needed this peace and quiet. Reluctantly he allowed himself to check his phone only to be slightly disappointed he hasn’t gotten any response, but he thought better than to think she was ignoring him. She’s probably at work and is busy, so when she’s free she’ll answer.

He couldn’t sleep for the life of him, no matter how much he tried, just a buzz flowing through his body that at some point he growled in frustration and headed to change his clothes, if he can’t fucking rest he might as well do some shit and lose this feeling in him. Some good steam off would do the trick, and at ten at night he silently tapped his way through the darkened hallways, his memory being his guide light from the repeated midnight workouts, he found his way to an already lit gym hall. Frowning he opened the door to find shitty hair, half and half, blond idiot, round face, pinky, and tense shitty-Ida all waiting for him in their workout outfits.

“What?”

Kirishima had the largest grin on his face, evidently proud of his successful plan, “We all know what you’re like; don’t think we never hear your workouts. We’re here to do it with you.”

There was a lot Bakugo wanted to say, it mostly consisted of curses, yelling at each of them, and the largest part was the incomprehensible emotion he couldn’t put into words at how loyal these people were to him for absolutely no fucking reason. He was embarrassed, fuck it was beyond that, the blond was sure he was red as a fucking tomato at this point and had no way to excuse himself out of it. His friends fucking cared, he didn’t deserve that but they cared.

So he did what Bakugo Katsuki did best and yelled his way through to them, cursing at how needlessly annoying they all are, and how fucking loud this place was going to be now, but gave no definite no to their sudden advancement in the emotional department.

For one, he was glad there were people around him. There was no guarantee where his mind would have taken him if he were alone right now, having not allowed himself to think of the cause of his sudden hospitalization and he could see Kirishima’s urge to push him to a corner all alone and demand answers out of him. He did owe him a talk from the first day of school, but if the redhead could shut his impatience and well hidden anger towards Bakugo away, then Katsuki could as well shove down all those negative emotions as he knew best, locking them in the deepest part of him, but promising himself the chance his mother has talked him into giving.

If he were to talk, and say his emotions, he would vocalize the true horror of who he is, and Katsuki wasn’t sure if it was the disappointment in himself that he was scared of, or to have himself realize he hasn’t changed, that the boy who has done such horrible things, is the true Katsuki. Is it the thought of never being able to be a better person the nightmare he’s been avoiding so desperately? Or is he just running away from the truth of who he is?

His demons have become so entirely webbed on who Bakugo Katsuki was that he is afraid to attempt to unravel them, he’s been bent and broken to their wills far greater than he thought he was and any attempt to fight back means he has to bring them to the surface, one by one. And that, terrifies Bakugo to the knees.
Hello!!! i hope as you read this note youve gotten a little insight on how Bakugo has been lately, a lot of fics - i dont mean anything bad about it i love all and respect all!!!- dont bring out emotional pain/talks as much as i personally like, but always i respect the authors and love all works! Because each person is learning in their own way how to create a whole life out of nothing! amazing!

saying that, i hope you really have taken your time to understand certain thought processes inside of bakugo and how has his relationships changed, i am not trying to worm him out of what hes done (youll know soon enough!!!) because in the end this is a DARK fic, and to be quite honest its taking me on a journey with you all!!

so i just wanted to make sure to all you lovely readers know that yes bakugo has done some SHIT, and he will learn lessons throughout this story, be it good or bad, just as every character will learn the consequences of each of their actions

hopefully ill be able to bring in more characters interaction soon, and i hope you have your belts buckled for the next chapter bc i plan to make it really sad!!!!!!!!!!!!

i know i said i might take time to write which is true ive been hecka busy, but WATCHING THE LATEST BNHA EPISODE HAD ME CRYING SO MUCH I LOVE ALL MY KIDS AND DADZAWA AND DADMIGHT SO MUCH PROTECT THEM ALL

thank you for taking the time to read / comment / kudos I LOVE YOU ALL! AND HOLY MOLY 1K HITS!! i never even thought 10 people would read this!!! thank you sooooo much!!

be the best person you can be~
Nobody Can Hear You - Part 1

Chapter Notes

Honestly... i don't even know how or what to say to explain this chapter, but that it took me a long while to write because of many recurrent emotions that went through me a while ago resurfacing, it's a chapter that hits home to me, so please this an important TRIGGER WARNING

mentions of SUICIDE heavily influenced
be careful as you read i love you all

more notes at the end, please read!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Past

Nobody Can Hear You

To say that there was any form of acceptance to his return was an ironic twist of fate’s unforgiving humor. It was more like his absence was welcomed rather than missed, an added twist to the many wounds he seemed to accumulate as the years went by, and Izuku wasn’t sure if there was any place left unmarked for further injuries. There wasn’t any place left for anything in him.

For if you were to look at him, really look him, Izuku was nothing more than an empty vessel holding a life that was sniffed out of him so long ago. It was a struggle, an everyday battle, to get up and open his eyes, and it gets worse the more the day progresses, the more he has to lie and fake, the more he has to attempt to try doing things like everyone to be normal. Normal.

What is normal?

What is his life supposed to be?

Will it get better?

Will he get better?

He doesn’t know, he doesn’t think anyone really knows where life will take them. But he can see the ones where it hasn’t given up on them; he can see the ones who smile so carelessly, not
thinking for a second that someone else has to make so much effort to reach a fraction of that smile.

And Izuku was tired; he was tired as he sat on his seat, tired as he watched the day drag on, he had no energy anymore to respond to anything that would happen. He was absolutely miserable, and slowly started to fade out the more days have dragged on, he would come home much later than he used to, he couldn’t face his mother just fresh out of school where the worst of his moods came out, so he spent most of his time aimlessly walking around. His school bag shuffling against his back, feet dragging across the ground with green eyes looking at nothing particularly, there wasn’t any joy in this just as much there wasn’t any joy back home, or in school.

So he walked, and walked, and continued walking, he doesn’t remember how much time has passed exactly, his phone died out a long time ago, and his watch was nothing but an accessory being broken by Bakugo’s attacks some while back. He should be slightly worried that it’s absolutely dark right now, he should be worried he doesn’t remember the route he took in order to come back, maybe a little more worried at the fact that he had no money, because – as if it’s any more of a surprise – Bakugo has taken it at lunch in school. So yes, Izuku would probably have started freaking out about an hour ago, but he isn’t Izuku anymore, not completely.

Looking around him, he vaguely remembered some of the shops but memory failing him to exactly pinpoint his location, so he set about to find any landmarks or even subway station signs that could at least identify his whereabouts. He could’ve asked, he realized later on, anyone he crossed or any shop on where he was, but Izuku was tumbling down a severe mental downhill where he already confirmed to himself that it wouldn’t exactly matter so much if he didn’t come back, therefore he gave an effort to try, disgust flashing through himself knowing it wasn’t an action done for anything but his guilt that would eat him away if he ever looked back and wished he gave some effort. Izuku noticed the lack of thought to his own mother’s worry, and shoved whatever remnants that began to surface deep down, he just didn’t really care anymore.

It was about thirty minutes of useless search when his legs began failing him and cried out to sit, so he allowed himself to push further till he found himself in the entrance of a park, too dark to even attempt reading the sign he opted to sit at the bench a few feet ahead and with a heavy sigh he flunked down on it, back taught against it and eyes staring straight at the sky.

It was pretty tonight, so many more stars than he could see from his own room sometimes, and they twinkled with mischievous delight back at him, almost taunting him from how far away they were from him. Come to us, is what he heard them say, be free like us.

They splattered across the night sky in a wonderful color, some with a teasing hue splash of blues and others with reds. Izuku was positive he must be somewhat delirious to see colors with the stars, but to be truthful to himself, it’s been the best sight he’d laid eyes on in years so it was probably best not to try to attempt and over-analyze what’s happening because mumbling to himself in an empty park at God knows what time of night isn’t exactly a great image of himself. So there he sat, the wind picking up in its touch of that cold air and it cooled his heated face well enough to let him relax, so relaxed he hadn’t noticed the set of footsteps coming towards the bench.

Green eyes startled when a large man came to sit by his side, the yelp out of him causing Izuku to furiously blush and look away, he didn’t – couldn’t – look that man in the eye just yet, so out of respect he nodded slightly to the stranger’s direction, the corner of his eyes noticing the nodded response back. The two sat in silence for a while, Izuku shifting his feet uncomfortably because who would even come to this place at night and frankly he was a little disgruntled at the fact the one peaceful moment he’s ever had in his life had been interrupted. He couldn’t be surprised though, Izuku chuckled darkly, isn’t that just his luck in life? When one good thing would come his
way, someone must always either take it or ruin it.

“Are you alright child?” The stranger’s voice loomed at him, it was weird; a little chapped and sounded as if he’s struggling to let the words out. Izuku’s mind screamed stranger danger and instinct told him to get the hell out of there but for some reason, for whatever the accumulated experiences has brought upon little Izuku, he forced his mind to calm down and turned to the man next to him, quickly scanning the casual blue jeans and plain long sleeved shirt in front of him.

And for the hell of it, maybe as a self-declared fuck you to the world, to the always timid Izuku, to the hopelessness case that is him, he turned to the stranger and smiled.

“Is anyone ever alright?” Sheesh, he thought, that was so freaking depressive right out the bat.

The stranger chuckled, “Touché on that. Let me rephrase my question then, is there anything happening to you that would cause you to be this far away from home?”

Izuku looked down to his hands, “How do you know I don’t belong here?”

“Because,” The man hummed, “You seem a whole rather than a piece.”

“I seem a whole rather than a piece?” Izuku frowned, “Your confidence is overbearing.”

The man laughed, “A little smart on words, I like you kid. But you are far from home, you’re not from here, you’d be more of a mess than you already are.” His words rang in Izuku’s ears longer than it took them to be said, simple phrases latching on to him with vice.

“You’re probably the first to say that to me.”

He tilted his head in confusion at the green haired boy, “Which part?”

“That you like me,” Izuku sounded more broken than he intended, “I don’t seem to be the type of person who gets along with everyone.”

The stranger stood and extended his hand to the broken child, “I seem to know a great place for a bite of food, and it would seem there’s more to say than what’s being shown here with you, let me buy you food. It would give my old man’s heart more ease to keep you safe and take you home rather than leaving you on your own. I want to hear your story.”

It could be multiple of factors that led to Izuku grabbing the man’s hand and walking away, or it could be one specific reason, but Izuku tried not to dwell too much on which it is that resulted in him sitting in a nice diner eating a burger and listening to the man before him speak animatedly about life in general. Izuku always felt himself so out of life, out of sync with everyone around him, like he was on one wavelength and the whole world was on another, so he never found himself connecting to people if it never involved pain on his end. So he was high on a rush as he sat and talked, and talked, he felt like he could speak forever. For there is this one man, one moment, one spark in his life, where he was heard; where someone wanted to hear him speak, hear his thoughts, laugh with him and not at him. It was so different, so exhilarating that Izuku couldn’t help himself but let it all out, he doesn’t remember if he’s ever talked so much to his own mother about his feelings like this, and he was partially feeling guilt at being unable to resonate with her well enough to inform her anything, but the idea of causing her any more problems would just be too excessive on the young boy’s own heart, so he opted for this other choice.

Being in a place he doesn’t know, speaking to someone he’s never met in his life, it almost felt like this was an extraterrestrial moment that when he woke next morning, he wouldn’t be sure if it was a dream or a reality. But someone was finally acknowledging his existence, and Izuku was
determined to spread and thin this limited time thread as far as it would go.

“You’ve suffered a great deal for such a young person, my boy, and it’s a shame that you have to go through all that for so long.” The man growled back, more so in hurt than anger, he extended himself and put his hand on Izuku’s head, noticing the flinch the young boy automatically reacted with.

Izuku wasn’t used to a gentle touch that wasn’t his mothers, so this hand, on his hand, patting his pains in understanding, a hand that has welcomed him, that was part of someone who noticed him for the first time and listened to him, echoed his pains and wholeheartedly looked him directly in the eyes and spoke I now know it all. He was crying, he noticed, by the time the hand was put away, throat closing from the emotions coursing through his body and Izuku couldn’t hold it anymore, he didn’t give any damn on who saw him cry, he didn’t care that he seemed too old of a boy to let his tears fall so carelessly in public.

His body shook from the strength of his sobs, gasping relentlessly for any chance of air that he could from the heart wenching agony hitting him, non-stop attacks of the recurrent memories where he was so alone, and for the first time in his life, he wasn’t. The man was quick to pay the bill and help Izuku up, a protective arm around the boy hiding his face into his chest so no one would see him, and walked him out back to the park bench they first found each other. It was quite a bit of time before Izuku was able to calm down, all while this stranger’s warm hand was rubbing his back in comfort, whispering words of encouragement to let it pass and feel all of it, that it all soon will get better.

“I’m so sorry,” Izuku mumbled at some point, to which his friend chuckled sweetly in response.

“Don’t be sorry, my boy. You have been through so much, it is not a sign of weakness to show emotions, you let them out, let them be seen and fought against, the more you fight them back and take control of them, the more you will see it’s easy to cut them off when you need to.”

“But isn’t cutting them off… will make things worse?”

“That’s one way to look at it, but won’t being able to control all your emotions mean that when the time comes for you to act, there won’t be anything hindering you from making decisions?”

Izuku pondered the words for a moment, “I think so…”

“So you see? Life’s all about choosing when you want those emotions to come and ago. And Life in itself; isn’t a fair one at that, isn’t it? Why should you be the one going through all this hardship when many are not? That’s the thing about our society these days, so much has been given to the overly-blessed, that unique gifts such as you are not seen.” He smiled down at Izuku, who couldn’t help but be hung on every word out of his mouth, he was speaking so many things he would think but wouldn’t voice aloud. It was a whole experience of Izuku to hear such words from an adult who has lived in this world far longer than he has, and feel as he does towards the world.

“You, you think I’m a gift?”

“Well of course you are! Every life brought on this world is a gift, something to cherish, nurture, and take care of. See to it be grown to the vast world before it without any limits. Why should there be anything to hold you back?”

Izuku deflated at that, as if something slammed back into him and whatever trance he was held
into was broken. “I’m Quirkless. I’m useless to society.”

Taking Izuku’s face in his hands, the man turned the green eyes to stare back into his own, “And who, in the fuck, has decided that on your behalf?”

Who… Who decided that? On Izuku’s behalf? Izuku’s eyes enlarged as he sat and thought. Wasn’t it something already decided upon? That if you didn’t have a quirk, you’re nothing to this world? The world wasn’t fair, and pinned the weak to suffer under the strong, but why was he weak?

He looked back at the man who seemed to open Izuku’s eyes to a world he hasn’t seen before, who seemed to think of him as something more than a useless idiot. He looked back at Izuku with the same eyes his teachers would look at Kacchan, with fervor and the possibility of a flaming future destined for greatness. Something inside Izuku seemed to shift, and he welcomed it because whatever it was, it seemed to fill him with some sort of hope.

Izuku was taken home at some point, or he walked home, or maybe he never left home coming right after school, he doesn’t exactly remember the event’s that took place last night, but he knew he met a man and somehow felt different. How and in what way was all fogged in his mind yet the slight possibility of worrying about it hasn’t crossed his mind so far.

It was the last week of school, and finals have taken a toll on most of the students, but Izuku was calmer than he was the whole time as he sat on his chair. Reminding himself of the equations and needed tables for the exam, and with a slight look towards a certain blond haired back, he shuddered at what lay before him. Kacchan was staring right at him, disgust evident on his face and a promising look of hurt that Izuku knew all too well. Afterschool today huh? He felt himself projecting the question at the blond and turned to the final paper in front of him choosing not to bother to see the disgruntled reaction of Bakugo.

His mind seemed to take him elsewhere while doing the exam, to a certain soft hand on his head, to comforting words that spoke to his existence, but whenever one would resurface, he’d drown it back down. Emotions should be controlled, he found himself repeating, and for whatever reason, calmed him till he was able to finish the exam. It being some of the last few days, the homeroom teacher had begun recalling some students back to his office during different class times to confirm and talk to them about their high school options. And the green haired boy knew his time was coming, expecting the calling as he shuffled his way out the door, but freezing shut as he heard another being called out with him.

Kacchan.

Fear was quick to extend its vines and squeeze his heart, pleased with the rush of sudden adrenaline as his body reacted in pain to the name, the dominating presence that grew next to him as they were both escorted towards the office seemed to manifest a deadly aura to which the green eyed boy couldn’t seem to handle, his hands beginning to shake. He tried to hide how obviously scared shitless he was by shoving them into the pockets of his pants, the long sleeves brushing against sensitive areas around his wrists. Izuku couldn’t help but hear the joy in the chuckle from the boy next to him, the evident signs of fear so strong that Bakugo relished in the sight of them.

They sat next to each other in the stuffy office, Izuku uncomfortable and jittery, while Bakugo flared himself so comfortably and oozing the obnoxious over self-confidence he carried himself with as their homeroom teacher searched their papers and placed them down, joining his hands together before resting his hand on them as he stared at the boys before him.
“Well, I’m sure the both of you know why I called you to my office.” He began, “It’s to do with your high school options you’ve both submitted a while ago. First, let me begin by saying that the both of you are very good students, Midoriya, you’re a bright young boy, even with the mumbling and cowering, you’re smart. And as for you Bakugo, you already know you’re the top of the class academically and physically, so I’m not surprised by the option you went to, however I’d like to ask as to if you have any back-up plan that you’ve failed to list in your submission?”

“Ha?” The blond spat, “What back-up plan fucking bullshit are you saying? I’m going into UA, nowhere else. The fuck is it you really want from me?”

The man pursed his lip, “Very well then, now let’s move on to you Midoriya.” He shuffled a few papers around and grabbed one, reading what’s written quietly when out of the blue, he began chuckling loudly before a laugh erupted out of him. Izuku could feel the dim of whatever began building inside of him crash down as fast as it appeared. “I mean, I know you’re smart, but this is probably the stupidest thing I have ever read Midoriya!”

Bakugo joined his teacher’s laughter, and Izuku just stared dumbfounded at the both of them, of the cruelty that seemed to manifest in their hearts the longer the minutes ticked by. He couldn’t believe his eyes at what’s happening, at how inhumane he was being treated, and despite the anger inside him and the despair of wanting to fight back, Izuku pathetically stared down at his hands as tears began to swell in his eyes.

“Of all the things I’ve seen as a teacher, never in my life I would’ve guessed that a Quirkless kid wanted to be a hero and sign up for the number one hero course in this whole country!”

The sound of their laughter grew, and to Izuku, it was another slap to his face. It continued on longer than it was necessary, Izuku left to a mess at the end of it, leaving the office before he was told and his legs took him out to the main gate, unable to be in the building anymore, the cries beckoning him further when all he could hear was the sound of their laughter. All his eyes could see was the two of them snickering at him, bickering, and taunting his inferiority… Izuku found himself falling head on to the ground, tripping on his own damned feet, as if he could even be more pathetic than he is. Anguish held on to him as he fell back to the floor, what’s the point of even getting up anymore, because life to him was nothing but unfairness that seemed to relish in what it’s doing to him.

He couldn’t take all these emotions inside him, it was too much, he was suffocating, he could no longer breathe, he felt as though the walls were closing on him too fast to be able to register and attempt to fight back and he needed an outlet, he needed an escape, an all too familiar sensation that was welcoming and a euphoria in comparison to this fucking hellhole. So his eyes roamed the place around him, looking for the specificity for the action he needed to take and a shattered laughter of irony came out of him as he found what would do the job. It’s funny how life seemed to hand him exactly what he needed when he was the one to writhe.

Quickly he grabbed on to it, snot forming on his nose that he attempted to wipe with his sleeves as he crawled his way to a hidden area in the bushes. No one would find him there, it would take time to reach this area, and as tragic as he imagined himself to look, it was nothing close to the real thing – that, he was sure of.

When Izuku was positive he wouldn’t be seen, he quickly rolled the sleeves of his shirt up to his forearm, eyes staring at the sight he repeatedly tried to hide from everyone and himself, and the scarred angry red tissue that pained along his wrists in multiple directions, some splashed with anger and jagged markings, some with smooth deliberate calculation, and he wasn’t sure which of those he would bring today. Should he let the anger bottling inside him do it? Or should it be the
hollowness of his chest that has engulfed the boy he used to be?

*Does it even fucking matter anymore?*

No, no it didn’t.

And so with his tears still befalling his cheeks, drained eyes staring lifelessly at his own arm, Izuku brought the sharp edge of the beer glass bottle, and held it against his ruined skin, edging it further inwards, feeling the emotional turmoil inside him being sucked towards that arm as the nerves sent signals of the physical pain, and broke the skin till the crimson flushed out of him. The color reminding him so much of Kacchan’s eyes that he wailed out and quickly slashed the rest of wrist open, a pool of his blood forming underneath him. It kept coming out, and he kept screaming, pleased that the only thing that was hurting him was that area, and the sight of the thing that kept him alive being pumped out of him seemed to put him at ease, that maybe this was the end of it, finally.

His relief was cut short, a hand jumping out of nowhere grabbing Izuku’s own injured on, tightly pressing at the bleeding sight causing him to yell out harder. He struggled against whoever it was that was ruining his chance of finally leaving, his brain not registering to the sound of his name being repeatedly called out until he was violently shook to reality.

It was the stranger of the night before, the man with the gentle hands. But how in the world, the small boy wondered, did he find him here? How did he know where he would be?

“H-How?” Izuku muttered out, silently noticing he was being shifted to sit on the man’s lap, wrist still being tightly held shut from bleeding out by the same hand that softly stroked the top of his head.

The man seemed to hold him tighter, “I told you, I see you, I hear you; I now know you.”

Izuku was too shocked to reply, or even cry, he wasn’t sure he even had tears to form as he was swiftly maneuvered around in a more comfortable position, partly on the man’s leg, and a first aid tool somehow appearing on his side. He silently watched this stranger, this unknown man who has seen all of Izuku more than anyone has ever had in his fifteen years of living, as he worked on his wrist. He cleaned and disinfected it, giving Izuku a cloth to bite on as he worked on stitching the cut back, all while giving words of comfort to the young boy whose life drained his soul out of him.

Izuku blinked tiredly when his arm was all bandaged up again, eyes looking towards his savior quickly before falling down from shame. He was sure to be reprimanded, to be called an idiot for risking himself, on the fact only worthless Izuku would attempt such a thing, but he was frozen in shock when he felt arms surrounding him closely, and shaky breaths coming from the man before him.

“I was so worried I was too late.”

The next few days consisted of Izuku accepting the torment from Bakugo that seemed to surge after finding out he has attempted to apply to UA, and then escaping to the far away midnight diner he found solace in, being welcomed into the arms of the only human Izuku has grown to fully trust. He welcomed everything that is Izuku, graciously in his arms, after knowing full well the extent of the damage that the green haired boy is in, he didn’t falter behind or leave Izuku feeling less of a human. He treated the young boy with so much love and care that left Izuku desperately waiting
for the moment he could see him again.

He greeted Izuku a little worriedly than the days before, because Izuku had arrived to him in a state of blue and purple colors spotting him, a swollen eye and a cut on the lip. Izuku just merely looked at the pursed lip, eyes threatening tears with the fear that he’s going to be thrown out, but had run out to the open arms that beckoned him to the only safe haven he’s ever known. They went on talking about the blond who seemed to terrorize him so much later that night, after all wounds were taken care of and dressed, and a nice hot meal in Izuku’s stomach that seemed to warm his body till his extremities.

“For all that you’ve written about this boy in your notes, he would become an incredible hero should he have been a good person to begin with.” Hawk like eyes stared earnestly awaiting for Izuku’s reply.

“He is… He was good, when we were kids. He wasn’t like this at all, and took care of me so many times, and was there for me. I don’t exactly know what happened that changed our relationship so much, but it changed.”

“And has no responsible adult tried to stop him?”

Izuku barked a dry laugh, “Kacchan has a certain way with adults, and he worms his way to win them, somehow making them believe he’s an incredible person that despite his attitude and actions, he’s a good person.” Green eyes looked at the safe haven that was so recently secured with fear, “He might change you too.” It was more of a whisper of a distant feared thought that he didn’t want to bring to light, but he learned to voice his concerns with this man even if it was little by little.

A booming laughter erupted, shaking the entire man’s body as he called for Izuku to sit by his side, “I know what he is like, and I know you. There is nothing that would ever cause me to believe he is good, unless he has done something so unbelievable, and that is the only way I would ever change. And my boy, no one does something unbelievable, except you.”

Izuku was comforted by the words he heard.

School had finished almost two weeks ago, and the green haired boy left no opportunity to not see his new friend as much as he could. During the hours they spent together, they had spoken of Izuku’s dreams, hopes, and his unyielding love for All Might, the number one hero, where he splayed down all his notebooks and told Youta, to which he has come to name his friend, all about the process where he dissects the quirks of his favorite heroes or those who he deemed strong enough to become a pro. It was a gift on its own, the way he could see the pros and cons of each action and its counteraction, the ability to find faults and ways to improve them just by observing and calculating left Youta jokingly asking him if he was sure he really didn’t have a quirk. But Izuku sadly insisted that he didn’t, bringing his medical records one time to prove it that Youta somberly read.

Their graduation was pushed a bit back from its designated time, an incident with a villain and his group has left the area where Izuku lived in fear, until the heroes were able to catch them. After that, a set date was decided and Izuku was more than happy to show up one day to the small apartment he’s been meeting Youta in and hand him the letter of invitation.

Youta hesitated in taking it, some form of emotion flicking through his face that worried Izuku a little.
“Y-You don’t want to come?” Izuku stuttered, “Ah, I’m so sorry; I shouldn’t have thrown it at you like that I should’ve thought it out before —”

“No! That’s not it,” Youta quickly interrupted the mumbling, “It’s just, are you sure you want me there? I am after all, a stranger.”

“You are not a stranger!” It was the first time Izuku was feverishly angry enough to yell, but he continued in a low voice, “I mean, you’re not a stranger to me. You’re the first person to… to ever acknowledge me as a person, and… and treat me well. I can’t ask for someone better to come, along with my mom.” Izuku blushed as he finished.

Youta smiled, hand patting the top of Izuku’s head gently, as he agreed to show only to result in the young boy shoving his arms in the air and jumping to give him a hug.

With that set, Izuku was more than excited for his graduation now, talking animatedly to his mother about the rehearsal they had to which Inko couldn’t help but match his excitement and secretly thanking whatever it is that brought this source of light into Izuku’s eyes back. Even if it wasn’t whole, even if he would come back happy minimal in comparison to the dark days, he still has these happy days, and Inko was positive they will continue to rise in number.

News of Bakugo being attacked by a villain and rescued from him by All Might was everywhere a few days before graduation, written in the article was of how brave Bakugo was, fighting back for so long with his impressive quirk that resulted in many of the pro heroes at the scene had complimented and personally reached out to him to join their agencies once he has graduated. Izuku was worried, if he was honest to himself, about if Kacchan was truly okay or not, and so he decided to drop by him one day as he was picking up groceries.

He was met by the all beautiful Mrs. Bakugo, with her spikey blond hair, and sharp crimson eyes it was clear where Kacchan has taken most of his looks from – and attitude. She hadn’t seen Izuku properly since he was a kid, so to call her an excited tornado was an understatement. She was ecstatic to see him again, and welcomed him graciously into the living room offering vast amounts of refreshments and food, while casually cursing out for Kacchan to leave his god damned room and see who had visited him.

“T-That’s okay Mrs. Bakugo, if Kacchan is busy I don’t want to bother him. I just wanted to check on him and see if he’s okay.”

“Fucking Deku?” Izuku could hear the venom directed at him so clearly, he wondered on how the hell his mother couldn’t.

“It’s adorable how you both still use your childhood nicknames! Katsuki’s all good, a little shaken, but he’s being kept inside the house for today for safety from any paparazzi or nosy people. The attack worried me a little, but he held off on his own pretty amazingly till All Might arrived, and can you believe it Izuku! Both of you admired him so much; it made Katsuki so incredibly happy in the end!”

Mitsuki blabbered on without noticing the silent promise of pain her son was giving Izuku, to which the terrified boy tried to hide anything that could set her off. Her presence didn’t allow Kacchan to say anything or act on any sudden impulse, and Izuku used that to his advantage, faking a message from his mother he bid himself a farewell with an insincere promise of visiting again, to leave without being able to glimpse at Kacchan’s face – too terrified to find what he saw in it.

He was probably screwed, definitely screwed, knowing full well he had to avoid Kacchan till after graduation if he didn’t want to graduate all black and blue. And so he set about making the
best plan he could into Avoiding Katsuki As Much As Possible, when force of an impact a few feet away from him caused him to fall and roll all the way back to slam into a wall.

Izuku’s head spun as he helped himself up, sending a private thank you to whomever for not breaking any bones as his eyes searched for the source of the impact that sent him flying a few meters from where he stood, and the sight before him shook him to his knees.

Broad muscled shoulders twisted in a stretch, golden hair sparkling against the sun, and the ever familiar silhouette of the figure Izuku has plastered all over his room, memorized into his mind, was dawning over him with a smiling face and bright blue eyes that have now turned towards him.

"Oh! My apologies young boy! I miscalculated my drop and seemed to have injured you. Are you hurt anywhere? Do you need the hospital?” His voice sounded more booming in real life than the million videos he religiously re-watched a million times.

“No…” Izuku’s voice trailed off in wonder, “I-I’m okay!! Holy shit! It’s really you!” Whatever trance that took hold of him seemed to break and Izuku had entered a full fan mode, “I’m such a huge fan of you! I’ve watched you all my life and you’re such an incredible person and a strong pillar of peace it’s unbelievable!”

All Might slightly blushed at the shower of compliments he was getting, unable to slip a word of thanks or even the mention that he should be on the way to the young fan boy who All Might knew, this encounter means everything to him.

“I’m sorry to take much of your time but, All Might, I have a question.” The seriousness of Izuku’s tone had All Might stand straighter.

“Go ahead young boy.”

“I’m… I’m Quirkless. But I still want to become a hero, I want to apply to UA and study where you did, I want to be able to save people with a smile.” Izuku looked up to the one man he sought to be, “Can I be a hero too?”

All Might stared back at him with grave eyes, and Izuku’s heart was beating so hard he was sure the man could hear it. And he waited for the one reply, from the one man he needed to hear it from, because if All Might said it’s possible; nothing can stop him.

“No.” All Might replied curtly, “Being Quirkless and wanting to be a hero, is something that just won’t happen in our world today. You’d be in constant danger all the time and put others with you as well, that alone is if you passed any Hero Course School to begin with, where each entrance exams also depends on quirks. I’m sorry to say this, young boy, but you are not fit to be a hero. You can never be a hero. You can, help and become part of the police force, but that is probably the closest thing you can get.”

Izuku didn’t know how he had anything whole in him to shatter even more, but the words spoken by All Might had destroyed something inside him. How could he break more than he was already broken into? What was it that he has done in this life, to deserve this nightmare? Izuku didn’t reply – couldn’t – to All Might’s words, he didn’t have anything in him to respond with, so he picked up the bags that were thrown with him, and with a final look at the man he once was his whole life, Izuku Midoriya turned his back on All Might and walked home.

Chapter End Notes
Hello!
i can't explain this chapter properly, because it's not the full thing, I've left many open ends and unfinished stuff because it will at some point be revisited, and this isn't even the full chapter lol, there's a part 2 to this

it's been emotionally wrecking writing this chapter and it may not be as good as the rest, but it's important to be told. There are stuff I've left out to come back to so please don't hate it too much

"Youta" was given that name based on the meaning of the name itself, I'm not good with Japanese so I had a little help with this and I found that Youta basically is: from Japanese 阳 (you) meaning "light, sun, male" and 太 (ta) meaning "thick, big" basically describing what he meant to Izuku lol

I hate writing All Might sounding as a villain honestly so sorry but it had to be done!!

thank you for taking the time to read, comment, kudos, and just in general liking my story
I got comments on the last chapters that made me so incredibly happy that left me to tears

thank you so much

I hope you like this chapter

you can talk to me anytime on twitter! @bakudekutodo

love you all

be the best person you can be~
Fluttery of excitement was what welcomed Bakugou in Best Jeanist’s agency; he grunted a hello as he placed his bag on his chair, eyes following the multiple personnel’s chatter and movement. It’s been a relentless three month search for the mysterious man that Bakugou has encountered and they were no close to getting to him, the blond and his two friends were eager in trying to help any way they can to find whoever these people were and somehow put a stop on them before things turned ugly.

The first thing they set about to do was to identify the victim named Heathcliff from the gruesome remains that they were left with. Bakugou clearly remembered the coroner’s stark reaction to the sight, doubling over the trash bins to empty his stomach before being able to attempt collecting the parts. It was as if Heathcliff was stretched from all angles to the extreme pin points, only to be severely twisted to the point there wasn’t anything left intact to be calling something, from the poor man. The only thing that they were able to properly take is his blood and other fibers from his clothing, Todoroki was able to assist in freezing the blood samples to not contaminate them and then thaw them out with his other side, the ability of his quirk to work on both heat and cold without damaging the cellular level of materials has him worshipped by the lab technicians, more often than not resulting in him helping them whenever he was free.

The blood sample though, wasn’t able to give any significant results. Bakugou back then had gotten out of the small testing room packing a punch against the wall, the hole resulted from his action was now all but patched up when he went back in there, correctly guessing that the half and half was already inside there. Kirishima had already called in saying he wasn’t coming to the agency directly, but to join up on the support team he was put into at the start to stake out any potential leads. The blond walked in with disappointment already prepared in the case that Todoroki didn’t get anything useful this time.
“Is there anything worthwhile?” Bakugou snapped.

“A hello would suffice,” Todoroki clapped back without taking his eyes from the computer.

“Fuck off,” He turned to the little woman who they’ve grown acquainted to over the past few months, named Masaki. Little wasn’t enough to properly describe how tiny she was; always leaving Bakugou a little taken aback in the difference of their size, but that shouldn’t hold anything against her. She was a genius, with black hair tied in pigtails and a very strong love for everything punk, evident from her clothing, with a unique tattoo of a Black Widow spider on the back of her neck. “Got anything Masaki?”

Their first encounter resulted in Masaki putting Bakugou in place – come to think of it, Katsuki realized, he’s been getting fucked back every time he met anyone in B’s agency – muttering about how young kids don’t respect their elders good enough these days and a that’ll fucking show you punk. She was about the only person outside the circle of friends he kept close that was able to handle him in all moods, and all times, and with the ass whooping he got last time he tried to have a smart mouth against her, it was easy for her to break him down into the smallest of tangible secrets in less than a minute. You see, that’s exactly what her quirk was, Masaki’s able to look at a person and be able to tell exactly where, when, how, and what a person was doing without any limits to how far she can go in the past, however it was the future that she could never tell and in more than one occasion she had wished she was able to get a glimpse of anything that could help out before something happened.

“Ah my favorite trash talk child,” She turned to him beaming, “Got anything for me first?”

Bakugou grimaced her way as he placed the extra-large cup of coffee on her disk, rolling his eyes at her puppy-eyed expression before taking out her favorite brand of chocolate. She may be ten years his senior, but damn was she a fucking child.

“That’s more like it,” She sipped happily, “Now, I wasn’t able to tell an exact location, but the coroner was first able to dig out for me a part of the victim’s face, and I was able to digitally reconstruct what I could from the sketch your explanation provided. It took a few tries before I was able to get anything because the face wouldn’t match an actual person, but I managed and I got a glimpse of an old factory.”

Bakugou listened earnestly, “There’s a million fucking factory out there Masaki you’ve got to give me something better than this.”

She narrowed her eyes at him and he raised his arms in retreat, “I didn’t fucking finish you asshole, anyways, the factory I saw wasn’t something new, it was really old. Judging by the design and from what I could tell in its location, I asked around and was able to narrow down the possible areas to approximately seventy-five sites.”

Katsuki looked at her with a ridiculous face, “Seventy-five fucking sites would at least take god damn months to search to find anything, lots of fucking help you’ve been.” He grumbled at her.

She rolled her eyes back playfully before rolling around in her chair to the other end of her desk and bringing back a stack of papers, “Before you talk shit about me, I’ve been doing this since you were still wetting your bed. Look at that.”

The blond tsked and snatched them from her hands as she eyed him lightheartedly, the silence around them disturbed with her drinking. Katsuki sighed and turned to the papers in front of him, some were news articles from thirty years back dictating the construction of new line of factories by the power house group Shigaraki. The rest of the papers verbalized the build, materials used,
and the location of the factories that were involved in the production of metal and construction work machines. Katsuki vaguely remembered his father talking about how powerful this family was and he clicked his tongue in annoyance, if this was anywhere related to the man they’re looking for, things are going to be so fucking messy just to come close to this family. But he failed to see the connection of this factory to Heathcliff, he tried to remember the conversation he eavesdropped on, and all he could remember that it wasn’t about a place that the victim failed to be involved in, it was something.

“How’s this going to help us? If all you saw was an abandoned factory, then we’re probably looking at where he went to work?”

“Well what do you know, you can be smart too!” She ducked from his light smack and continued, “You’re right, this could basically mean nothing and that our hands are tied throwing us back to square one, but the Shigaraki factories have almost continued to work to this day, they’re a very prominent family in our society these days and very wealthy.” She responded. Bakugou only looked as confused as he felt.

“What she’s trying to tell you is that, since it’s such a big family and well known, then there’s no way they’d risk just about anyone working for them or coming close to their factories. They pride themselves on being secretive and able to protect their own, so why would a man by the name of Heathcliff be found in a dark alleyway dead and thrown out with a connection to a factory that is the exact appearance as the one Masaki saw?” Todoroki spoke up, glancing at the both of them before placing his laptop between them and pointing at the headline of his discovery. “There are exactly three factories that were built and worked under the Shigaraki family that has shut down, and none of them have any access points unless you were security.”

“So our guy was a security for them?” The blond thought aloud.

Todoroki shook his head, “Unlikely, I had some of the techs snoop around and ask without causing a scene, but all guards have been accounted for. This leads to the idea that something is happening in one of those three factories that isn’t supposed to be publicly known, Heathcliff just happened to be out of their range when he was murdered. Who knows what he knew or did, or if there really is anything going on inside, but it’s too much of a coincidence to have anything out of Shigaraki’s plans out just when they announced they’re going abroad in their company.”

Todoroki pointed at another headline in his computer, and Bakugou, dutifully impressed by how smart the fucking half and half actually was, leaned in to read along.

“No matter how much money they have, they announced it suddenly that they’re expanding their company outside of the country and right after a few scandalous papers written about them creating machines that weren’t in the specified quota of the deals. Many of them had faults and imbalance that resulted in multiple casualties and accidents, they’ve been fighting lawsuits for almost a year now and suddenly they’re branching out? I’m certain our victim was part of whatever they’re doing to send out such destroyed machines, and whatever they’re brooding inside is also connected to what our mystery guy is up to.”

It was a leap, such a big fucking leap, to go from one villain to a whole group that’s also associated with one of the most influential families in the country right now, and if they didn’t step on this like walking on fucking eggs, any mistake could result in that man disappearing from Bakugou’s grasp entirely. He had to give it to the both of them for finding this much so far especially after a long time of hitting dead ends, so Bakugou sighed and rubbed the sleep from his eyes as he went through everything they told him.

“Okay. Alright, so we have a man that we can’t identify other than by what he was called who,
at some point, stepped foot inside a factory that apparently belongs to the Shigaraki family. And we know that they don’t play nice with breach of trust and information, so the fact that we have this means they didn’t expect it at all. They’ve been acting weird by announcing a branch out when they’re facing lawsuits and sending out faulty shit, so how the fuck did they suddenly have what it takes to branch out, not to other cities, but out of the country?” Katsuki mumbled to himself, a hand covering his mouth partially while he stared at nothing in particular, “We know that the victim knew his murderer, so if he’s connected to Shigaraki then the guy we’re after is as well.”

“Pretty much all we have, we just need to submit it to Jeanist and see if he’s willing to ask the police for a warrant to search these buildings.” Todoroki closed his laptop, “I’m going to head out to my patrol, are you going to be fine on your own?”

Bakugou choked and nodded back, disgruntled that his friends still ask him that every day from that incident. He was thankful for their care and attention, but what they didn’t know is that the more they fretted over him about if he was okay, the worse he ends up being and it’s not like he can go up to them saying hey you think you can tone it down a bit because every time you ask me if I’m okay I’m reminded that I’m an undeserving person to this society please and thank you? Unlikely, he left without giving a word back to Masaki’s inquisitive look and he knew he’s in for dip shit of questions the next time he sees her so he’ll not do that for a while now. Katsuki headed for his desk, irritated, annoyed, and frankly so fucking sleepy but he knew he had to keep working. Jeanist pulled him to desk job duty since that day, it’s to decrease any chances of that villain spotting you when we can’t reach you and Bakugou hated to admit he was right despite the fucking boredom he felt. There isn’t any paperwork to do, nothing to fucking write up, no cases that support needed help in, he was literally required to just sitting here and do nothing. He was being babysat, and even after making himself a cup of coffee, proofreading his reports, making copies, and walking around the whole damn building, he threw himself back on the chair and groaned out of the sheer dullness he was in.

Truthfully the last thing the blond wanted was to be alone with his thoughts, making it detrimental that he would be busy at all times, occupying himself to not let what’s inside come out, and he was doing great – if he could say so – but there are moments, where he’d see a bird fly, or a bush of wildflowers, a whiff of an aroma from the past, where his mind would crash back and just fuck around with him. He was positive he was going mad at some point, positively mad, because everything reminds him of Izuku lately. If he closed his eyes, it was so easy for him to see that green mob of hair sitting right in front of him, leaning slightly forward as both hands supported his body on the chair between his legs, freckled face smiling right at him in that toothy grin. He could see it so vividly, so clearly, that when he opened his eyes, the image of the boy who haunted him was right there.

So close to touch, he could swear he felt heat roll off the image of Izuku before him, that he can smell his cologne, he blinked again to see it fade, but Izuku wouldn’t go away. He was still sitting in that chair, beaming at him; his eyes now staring at Katsuki’s crimson ones, the jade sparkling back so full of life, so full of hope, so full of chance… but Bakugou had robbed him of that. It took everything in him not to yell out at the mirage, and he was positive it was a mirage, an image that would pop up at random times throughout these years where Bakugou has learned to live with it, but this one was too fucking real, and the heated boy could feel himself flush from the rush of emotions he was feeling inside, his throat constricting showing the first signs of a panic attack.

A hand tapped on his shoulder and Bakugou looked up, quickly giving a glance to where Izuku was just sitting to find he was alone. But it’s not just that, he was actually alone, save for B who was looking at him with a frown. What the fuck?

“Are you okay Bakugou?” B said, looking to the empty space occupying the said boy’s
attention.

“Uh yeah, I’m fine,” Bakugou took a deep breath, “Where’s everyone?”

Jeanist’s frown only deepened, “Our floor is empty for now, everyone who was working double shifts is getting the night off, I’ve called in the night duty and they’re checking in now. I thought you left already, why are you still here?”

Bakugou mirrored his expression and looked at his watch, it was well past midnight and he cursed himself at how he let the time fly by. He quickly stood up and gathered his bag, his phone in hand now showing over twenty notifications from various people. How the hell did he not notice the time pass by? Was he asleep?

“I guess I must’ve slept through,” Bakugou smiled bleakly, he bid Jeanist a quick farewell and hurried the way out.

Don’t think about it, don’t think about it, don’t think about it, Bakugou chanted to himself, he fell asleep and dreamt he saw what he did, that the only explanation to what happened. He’ll just head back to his room and sleep this – whatever it was – off, he’s tired from the training and exams and stressed about all things in general, so a good night’s rest is what he needs.

He was smart enough to excuse himself from going to Jeanist’s agency today, sending the sick leave from the morning to him and slyly forwarding it to Aizawa in the hopes he was lucky enough to strike two birds in one stone and get the day off in general. He wasn’t risking any important classes today and neither was he looking forward for the training itself, if he was honest with himself, there’s three places he had in mind to visit, and so with conformation from both – fuck yeah! – that he can take today off, he rushed off to his shower and dressed himself nicely before leaving his dorm room as quiet as he came back last night. He knows he’s been leaving his friend’s with unanswered questions that have been piling heavily since the start of the year and bluntly admitted to himself he has it coming, but the more he decides he wants to be able to open up and completely talk about everything, the more reluctant he’s become.

Will the people who love him still love him when they find out what he’s done?

How far is their care going to reach to him?

And is he that selfish to concede and realize a part of him doesn’t want any of them to know, so he won’t lose them? At what cost is he going to keep these secrets just to not lose the people around him?

Bakugou always surprises himself when he grasps the many changes he’s gone through from when he was in middle school and now. The temper is there, if only a little more in control, he still screams die at anything he attacks, and he pretty much gave up on the chance of cleansing his vocabulary, but other than a few more of these things, Katsuki has become aware of how he – even if he still fucks up about it – cares what his friends say to him, cares about their feelings, is somewhat emotionally dependent on them even if he never openly talks about it, but their presence have turned from a nuisance to a comfort he didn’t know was possible. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to live his life as lonely as he felt back then, and that would be another point to add to the list of Things Bakugou Has Become Self Aware Of and Is Too Terrified to Admit.

Even so, it doesn’t take much out of him to feel the hope of a new change dwindle down the familiar road of despair, he can’t let himself be happy about anything and if only people understand
that it’s not his choice to feel this way. He can’t control the amount of stress he goes through just going out sometimes, he can’t control the sudden panic attacks that leave him weak and vulnerable and he sure as fuck can’t control when his mood suddenly swings down. People just think a good’s night rest and a small change would make him smile and be happy all over again but that’s… that’s not how it works. His mental state has gone to fucking ruins, and taking pills as his mother almost had him do, would only change the fucked up chemistry in his mind to make him think he’s happy, it doesn’t mean they won’t help, it doesn’t mean they won’t make him feel better and okay again and maybe have an actual shot in living a normal life,

It’s just that the other half of the coin, the dark side of the moon, the one page unread that he won’t allow anyone to see, is that he deserves it. He deserves everything that’s happening to him and it leaves him in a ruined mess, two sides of him fighting to take control of his life. He wants to get better, and be able to live his life happily, but he doesn’t have the right to ask for that, nor complain for the shit he’s dealing with.

Izuku dealt with worse.

A sharp pang hit him in the chest the minute the thought crossed him, and he slowed his walk nearing the complex he hasn’t been to in a while. He could see the small pot of plants put outside the small bar handles facing the street, knowing how well she tended to them, he didn’t think of messaging her before dropping by and he hesitated trying to knock thinking maybe he should come back later after he’s informed her of his plans to show up, but his thoughts were interrupted when the door itself opened and Inko gave him a small smile.

Hand still frozen mid-air Bakugou cleared his throat, “Ah… I should’ve called or something.” He smiled sheepishly.

Inko only shook her head slightly, “Nonsense Katsuki, you’re welcome anytime. Come in dear, it’s getting chilly.”

The blond excused himself as he walked in, took his shoes off and wore the grey indoor sandals she had bought him a few visits back. Neither she nor Bakugou could bear moving the old green ones from the last time they were worn. It had taken a shit ton of courage for Bakugou to even see Inko after his panic attack, his message to her was responded the day after and so they had continued corresponding through text on various times of the day on how they were. Katsuki, for one, had found a solace in her that he couldn’t in much people, it could be due to the fact that she knew him but didn’t at the same time. Or how she had trained herself to listen more than speak with kids messed up as he was, so he could tell her, even if it was little, some stuff he couldn’t say anywhere else. She was like a safe haven mostly, somewhere untouched and unbothered by expectations of how Bakugou was supposed to be, to act, to be able to react normally, that it was okay not to force the smile out if he can’t.

Bakugou also knew he’s thriving off the lie Izuku has placed.

He’s really the worst kind of piece of shit isn’t he?

And yet he can’t find himself except wanting to be around Izuku’s mother now, of trying to help her in any way he can, if she needed assistance, or company. He basically was trying to make up for the past three years where he never even gave her a glance, and the many years where he tormented her son.

He should tell her the truth, he has to, and he must. But Inko was now staring at him with a small smile, and what looks like a little more life in her eyes and all Katsuki could think of is how destroyed she’d be if she were to know, what exactly caused her son to die. She wouldn’t survive
it, Bakugou just knew she wouldn’t, the woman looks almost gone right now, let alone when he fucking tells her the truth.

She had shown up one day when he was in training with his class with a basket full of healthy home-made snacks that she had done. About three weeks from continuous texting, and Katsuki felt the jab of his manhood just dropping from the fact he couldn’t face her and she had come to him—twice. Everyone was fucking ecstatic of course, a cute old lady and good healthy food? They almost devoured her if he hadn’t stood protectively in front of her. One look from Kirishima told him he’d connected the dots, but their relationship has taken a strain to the left because Bakugou refused to face him head on. And so Katsuki did what he did best and ignored it, only because he had no idea how to even bring it up anymore, and took Inko to the courtyard to thank her.

He first visited her to that apartment a month later, he was visibly shaking when she opened the door, and she waited outside for him till he could stand on his own, reminding him that he needn’t come here, that they could meet out, but Katsuki vehemently refused. At some point he had to do it, and so he took a deep breath, hand holding Inko’s so tightly he apologized later with flowers and a cake along with his parents at how clumsily he was to forget how noticeably stronger he is compared to her. When the door closed behind him, Katsuki found himself three years old again, with Izuku holding tightly on his arms as he explained to Inko how he fell and he carried the messy green curls back home. The flashback was strong enough to wobble him but he quickly steadied himself and smiled bleakly at Inko.

He only made a bit past the entry way, completely forgetting that Izuku’s room was that close to the door, before panicking and running out. It had taken him a full week to recover.

He then went about it every day, coming by just to walk in a little and then leave as fast as he showed up. Before he knew it, he could walk inside to the kitchen and dining table just fine, and that’s as far as he intended to go anyways. Anywhere else, had too many reminders of Izuku.

“How did you know I was here?” It hadn’t occurred to him how fast she responded without him even knocking.

Inko gave him a knowing smile as she turned back to prepare something to eat, “You mutter… like he used to. Haven’t you noticed?”

“Oh… No, no I guess I haven’t.”

She hummed, “I could hear you debating if you should go and come back later, it made me giggle, reminded me of Izuku so much.”

It became easier for her to mention him in conversations than before, slightly envious, Bakugou stayed unresponsive as silence befell them, it wasn’t awkward and neither was it uncomfortable, it was nice. Inko was done, and with the food set, the two of them went about having a small breakfast ready as Inko asked him on how the job with Best Jeanist was going. He hadn’t mentioned the villain outside the who-needs-to-know circle, but he had let it slip to her that they were trying to chase down someone dangerous so she ought to be careful at night and not stay too late out. Somewhere around when she served them small muffins, Katsuki’s phone ringed and he excused himself to answer it on the doorway, physically forcing his eyes and his brain to ignore the door with the All Might handle written on it Izuku.

He bid Inko a warm farewell after spending another hour with her, and he trudged his way through the chilly afternoon to the graveyard. He used to be more consistent with visiting, needing to see the grave multiple times in the week to remind himself that Izuku was actually gone. Bakugou never attended the funeral, he couldn’t remember much of what he did in the weeks that
followed what happened, just that one day he was himself again and he realized the funeral was put far behind everyone, and that he hasn’t been there at all.

The blond walked the familiar footsteps on top of the small hill, a corner where they laid to rest all those who were too young to leave, considered children by society and had been cruelly taken from their friends and families. Just as Bakugou taken him from this world and so with the thought circulating his mind, he gazed upon the wilted wildflowers shagging his bag off his bag and took out fresh new ones to replace them.

Katsuki looked at the gravestone, at the name, and felt his lower lip tremble from the tears he’s holding back. He sighed and crouched, a hand on the top of the rock patting away, as if in someway Izuku could feel his hand wherever he was.

“I finally saw your mom,” He whispered at nothing, “Remember how I said I had to at some point? Turns out she had more balls than me and sought me out first.” Chuckling, the blond turned and sat against the stone, his hand playing with the hem of his shirt.

“She’s doing okay buddy, still misses you a lot. I don’t think she entered your room just yet, but she’s taken up a job and is working again.” Red eyes flicked between his fingers and the flowers by his side, “There’s this villain I met, Izuku, who’s so fucking bat-shit strong, and it’s incredible.” He went on describing what happened in the smallest detail possible, knowing that Izuku liked hearing things like this, to analyze them and mutter himself till he figured out so much from a person it was terrifying. Bakugou wished he was here, knowing he would’ve broken down something out of it and by now be able to come up with some of his ridiculous plans that somehow managed to work out all the time. He kept talking, more to himself than anything, animatedly explaining the encounter over with his hands flailing around, excitement bubbling inside him about the prospect of almost being able to find a lead on this guy, “I’m going to find him, I will, and I’ll catch him and lock him up. You just wait for it Izuku.”

And with that, Bakugou left the cemetery feeling not any better, but not any worse. He walked till he was back in the dorms, greeting most of the younger students with a grunt – the nicest thing that could come out of him – and met up with Kirishima halfway inside the main entryway to the elevator. The both of them stood still for a minute, awkwardness shying off of them with neither of the two able to shrug it off, a quick glance from Kirishima was the only form of greeting Bakugou received and he went on, still in his hero outfit.

“Kirishima wait,” Katsuki sighed, and the red head turned, “Can we… can we talk?”

Maroon eyes fell on crimson, Kirishima gave one curt nod and Katsuki knew he had more than just small talk to ease up his best friend into forgiving him for his recent actions. The two stood in silence beside each other in the elevator, with Kirishima stopping it on his floor. Well then I guess this is how it’s gonna go Katsuki thought as he followed the quiet boy in front of him to his bedroom. He left the door opened for Bakugou without a word, and went on to shrug off the heavy material he had strapped on falling with a thud on the floor. Katsuki looked around to the unchanged room, a soft look building in his face at the corner where a bunch of photos of him and Kirishima along with most of their friends were hung up. His hand touched one particular photo of the two laughing delicately before turning to look at his friend, who was eyeing him with his guard built up.

“What do you want to talk about?” Kirishima’s tone was sharp.

“Kirishima… I know I’ve been fucking up so much lately, and I know I promised you we’ll talk, it’s just that it’s…”
“Hard,” Kirishima interrupted, “It’s always hard. It’s hard for you to smile, it’s hard for you to enjoy yourself; it’s hard for you to fucking do anything. I know that. Fucking hell we all know that.”

“I just, look I can’t just always let out everything whenever I want?”

Kirishima scoffed, “Did I ask you to let out everything? I only ask you to keep me in the fucking loop Bakugou, to let me know when you need shit, how the fuck you feel about shit, I’m not a damn therapist nor a doctor, but it won’t fucking hurt to try to want to talk to me. All you’ve been saying is how difficult it is for you and I’ve respected that for almost four fucking years now, and yet you haven’t made an actual slight effort except the empty promises you keep spewing at us.”

“What the fuck?” Katsuki was fuming, a replica of the boy ahead of him, “The fuck do you think you know to begin with! I do try! I do fucking try, it’s not my fault you keep asking for shit you can’t know!”

“No you don’t fucking try. That’s the thing Katsuki. You fucking talk big, you say you will, but you never fucking do, not to anyone. You make up this shit that you’re saying it’s what you feel and how you really are, but it’s the last fucking thing that’s you. You do this to make yourself feel better without any regards to the people you keep lying to!”

Their voices have become loud enough that most of their classmates were alarmed about it, Ochako and Mina glancing at each other worriedly before joining a few of their friends at the entryway of the hallway.

Katsuki wasn’t prepared for that blow, and so when Kirishima was all but finished in his ranting, he couldn’t find it in himself to respond back because, what the fuck can one respond to such a statement? He knew he was faking a lot of shit, he knew he was lying about many things that he’s said, but he was positive he got away with it. That everyone believed him and so haven’t scrutinized him any further about it, but there’s Kirishima, as thick-headed as a bull but with such care in his heart he’d fucking outdo puppies by how sweet he is, calling Bakugou out on his bullshit so nonchalantly that the blond boy eventually had to sit back on the bed.

The red head slowly walked and crouched to keep Bakugou’s eyes on him as he spoke with a soft tone, “We keep going over the same circle multiple times, you don’t see yourself. You don’t see the dark circles under your eyes, you don’t see how much you exert in your exercise, you can’t fucking see the things I do. You’re not getting better, you’re getting worse, and it’s making me lose my mind because you were better than this. You have improved and gotten to a point you could actually freaking smile again, and yet now, out of nowhere, you’re losing yourself again. I don’t know what the trigger is, but it happened, and you’re dwindling down to something I don’t think I can get you out of.” Kirishima held Katsuki’s face tenderly, “You’re lying to yourself, to your mother, to your friends, to me.”

Did it ever occur to you, a moment, where your mind was absolutely blank? When you try to think of something but nothing came out? That’s exactly what Bakugou was feeling, he had nothing to reply to Kirishima and it added on a huge fuck of guilt he knew he wouldn’t be able to shake off for so long. But he had to give his friend a reply, something to make it up to him, and so the only thing that popped to his head was to spread his arms and wrap it around his friend, hiding his face in nape of his neck as the red head tightly held him back.

“I’m here for you buddy, always.” Kirishima whispered to him, and the blond nodded back.

“I just don’t know what to do most of the time Kiri; I’m trying for everyone’s sake.” It wasn’t a lie, technically, “I keep seeing him all the time again, and I can’t stop thinking about him or what
he’d do if he’s around. I keep fucking up with everyone around me, I’m trying to find a way to make it up for his mother for the shit she had to go through without knowing if I cared about her son at all or not. What kind of asshole does that to someone’s mother? And being on desk duty all the time makes me go fucking crazy, I’m so bored, and we can’t find this guy at all and it’s making me so fucking angry. I don’t know what to do anymore, or how to think, and everyone wants me to act in the specific way that makes *them* fucking happy and I just can’t.”

Before Kirishima replied back to him, before he tightened his hold and patted Bakugou’s head so softly with care, before Bakugou even began speaking, it dawned upon him that eventually, he’s going to lose all of his friends. And with that heartbreaking resolve locked inside of him, he began the web of lies that would place him in the spiral of self-destruction.

Chapter End Notes

heyyyyyy..................... so sorry for how late i’ve posted this, my friend got married on friday! so it was so busy in getting it all done.
again, it might seem like a boring chapter, but i’ve stressed so much on how much i wanted to focus on the different emotions katsudeku are going through in the time phases they're in, emotional turmoil and development is something i die for entirely lol

anyways, this chapter made me as confused as bakugou is feeling!! tbh the poor baby is going through so much that might seem so out of order and like a tornado but that’s how actual feelings are! everything is chaotic and unplanned and it's so hard to be able to catch up to it so i was hoping that is the feeling one would get reading this chapter

also, i would like to give a MASSIVE and SPECIAL thanks to ALL you beautiful readers who have taken an actual liking to my story and want to see where it goes, i've received so much kudos and comments my heart is forever indebted for you all to be apart of this.

this story will be long, with more angsty chapters to come, and more feels and i’ve realized that i have written SO MANY WORDS in just 8 chapters its crazy!! i just love to make sure clearly how my babies feel, and hopefully next chapter you'll be able to see kiri’s point about this issue!

please leave any likes, comments, kudos, everything!! you make me happy and i love you!!

be the best you can be~
Next morning was uneventful. Bakugou had left Kirishima’s room last night with things more or less understood between the two, and so the tension that seemed to build between them seemed to fade to the rest of their classmates. Uraraka gave him a side glance when he met her eyes but didn’t push it, she greeted him a good morning and fixed him a plate.

“Work today?” She licked her thumb and went about making him a cup of coffee – black, as sour as Katsuki is in the morning.

The blond sighed instead of replying, seating himself across from her. She looked cute today, nice blue jean shorts and a soft frill white top, a little makeup on the eyes and some gloss on the lips. “Are you going out?”

“Yes! Tsuyu and I are going shopping today at Central Square; we have a few hours off and so why not?” She smiled at him as he took his cup and sipped it.

“Not my business,” He scarfed down his plate with Uraraka looking softly down at him, Ida passing by her for a quick chat before giving her a kiss on the cheek and bidding Katsuki goodbye, who ignored him for the sake of finishing his coffee.
“I bet someone else’s business is up in yours.” She winked at him and Katsuki blinked at her in confusion before his ears turned bright pink.

“Shut the fuck up round face, go do your shit shopping and maybe give your boyfriend some shit, he looks pent up.”

“Bakugou!” She exclaimed smacking his hair as he walked off laughing.

It was no secret that Bakugou was opened to any kind of relationship be it a man or woman, Uraraka was mostly his first – kind of – but they never made it official and some of the affection never actually left, yet both of them made a decision that there were more important things in their lives to focus on. So they were mostly on and off till she had told him one day of her growing affections towards Iida and that was mostly it, dealt as grownups. And Bakugou – if he were honest with himself more often – had never considered the idea that he would be able to fall in love with someone again; he knew where his heart lay, some six feet under the ground upon a tiny hill with wildflowers wilting away on the surface. But he still had to let go sometimes, so he had flings, he enjoyed himself when his mind would let him, of course never letting the beating of his remorse too far away. So Uraraka’s comment meant one thing, that at some point she – and wonder who fucking else – had heard the conversation between him and Kirishima, and maybe, just maybe heard how it ended.

Bakugou only blushed harder as he got ready, what the fuck was wrong with him anyways? Why was he acting shy like a teenage girl? He’s kissed many people before, so why does the fact Uraraka spilling it out that he and Kirishima kissed make him so flustered. He wasn’t even sure of his feelings, taken by surprise of what occurred after talking some things to Kirishima, but one thing had let to another and it wasn’t as though Katsuki disliked it, on the contrary, he liked it very much, he was just unsure how to go about it. It wasn’t like he was as about ready to head into a relationship, he’s fucked up beyond reason and he’s already giving shit to the people around him, what more is he selfishly going to do now?

“Fucking idiot of a round face,” Katsuki grumbled on his way out, unlike some of his classmates, he didn’t have his free periods actually free, and with skipping yesterday, he was behind from his work in B’s agency and so he set his way out to the building, a quick texts to Todoroki and Kirishima on his whereabouts as he flung his bag on his back once more and entered the large building.

Halfway across the city, Uraraka and Tsuyu were walking hand in hand as they talked animatedly. It was a bright sunny day, wind picking up casually, allowing a cool from the sun’s heat and the two girls were headed right down to Center Square, the major shopping center right across from where the UA was. It was crowded, stuffy, and a little overwhelming if one wasn’t careful with how they went about their day, but the brown haired bubble and her dark haired friend walked with ease catching up on the days they’ve missed from seeing each other.

Almost all of the senior class were now taking some internships as the year seems to dwindle down into a closure, needing to partake in as much rescues and captures to ensure themselves a good spot in the hero world, after all, almost all great heroes had stories when they were in high school, and with the rise of their top three classmates further, their names being everywhere, it was...
a good shove for the rest to work harder.

“That’s such a cute top for Ida don’t you think?” She glanced at her hands before turning to Tsuyu, “He keeps wearing those button ups all the time I don’t even think he owns anything else to start with.”

Tsuyu laughed and nodded, “At least you got him to agree to wear lenses instead of glasses.”

Ochako groaned, “Don’t remind me; that was a battle on its own. He kept getting upset at how many glasses would break at the job I couldn’t handle it anymore.” She then smiled sweetly and looked at her watch, “He’s probably working so hard right now, and I’d like to get him some stuff to cheer him up.”

“How are things between Kiri and Bakugou? I wasn’t home last night – but Denki kept mentioning things got heated. Did they have a fight?”

“More or less, is what I can say, because I’m not sure myself? I do know that Kirishima most probably finally got the balls and did something yesterday that made Katsuki blush like a tomato.” The two giggled.

Tsuyu walked by her friend as the latter gathered as many things as her two hands could, “I was thinking this year would end and he’d never confess to him at all, I’m glad he’s doing it.”

“Exactly, the poor boy’s been bottling it in for three years, I feel bad for even having a time with Katsuki when he didn’t, and I hope he could get Katsuki to open.”

Frowning, Tsuyu pondered a minute before speaking again, “He’s never actually told anyone what happened to him as a child has he?”

“No, and don’t bother searching any records, I tried. Apparently all documents related to Katsuki from kindergarten till the end of middle school are off-limits. UA hasn’t allowed anyone to access anything related to him and I’ve been trying all this time. Whenever I’d bring it up I’d just get nothing out of him, and I guess Kirishima knows something – might not be the whole thing, but he knows.”

“Does that bother you?” Tsuyu asked her tenderly.

Uraraka’s eyes seemed to fade out to a time that belonged only in the past, before shaking herself back to the present. “It used to, at the time, because I was honestly head over heels for him. But, after knowing him more and realizing there’s just so much you can get out of a person, that I might not be the one Katsuki needs. It was heartbreaking,” She chuckled sadly as the two paid for their new clothes and headed to the nearest café, “To know that I’m not the person he needs right now, so over time I just learned to let go. If he needs me I’m here, but he won’t need me the way I’d want him to, and that’s okay. You can’t force people to do things the way it’d make you feel better and not them.”

It was so easy of her to remember the unhappy days with Katsuki, revolving around his nightmares and inability to try and talk to her. She had hoped as they progressed into whatever they had, he would want a definite label on what they were, but it would only drive the blond into a corner deeper than her hands could reach. He was in love with someone else – no, he is in love with someone else – and it’s dawning on her wasn’t taken well, but what could she have done? Katsuki had a lot of issues, so many things he was fighting alone and it only improved after his friendship with Kirishima had grown, the red head finding a way to Katsuki’s heart had left her, more than a little, betrayed. But what can you tell a man already broken? That’s what Katsuki was,
a broken man trying to piece himself together, and she’d rather be a part of his life as a friend rather than losing him for good to be lovers.

“You sound like an old wise woman Uraraka,” Tsuyu joked, “Don’t grow grey hairs before us all.”

Flaunting her fluffy hair that had grown to her elbows from when she first entered UA, “You think this would ever get old?”

“What do you mean we can’t get a fucking warrant?!” Katsuki’s voice boomed inside B’s private office.

B sighed and leaned forward, resting his face on his joint fingers, “We only have circumstantial evidence based on a quirk Bakugou. No judge would allow a search warrant inside factories – especially Shigaraki factories – without solid proof of their connection to this man.”

“It’s literally written in the report that Masaki saw it? We are living in the world where people have quirks.” He tried not to show the small wince that came out of him as he said that, and so Katsuki continued, “This is evidence we can use to see what’s going on inside there.”

“I understand your frustrations Bakugou, but precisely because this is a world where quirks dominate most fields that we have laws that require us to follow so no quirks would be abused in people’s life, that is why we can’t use Masaki’s quirk as our only evidence.”

What he said made sense, Katsuki at least had the brains to know that, but without this small break they were able to get only by a thread there was nothing else they can get out of the man that terrified him to his knees. And fuck if Katsuki would ever let him get away.

“This man, this thing that was there, he’s deadly. He’s not something we should be minutely worried about, if he has plans he wants to do, he will do them, and if killing someone working under him is this easy for him, then we’re all fucked waiting for him to show up.” And with that, Katsuki slammed the door back as he left the office, steam pooling off his hands from how angry he was and he prayed no bastard would try and do anything to his face right now because he will lose it.

Fuck the laws, fuck the stupid shit they wait for in order to track down someone who’s probably already gone before they can get close to these factories. Katsuki already stressed on the point it was a leap to consider the connection between them, but having this piece as the only thing they would ever get out of their victim, its plain stupid to ignore it to favor some bullshit laws.

“Katsuki.”

“What the fuck do you want now?” The blond yelled back.

Todoroki didn’t flinch, his unaffected gaze staring straight at Katsuki’s explosive one, “I think I know some way we can get a warrant.”

Katsuki almost kissed the half and half bastard. Almost.
Tsuyu turned once more to wave at her friend goodbye, having received a call to come back from Mina because their joint class was starting soon. Uraraka watched her fade into the crowd and sighed at her half empty iced latte, she didn’t mind being alone but she would’ve rather had Tsuyu with her for the next hour she had off.

As she contemplated whether to head back now or just waste more time, a tiny shove against her shoulder caused her to spill some of her drink partly on her shorts and partly on the floor. The stranger turned and swore; his whole body shaking as he nervously apologized to her.

“I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to oh crap! It spilled on your pants! Wait let me get you some tissues!” His hurried manner didn’t give her a chance to tell him that she was fine and he needn’t to worry, but it was endearing watching him all flustered and adorable.

He came back with many tissues and helped her clean some of the spilled drink off, repeatedly apologizing and having Uraraka mentioning each time that it was okay, just a small accident, but it didn’t look like his anxiety was going down any less – if anything, he was talking more in a chattered manner and Uraraka was positive it wasn’t even their language anymore.

“Hey,” She spoke suddenly, her hands wrapping around his gloved ones, “It’s okay, don’t worry about it! If anything, it was funny to see it happen. Why don’t you sit with me a bit and lets both calm down a little?”

He stared back at her, mouth opened unsure how to respond before sheepishly looking down, turning a slight pink on his freckled face and nodding at her. He quickly sat across from her where Tsuyu was seated, hand nervously rubbing the back of his head and eyes trying not to stare too much at Uraraka.

She smiled at him holding a laugh inside her, “I’m Uraraka by the way, what’s your name?”

She extended her hand towards his and he took it timidly, his hushed voice barely a whisper as he responded back to her.

“My name’s Deku.”

“Alright, so we can’t get any warrant based off Masaki’s quirk, but we can get one if it’s based on actual evidence trailing back to Shigaraki.”

Katsuki didn’t even blink at Todoroki, resulting in the latter to sigh and roll his eyes,

“If we can connect faulty equipment directly sent from the factories to the workplaces, we might be able to spar a warrant based on endangerment of civilians or neglect ethics, it’s a small
chance, and after we get that connected we have to find a way for us to at least a link to the closed factories.”

Katsuki listened intently at his friend’s words, his mind racing to find the possibilities of this plan working out and the chances that would result in it failing. “Who is the best judge to go to in cases like this?”

Todoroki thought for a minute, “I guess it would be Judge Tenya.”

Katsuki grunted in response, “The pent up’s fucking dad?” Todoroki shrugged as in to say, that’s the best we’ve got, and Bakugou sighed in frustration, “I’ll talk to him and see if he can give us a clearing to his dad, you, get Kirishima to get his ass here and find a way to get evidence of new faulty shit.”

“Don’t you want to see Kirishima?”

Katsuki flustered, “What – why, the fuck. Why? No. Fuck off, mind your damn business!” He swore at the fucking half and half’s smirk and walked off, searching his phone for Iida’s number.

Two ring’s in and that obnoxious voice blasts against Katsuki’s ears, earning a few colorful words towards Iida before the two of them could even discuss the purpose of this call.

“Listen here bat shit; I have no time for this crap. I need your dad’s approval on a warrant for someone we’re tracking down and I can’t fucking have no as an answer.”

The blond was leaning against the wall in the alleyway behind the agency, sneaking in a smoke to subdue some of that tension riding against his skin. He had no time to waste on any bullshit today, despite waking up in generally a better mood that most days, he was still thinking back to his blackout in the office yesterday and it got him pretty wired as it is, without having that jack refusal from B slammed into him. He just wanted one thing to go fucking right today.

“There are better ways to ask for a favor Bakugou.”

Ah, fucking hell. “Look, I’m not good in this shit, you are. The guy I’m after is really fucking bad Iida, actual straight up fuck of a bastard, and we’ve been trying to find anything from him for months. This is the only shit I got and I can’t get any legal action done without a fucking warrant and your dad’s the best one in our case according to the bipolar haired bastard.”

Iida, having heard Katsuki use his actual name – the amount of times he ever heard it out of the blonde’s mouth could actually be only counted on with his hands through all these years – decided to give him the benefit of the doubt, interest perking up at the slight desperation in the other boy’s tone.

“I assume you’ll have proof for the warrant you want?”

“Yes, we’ll get new documented evidence for him that hasn’t been used yet.” Katsuki took a whiff and sighed.

Iida seemed to grumble and responded, “And you’re positive there will be a direct connection to the source after this warrant is brought?”

“Fuck’s sake four-eyes yes, it isn’t the first time I do this shit.”

The blond could swear he felt the other boy roll his eyes, “I know, but you do tend to go beyond the laws most times. I won’t risk anything backfiring against my family name, that’s why, if you
wish to continue, I want to be included in this investigation.”

The anger bubbling inside Bakugou was about to jump, that was it, this fucking four eyes is the end of him. He knew the request was mostly due to the fact that Iida was actually worried about how things will go, and him being all class president shit, he would tend to look over some of their friend’s even in their internships and at the same time be able to handle his own work. Katsuki had to give it to him, he did work pretty fucking well when the boy wanted to, and right now with the tone he’s used against the blond, the latter was positive he won’t get out of it unless he somehow joined Iida with them. Trying to think positively about the matter, Katsuki agreed saying he’ll inform B of the deal and the work they’re attempting to do.

He was alone, albeit for a few minutes, but he was alone again for the day. Katsuki wasn’t sure what kind of fucked up shit his mind will do to him today, he had hoped taking yesterday off would ease up some of the anxiety of not being good enough taken away, at least tucked in for a little while but it was as if he hadn’t attempted anything. Not even seeing Izuku’s grave gave him the usual gloomy solace of regret, his body was wired, springy, he couldn’t get himself to lose the tension pumping up with his blood and opening up another packet of smoke just brought on a memory of arguments between him and the round face of how unhealthy it was. What the fuck was actually healthy in his life anyways? Shrugging to himself he opened his lighter and took a deep whiff of his cigarette, letting it burn him on the inside, his lungs shrieking for some air, as if any sort of internal damage on the inside would rack him up higher in the I deserve it because of what I did so I’ll feel better afterwards department which usually just landed him in a spiral of unwanted disgrace. Or was it wanted? He laughed at how fucking clueless he was.

It wasn’t ten minutes from the phone call, when he entered the building to find everyone staring horror eyed at the screens. Following their gazes, Katsuki’s own eyes open wide with terror at the site of the massive explosion showing on the TV, multiple areas under fire with chaos charging from the people running away from the fires, right smack in the middle of the Center Square. It was like a moment of silenced dread, a second where all of them stood flabbergasted before everyone sprang to action, Katsuki running up the stairs to find B already barking orders on the next line of action.

“– Get the fastest rescue team on site! I want everyone on standby for any chance of villains being around!” B rotated towards Katsuki when he heard the blond call his name, “Bakugou, I want you, Todoroki and Kirishima on position. Main thing is rescue, do not engage with villains unless absolutely necessary, do you hear me?”

Grim faced, Katsuki gave a curt nod already heading on his way to gear up. He saw his two friends already done and waiting for him; and so the three of them quickly charged up and ran their way out of the building. Center Square was about thirty minutes away if they were to take the train, but that was too much time where too many lives could be saved in, and so the three took the most fastest route they had – Todoroki and his ice path. It would make him weaker than they’d like reaching the place, but their working dynamics had largely improved where they would support each other when one was wakened, they had enough power combined that any small hindrance wouldn’t obstruct their attempts at working. It’s what one gets after being grilled down by Aizawa and All Might.

They were merely a minute away when it dawned on Katsuki that Uraraka and Tsuyu were going shopping today, and horror took hold of his heart.
“Deku? Are you sure?” Uraraka was quiet honestly surprised by the stranger’s name, as rude as it was of her to ask, “You don’t seem that way at all.”

Deku laughed, a grin plastered on his face, “I get that most times, but I suppose the meaning of the name goes along with useless, as funny as it seems. Not knowing each other, there isn’t truly any evidence to say I don’t seem it.”

His voice was soft, velvet like, and Uraraka contemplated on whether he was her age or somewhat older. Dressed nice and cleanly, gloves covering both hands, Deku leaned a bit forward, somewhat shyly and the brunette couldn’t help herself finding him just about adorable.

“On the contrary, it sounds more like; you can do it kind of deku, so I’ll take it that way.” She smiled at him with so much softness that he did nothing but stare for a minute.

“Are you here alone?”

Uraraka sighed, “My friend just left, I was heading home myself. How about you?”

“Alone, have some business to do, but it was really lovely meeting you Uraraka.” He said sweetly and got up, “I apologize for how short it was, but we’ll see each other soon enough.”

“How?” She gave him a confused look, and he shook with laughter.

“I’ll be the one accidentally spilling fluids from people.” She joined him in laughter at the joke, as he bowed down a little before taking her hand in goodbye, “You should go home soon, don’t be late.”

Uraraka beamed at him and got up, giving him one more look as he disappeared through the crowd and she gathered her things. She attempted to call Iida twice, stopping midway and wasting more time than necessary, but both times she was sent to voicemail, and so with a shrug – and already being late as it is – she took her while walking down the road to UA when she was suddenly bashed down to her feet and all she could hear was a loud explosion, her leg’s burned, abrupt agony throwing her into confusion until Uraraka found herself being thrust down the ground from multiple directions unable to find a good base to hold her ground to understand what’s going on, screams blocking off any other sounds from around her until she was finally flung into the air from a strong pressurized air beside her, and the brunette fell to the rubble unconscious.


The sole name inside Katsuki’s mind, B’s team has landed in sight and what was awaiting them was a nightmare of dying screams and scents of burnt flesh. Everywhere they looked someone needed help, anytime Bakugou attempted to look for a certain bubbly brunette haired girl, he would find himself rescuing other people.

He had told B and everyone around him about Uraraka and Tsuyu, sending a distress message to all his classmates and Erasurehead to get their asses over here and look for their two friends.
Five explosions took off in the middle of the Center Square, one right smack in the middle, with four surrounding it. Each zone was filled with high total of people – the targets were civilians – and it was painful to see how many people were exactly under the rubble.

Rescue teams went into action immediately, splitting themselves into subdivisions to counter all forms of situations. First off, all fires were put off to insure no more endangerment or their spread to people who were still trapped underground, next were the victims found on sight. Each victim found was to be classified into five different colors, white was for minor injury and who can walk, yellow was for traumatic injury but can still can walk; hospitalization can wait, orange was traumatic injury where the victim can’t move easily; should be taken to the hospital in minimum less than thirty minutes, red was vital injuries and most serious one where victims won’t survive if they won’t be taken to the hospital immediately, and black; for the dead.

They worked like lightning, putting classes on all victims they saw and prioritizing the ambulances to take the most serious cases first, while some heroes that can be spared to take other victims to the hospitals themselves. All and any dead bodies had to be identified as soon as possible, covered for respect along with their identifications written on the top, all bodies must be transported to a safe place in order to later be taken by the morgue to inform all families.

Chaos, absolute chaos was everywhere and yet the heroes were all in order and working without strain. It was a sight to behold, the thin separation between madness and the calm and its intoxication filling up a certain presence whose eyes had found their fixation upon a certain blond, actively running to release people from their confinement.

So far, Katsuki hadn’t heard Tsuyu or Uraraka’s names being called through the radio communication piece in his ear, asking the body retrieval teams to keep an eye out for the two, but his tension wouldn’t decrease. Katsuki took a deep breath before carrying off a boulder from on top of a victim, as she cried for him to carry her out. He gave her a reassuring smile, saying it would be all right, he’s here; and slowly moved her out on his hands, keeping track of all areas where she was bleeding. He was just about to get off, the victim’s hands wrapping around his neck so tightly, her sobbing wracking his head into a headache, when she sniffed and attempted to form out a few words.

“What? Are you okay?” He asked her again.

The young woman looked up at him, bleeding gash covering her eyes and half her face as she waved a shaken hand back and pointed towards a boulder that, in first glance, seemed to be as normal as the others around them, but he narrowed his eyes once again trying to see what she had seen before gasping with a cry out of him. Katsuki rushed into giving the woman in his hand to the closest hero beside him informing him of the situation before running, fucking flying using his quirk to hold the boulder up and shatter as much of it as he could to carry it off.

He gave out a cry of strangled pain, his heart squeezing him so much Katsuki thought he probably died off that instant. But a sharp burn on his forearm – using his other hand to ignite a spark on his own skin – brought him back to reality as he leaned down and began to check for any vital signs of life in the body that lay in front of him.

It was weak, so fucking weak, but she had a pulse, and that was all Katsuki needed to roar out for an ambulance, using his explosive quirk out at the sky to grab everyone’s attention and as he slowly carried the unconscious Uraraka in his arms, her hands falling on the side in the most sickly reminder, body so light yet so heavy at the same time, her head lolling dripping with blood and flashbacks shaking Katsuki down as he tried to fight them back, he could swear, no – he could fucking put his life on the line to prove that there was a moment, a single moment, where Izuku
Midoriya was standing, looking straight back at him, before being obstructed by the chaos around and vanishing for good.

Chapter End Notes

i know usual style is past - present - past, but i needed to get a few chapters ahead in the present so i hope you don't mind!!!!! next chapter will hopefully be more writing, i plan to make it long and angsty, so i hope youre prepared!!! it wont be the past yet, still present, but in the end i want to keep you guys on ur tippy toes hahahah

sorry for how different this chapter is, i did a surgery to remove my tooth so im all dosed up as i wrote it, so hopefully tomorrow i will be writing the next chapter and you can expect it saturday night my loves

thank you so incredibely much, for the amazing comments you left me with on the last few chapters, every time i read a comment i cry hahaha, the fact you take the time and want to read my story, idk how to properly thank you

i just want to always keep you guys impressed

i love you all so much, even dosed up dee loves you MOREE

you can talk to me anytime on @bakudekutodo on twitter

leave any comments (ilovethem), kudos my loves if you liked anything
i love hearing from you so much

be the best you can be~
It had taken two days to evacuate all victims of the Center Square attack, the media calling it the worst terrorist attack that had plagued the country since the first emergence of All Might. The death toll had risen to more than five hundred people, injured victims ranging around two hundred give and take the critical situations. Looting and minor crimes soared in the days following, heroes unable to properly control the area due to the possibility of having a second attack on the rise, the scenes left for them to piece together what had happened and who was to blame only had them chasing their tailed ends. Security footage were unable to give exact locations, timings, or the people responsible for planting the bombs having the said areas intelligently hid from cameras eyes.

Whoever had planned the attack made sure there wasn’t a trail of them to be found, and with the erupted chaos going around, the media’s vultures took in the news with hunger. No official statements were made by any of the top heroes, nor was a meeting called in place which egged the media outlets on to open attacks against the police force and Hero Organization for their lack of aptitude for the state of affairs at hand and as to what they had intended to do to keep the public’s
It was the only thing being aired on lately, a week passing by from the *Central’s Terror Attack* as they had labeled it, with relentless outbreaks towards All Might and the chain of command for not even announcing anything to the public about the reason for the attack, nor any singular apology at how the situation was handled.

But you see, these things aren’t at all how normal people view them. You don’t just get a chance to receive answers faster if you’re a hero, there’s no possibility to tell the citizens what they want to hear when heroes themselves aren’t able to grasp what exactly has happened. So how can they put on a show of bravery to the public, when they had no proof they could protect them? It was terrifying, to be on the other side of the coin, knowing the full on trust the people had in the heroes and the police all the time without giving it much thought that perhaps there are moments, the heroes were the ones at a loss. And it wasn’t easy to have come to terms with it to the young students of UA, whose own mentors weren’t able to respond back to them, and while they wanted people to trust their teachers and the heroes, they too have felt the crack of distrust towards their seniors – and it wasn’t something they had wanted to feel. No one ever wants to feel like they can’t trust the people who train them to be the best out of society, and so most of the young heroes were at a loss.

With the one week passing by, the country in mourning for the lives lost, news channels bringing on *experts* – sarcasm filled with the word – to discuss the nationwide plan to what their supposed protectors would do, what is the right action and what isn’t, the top twenty heroes were called on to a secret meeting to discuss the state of affairs and what exactly to start on. Katsuki as well as a few others were informed of the meeting taking place, but weren’t allowed to enter, secrecy of information being the number one priority to keep safe in the case of having a mole.

It was when the meeting was taking place, where Katsuki had found himself yet again walking through the quiet hospital hallway towards room 901; none of his friends were around – having made a shifting schedule between each of them in order for all them to show their support. It was only Tsuyu who emerged from the room before he could enter; face as somber as the day they all barged in on him waiting for Uraraka’s surgery to finish.

He had refused to leave her side, insisting that almost all victims were rescued and knowing he was acting selfish and the backlash he would receive, Bakugou entered the ambulance with Uraraka, paramedics quickly infusing her with an IV drip and doing a full check up to know the extent of the injuries she’s in. Katsuki’s heart already wrenching out of his chest, and the expression the paramedic was giving Uraraka’s body didn’t help any better.

“What?” He asked, repeating it with a shout when he wasn’t answered, “What?”

The man pursed his lips, “She has a head injury, the extent of the damage I can’t tell, but I suspect a subdural hemorrhage, and I’m certain she has a massive internal bleeding judging by how firm her lower abdomen is, her legs have serious third degree burns and she’s not responsive. Her heartbeat is weak, I’m trying to stabilize her as much as I can, but if we don’t hurry, she’s going to code out.”

Katsuki had enough of medical training with first aid responders to understand that she’s was bleeding both in her brain and abdomen, and that the burns on her legs are causing her body to go into shock, he wanted to fucking scream and lash out, to open the door wide and blast their way
through the cars to reach the hospital faster, yell, shriek, shove anyone in their fucking way, but the side of him that has grown pulled that anger down. Acting out, endangering others and not only Uraraka would do nothing but probably cause her to die faster, and so with a feat that Katsuki never knew he even fucking had, he bit his tongue into silence and held on to Uraraka’s hand, offering prayer to anything, fucking anything or anyone, to keep her alive until they reached.

It was a grueling twenty minutes, Uraraka’s heart had stopped twice to be brought back by defibrillators, the paramedic increasing the dosage of her IV to at least fight back the severe dehydration her body has gone through, a hand on her chest to hear her heart, his eyes on the monitor to make sure it’s beating correctly and not going into an atrial fibrillation. When they finally reached, Katsuki moved out of the way as quickly as possible as he watched her being dragged down and moved inside the hospital, doctors all around her barking orders and rushing to stabilize her before taking her up to surgery.

“What fucking surgery!” Bakugou yelled, and two strong security guards had the fucking nerve to hold him back from entering the room where she was being fretted over.

“Sir I’m going to have to ask you to stay where you are and stay calm.” A nurse replied to him.

Katsuki growled and repeated his question, his voice going a few octaves higher, “You answer me right fucking now!”

“Sir! We are trying to save her life.” He could see she was terrified of him, her knees quacking as she tried to respond, “She needs surgery to stop the bleeding.”

Fate really was after Bakugou, to remind him that he deserves nothing good in his life. The words coming out of her mouth were things he knew – without admitting it to himself – but hearing it just made him angrier, for what? He was now barking out, yelling and shoving the guards away wanting to at least fucking see her before they dragged her away, but they wouldn’t let him, she was covered by so many doctors.

So many.

That had to be a good thing… right?

Wrong.

He was in frenzy, it wasn’t even anger anymore, he was scared. Katsuki Bakugou was terrified that this was how things would end, that the last thing he had said to Uraraka was to fucking screw her boyfriend.

The fear overtaking him had taken hold of his heart and his muscles, pathetically causing him to be pushed down by the guards attempting to calm him down but he couldn’t calm down, how fucking could he? This was happening all over again, he was losing someone important. In the back of his mind, the door to that day has begun to open again, and Katsuki was helpless to the demons that no one saw being set free, his eyes turning glassy from the tears threatening to fall.

It was a frightening sight on its own to Kirishima’s eyes as he rushed inside the ER, to see Bakugou pushed on the floor and Uraraka laying so still on the hospital bed swarmed by physicians, but Kirishima had more sense in his mind to get Bakugou and give them a chance to work without worrying if that blond idiot would blast them off. Thankfully, he hadn’t considered using his quirk just yet, and despite it being good, it was alarming to Kirishima because he understood, he knew that this meant Katsuki was fighting more than just the guards to forget something so entirely important.
“I got him! I got him, let him go!” Kirishima yelled against the guards who were reluctant to release the blond, but when the latter had heard the red head’s voice, he seemed to go slack and empty and so they released him into Kirishima’s arms. He dragged the now silent Katsuki all the way out, away from seeing Uraraka being hauled out to the operating room.

Kirishima was aware of how limp Katsuki has been as he slowly helped him sit up on the bench just outside the entrance of the ER; he looked over his friend to see the multiple bruises forming across the skin showing through his hero costume, there were a few cuts here and there but nothing that seemed too dangerous and so Kirishima sighed with relief before turning to focus on Katsuki again.

“Hey, are you okay?” He whispered to the ash blond boy.

Katsuki didn’t – couldn’t – respond, because there was no right for him to be the one worried about, Uraraka deserved the attention right now, not him. Yet he couldn’t muster the energy to open his mouth and answer, a lump against his chest not enabling him to do anything but breathe, barely at that. His heart was hammering against his chest, he could feel it beat all the way to his throat, he couldn’t take a full breath to calm himself down and he wasn’t even sure anymore if this was a panic attack or if his body just shutting down on him.

“She’s going to be okay Katsuki, you got there in time, and they’re taking her into surgery.” Kirishima tenderly placed his palm against Katsuki’s face, whose eyes were getting more distant by the minute. Kirishima pursed his lip and internally swore, he was fully aware the kind of thoughts swirling inside of his friend’s head right now, of the nightmare’s creeping up on him. And so he placed his hand at the nape of the blonde’s neck and dragged him till his face was against the junction of Kirishima’s neck and shoulder, wrapping him in his arms to conceal him from the world around.

In Bakugou’s mind he wasn’t even outside that ash covered day, sitting on a bench covered by Kirishima’s strong arms, he was long gone into a time where his arms couldn’t reach to save a life, to a period where his own arms caused the taking of a life, and it’s parallel against how things have turned to right now did anything but cause him to succumb further into the devilish hole that grew as the years went by.

He was numb, he was staring at his own hands and realizing his chest was empty, he couldn’t bring about any emotion, what more has he got inside him anyway? And that’s when he heard their voices. His friends had reached the hospital, their whole class was running to him, Aizawa close behind them – and right there, was All Might. They swarmed them in a second, asking questions, voices raising, demands to know what happened, Tsuyu wailing on the corner saying she shouldn’t have left Uraraka alone, and that’s when Bakugou snapped.

His eyes looked at Tsuyu with murderous intent, his growl heard before he jumped to grab her by the arms, “You left her alone! You fucking left her alone!” He yelled, Tsuyu crying out at how terrifying he looked, “This is your fucking fault!”

“Bakugou let her go!” Kirishima rushed and pulled him away from the small girl, falling to her knees.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” She cried, her red eyes begging for forgiveness from those around her.

Mina reached to her crying along, hushing her to calm down while Momo stood defensively in front of the both of them.

“No! Your fucking apology won’t bring her back!” He was gone by then; his mind was in a
state of shock that Katsuki no longer made any sense to himself, his anger taking a grip over any form of sensibility. He wanted to fight her, fight them all, she was all fucking alone; she was alone. *Alone.*

“Calm down Katsuki!”

There were too many hands touching him, too many voices around him. Whispering. Talking. His name being said so many times and he could hear his own voice crying back, screaming insults and jabs and hurtful words at them, not caring of the heavy effect they placed upon the receivers. They were trying to cool him down, some, he noticed, had entered the building – probably awaiting news for Uraraka’s condition. But Katsuki couldn’t get himself to stop, he’d lost control of his own mind at this point, he shrieked, at some point even retched, his quirk destroying multiple areas of pavement which caused Aizawa to erase it and hold him down with Sero’s tapes on the floor but that still wouldn’t stop the blond from yelling out at them.

Whatever serene that held him back in Kirishima’s arms had vanished as quickly as it came, and the red head couldn’t keep his own emotions in check seeing how distraught Bakugou has become. He had never seen him melt down this severely, and Kirishima had seen Katsuki in some of his poorest moments – but this? This was a whole other level.

There was *too much of everything.* The ground smelled like gasoline and wetness, his face was burning as he thrashed around the small rocks and shards on the floor, his body still fighting against Aizawa but he was too tired, why was he too fucking tired? He had wailed again, his own chest threatening to cave in and Katsuki just *couldn’t* anymore.

Strong arms then held him down, the fresh smell of overused perfume and a sting of mint flooded Katsuki’s mind and he looked up directly at striking blue eyes frowning down on him. Bakugou couldn’t understand what they were saying, his mind so overworked that the simple conversation being spoke around him was nothing but a buzz, his body was too tired to move now, the only thing he could do was raise his head to hit it against the pavement to evoke some sort of pain, some sort of feeling that didn’t just include anger, but that was also taken from him. At some point even the anger faded, but the blond had no intention of trying to figure out where he was anymore, certain that he had faded in and out of consciousness until a sharp light that pierced his own eyes got him back to his senses. He wasn’t on the pavement anymore, he was in a bed, a white room, with an ugly painting on one corner and what he was sure of was a fake plant on the other, a couch facing him with Kaminari, Kirishima, Mina and Todoroki sitting on it, Aizawa was standing with his back towards the blond staring out the window and right by his own side was All Might looking like a fucking joke sitting on a chair that was much too small for his big body, it almost made Bakugou snort.

Kirishima was the first to notice him awake, popping up like an excited puppy and rushing towards him, his face mixing between pity and relief which – if Bakugou was himself – would piss off the blond to another realm.

“Bakugou, how are you feeling son?” All Might spoke up.

Katsuki just blinked in response, “Where’s Uraraka.” His voice was flat, empty, a mirror of his heart.

Aizawa and All Might glanced at each other, and when no one offered a response, Katsuki growled with a look of hatred at them both. Kirishima was the one to reply, his hand reaching out for Katsuki but to get shot down from the blond. Bakugou can’t stand anyone touching him now.

“She’s still in surgery, but so far she’s doing well.” Kirishima tried to hide the pain from the
rejection from his voice, but he failed.

Mina slowly walked up to sit on the edge of the bed, “She’ll be out soon and back with us Bakugou, the doctor’s said there hasn’t been any complications so far.”

“Oh yeah?” The blond sneered, “Well you didn’t fucking see her heart stop twice on the way here, so how the fuck are you trusting them so easily?”

Mina looked away, trying to hide the tears as they fell from his sharp tone, they all knew this was him trying to protect himself from feeling too much, a defense mechanism from when things got too hard on him, but he isn’t the only one with a friend on the operating table, she was their friend too.

“I don’t think that tone is necessary Bakugou, we’re all worried about her. You don’t have to be an asshole.” Todoroki was merciless in retorting back.

Katsuki narrowed his eyes, “Fuck you. Fuck all of you. You don’t know anything. Nothing, you didn’t fucking see her. You don’t know the size of the fucking boulder I had to get off of her to even attempt getting her out.”

“Exactly! We don’t know anything, so why are we the ones with more fucking hope for her to survive this than you!” It was the first time Katsuki had felt the rage directly at him from the half and half, his eyes blazing with so much emotion that the blond couldn’t keep the gaze.

“Get out.”

“Bakugou…” Kirishima pleaded.

“I said get out! All of you! Fuck off! Leave me the fuck alone!” Mina had flinched from how loud he yelled, and Todoroki had had enough with him so he held her hand and took her out, one glance back at Kirishima to tell him they’ll be outside, only for the latter boy to try and attempt again to plead the angry boy and get vehemently rejected again.

Aizawa had announced he was going to send most of the class home and get news on Uraraka, knowing full on his top student would get a talk from him later on, but this was a moment All Might had repeatedly reminded him he would be responsible for. It was more or less the same scenario repeating itself with Katsuki’s meltdowns, Aizawa being one of the only three adults to know the truth of Bakugou’s past and its intricate relationship with All Might, and so whenever situations would go beyond the reach of his power, All Might would step in and remind the young boy of who the change is truly for.

It wasn’t as if Aizawa hated Katsuki, on the contrary, as little with emotions that he showed towards his students, Aizawa was fiercely protective of his kids and that importantly included Katsuki Bakugou. The boy had the potential to be the best damned hero out of them all, if he could manage his temper and his lack of social skills which have improved so much since they first met, but no matter how much they all tried, Katsuki’s demons still had a hold on him despite his brave attempts to move on, to try and live, and with the sleepy man himself being present in some of the worst days Katsuki has had, he truly believed things are improving for the young boy so much, but this? He had no clue just how much psychological damage this day would leave him in.

With the two finally alone, signaled by the click of the door on Aizawa’s departure, Katsuki dared not to raise his head from staring at his hands, where at some point they’ve been treated and all bandaged up. It was quiet except for the beeping of his heartbeat as it finally calmed down and the drip of the IV moving in his system, and Bakugou wasn’t sure where things will go from now
“Am I fired?”

All Might was taken aback by the sudden question, “What do you mean my boy?”

Bakugou raised his face for a minute to study the man’s expression, “I left with her while still working.” Is the only explanation he offered.

“Ah,” All Might sighed in understanding, “I don’t think so, most of the civilians were rescued, although it wasn’t a wise decision to make, but I trust you’ll keep it in mind for the next time.”

“Mhm.”

It was quiet again, and the blond had begun fidgeting, eyes darting at the clock to recognize it’s been almost four hours from when he barged through the doors of the hospital with the brunette, and so his mind began reeling in thoughts again. Replaying the whole scene that had happened from when his friends arrived until now. He had said some horrible stuff, really fucking awful things and had directly shoved the blame at Tsuyu when he should be the one taking it, and as he kept thinking back at all the failure’s he has done and caused through his miserable life, his resolve, his anger, his pain, his own pride, were just thrown out the fucking window. He had nothing in him to fret for anymore, he was just tired – so fucking damn done – and there was no amount of force or attempt of faking in his power to care about the ones around him, about the damage he must’ve caused that made things worse for everyone.

Katsuki was a fucking nightmare in flesh.

He was so selfish that he couldn’t even give his friends a moment to worry about Uraraka, about the person who deserved the attention, he had to twist things around like the snake he was and cause a scene so the attention flaked on him.

“Bakugou,” All Might’s deep voice was a shock to the blonde’s ears after such a long silence, “I need to listen to you.”

It was the same six words, the same sentence, from the day they both had met, to this exact moment. There was something about the way it was said, how the words were placed, the gravity of the meaning behind the words that never could amount or compare to anyone else’s attempt at hearing him out that would touch Katsuki as much as those words had. He knew he had friends who worried over him, fuck yes he knew, and that they would do anything to let him trust them enough to fucking talk, didn’t he just fight with the stupid red head the other day for the same fucked up reason? Wasn’t this how he and Uraraka slowly drifted apart? Isn’t it the same fucking spiraling tornado of doom that would result him in pushing people away?

So why is it that when this man said it, Katsuki’s dam had crumbled down into smithereens. Was it because it was his hero saying it? Was it because he was All Might? Was it because this man had been there? Had seen it?

Fuck if Katsuki knew anymore.

But All Might was the only one who he was completely open with. And he means completely, because what can you hide from a man who has seen the truth with his own two eyes?

“The last thing I said to her was to screw Iida.” The blond didn’t have it in him to blush at the implication of his words that caused the grown man to clear his throat in response. “I always do that.”
“Do what?”

All Might shuddered at how empty the red eyes were as they looked up at him, “Let everyone die around me.”

Katsuki hadn’t seen Tsuyu in the one week he kept coming to see Uraraka, knowing that the girl herself had been avoiding him from his last outburst at her and he could at least allow the guilt piling up inside him to give him the sense to stop and look at her.

They weren’t close friends, they had hung out and talked and joked, but they weren’t as close as one would presume their appearance showed, they had never been left alone with each other, always having a friend along with them to mince the ice. But it wasn’t like they disliked each other, he got the sense from Tsuyu that she was as nonchalant about him as he were of her, with care to their wellbeing as one would give a classmate, so they were never on bad terms, but never on great terms as well.

The blond cleared his throat and rubbed his hair with nervousness, “Can we talk?” He mumbled, head nudging to the corner where a bench was a little farther away from the room. Tsuyu only nodded in response and walked behind him to sit with a bit of a distance between them.

At first they didn’t talk, awkward silence falling on the two as they stared at nothing in particular before Katsuki’s nerves got the best of him and he again had to clear his throat.

“I want to apologize for what I said; I had no right to blame you when you had nothing to do with it. You would’ve never have known this will happen, and if you stayed, you would’ve gotten hurt too. I’m glad you’re safe.”

Tsuyu just stared at him, and Bakugou let himself count the seconds to give her time to think and respond but his patience had begun wearing thin closing around two hundred seconds and as his mouth opened to talk again, she spoke.

“When I first entered UA, what I wanted was a peaceful school life where I had friends who I’d want to protect and they protect me.” Her voice was so soft, so drained, her expression seizing Katsuki’s words back in his throat, “And at first, I was terrified, because entering UA means my life won’t be normal so I was left confused on what I really wanted. Uraraka was one of the first people I met in class; she had come up to me with a big smile and a big heart, so soft and so welcoming I thought, are there really people like her out there? Her good energy was infectious, her humor was bubbly, and she’s a good person in and out.”

Tsuyu had looked up at the ceiling as big hot tears pooled, “And she has such a brave heart that she wouldn’t let anyone be down, she was there to comfort, to cheer up, to want the best for everyone. She had grown to be a stronger person every day, and she had grown to love you Bakugou so much, that she decided to let you go to keep you near her.”

“I…”

“No, don’t.” The tears were freely falling now that she was staring at him, “She didn’t deserve this; no one does. But she didn’t. You fight, you scream, you say horrible things to all of us, and when we feel it’s too much, that we no longer can handle you, she comes out and makes us realize that you’re a human too. So we let go, we learn, we know how to react to you.” She frowned, “But
why is it that we must be the ones always making sure we don’t step on a live wire with you?”

Bakugou’s lower lip trembled. How could he explain that he was like that for everyone too? That he has been trying, so hard, to not make mistakes. He keeps doing them anyway.

“So what I wanted to say, before you say anything more, is that your words no longer have an action, at least not to me. I don’t care what happened to you before, I don’t care what you did, what was done, or said, I care what happens now. I care that all of us are hurt, that all of us are scared for Uraraka, that we all worry and want us to be okay and safe, but I no longer care that you’re damaged.” She cried, “I don’t. I’m a horrible person, I’m so awful, to say such things to you, to make you feel like you have no place in my heart when I want you to, but you won’t.”

“Tsuyu,” Katsuki’s choked as he saw the despair in his eyes, he caused this, he did this, and not just to her, to all their friends. His words have finally cut the thread between them; some more than the rest and Tsuyu was the first to announce it. He was losing the people he never wanted to lose. “Please.” He begged.

She was full on crying now, hiccupping and voice cracking as she continued, pushed forward by how strong her emotions have grown out from the guilt of saying such awful things to someone who she had grown up with and respected, she was hurting him, and it didn’t make her feel any better.

“No Katsuki, no, I don’t care. You hurt us, you push us away, we try so much, we try so hard and you never say anything. You always just hurt and hurt and hurt and then say sorry so easily like it’s nothing and we’re supposed to accept it? I don’t accept it. I don’t accept that you blamed me for what happened to Ochako, who in the world does that!” She screamed, “Do you think I wasn’t already blaming myself the minute I saw what happened! That when they announced the explosions the first thing I did was run to that place! To see where she was! To want to save her! No. You only think about yourself. You think about how much things are hard for you, how things are not easy for you, how horrible your life is when everyone around you is trying to show you how beautiful it is! You push us away again and again and now you finally have what you want.”

She was shoving knives inside him the more words she spoke; dread pooling in the wake of the realization that the blond had done some irrevocable damage. Each sentence was like a cut through his heart, each tear falling was a bullet through him, and he had finally destroyed something he will never be able to fix. How in the world would he be able to explain, he can’t, he can’t even start with anything that would soothe the girl in front of him. The constant distance he has kept from them all despite everything they went through – to protect them – is finally backfiring against him. There is no way he can tell her why he was hurting, why he was damaged, because all it will do is that it will prove the horrible person he is.

Ah, that’s it he thought, I am the boy I was from the start.

I have not changed.

“You…” Tsuyu sobbed, “You’ve done enough damage on us all Bakugou.”

Katsuki closed his gaping mouth, his heart icing to keep the pain at bay as Tsuyu got up while wiping her eyes, a hand stretching out to grab the bag between them and walking away but not before turning around and forever closing Katsuki Bakugou from her heart.

“You will never, not be damaged.”
Katsuki raised to his feet after some time, walking inside the room where Uraraka laid down still unconscious, the swellings on her face decreasing to finally show some of her classical features. Her cute button up nose, sweet rosy cheeks; her mouth was partly opened and she was breathing he reminded himself. She was alive. He put the flowers he got in a vase that had ones wilting away, placing it close to the window and turned to watch her sleep so peacefully, it was easy for him to imagine her waking up out of nowhere and calling him out for being a creep watching her sleep.

But she won’t wake up.

The door opened to reveal Iida, a mirror image of expression that Katsuki was sure he had on his face. It seemed as though he hadn’t expected anyone inside the room, so his startled reaction had Katsuki give a small smile. He went to the other boy and helped him with the multiple bags he was carrying, the two opting not to start a conversation yet as they put away the supplies Iida had brought in. Iida walked up to the bed, hand closing tightly on the brunette’s and he sighed brokenly.

“I saw Tsuyu on the way in.” Iida finally said.

“I see.”

“She was crying.”

“Was she?”

Iida suddenly turned around, “Did you say something to her again?” He harshly whispered.

It hurt, Katsuki realized, how little faith his friends had in him to not hurt one of them. It was his fault for doing this to them all the time, but it still hurt. Katsuki smiled sadly and shrugged nonchalantly, a finger toying with the leaf of a flower.

Iida got up and grabbed the blonde’s arms, the tall boy’s own hands shaking, “What did you say to her Bakugou.”

“Not enough.”

A harsh slap echoed through the room, without another sound but Iida’s heavy breathing and Katsuki’s sharp intake of breath. His face stung, burned, but he didn’t say anything, he was too shocked to attempt a response and so silence is the only thing he gave. Iida wasn’t having any of it.

“Get the hell out of this room, before I call security. I don’t want you around Uraraka when she wakes up if this is the kind of attitude you’re going to be in.”

A reply almost darted out of the blond but he bit it back, if she wakes up.

With a shove against Iida’s shoulder he walked out, face stinging and anger raising, he was about to miss the words Iida whispered against his back, whether the boy meant for Katsuki to hear it or not, he wasn’t sure, but he had and it was another moment in his life that he’d forever burn in his heart.
“I wish we never met you.”

Can you go insane till you no longer recognize yourself? Is it possible to lose yourself in the world you have tried to control and keep safe? If everything you wanted to keep safe no longer wants you in their life, where would you go?

Tsuyu and Iida weren’t the only ones to have shoved him away for good, Mina and Kaminari have opted to leave him out and avoid him whenever he was around even after he had gone and apologized for his actions. Todoroki no longer looks at him though they speak, just never to each other directly. The other class 3-A students were mostly the same, but distant. Katsuki could feel the abandonment he has put himself in, can sense the shift of the relationships he had grown to trust, and with panic there was nothing he could do to fix it. He didn’t know how.

He had just returned from the hospital to find most of his friends were sitting in the living, all jumbled up and listening intently to something on the TV, and Momo was the only one to acknowledge him, her face filled with dread as she whispered his name when he finally reached them all. His eyes darted from her to the box that now showed breaking news heading everywhere, the female news reporter vigorously speaking before the camera shifted to another screen, that at first began with a black screen before focusing on a figure sitting on a chair.

The figure seemed well dressed, black pants, black shoes, a dark vest clinging to a well-cared for body, gloved hands on each side of the chair he sat upon, his face hidden by the shadowed corner it was too hard to tell how the face looked like.

All Katsuki had to do was listen to the first word out of the figure to yell out and scream that’s the fucking bastard! Kirishima and Todoroki both stood up from their places, realization dawning on them faster than the rest and they both got to action. Shoto took his phone out and began making calls, Kirishima running to record the video and sending out texts to Masaki to keep an eye if she could see this man’s face. Katsuki was beside himself with rage, hands grabbing hold of the couch where it began to singe from the heat of the quirk he tried to keep off from blasting. He couldn’t believe his own eyes, after months from searching, there he was, the fucking ghost who made him feel as though he imagined the whole encounter up. And the bastard was staring right back at them all with a fucking sneer to his voice.

“My beloved people,” the velvet voice had said, “I cannot begin to start with how terribly sorry I am for the mourning you all have faced, for that pain and suffering that resulted from the beloved ones taken from you. I mourn with you, as one, for those we have lost.” The figure leaned a little forward, hands now extending towards the camera, but the movement was never enough to reveal his face, “I come with nothing but love for you, my good individuals, and urge you to realize how toxic we have been living our lives. How toxic our society has become to put our faith and hearts on people who have nothing but their own interest at heart.”

“What is he saying?” Mineta gaped with dismay.

“Shut up and let us hear!” Jirou whispered harshly.

And so with silence again they continued, “We have been religiously taught, from the minute we could understand common speech; that heroes are good, and villains are bad. Those strong quirks are the ones to rule above the weak quirks, whoever had an impressive quirk could achieve anything they wanted, and those who didn’t have one as good, had to find something else. Dreams, apparently, were now just a step away from us all, ah!” The figure melodramatically gasped, “But only if you were the material society needed to mold. You see, my beloved ones, you have been
taught lies from the very start. This world is not fair, the way society has grown deemed so many of you with no care, no value. Who is to choose the good and bad? Who is to choose you are worthy of rescue and who are worthy to die? That, my friends, is what the hero society is. They take your money with the false idea they shall keep you safe, but did they? Are they truly the ones who are meant to keep you all safe?" He rose from his seat, the shadow still obstructing his face, “Here is proof that they care not for you, but for their own selfish gains and selfish people.”

The camera then shifted to a blurry video that seemed to have been taken with a small recording device, but the image and voice were still clear enough to cause Katsuki to let out a noise. The video was of the incident from a week ago, clearly showing the blond in his hero costume as he attempts to save a woman from under a boulder, the sound showed him comforting her and asking her if she were alright. Katsuki was rooted in place, mind running around trying to figure out the purpose of this bullshit that’s being shown.

“As you see here,” the same velvet voice came out, “This is your number one student from UA, Katsuki Bakugou; Ground Zero. Isn’t he a doll? Saving this poor woman’s life, truly a hero.” The hatred seeping out of the last world wasn’t lost on anyone; his friend’s glancing from Bakugou’s own frowning face to the screen, all dumbstruck on what exactly they were watching. He knew exactly what was coming next before the voice spoke again, and it finally became clear to Katsuki what he fuck was happening, swearing loudly and banging against the couch’s corner. “But look here my beloved ones, as he practically shoves the woman in his arms to run to another person. At first, it looks like he’s just trying to save another life, but it isn’t just another life. The person he’s rescuing now, is none other than Uraraka Ochako, the beloved Uravity, who is a close friend to our Ground Zero and an ex-girlfriend, fitting – isn’t it? That he selfishly gives up one person who he cares nothing for but to be a hero,” The figure appeared with his fingers moving in sarcasm with the word, “When he truly doesn’t care, he went directly for someone he selfishly knows to save instead of the others – so egocentric that he left the scene with her in an ambulance, not caring that there were more lives to save.”

Bakugou had no more energy to hold him up, falling on his knees from the blow of what’s being shown nationwide. Kirishima was close beside him, cursing with anger at the TV, all of them finally understanding that whoever this man was, he was throwing Katsuki under the bus to prove his point – and it was working. If not within the walls of the class 3-A dorm living room, then within the world around them watching, the crack resulted from the week long silence of heroes regarding the incident finally increasing to cause a shift between the people and the heroes.

Everyone was watching, on the street, in cafe’s, in their homes. The whole country’s eyes were glued on the screen before them that showed Ground Zero leaving the place on site without any hesitation to save his friend.

“What if by his absence, people who needn’t to have died, did? What if, had he not chosen to selfishly leave with his friend; he could have reached more people and saved them. It could have been your own friend, your sister, your brother, your father or mother, someone you know, someone you love, someone you saw every day, or every month, a life, a soul, a living being that had every right to be saved as his friend did, but was not, because that is how heroes act. Based on their wants, their needs, who’s to say you will be saved next time if one of your beloved heroes had a friend in a pinch with you? Would they save them? Or would they save you? That, is something to think about, my loved ones.”

The video cut short, and went back to the news reporter who had announced they had received this video from an anonymous source, where it was placed on the net a few minutes before the news outlets had actually received it, then she went on to identify who Katsuki and Uraraka was, where they studied, and what had clearly happened releasing information stating Uraraka was still
unconscious in the hospital without official sources stating on when she’d wake up.

“Close it.” Momo whispered and someone obeyed.

They had all turned towards Katsuki now, their hearts in a state of muddle as to whether to comfort him or to give him space, unsure on how he’s going to respond. Kirishima was the only one touching him, a far cry from the man who wouldn’t dare look at him before this but Katsuki had to remind himself he did this, he’d hurt Kiri by rejecting him, and so the response he received from the red head was nothing but normal. He shouldn’t be comforted, by any of them, but again, he was egotistical enough to welcome it, it was the only thing keeping him from losing his mind further.

He had long accepted he was a madman now.

But this, this wasn’t even a normal attempt to ruin the heroes reputation, this was a direct fucking attack at Katsuki himself, and the last thing the blond would do is fall back from a challenge. He had to give it to the bastard, being smart as fucking hell to wait a week, somehow just knowing the heroes wouldn’t be responding to the public’s need about the attack – which he was sure this fucking dick was responsible for – and it played so well with his cards, as he revealed his upper hand on them. He was going to twist the people against them, making them lose their trust in heroes, and he had successfully fallen into this fuckface’s plan. He knew Kirishima was trying to talk to him, Todoroki’s voice there as well, but he needed to be alone.

“Give me a second Kiri,” Katsuki whispered, his leveled voice and calm demeanor shocked everyone enough to let him walk out without anyone following after him. Tsuyu closely watching from the corner as the blond faded into the darkness of the hallway.

All alone on the balcony of his room, Katsuki leaned against the handle that kept him from falling so freely to ground, to where his life could maybe finally have some sort of freedom. But he didn’t deserve that freedom. No. In all his life, there was nothing but one thing he had kept trying to do – protect those important to him. Viciously he tried to, in the most horrible ways that resulted in the worst situations to happen, and when he softly tried to, he had ended up in a cage where there was nothing but him. He couldn’t save anyone. Keeping everyone at bay, had resulted in them hating him, keeping them close, did nothing but hurt them. Working hard to save people, he had taken it upon himself to leave a place where people needed him.

What if by his absence, people who needn’t to have died, did? What if, had he not chosen to selfishly leave with his friend; he could have reached more people and saved them. It could have been your own friend, your sister, your brother, your father or mother, someone you know, someone you love, someone you saw every day, or every month, a life, a soul, a living being that had every right to be saved as his friend did, but was not.

Leaving that place; probably had killed someone he could’ve saved.

Trying to save Uraraka; might’ve caused someone else’s death.

Trying to help people; only killed them.

Katsuki sat on his knees, words heaving out of him in incomprehensible mumbling, he wasn’t even sure what he was saying anymore, but there was so much inside him, so many things just hurting and he no longer allowed himself to take it upon anyone else. He no longer has the right to hurt anyone else, his pains are his to deal with, and his damaged self can’t break those around him. He wasn’t sure anyone can take it anymore.
He shoved his fist in his mouth to stop any noise from coming out as he shrieked, he was tired, God was he so tired, sobs wracking him to the floor, punches made against the ground that left his knuckles bare and bleeding, the pain a gateway to the flooded emotions intoxicating him from within. If there was a list on the worst ways to die, what he was going through now was the first on the list. He felt so alone. Not like how he’d felt before, when at least he knew he had someone there for him, no. This time he was truly and utterly on his own, and he was to blame.

“Please”, he begged brokenly, voice coarse from the silent screams he let out, “Please.” Bakugou didn’t know what was he begging for, or to whom, but he had hoped someone was listening to him, someone who didn’t think he was the devil in human form, but there is no longer such a person. The only one he’d ever want was already dead. The world will hate him, his seniors will hate him, whoever had ever supported him will hate him, there was nothing left of Katsuki to ever be able to redeem. “Why… why do I keep screwing up?”

His brain had trailed back to the conversation he had with All Might on the hospital bed for whatever reason, replaying back the words the both of them spoke to one another.

“Let everyone die around you? My boy, Uraraka is not dead.”

“Yet.”

“That’s enough now,” All Might’s voice boomed, his eyebrows moving to a frown, “You have no right to declare how things will end for her. You saved her, and so you must put some faith into young Uraraka that she will survive this.”

Katsuki looked straight at the couch that once occupied his friends, “I can’t do anything right anymore All Might, I’m not a hero.”

“Bakugou, why did you want to be a hero?”

“Ha?”

All Might straightened his back, “Why did you want to be a hero? Was it just because you had a strong quirk?”

“Of course not, what the fuck is that?” Katsuki growled at his teacher; however the action was welcomed by the large man, since Katsuki was finally showing some sort of emotion.

“Then what, tell me.”

Red eyes upon striking blue, Bakugou fidgeted as he thought back to the moment he decided to be a hero. He vividly remembering seeing All Might for the first time, how he had saved one hundred people on his own with a smile, fear never once showing on his face, but his heart wasn’t in tune with his mind, and Katsuki found himself thinking back to a young little boy about his age, meeting the mess of curls for the first time in his life in the arms of their mothers. The messy curl of a boy was shy to come to Katsuki despite his mother’s urges, and so was somewhat on edge in walking around the tiny children’s park behind Katsuki’s adventurous side. It wasn’t until they reached a small edge of a hill where the games ended that, in the rush of trying to catch up to the blond, the green haired boy had slipped and began tumbling down the hill. Before Inko or his own mother could react, Katsuki had rushed and grabbed hold of the younger boy before he could reach the ground and pulled him up a little till they were both grabbed by their mothers. Inko, crying and
already fretting, continuously thanked Mitsuki and Katsuki, but the only thing the blond could do was stare at the eyes of Izuku, so green and wonderful that showed absolute adoration and awe at Katsuki. That was the moment Katsuki wanted to help people.

“IZUKU was the reason.”

All Might hummed, “After he had…?”

The implication was evident without having the need to continue, and so Bakugou shook his head, “Much before that, when we first met. He…” Taking a deep breath, “He was always the reason for something to start within me, whether he knew it or not. He was the one who got me wanting to save lives; he’s the one I couldn’t save.”

“Sometimes, we don’t get the chance to save people my boy.”

Katsuki snapped his eyes at him with disgust, “That isn’t applying here.” He seethed, “I caused his fucking death All Might. I did it. And no matter how much I try, everyone will die around me, Uraraka is dying.”

“No listen here, you are not the boy you were years back, you are almost a man, and despite the fact that there’s still so much you have to come in terms with emotionally, you are a good person who needs to realize he has to move on and work to be better than he was. Your friends are right to be angry at you, but at the same time they have no idea what has happened to you, that is why you have to make a choice, you have to decide whether the past will destroy you, or it will make you be the best man you can be,” All Might took a breath and put his hand on Katsuki’s shoulder, “Uraraka was just in the wrong place at the wrong time, but your hands reached her in time. She came here, alive, and she will also leave alive. Faith is a powerful weapon that can change the world if you let it guide you right, and that’s why you are learning right now, why you’re making mistakes, because you have faith in yourself that you will save the next person to come your way.”

Broken, Bakugou leaned into All Might’s chest, the big tanned hands wrapping around the boy’s hand in a fatherly gesture, “I am here to guide you, and nurture you, as long as you let me understand what it is you’re feeling Bakugou, because a person’s worst villain is his own self.”

Katsuki had calmed down eventually, the knocks on his door had died out sometime ago, but he stayed rooted to the balcony’s floor, the wind cooling his face as he stared at the night sky. It was a beautiful night tonight, so brutal in contrast to the harshness of how Bakugou’s life is turning out to be, but it is what life is. That he had to give that monster the credit for his words on how unfair fate can be made the blond snort in disgust, emotionally connecting with a villain now? He’d thought, what else, falling in love with one? The thought alone made him feel sick to the point he rushed to his bathroom and lurched whatever he had in his stomach, the more sensible side of him figured it was the cold attacking him outside that had him react, but sensible and Katsuki never seemed to agree at a point did they?

He shuffled to his own bed, the full weight of the day falling on him knowing just how fucked up tomorrow is going to be, if Aizawa hadn’t showed up yet, or even All Might, meant that they had probably began dealing with this nightmare and that they’d left the boy for this moment alone knowing he’d need it, before barging in on him tomorrow. His life was falling to pieces, and with the burn in his chest, Bakugou closed his eyes without any hopes of being able to ever be the man
All Might can see in him.

Chapter End Notes

ahhhh hello hellooooo!! i hope you came out of it in the same train wreck manner i did after writing it

there's just so much to write about that still has to be said but i didn't want to shock you all with it, so im taking it slow

next chapter will finally be past!!! buckle up!!!

also, please, let me know your thoughts on this chapter and everything you feel, i LOVE hearing you guys talk so much and your theories, it makes me so so so happy seeing them

i kinda made it long as a make up for the last chapter bc i didnt personally felt it was me writing it - i was dosed on meds - but i wont change or edit it, i want to try to make this story as raw as possible, and things shall progress onwards

i love you all so much thank you for all the kudos and comments you are what makes me love writing even more

be the best person you can be~
There are moments in a person’s life where the harshness of reality exists to solely put them in their place if they were to move beyond their designated areas. One would be brought to this life, decided upon by something beyond the comprehensible ability of the human’s mind that their lives would be moving forward as such, added on with hardships and blessings that can either relate too close to others, or can be a cruel humor in contrast.

Izuku Midoriya had assumed his life is getting better, to a degree, where he finally had moments to go back to in his darkest points, and be reminded he was able to taste some of those blessings others have been handed to in a silver platter. He had allowed himself to hope, and want, and wish; a fool’s attempt in forgoing his place for a chance at something better.

Wasn’t he allowed something better?

Isn’t there a chance for him, to go beyond?

Cruelly, fate had reminded him to what length his insignificant actuality amounted to and it wasn’t like he’d wanted to place his entire self-worth in his own eyes on one person, but he did. And that person had done nothing but echo the same words he had heard all his life.

You can never be a hero.

He had fought, amongst himself and others, to bring about the reality they harshly took from him. No one had given him a chance, a mere thread of silver lining that there was a possibility for his dream to come to. Wasn’t this the time of dreams? The time of Heroes? Of realizing that one
can *amount* to something if they had the fighting power to do?

Then why is it that he, wasn’t allowed to fight?

His own mother had shut him down so quickly, so fast to rush to him and cradle his small body in her arms with tears running down both of their faces, her morbid cries only added on to his despair of realizing he *can’t* be the one thing he wanted to be. He didn’t blame her, not really, but this wasn’t what he had wanted to hear from her, her fruitless repetitive apology after knowing he was Quirkless, her meaningless attempt at trying to make him move on. That wasn’t what he wanted.

Izuku had awoken with a face that mirrored his hollowed heart, moving slowly to wash and brush his teeth, eyes glazed over he didn’t really focus on the face staring back at him. It has been a while, since he really looked at himself, unconsciously learning to avoid looking at reflective surfaces to not remind him of the bruising and scars he had grown to accumulate over the years. It was easy, to imagine something not there, if you never allowed it to cross your mind. But Izuku was graduating high-school later on in the day, finally, and he was meeting Youta shortly before despite the idea not giving him any uplifting emotions.

So Izuku sneaked a proper look, without realizing he had lost more weight than he would’ve imagined, face sunk in with his previous chubby cheeks hallowing out, his eyes now constantly painted with dark circles beneath them. His finger rubbed one, somehow thinking the color would leave if he scrubbed hard enough but it was to no avail, and so with sinking shoulders he let his hand fall down as the green eyed boy continued to look over himself.

His skin looked paper thin, yellowed in like a washed out page of a book, no color helping him whatsoever. You can even see the veins and capillaries if one would focus hard enough – he made a noise that he thought maybe was a laugh? He doesn’t know, but he did continue staring, at the left over boy he was. Izuku *tsked* and turned away, he was disgusted enough; he needn’t grow his own hatred for himself even further.

Sometimes, Izuku thinks, sometimes he wishes he was standing on the edge of a large cliff. There would be no soul in sight, no person to ridicule him or slam him to the ground; it would just be him up there, staring down at the world. An ocean would lie before him, so wide and vast calling him forward to explore it forever, there would be nothing there that would make him feel anything but finally a part of something. The sun would probably be setting at that point, Izuku had learned he preferred the sun to disappear sometimes, it was so bright and shone so strongly every day, never once faltering to decree itself above all, so wonderfully powerful and dangerous at the same time, drawing in all that’s living to come to it, feed from it, get it’s warmth, want it’s protection. That’s what the sun was, a constant aide-mémoire to the world that it was the strongest out there, whose own power can protect and hurt, if Izuku would picture it in his mind right now, it still sheens so bright, warmth glazing the surface of his own skin as it’s fire licked edges would sparkle so strong to show that softness he had grown watching become more unruly as ever, it’s magnificent build shifting as it began engulfing him in that scorching heat. He felt naked, exposed, all scars and wounds wide open for that fire to seep itself inside of him, burning him further, he could vividly feel the breath being taken from him as the warmth took him from behind, that unidentifiable sensation taking shape to strong tanned arms overcoming him further to a wide chest, with scorching red eyes staring so deep into his soul that there was nothing of Izuku left that they hadn’t seen. Izuku preferred the sun setting, over its rising.

“Izu—K?”

“Hm?” His eyes blinked, “Ah sorry, I was daydreaming.”
Inko smiled worriedly, “That’s okay; how are you feeling today?”

Izuku turned to his untouched breakfast, “Better.” The lie came out of him so effortlessly.

Inko sighed with relief and brought back her signature smile to her face, “I know you’re going to meet your friend, but don’t forget graduation is at four today, so you need to be home much before that to get ready, okay?”

Her son looked at her with a smile, agreeing to her conditions without a fight. Without her noticing, he had shuffled most of his food to the sides, unable to swallow down anything lately and that encounter did nothing but make it worse. Izuku hadn’t really let himself dwell on it, part of his mind still thinks he imagined it up, but the large signature from the man himself was a sharp sting of reality.

Izuku wasn’t able to touch that book again, which was a shame, because it contained some really nice information of heroes he had loved too. He sighed; giving his mother’s side-eye a nervous laughter and then excused himself from the table. It wasn’t long before he had dressed in some casual jeans and an empty shirt, a small bag shuffling against his bag as he turned to walk for the door. His eagerness had grown if only a little, at the idea of seeing Youta soon, and so he was in a haste to throw down his green home slippers and put on his red boots.

Inko had called out to him, but he pretended not to hear her in the hopes of getting a few minutes ahead on the usual schedule of his departure. He had just managed to open the door when she walked in on him, hands drying against the towel with a frown on her face.

“Izuku, I was calling you, didn’t you hear me?”

“Ah Mom, no, sorry I didn’t. Do you need anything?”

Inko sighed with a hand on her hips, “I was thinking, maybe you shouldn’t go out and meet your friend now? I know I agreed, but with such a short timing till graduation maybe you should just wait here and get ready – he is coming, right? So you’ll see him soon anyways.”

You wouldn’t find moments in the two’s lives, where arguments would ensue. Their relationship was more or less a quiet one, they had disagreements, but nothing that would amount to anger from both sides and so Izuku’s overwhelming reaction towards her statement truly shocked Inko.

“You can’t just agree one minute and then change your mind the next!” He had yelled.

“Excuse me? Yes I can, I’m your mother.”

Izuku’s nose had flared at the comment, and despite himself, even though he had no actual idea why he was so angry, it’s just that he was so empty that seeing Youta would fill him with something, and so the prospect of having to wait longer while this frustration of the inability to bring any emotion towards anything, frightened him. He didn’t want to think about things that would make him worse, he didn’t want to spend this morning and most of the afternoon just sitting with his mum who he knew would fret over him and boss him around to get ready earlier than necessary – the idea suffocated him. And so the words were out of his mouth before his mind would register them.

“Don’t use that word as a card when you want to pretend to do it properly.”

He could feel it, the shatter, the break, he could see the shift in his mother’s eyes as they widened and her hands moved to cover her mouth as if somehow they would provide a protective barrier to
the horrible thing he had said. But as he saw that, as he felt it in her, Izuku was disturbingly aware of how little he cared at that.

He also had no idea he’d receive a backlash of words that came out of his mother, not in the way she had delivered it.

“You think I use what I am, as a card, when I want to pretend to use it? You think I’m pretending being your mother? I have been trying so much Izuku, how is it my fault when my son is the estranged one!” Her voice croaked, “If only you were a normal child with a normal quirk!”

Inko quickly clasped her hands to her mouth, wishing more than anything to take back the last thing she had said, quickly stammering a form of apology and attempting to move closer to Izuku, whose face had gone pale and cast down, his hair long enough to cover his eyes from hers, his beautiful green wonderful eyes. She quickly tried to hold him as she cried out that she didn’t mean it, but came to a stop when he flinched away from her touch.

“I’ll see you in graduation.” He said curtly, and as he looked up at her, she fell to her knees from the sheer emptiness his eyes had glazed with.

Izuku reached the small apartment later than he had initially wanted, but he didn’t really care. It was empty anyways, he realized after calling out for Youta a few times. Assuming he’d gone out to buy some stuff, or still at work, Izuku let himself be comfortable alone and sat on the couch with a sigh. Everything was confusing inside him, thoughts and emotions all jumbled up and mixed giving him a headache. He reached out for his phone that he’d shut off from the repeated calls his mother had given him on the way here, and considered calling Youta at least once to tell him he was already here but the idea of even getting more messages and calls from his mother made him sick, and so he threw the phone across the room for it to clang against something and disappear from his sight.

The sound of the clock hung on the wall was the only added accessory to the noise that was the curly haired breathing, it had gone shallow from the tightness he felt in his heart. Will he ever get a break? Sitting there with eyes closed, heart and mind somewhere far off from this reality, he didn’t catch the turn of the knob on the door, the click of the key, nor the footsteps walking towards him.

He didn’t acknowledge the presence of the other person till the latter spoke.

“And what the fuck are you doing in this apartment?” Katsuki’s voiced boomed against the quiet so sharply, Izuku flinched from the pain in his ears.

Fear gripped him so fast, faster than the confusion on how the hell is Katsuki here?!

“K-Kaccha–”

The blond was quick to slam his hand on Izuku’s mouth, his other arm grabbing a hold of the terrified boy’s hands in a snake-like grip with strength enough to bruise. He was mad, the blond was pissed off, eyes wild as the fire that colored his irises, a terrible smile painting his face.

“Care to explain why worthless fucking Deku is all alone in an apartment so far away?” He shoved Izuku to the ground straddling his hips, effectively stopping him from moving away. “Are you waiting for someone, Deku?”

Bakugou placed his face so close to the younger boy, the fear emitting off of him giving Katsuki a thrill to his bones. He never thought this would be what he’d find when he saw the green
haired idiot walking in the opposite direction from his home, it was like fate was thanking Bakugou for even existing by bringing this worthless piece of shit to him so nicely, served on a gold platter for him to use and abuse. He was actually shocked to see him walk in this room, even having a key to open the door with, the idiot not thinking of even closing it behind him. Whose apartment was this? Who was Youta that he called for? This piece of shit has someone who’d welcome him to his home?

“Kacchan it’s not what you t-think!” Izuku stuttered, tears already pooling from the hard snap of his head on the ground.

“What the fuck do you think I think? You have a brain now to believe you know what I’m thinking?” Katsuki spat down at him, an arm moving upward to punch Izuku’s face, “What the fuck are you doing here?”

Gasp from the severe throbbing his cheek was emitting, Izuku tried to take a breath before trying to talk, but his slow response only angered the boy above him who got off of him and carried him from his clothes, to only smash him to the nearest wall to them. Izuku’s head slammed against the wall, his shoulder sounding off a crack before the poor boy shrieked as he fell to the floor. He was unable to stop the sobs wrecking him, the pain pulsating through his body was surrounding his brain that for a second he forgot about the demon that stood in front of him relishing as Izuku contorted in pain.

– friend… Gasp.

“What?” Katsuki spat.

“A… friend’s … house.” It hurt to breathe, it hurt to even speak, but he had to give Kacchan something to make him stop and think about this, to not go further.

Katsuki’s eyes widened, confused, “A friend? You have no friends Deku. Why are you lying to me?”

If there was anything worse than a really pissed off Katsuki, was a really calm Katsuki. Izuku could count the moments on his fingers that resulted in total silence radiating off of the blond, and those times were the ones he would truly be sent to a hospital. Angry Kacchan meant a few punches here, a few kicks there, hurtful words being spewed out, but it was all thrown around in a mess. Calm Kacchan? Calm Kacchan meant that he was in total control of every word and action he did, calm Kacchan meant that Izuku won’t just feel pain of the normal sorts that would result from rough handling. Izuku was going to feel true pain.

“No! No I’m not lying!” Izuku cried out, “Please Kacchan please don’t do this.”

Katsuki moved slowly, like a predator eyeing his prey, and crouched down to stare down at the pitiful state Izuku was in. Eyes rimmed red, face painted with tears. The blond grabbed his green hair and pulled harshly earning a scream from Izuku, the latter tried to pull the hand away but one shoulder cried in agony, while the other was incomparable to the strength Katsuki had. The blond got up, pulling Izuku’s body along by the hair, ignoring the shrieks of pain from the boy beneath him and the failed attempts of trying to get out of his grip. He easily dragged the small boy and threw him against another wall; this time making sure Izuku slammed his back against it directly.

Izuku felt the air leave him, his body no longer able to function except focusing on the immense pain that was going through him, his heart hammering in his chest so loudly he wondered if at some point it would just stop working. Kacchan had again crouched before him, clapping down on his ankles and pulling him till he was under the blonde’s body, his back burning from the shirt
riding up causing the rough carpet to rub against his skin. The tears weren’t stopping, Izuku crying out for help and saying incomprehensible words at the blond, trying in some way to evoke some sort of emotion – even if it was pity – anything, to make him stop.

But Katsuki wasn’t going to stop there. He pulled Izuku’s face up to him as he glared at the filthy mess. “I know why you’re here. You’re on booty call aren’t you?”

Izuku’s green eyes widened and he aggressively shook his head in denial attempting to reply, but was slapped by the blond.

“Don’t even fucking speak. Yes you are. You’re here to get fucked, like the fucking whore you are. No wonder you’re acting so strange. Thinking a dick up your fucking ass makes you worth enough to talk to me in my own home?” Katsuki laughed and punched Izuku again, the curly haired boy looking back up at him with a bleeding lip, “You are.”

Izuku was always afraid of Katsuki, especially when he would beat him. But over the years he’d grown to recognize the different faces and looks the blond would give him to allow Izuku to gauge the degree of damage he’d come out with. He knew when Katsuki wanted to throw him around for fun, when he just wanted to curse at him, when he wanted to punch and kick, and when he wanted to go beyond their normal limits. All of Kacchan’s faces were memorized and kept close at bay for Izuku to analyze how far he’d go and the extent of injuries he’d have to self-heal sometimes. But the look Kacchan is giving him right now, as he sat on top of his chest, a hand on his throat, the other ready to punch him again, eyes wide with fury and some sort of emotion Izuku wasn’t able to name; Izuku, for the first time in his life, was afraid he wasn’t going to come out of this. At least, not breathing.

Izuku was tied down to the floor, naked except for his underwear, body heavily battered and bruised, cuts sprayed upon him as if he were an animal. It is what he was, to Katsuki, someone who’d let himself be fucked by anyone, shouldn’t be considered anything but an animal.

The boy never stopped crying, even as his mouth was tapped, begging the blond to stop in unintelligible chatter with cries racking his body. Katsuki didn’t care, that much was evident in Izuku’s mind, but the fear controlling him didn’t let him do anything but try to plead to be let go. Katsuki straddled his chest again, stopping him from breathing as he put the knife closer to where his upper ribcages showed from how thin the boy under him has become.

“You like doing this to yourself though; I don’t understand why you’re resisting me?” Bakugou’s tone was calm and collected, “Your hands are littered with scars. You should be thanking me.” He added emphasis on the word by slowly pushing the knife against the pale skin till he drew blood, his other hand holding down the flailing boy as he screamed in pain and tried to get away from him. Bakugou bit his tongue in response, and moved the knife on to draw out the blood from a point to a line making sure he didn’t go too deep. “There, another one. You must be getting off at this ha Deku?”

Bakugou laughed and got up, watching Izuku attempt to bend himself to a fetal position only to cry out at the multiple cuts that had begun to bleed again from the movement. It was a sight to behold to the blond; that pale white skin painted with so many colors. It was absolutely beautiful.

“Say, will you now tell me the truth of how many men you let fuck you?”

Izuku wailed and slammed his own head back to the floor, crying harder as he tried to explain to Bakugou there was no such thing. He had no idea how much time had passed, if Youta was on his
way back or not, he wished upon heavens that he didn’t throw away his phone earlier, that he answered his mother or at least told Youta where he was. No one knew where he was.

“Don’t fucking lie to me!” Katsuki yelled and kicked Izuku’s stomach, “Don’t you lie to me! How you fucking could let people touch you, I won’t fucking understand! How dare you!”

If Izuku had a chance to listen to Katsuki’s words more intently, perhaps he would’ve been able to understand the double meaning behind them, but lying as broken and abused as he was, he wasn’t even thankful to be able to breathe at this point.

Katsuki’s face had turned from anger, to one of determination, before he flipped Izuku from laying on his back to his front, moving him so that he was leaning on his legs, face smack against the ground. It had taken a second for Izuku to understand what was happening, with Katsuki’s hand moving to pull his underwear down his legs, he shouted in defiance, screaming a muffled no and attempted to move away, but a cascading palm held him down, the burn on his skin from the blonde’s quirk resulting him powerless to move again from the pain.

“You want to be a whore? Then be my whore.” Was all that the blond said as he pushed Izuku’s legs apart and he moved his body in between them.

Izuku yelled, cried, screamed, tried to run, to move, to do anything but his body was too weak to listen to him, his heart already overworked beyond measures as he begged to be left alone, to make it stop, saliva running out of his mouth in such amount that the tape on his lips started peeling off, resulting in his shrieks to come out louder, voice so hoarse and throat so dry Izuku could easily imagine he can die off from that alone. But nothing, nothing, could stop Bakugou, whose eyes seemed to be taken over by some entity, his own mind foregone from his actions against the boy beneath him, as he shoved two fingers in Izuku’s mouth before taking them out and mercilessly shoving both through his other end. Izuku choked on his saliva and shrieked as he yelled at the blond to take it out! And it hurts please no!

His cries fell to deaf ears, Bakugou continuing his assault while spewing more hurtful statements at Izuku, it had been only a few minutes and Izuku was alarmed to the sound of a belt buckle falling and a shuffle behind him. He tried to turn his head to look at Kacchan, to somehow beg him again to stop, but was met with his previous friend’s punch. Dazed, confused, and in more pain than he had ever felt in his life, Izuku gasped against the floor as his lower body was raised up.

“Please,” Was all that could come out of him before he was cut short by Katsuki shoving his full length down Izuku’s ass, effectively silencing the boy from the sharp horrifying vicious pain. He was being cut open, that’s what it was, he couldn’t inhale, he couldn’t move, his hands tied up and fingers frozen shut, nails digging in his own skin with blood trickling down from the force of it. His back and his ass were breaking, he couldn’t even get a chance to adjust before Katsuki began thrusting in him in a grueling pace, agony so bad Izuku couldn’t yell out the no that’s been running through his head.

He was wet down there, blood and semen mixing together in color. The stench of what was done filling the whole room, Katsuki had gotten up and gotten dressed, not a word out of him after he had cum inside Izuku for the third time. It was so quiet other than his heartbeat, Izuku doesn’t remember when his hands were untied, or when was he shifted from the floor to a bed, or the fact that he was lying on his back on the mattress. When did that happen? He didn’t know, he didn’t care.
Izuku was raped.

Katsuki raped him.

His eyes darted to the boy standing a few feet away, the blond wasn’t looking at him, he wasn’t looking at anything, his hands had covered his face and he was making some sort of noise? Izuku couldn’t hear properly, but whatever Katsuki was doing – it was the first time Izuku had seen it. Then, out of nowhere, he looked at the green haired boy, so still on the bed, naked as the day he was born, and with a gasp Katsuki had moved so fast to stand in front of Izuku’s face. The blonde’s hand reached out and Izuku shut his eye and recoiled, waiting for the pain, but it never came. Instead, it was the weirdest sensation he’d gotten from Kacchan.

Kacchan had gently placed his hand on Izuku’s hair, and began to pat it. Izuku was confused, his mind hazy and out of it, but none the less confused. Katsuki continued patting him, hand extending down to Izuku’s face, a thumb removing tears. He was still crying? Midoriya thought, he didn’t feel the tears falling anymore, but the repeated gesture done by the blond was enough conformation. Katsuki looked as though he was saying something, but Izuku was really too out of it to hear properly, he didn’t know why he couldn’t understand the other boy’s words but he didn’t have any energy to care. The gentle hands shifted, moving away along with the body that seemed to generate the only source of heat. Izuku realized he was really cold.

After some time they returned, green eyes following the movement when he heard the sound of the water being opened, the same hands that had destroyed him now gently picking him up off the bed. He didn’t miss the pained expression on Bakugou’s face when Izuku felt his body go limp with the action, Izuku doesn’t know if he can move or not, he tried, but he couldn’t raise his head to check, so his body was lolled against the warm one and carried to the bathroom. The sound of the water running filled the hollow boy’s mind for a while, his own eyes hazing out of consciousness as he felt the warmth cascade all around him, his body finally reacting in shivers to a stimulus. It felt nice, sweet aroma filling the air, and he closed his eyes for a while.

“Izuku,” A whisper beckoned him awake, “Stay awake.”

The young boy didn’t recognize the tone of the voice to the only person with him, confusion sweeping his green eyes when he realized that Katsuki was washing him, cradling him around as if he were made of glass.

Izuku thought he probably was made of glass. Now that every form of protection, everything in him had died, this glass casing was all that’s left of him. He briefly wondered why Katsuki didn’t break him. He supposed there was no point in further destroying him, there was no pleasure in breaking something so shallow and empty, anything could result it in shattering. Katsuki was probably too bored to bother with him anymore and Izuku mentally sighed with relief, at that he was too damaged for the blond to ever partake anything to do with him anymore. He almost smiled at that knowledge, but a certain movement by Katsuki as he attempted to wash his body caused Izuku to heave, and then wretch on the side of the bath.

Katsuki silently watched, a hand on Izuku’s back, rubbing his eyes off the trace of emotion before Izuku could see it as the younger boy pulled himself back up. The blond gulped and continued washing Izuku’s body, slowly moving to clean his face without directly making any contact with him, and Izuku really almost laughed because it looked like Kacchan was scared of him, and not the other way around. What?

He must’ve slept again, because his eyes opened only when he was placed on the bed, at some point the red stained sheets removed and replaced with a new one. He was wrapped up like a baby in a large blanket, Kacchan sitting in front him helping him stay upright as he dried his hair and his
whole body. Izuku would’ve flushed when Kacchan dried his private parts, but he’d come to realize he couldn’t. Izuku tried to think of any happy situation – as low and little they are – but no emotion came forward out of him, he then tried to think of the sad ones, as plenty as they were, but there wasn’t that familiar washing of despair he’d feel before. There was nothing.

Bakugou had opened his bag and taken out the fresh clothes Izuku placed to wear for the graduation ceremony – Graduation, Izuku remembered, he was to graduate today. He wondered what the time was. But his eyes couldn’t focus enough to read it. Did he miss his graduation? With those thoughts in mind Bakugou began dressing him slowly, touching him so lightly and carefully Izuku never thought it would come out of him. It was so weird, watching this Katsuki move around him with such caution and dare he say – care? When Katsuki began to button up his shirt, Izuku began to move his arm towards them, the longer Katsuki touched him as the time went by, the longer the only sensation he’d felt was that Izuku was filthy. His hands however, couldn’t stop shaking, couldn’t even come close to where the buttons were before falling from fatigue.

“Don’t, it’s okay, I got you.” Izuku actually felt his face frown at the soft tone Katsuki talked to him with, silence being the only response he got made the blond look up. The red eyes were swollen, the color echoing in rims around his eyelids, nose a little lighter with sniffing – was Katsuki crying? The blond however, couldn’t keep his gaze on Izuku’s, and went back to focus on the task at hand.

Slowly but surely, Izuku began to think clearly again, his body’s pain coming back to him one by one, the memory of each injured place slicing through his mind with the inability to move his body to respond to them. He must be in shock, Midoriya concluded, too far great that his mind and body had disassociated from each other somehow thinking it would decrease the load on him to probably not die.

Death.

That’s right, his eyes widened slightly, there is another way out of this.

“I…” Katsuki whispered, “I’ve called a cab, its downstairs. Think you can stand?” Izuku must really be out of it if he didn’t remember seeing the blond call anyone, so he just blinked at the blond. He was gaining some sort of… response towards the boy before him, Izuku couldn’t place it into emotions, but some part of his mind that’s controlling him at the moment keeping the fight, disgust, and hatred towards Bakugou at bay. Why, Izuku didn’t know. “Of course you can’t, here, I’ll help.” Bakugou muttered.

The strong hands picked him up easily, a chilling reminder of how strong they are, and Izuku flinched. Bakugou took in the reaction and merely pursed his lips, moving one arm of the younger boy around his shoulder, Katsuki’s own arm wrapping around the frail waist next to him, slowly encouraging Izuku to move his legs on his own. By the time they had reached the taxi, Izuku could somewhat move, sluggishly, around with support from the blond. When they were both seated and their school’s address was given, the quiet but bumpy ride did anything but calm the green eyed boy as he looked out the window. His eyes were able to glance to the driver’s radio and see that its 3:15, forty-five minutes till the start of their graduation. Moving from Youta’s apartment by walking would take Izuku about an hour to reach the school, but observing the lack of traffic and what seems to be more familiar housing’s around them, Izuku was able to guess they’d be there ten minutes before it starts.

Something must be wrong with him, if he had no memory of getting out of the cab with Katsuki and walking all the way into the school to where his seat was on the podium where all his grade were seated. No one was here yet, Izuku was able to comprehend that, and Katsuki himself wasn’t
there. He didn’t know where he’d run off to, but Izuku took this as a chance to get up and move from here. He cried out in pain at moving, more often gasping for air than actually moving, but he was able to get off the stage – falling down the stairway but he won’t dwell on that – he just had to get out of here.

None of this mattered anymore to him, life didn’t matter anymore. Izuku could feel the tears wanting to fall down his face, but what was scaring him was how he couldn’t feel anymore, and if he were honest with himself, part of his wandering around wasn’t to just get away from Katsuki, because the more the name popped off in his mind the more Izuku realized his body would be frozen shut from moving. He was hoping to run into Youta, because Youta knew. He was the only one who knew how awful Katsuki was, was the only person who would believe Izuku if he told him what happened.

Oh, Izuku thought, that’s right… I can tell them what happened. Even if they at first didn’t believe him, he knew if any investigation was made, and if his own body was checked, they’d find all the evidence they need that he was abused and raped. And Youta, he would also be a witness of the days Izuku returned battered and blue’ he would testify on Izuku’s behalf, he’d be there and protect him.

He wasn’t there now.

Shut up, shut up, shut up.

Does he really even care about you?

Shut the hell up.

There is no one who would protect you.

Shut the fuck up.

Who would protect filth like him? The more the time went by, the more conscious Izuku had become towards where he was touched, violated, defiled. He wasn’t something that should be around anymore.

He was a whore, a filthy mongrel. He wanted to put the blame on Katsuki but, the blond never treated anyone else like that, so why is Izuku the only one? The only answer was that, Izuku was the problem. He’s the nightmare, the demon, the filth of the earth, the one that was causing disharmony to the world. He was already Quirkless, his being itself rejected by the world he lives in, why had he tried so hard to fit in it to begin with?

Why did he even want to be a hero to begin with? On what stupid basis, did he ever believe, that something as cancerous as himself would ever be able to be anything?

Izuku found himself on the fourth floor in a class whose window was facing the stage he was sitting in, now almost filled with his fellow classmates chattering excitedly with so much hope and emotion in their faces, Izuku made a noise of disgust. His eyes looked towards the families sitting in direct line for the stage, his mother’s seat position previously known to him so it was easy of him to see her green hair reflecting the sunlight, her face was moving around, eyes darting in every direction to search for him, that was for sure. But it wasn’t enough for Izuku, so he looked again, to the familiar face of Youta he’d grown to wholeheartedly trust, the Youta who hated Bakugou entirely and knew every ounce of evil in him, the Youta who knew the reason why Izuku couldn’t hurt Kacchan, the Youta who accepted Izuku for who he was completely. He was his salvation, the one good thing in his life. Youta was his silver lining. Youta was –
Izuku gasped, leaning against the window for support from the shock of the sight his eyes had fallen on, his empty soul seemed to have had a backdoor that had been ripped open with force that left Izuku jagged and scarred more so than he ever thought he’d have to go through. Why? Because there was his Youta, his Youta, staring down so happily, laughing and smiling the same smile he would only give Izuku, his hands wrapping themselves around another boy with ashen blond hair and red eyes, the boy of Izuku’s personalized nightmare.

Down they were, the two of them, laughing with each other, talking so animatedly one would think they were life-long friends. There was Youta engulfing Katsuki in a hug, and the blond reciprocating the action, before the two turned to move to the stage. By that point Izuku had slid against the window to fall to the ground, whatever had kept all his emotions down is now gone, and the full force of them attacked the green haired boy mercilessly.

He felt emotionally raped.

How much more of his life was Katsuki going to take from him? How much more is he supposed to suffer? When will Izuku finally get a chance to be told he had taken enough of this, and deserved to rest? Why was he, repeatedly, being the one hurt? Didn’t Youta promise him that he wouldn’t fall for Katsuki’s charm? What had the blond done now to take Youta from him? Izuku’s life was truly that insignificant that even the one he had trusted, never bothered for him anyways.

There is no point to life anymore.

It was an invading thought, one filled with warmth and relief that Izuku, now a crying miserable mess on the floor, as he always had been, had held on to with a vice grip.

Is there no point?

Yes.

A sound bringing him to his senses got him to understand it was coming out of him, some sort of broken wretched cry of a forgotten soul that was deemed to useless to continue being cared about. He had asked the silence so many times, why was he the one to go through it all. He had begged some sort of entity, begged God, begged anything that would listen, for a chance to change his life. Nothing ever did.

Why must you suffer even more, let go, and be free.

Free? What was freedom even like? What freedom is he actually after? Was there something beyond this life that would treat him better than this?

Izuku didn’t know.

Izuku didn’t know a lot of things, but he can no longer bring it upon himself to face another day. He doesn’t want another sunrise – another Katsuki. He doesn’t want to smile anymore, to laugh, to change, to become anything.

He doesn’t want to be a hero anymore.

He doesn’t want Katsuki to love him back.

He doesn’t want his mother to regret ever having him anymore.

Izuku Midoriya doesn’t want to live anymore.
Izuku Midoriya had shuffled himself up, hands shaking as he opened the window with as much energy his frail body could muster. The cool breeze was welcomed by the young boy, helping calm him down a little, but not enough to stop him. He grudgingly used one hand to stand on the edge of the window, the other shaking to stabilize him as he leaned out, body half out, half in as he took in the fading sun in the horizon.

He didn’t shudder when he heard his name being called out.

“Dek – Izuku…” The said boy turned to see Katsuki by the door, both hands outstretched before him as if he were watching out from an unstable animal as he continued to talk to Midoriya, “Get down from there please.”

“Why.” Izuku surprised himself with the completely different voice coming out of him, a broken whisper of a lost boy he’d never be able to go back to and it seemed as though the same thing dawned upon the red eyed boy as his eyes filled with tears.

“Please,” The blond whispered, a step closer now, “Come down, and we’ll talk it out.”

“Talk what out, Katsuki? That you have ruined my life? That you ruined me? That you broke, cut, beaten… raped me?” Izuku didn’t have to put anything behind his words to see the way each of them cut his tormentor. Izuku liked seeing that.

“I… I can’t begin to tell you how sorry I am… Please, just come down, and we’ll fix this.” Katsuki begged, “I… I even got A-All Might.”

Izuku’s eyes flared opened, surprised at not noticing the large man right behind Katsuki who opted to stay quiet. He wondered if All Might would at least react to seeing him, from that horrible encounter they both had, but no emotion of recognition sparked within the man. Izuku wanted to laugh from how pathetic this was. All Might didn’t even remember him.

“What do you think that’ll do?”

“Oh?” Bakugou was terrified, “What do you mean? It’s All Might; it’s our – your hero?”

Izuku blinked at them, leaning further out the window, “I have no hero.”

“My boy… come down now, and we’ll get you the help you need.” All Might’s voice was so soft, so sweet, a stark contrast to the man who had shut him down.

There was only a certain amount of despair, pain, trauma, whatever it is one would call that would bring someone to a breaking point, hence why it’s called the *breaking* point, and seeing his tormentor moving so slowly forward to him, with who used to be his world right behind him, and thinking back to everything that’s happened to him, had shifted something inside of Izuku that cracked. This was it, this was the breaking point.

Someone, down there, must have noticed him, because a cry was made out and suddenly there were many people surrounded the building. Izuku could see his own mother crying out for him, fear rooting her in place to what her baby boy was doing.

Izuku didn’t give a shit at this point.

He turned to Katsuki once more, now closer than before while All Might stood at the end of the hallway, body unmoving from the moment he’d noticed him.

Go figures, not even All Might would save him.
Izuku barked a shattered laugh, and let go.

Katsuki screamed and jumped to him, his hand making a grasp for Izuku’s frail one and holding him tight as the screams under them only grew now that Izuku was truly being supported by Katsuki’s hand only.

“Hold my hand Izuku!” Katsuki yelled, his other arm preoccupied on making sure the two of them not falling to their deaths, “Hold my hand!”

“NO!” Izuku roared, with the blond being shocked into silence. It was the first time in years their eyes had been in contact, the first time they both had stopped to stare and actually look into one another’s eyes.

You can let go, I will catch you, and deliver you to where you truly belong.

Izuku raised his hand to where Katsuki was holding the other, hope flaring on the blonde’s eyes as the sweat trickled down his face. For some reason, Izuku’s body had grown heavier than he could carry him up alone, and with the condition All Might’s in back there, he knew he was on his own by now and he had to keep holding on. If Izuku would use that other hand to haul himself up, Katsuki could take care of the rest.

But that wasn’t what Izuku had in mind. His raised arm only caught Bakugou’s hand, and slowly began to untangle the grip the blond had on him.

“What are you doing you moron! You’ll die!” Katsuki yelled, “What about your mom! Stop! Izuku! NO!”

He was slipping, each movement bringing closer to the ground underneath him, but Izuku wasn’t scared. The confidence of the voice inside of him had filled him with calm, serene, something of the likes he’s never experienced in his life. For the first time, Izuku felt as if he was finally doing the right thing in his life, getting rid of himself would bring so many people to happiness, his own mother, and fate would be pleased in him, he would make fate so happy that it might restore the unjust balance it had brought on this world.

Izuku began tearing though, unknown to him, except that the thought of not seeing the old Kacchan, the one of when they were kids, protective, loving, kind Kacchan, not even being able to remember that, it had sent a twinge in Izuku’s heart, and with a final look at the Kacchan staring down at him, barely able to keep Izuku from slipping slowly. Green eyes sadly watched red ones he surely but finally, felt Katsuki’s grip loosen and only for a second, a slight small second in the vast world where time flows without a stop – it did, and the boy yelling out his name, hand outstretched towards a distance he’ll never catch up to, he transformed to a smaller version, a more sweeter one, one where Izuku’s heart had forever sealed till the day he’d die, of the young boy the green eyed had fallen in love with that Izuku finally whispered something.

“Goodbye Kacchan, I loved you.”

Chapter End Notes

hello... friends

first of all, i hope none of you ever feel like this in your life, if you ever need a listen
im here

there are many points again, left to be explained for the future purposes

your comments give me life, so please let me know what you think

i tried writing this chapter in the unorganized way one would have their thoughts be, jumbled up and everywhere

i break for my baby boy Deku

im sorry i made katsuki this way, i hope as the story progresses you will learn everything

please make sure you're okay after reading this because writing it has made me.. so upset, but it needed to be done

i will probably take this week off, and will post the next chapter by saturday / sunday

i love you all, please know that all this is fiction but if you ever need a listen, im here

please let me know your thoughts, i love them

there are many points written here that, will come back later on, so i hope you read things intently, i tend to leave little snippets here and there for you guys to try to see what's in on my mind

as for the rape scene................not much was written, bc its important for a later chapter

the reason why you don't see much of Izuku's emotion is due to the complete shock of what he went through but worry not ill bring more angst for you

this is a turning point in the story, love you all

be the best you can be~
Who Am I

Chapter Notes

Hello!! Soooo i hope you like this chapter, sorry for the mini break i took, last chapter hurt me beyond words ahhhh

hope u like the angst pls forgive me

bottom notes!! IMPORTANT!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Present

Who Am I

If your hands could reach someone, who would they try so hard to hold on to?

If you were able to decide on whether to save a life or let it die, which would you choose?

Can one morally allow their self to play God and decide who was more important than the other?

Is there a decision that you would be forced to make, without having the world persecute you?

Unlikely.

Katsuki Bakugou was standing with a grim look to his face, trying to look at everything and nothing at the same time. Eyesight blinded by the flashing of lights as the hordes of reporters gathered around, a collection of noises and estranged sounds, like a group of animals. That wasn’t the worst of it, because even as they gathered around surrounding him with accusatory statements, shouts, colorful words, claiming he had single handedly murdered people for leaving the scene with his friend, selfishly without a care to whatever life would be around him. Even as they began painting a picture of someone that they thought was who he was, he was aware those statements echoed off thoughts people he personally knew were now making of him.

People do love to grip their hands at any form of told truth, not bothering to care if it were the reality or not, don’t they?

A hand snaked to his shoulder and firmly patted him to place; the overbearing scent of perfume
was enough to let the blond know who was now behind him as he pulled through the ever growing crowd, police surrounding them to – how funny, *keep him safe*. It should be cooler, but the sun was beating on his back stronger than ever, sweat trickling down his temple as his throat struggled to swallow, Bakugou was thirsty. He stifled a sigh of annoyance when he was harshly bumped through, his old self would have already combusted and yelled out at everyone around him, but his self – whatever mixture of demons and sad sense of morality that was left – just held on. He knew the minute a word, a response, be it a *look* that would come out of him now in the wrong way meant he would be kissing his pro-hero future goodbye.

Another footstep in – God, was it *that* fucking far to reach the door? Katsuki dared a glance to his right, a gasp holding on itself at noticing the amount of civilians gathering up behind the reporters. Did they all really want to see him go down? Not just his friends, had he lost the people who had faith in him as a hero as well? Pressed lips and forgone red eyes turned to stare at the entrance to what could be the end of Ground Zero – forever.

Hospitals smelt of antiseptic and death, libraries that of books and cobwebs, the Grand Department of Hero Justice where most court’s happen, where bad guys enter and never leave, where Heroes of severe misconduct were severely punished was what Bakugou was welcomed to see with his own eyes at the early hour, two days after the video had been posted up online and seen nationwide on news outlets. You’d think people would have other things to be interested in, but Ground Zero’s actions have been decided upon to be the greatest news of the century. Funnily enough, the strongest scent that reached him wasn’t a tangible object, it wasn’t a *thing* you’d have a name for, just a collection of memories that described one single emotion, each different for every person, but the result would be all the same.

Bakugou had trashed his bedroom straight to ashes, nothing left of it besides a few things that wouldn’t be counted for much, his anger had taken it upon itself to have an outlet for the build up inside of him, and so with the news from Aizawa that the blond had to be taken to court to investigate, things… became hazy.

Katsuki truly had no idea what had happened in the few minutes from talking on the phone to finding himself on the floor of his room, destruction laying all around him. He’d have hoped to be able to respond to Kirishima’s questions or at least form a reply to him, but all he gave was stillness that continued on to this moment.

To say he wasn’t bat shit terrified was an understatement. Katsuki had a good head when it came to situations where the thin line of villainy and heroism lay, and he wasn’t certain just where the judge and jury would place him today. If one would think about it, his actions weren’t *this* horrible to clasp him down this ruthlessly, strip him of his Hero License temporarily till they are redeemed. It was the collection of mistakes he’d done over the years, not awful, but adding on his wild nature that would unfold at most times, Katsuki Bakugou began to appear unstable in the eyes of some heroes to which his latest engagements seemed to raise a red alarm and the demand has risen till some form of court to be made in order to see if he truly can be a hero.

Fear is one thing on the blonde’s mind, finally having reached the building, silence a welcomed change to his ears now that the doors behind them have been shut and he was alone with All Might, Aizawa and a few others he didn’t have it in him to remember their names. The other side of his brain was now calculating exactly what kind of odds he had facing him, with the added personal strains he placed on people around him, along with the many misconduct situations he’d found himself in the past, Bakugou was trying to understand exactly what had happened to place him in such circumstances – why would *he* be placed in such a situation.

He felt suffocated, the tie high up against him, the jacket strained against the muscles he’d
grown since the last he’d worn it. His legs shuffled him forwards in spite of the fight he’d face within himself to take one step closer to the doomed hall, repeated checks for weapons were the only times he’d let his composure fall as they would touch him all around, the grimace so evident on his face Katsuki wondered how they never felt the murderous intent coming out of him towards them. He cracked his knuckles as they went past the last checkpoint, the increasing amount of people headed in their direction was all the proof he needed to know that the door a few feet to his left was the one he’d be escorted into.

He wanted to cry out that there was no justice in this, that the accusations against him were nothing but the villain’s attempt to scorch him down, perhaps for eavesdropping on his murder, or the relentless approach they’d been doing against him. Whatever agenda that monster had planned, Bakugou was sure they were walking right up to it. But who would hear him out now? Aizawa had a pretty good idea of the kind of relationship Bakugou has with the rest of his students, All Might… All Might had enough on his plate than Katsuki running to him crying he’s alone. To the ones who still converse with him, they weren’t there to bid him farewell this morning, he awoke to most of the class asleep or the rest just not there.

His lower lip trembled at the full truth that he was by his own through this, aside from his mother’s worried calls and her attempt to meet him here, no one else bothered to see him. He gave them a break for it though, he knew he deserved much from the way he’s been acting, the refusal to allow any of them to know much about him beyond the everyday interaction he had with most. He did apologize for his words on the day they met at the hospital, he did attempt to somewhat rekindle the affection that was there, but to most, he was fighting a losing battle.

It’s remarkable how fast things have spun right smack against his face, it’s funny how one minute you’d see yourself in a place where you think your life should be headed into only to realize it’s been the route to a completely different place. That’s what Katsuki more or less felt, that life had finally pulled the rug from underneath his feet and stood aside to watch him fall with no safety net, not ability to bring himself back up, and no one to be there to hold him in place.

How many times did he need to understand his actions cause nothing but harm? How many days must go on until he picked up on the message that at some point he’s going to need people around, people to understand, people to know the truth. But it was so easy to forget, to let life drag him through the mud silently and not keep in mind that the change he’d promised to make the day before had gone to dust. It wasn’t something in his control, whether the blond came to accept that fact or not, but he’s the type to be swept away by the actions of the day and then find himself right back in the spot he swore he’d never be in again.

Was he a helpless case? Was there no possible route for him to break through and change the never ending cycle of repeated heartbreaks? Will he ever be happy? Will he ever smile with his whole heart?

Will he ever stop complaining, Jesus Christ?

The blond clamped his hands with frustration at the frenzy of thoughts going through him, so many emotions running wild that overtook him for a minute he had to stop walking from the vast invisible weight growing on his chest. His fingers rubbed harshly against one another, face contorted to one of pain, heart set so hefty air wasn’t properly reaching him and the blond felt like exploding. He wanted to disappear, to leave this place, leave everyone, he didn’t want to go through with this, to be prodded and judged and picked on with claims he was a villain in his own way. That he let people die, die. Katsuki had only killed more people the longer he was alive.

Why did he even want to be a hero anymore? What gave him the right to pursue a future that he
had physically taken from another? Why is he even trying to save lives any longer, when he took one to be here?

Katsuki killed a life.

Katsuki murdered someone.

He was the cause of the disappearance of glistening emerald eyes from this world.

He still had the audacity to continue on living, with whatever suffering he seemed fit to be brought on him and claim it’s for the best. Who the fuck did he think he is? On what basis is he even allowed to be walking out so free and mighty of himself, even thinking he had the right to live by people so peacefully?

Bakugou crouched on the ground, hands on is face as he gasped for the air that seemed to run through him leaving him breathless, hopeless, a waste of space, unwanted existence. And a sob broke through, finally, a sound from him since all of this began, has it only been two days? It feels like a lifetime, and there’s just too much, too much happening he no longer knew what was right, what was wrong, should he live, should he die, what was the point of life anyways?

What is he supposed to do?

Aizawa was quick to react, asking for a moment alone with a look that didn’t allow anyone to bite back, All Might already holding the blond in his arms without any care if the latter was embarrassed or not, and took him to a room on the side, Aizawa closing it after them. And there they sat, the three of them, the blond was clearly so entangled in the webs of his thoughts he hadn’t a clue where they exactly where, but who is to blame him from wanting to be anywhere but here?

“Bakugou my boy,” All Might cleared his throat, “Take a deep breath.”

Aizawa rubbed his temple as they awaited a response, but when only the rapid struggle the boy began to make to fulfill the simple action became worse, did he went to hold Katsuki’s face in his hand demanding his attention. Katsuki’s eyes were rimmed red from tears that silently fell down his face, misery painting his face into a distorted mess and the soft wheezes out of him only increasing as the seconds went on.

“Take deep breaths Bakugou.” Strong command with care laced around the words.

Take deep breaths. Calm down. Do this. Do that. Always, always commands to him because there’s nothing that Katsuki can do alone without screwing up and having someone to clean his mess. He opened his eyes and saw Aizawa and All Might both fussing over him, but an added presence that was there only to him made him freeze.

Izuku was standing right behind Aizawa; a straight face staring right back at him, Katsuki knew it was another illusion, another trick from his mind at playing games with him, as if the outside world wasn’t already aimed on ruining him his own body had to give him more things to go with. He didn’t move from that’s spot, at the end of the room, back almost leaning against the closed door. Usually, he’d be dressed in their old school uniform, but now he was wearing that white shirt and jeans from the last day he’d seen him and that just flushed out any emotion inside of the blond overfilling it with guilt.

What will guilt do anything to anyone?

What will his despair, pain, even death… do anything for anyone?
There’s nothing that he can actually do, that will bring him back. There’s not a single word that he can say, that would fix what he’s said. Once things are spoken out, they can never really be removed. So really, what was he doing? He looked into the apparition’s eyes, what were once jade sparkling with life, now but a mere echo of the blonde’s mind, searching for an answer that he knew he wouldn’t find.

“I know it’s hard, I know you’re going through more than what you show, but this is not the time to do this.”

“I’m not willingly doing this!” The blond seethed, “I can’t pick when I can be sad, fucking happy, or a perfect little boy for you to fucking coach around! I’m not…” He gasped out, “I’m not okay! I have never been okay, and this fucking bullshit is just his game! We’re all wasting time here when he could be plotting more horrible things to do!”

“We all know that, we know this is something he wants to play, but at the same time we have to put the unease the people are feeling to rest.” Aizawa sighed.

“So you’re fucking using me as a sheep?” Bakugou shoved the hands on him away, “You keep saying you understand and you know, but you don’t know fucking shit. I am trying to tell you, I am not okay.”

“We are not downplaying your emotions, or trying to make you feel like they’re not validated. But there are certain things that society claims upon us, especially when we’re so invested in it. We are not saying to shut what you’re feeling down, or repress it, but that for this moment, for you to be able to make a way through this and get over this hurdle you must be above what you feel.” All Might bent down, his hand wrapping around Katsuki’s head as he supported it on his shoulder.

“What way am I making? Who am I to ask for a chance? What is all this for?” His voice muffled, but the agony was so raw that Aizawa had to purse his lips and look away. All Might was glad Katsuki couldn’t see that, nor how hard his face had fallen at the sound of his student being torn apart right before him, yet he was unable to pick any pieces up.

Because no matter how many times you say it, how many words you attempt to use to close the cracks and breaks, to stitch up the tears through the young boy before them, they can never manage to keep up the entirety of him whole. There’s only a certain amount of verses one can say before their effort becomes fruitless in the attempt of healing someone, from the minute he had seen and heard what happened, All Might knew he was racing against a time bomb that would evidently explode one day with no chance of easing its effects. And so he’d tried, along with the dark haired man currently fighting sleep as well as the urge to destroy this whole building for making Bakugou struggle more than is ever required of him, to somehow ease the path of this lost soul, if not to forgiveness, but to a purpose that would be greater to him than what his past had made of him.

He was no saint; that they knew. His actions and their result were a dark mark on him that would never be truly erased, a history of self-doubt and persecution they were willing to have him to live by along with their aid because if this isn’t the life he goes through; he’d be worse off. All the pain, the brawl, the days where Bakugou felt anguish clouding his every judgment, were meant to make him stronger, to believe that his life meant for more than just the boy he was. It’s not to say they didn’t believe he could do it – still do it now – it’s that they hadn’t realized just how fragile Katsuki in reality is, with his façade and ability to put himself beyond circumstances that made him shine and become the first in their school, they became blinded and believed he’d become better. And he did, if only for a little, but he did.

Maybe they were too naïve, trusted too easily, had wanted him to become who they could see in
him so badly they had misjudged just how far what had happened changed him. So in part, this was their fault, for not caring more, for not stressing about it more, for failing to realize how much Katsuki had faded right before their eyes and that when they did, he was too far gone.

“You are who you choose to be, you can let yourself be engulfed by your past, or you can shape yourself to become a better person. The beauty about life is its never ending possibility of change, there’s no point in life where one can say they cannot be changed – they can. Trying is the key to success, and so we need you to try your best if only for now, till we let the world know that you are a hero who saved lives. Not just Uraraka, you saved lives. You are Ground Zero, the top hero in UA; you are Katsuki Bakugou, a good man at heart who wants to help others. Everyone has their dark past, and they learn to live with it, which is what you must do.”

Bakugou waited a minute before responding, listening to almost the same words he’d been told since he entered UA and he had it in him to start hating them, hating all of them for not being able to bring something new, but that’s just it. He’s only repeating the same problem all over again, he’s only complaining, arguing, making a scene, making a mess, making everyone’s lives around him a little harder than necessary, so the anger shouldn’t be directed at them. They have been trying all these years to make him grow and wake up out of… of whatever he’s in. The bigger issue is that Katsuki knows this, he knows all the effort people had placed in him to be better, the emotions and care and the love they had for him to be the person they see in him, so why can’t he get better?

Is this fate’s attempt at telling him he can never be what they want him to be? Or is it the harsh truth he’ll never be anything but that boy staring down at the love of his life, abused, hurt, raped by him? Is he the past Katsuki? Is he the future Katsuki? Is he the damaged Katsuki of the present?

Who is he?

What is he supposed to be, a hero? A villain? A friend? An enemy?

What.

What.

His hands flew to his hair, frustration building inside him for the unanswered questions that seemed to only grow the more he lived on, a yell ripping through his mouth, agony of his torment breaking his silence, fingers fisting through the blond strands pulling hard enough to tear strands out. He was breaking, more and more, the broken wails out of him accompanied by the tears and All Might didn’t have the heart to do anything but grab on to him stronger as the small frame of a ghosted child shuddered in his arms. It was a sound that wouldn’t mend, wouldn’t get better, would never leave the ears of the only two men who knew the truth, that as much as they tried, as much as Katsuki wants to and works for it, this boy will never heal.

“All rise for Judge Iida.”

The name struck Katsuki from his reverie, eyes yanked open to look at the man who was a striking image to the boy he’d spent three years with. He had a large built, hidden by the robe he’d worn but it was evident enough that the man wasn’t one to play with, not with the aura he displayed around so easily.

The first thing through Bakugou’s mind upon seeing him is how much he’d fucked up the
chance to ever get that warrant.

Granted, it shouldn’t be what’s worrying him at the moment, since this was basically a witch trial against him to end his career that hasn’t even begun, but still. Catching this bastard who did all this would prove more peacefulness in the red eyed hotshot than getting cleared out of this – well, mostly… but Katsuki understood his own intentions for worrying about it so vocalizing it to others with the need to explain it wasn’t on his agenda any time soon.

That’s general talk, since none of his friends were in the hall. He was alone.

“You may take your seats,” Judge Iida spoke, a booming voice around them. The noise had died down, the harsh whispers speaking about Katsuki right behind his back, as his ears picked up every word, had finally went down and with a sigh of anticipation Bakugou looked nervously at Aizawa seated next to him, and All Might right behind them. “I hear the defendant has opted not to take a lawyer, is that right Mr. Bakugou?”

Clearing his throat, “Yes, your honor.”

“And does the defendant understand the consequences of this choice should the jury decide he be guilty of the accusations?”

Aizawa had explained it to him prior; that despite taking a lawyer meant he had a better shot at winning this, to Katsuki’s mind it just felt like he was letting someone else fight this battle for him. It was a low shot, to think he could come out of this unscathed especially with someone who could actually save his sad ass, but Bakugou decided to not take a lawyer, that defending himself along with the presence of Aizawa at his side… well, let’s fucking go.

Judge Iida hesitated but then straightened his back, “Alright then. Let’s begin this trial of the People versus Katsuki Bakugou.”

It was grueling hearing the other party talk about him as if he wasn’t just sitting right there behind them, but what had to be done must be done. Bakugou had to give it to them though, as they finished their opening statement, at how they made him look as if he were an uncontrollable tantrum child, mistakes piling up his records, actions that weren’t hero like painted across the pages of his past. He’d be pissed, but they were only speaking facts. If there was an attempt to snake words around, lie, they would have done it probably, but all they said were things about him, what he’d actually said and done, and so with their end it was clear the idea that has been shaped in the jury’s eyes was rooted deep.

The thing is, this wasn’t like your normal trial, and it wasn’t one that would span over months with multiple people’s statements and different eyewitnesses. Everything the jury needed to know beforehand was given from both parties for them to read and know, this trial was mostly hearing the final statements, the last words a man can give to save his own life. In Bakugou’s case, to save the career that hadn’t even initiated.

The only person, who’d be asked question, was Katsuki, and despite it being his turn to do an opening statement, he had previously asked them to begin his questioning before he does. All Might and Aizawa seemed to pick up on the reason for it, and with a smirk from the dark haired man, he put forth the proposition to which resulted in Katsuki now standing next to Judge Tenya, the little booth on his side, swearing in to say nothing but the truth and sat down awaiting the fire that he allowed to come to him.

“Mr. Bakugou,” The man asked, in a tight suit with a head of a lizard, “Would you start by explaining your actions that had taken place on the day the Center Square attack?”
There were more people than he’d thought, as he looked around, recognizing a few faces from people he’d seen in work, some in solidarity, some not.

None of his friends were there.

Katsuki swallowed that with distress, a quivering breath out of him as he began to speak.

*Show yourself.*

“I was in B’s – Best Jeanist’s agency, working on a case along with two Shouto Todoroki, and Eijiro Kirishima. I went downstairs to talk on the phone, I came back in to see the news talking about what happened and with B’s dispatch, I headed there with the two of them as fast as we could to help out.”

“And what did you see when you went there?”

Katsuki blinked, “I saw what you all saw.” He turned to the jury, “I saw people screaming, I saw people crying, I saw blood everywhere. There was burnt bodies, discarded bodies, there were people *dying* as we reached. I saw my worst nightmare.”

The jury hushed around themselves, some not expecting the words out of the blond and with a look from Aizawa, Katsuki shuffled himself back in his seat. *Bring it.*

The flustered attorney got to his senses, “That must have been terrifying.”

“It was.”

“More than you can handle?”

“I don’t think anyone ever handles seeing people suffer.”

“So in a sense you’re saying you couldn’t handle the scene?”

“What? That’s not –”

“A yes or no would suffice Mr. Bakugou.” The lizard head interrupted.

“It can’t be just answered with a yes or no!”

“So you’re saying you couldn’t handle the scene before you that your judgment is still clouded to this point?”

“Objection your honor!” Aizawa jumped, “He’s harassing the witness. Need I remind you he’s still a young *boy* coming out of a traumatizing situation?”

Judge Iida looked at Katsuki for a minute; face flushed from the relentless attack on him, breathing hard despite himself and turned to the opposing attorney, “Sustained. Please take your next course of actions seriously.”

The lizard man bowed slightly, “Of course your honor, my apologies to Mr. Bakugou, I take it back. But may we please have an answer to the first question?”

Bakugou was livid, temper flying at how he was being jabbed like an animal in an experiment, all eyes on him, and all ears awaiting his response. He felt cornered like an injured thing just waiting for death to quickly end its life. His hand’s clenched beyond his control, jaw tense from trying not jump out at the man just a few feet from him as he tried to answer this question in the
best way he can.

“Look, when you’re out there, you never know what to expect. We were tense, on edge, trying to figure out the best way to handle what’s in front of us without having to endanger anyone else’s life. It was a lot to take in, more than I’ve handled so far, so yes, in a way it was more than I was ever prepared for but at the same time, this was the kind of situations we were always told about. It took us all but less than a second to formulate a plan and work on it.” He was proud of himself for keeping his composure as he spoke, making sure to say it slow enough for every word to be heard, not just to this room but to the people all listening in on this.

“And what was the plan you had conjured?” The asshole lizard wasn’t sly enough to hide the sneer in his tone.

Katsuki took a deep breath to steady his thoughts, “The minute we reached, we had to recognize if there were any villains causing havoc or endangering lives around us. When we realized that it was just innocent people, we went straight into action. This was a rescue mission, so the first thing we did is that we instructed the people who were able to move without any serious injury to move to a safe zone already allocated by heroes that arrived before us. After that, we split into multiple teams to search and rescue for any people hidden under the rubble, classifying them into the different colors for how severe their injuries were. The most severe cases were the top priority to be sent into the hospital, mostly accompanied by a hero that could be left off for a while till they returned shortly after.”

“And that was what you were doing when you saw Ms. Uraraka in the rubble?”

The flashback hit him hard, charred smell of flesh and blood filling his mind it took him a full minute to hear his name being called out by the Judge next to him.

“Are you alright?”

Katsuki looked up, “Yes.” Silence, “Yes, that’s what I was doing. With such a large destruction area, most of us took upon ourselves to divide the area into zones where we would focus on rescuing as many people we could find. In this way, we wouldn’t block each other’s works or hinder any progress. In the video you have all watched, I was carrying what I thought was the last person in my zone. As I asked her if she was okay, she turned and pointed out to where… where Uraraka’s body was.”

The attorney did a show of what seemed to be puckering his lips, “So you thought that woman was the last person in your zone, right?”

“Yes.”

“But she wasn’t, was she Mr. Bakugou?”

Katsuki hesitated, “No.”

“So who is to say that, as you went on to save your friend, you didn’t miss anyone else? Who is to say you truly saved those in your zone? What if there was someone you forgot… just like you forgot Ms. Uraraka?”

He saw himself jumping from his seat, hands fast to wrap themselves around the neck of the man before him, rage brimmed his eyesight with crimson. The shuddering of the failed attempts to breathe for air only adding the pleasure of watching the man writhe beneath him, eyes so wide with terror at realizing he was going to die. It was thrilling, exhilarating, liberating, it was what his body
wanted, what his mind had begged, and why shouldn’t he abide to them?

Katsuki imagined the life out of the lizard before him die out, and opened his mouth, “I made the decision, despite the belief that some of you have, based on simple facts around me. One, I had missed Uraraka not because I didn’t do a proper sweep, the massive boulder on top of her did conceal her entirely but it was the fact that the boulder and Uraraka not being there, confirmed one thing for me that none of you seemed to notice. Two, with that being said, as I took the last survivor off my zone back to safety, I had in fact double checked I left no one. Three, the area I was working one was being swept by pro heroes to also to look for anyone we have missed, and if you were to look at the video again, you could see them pass by right after I had taken the victim, and just before the victim herself informed me of where Uraraka was.”

Silence fell upon the room, Judge Tenya frowning heavily demanding the video be brought on and played for them to see and sure enough, Katsuki was right. Just after the pro hero had done his sweep, the woman in his arm pointed at a boulder that wasn’t there at the start of the video, multiple replays of the action being made to double check leaving the room in what could be thought of, awe.

Aizawa hadn’t informed him nor All Might of the discovery until Katsuki had come out of the small room with the two of them, heart set dense with the lies he infected himself with, only to let out a smile at the words leaving his homeroom teacher. He wasn’t sure when to use them, or how, but the failed attempts of this man to mock Bakugou and degrade him, to make it seem he didn’t know what he was doing out there opened the green light in Katsuki’s mind which brought on the plan to get the questions being asked first, to incriminate him so profoundly before revealing the truth in front of everyone. In this way, he had not played his cards right at the start with an opening statement, but had allowed everyone to at least see the ruthless attack he’s under, let the seeds of the doubt linger a little longer for the shame of throwing the boy under the bus and believing the words of a villain to hit even harder when Bakugou spoke those words.

He took a deep breath and turned to the jury, “I’m not perfect, I’m not a pro hero, I don’t always know what to say or do or act. I know I can be wild, sometimes unstable in your eyes, that maybe I have the tendency to be a villain than a hero with some of my actions but that’s what should prove to you I am not. I could have been a villain at any point in my life by now, I could have destroyed places… hurt people, but I do my best to be the man that my mentors see in me. I chose to be a hero, and every day I try my best to be the man I hope to be, to be like the people I look up to. I shouldn’t have left that scene, yes, but at the same time I acted on it because I knew I didn’t endanger any lives. I won’t regret rushing to save Uraraka, but I regret making everyone who believed in me doubt me and think that I’m not the person they thought I was. I will continue to work on myself as it seems fit, because my future is as wrapped around all of yours. My life will be spent protecting lives.”

Twenty minutes. The jury had been inside deciding on Bakugou’s future for twenty minutes. Was it good? Bad? Who the fuck really knew, except that Katsuki was about to combust from how tense he’s feeling that he just wanted to get over it already. The dread of never being able to be a hero had crept on him, slowly waiting around his heart to stop it from beating the minute that sort of decision comes out – if it ever will.

Aizawa placed a hand on the boy’s shaking legs, his own nerves getting the best of him without having the blond adding on. He ended his speech beautifully, more eloquent he’d ever thought Bakugou could speak but there he goes surprising them – as always.
The sound of the door opening had Bakugou’s hair stand on edge, this was it.

They shuffled in one by one, till twelve seats were occupied, the one farthest on the right standing up along with the piece of paper that will forever determine Bakugou’s future.

“Has the jury come to a decision?” Judge Iida asked, when the conformation came back he turned to where Katsuki was sitting, “Does the defendant understand that whatever the jury has decided on, will be valid and written in the accords. That he has the chance to lose his Hero License for good and be stripped of any position he would be required to become a hero?”

Well thanks for fucking reminding me, “Yes your honor.”

Judge Iida nodded apprehensively, “Alright then, the jury may state their verdict.”

“We the jury…”

The room could almost be empty with how quick the silence swamped it.

Katsuki could hear his heartbeat in his ear, he could feel its strength on his throat; he couldn’t swallow.

“See the defendant…”

The air felt dry, damp, hot, and cold, it felt like everything at once. His skin was set ablaze but it didn’t hurt, his body was frozen shut from the inside but he didn’t shudder from the coolness deep down.

“Katsuki Bakugou…”

How many times did he need to feel like dying, so he wouldn’t feel like he was dying anymore?

“Not guilty upon the accusations placed forth by the People.”

He can breathe.

As fast as the air went inside him, as hard as he fell back into his chair from the complete fatigue his body has gone through, it was as though all the muscles in his body just wouldn’t work anymore, he was limp, he felt so tired, why was he this tired?

Katsuki swore his mind felt as if it had just run through a marathon.

A good smack on his back made him yelp out in pain turning towards the person whose hand was currently in danger of being blasted off. Katsuki stopped short when Judge Iida smiled at him.

They were well outside the hall, Bakugou shaking hands with some of the people who had supported him by sitting behind him in the court-room; other’s apologizing for failing to notice the lies of a villain against a hero. But it all went through one ear to the next, the blond not allowing any of the words to truly hit home in his heart.

Because when it comes down to it, almost everyone believed a villain over his word, and Katsuki hadn’t really let the hurt of it get to him yet.

“Congratulations, I’m glad you got through it.”
Katsuki turned red, “Thank you Judge Tenya.”

“Mr. Iida would be enough,” He flicked his hand jokingly, “Now I hear you have business with me other than trying to be a bad boy hero.”

Bakugou opened his mouth and let it close again.

_I wish we never met you._

Did he even have the right to ask this of Iida’s dad when his own son wished to never have met Bakugou?

Who is he going to be to respond to this? His past self that cared about no one but his own? His present self who demanded things to work his way? His future self, the one that seemed to grow further in distance than he could catch up with?

Who is he going to be in this moment?

“Don’t fret young one, I already know what you need of me. You don’t have to act so hesitant around me because I’m Uraraka’s boyfriend’s dad. If nothing else, I’m grateful you were there to save her. Iida you see… he cares a lot about her. And so doing this for us, I owe you one. Iida himself had brought the subject last night, and so I thought I’d make this day a little nicer and give you the warrant you need, just come to me any time with the proposition and evidence and I’ll sign it. Let’s catch this bastard.”

It occurred to Katsuki in that moment, just how caring Iida is. And not with just the fact he brought it up last night, but the way the man before him presented himself, one minute an aura so stifling of power one wouldn’t want to cross him, to another minute of an essence of such a caring father one would do anything to get his approval. He could almost see the way Iida viewed his life and actions and how deeply they were affected by this man’s presence, and the reason why Iida was so stuck on the idea of making sure to follow rules. If Bakugou had this man as his father, he wondered – albeit for a second – on how he’d turn out to be.

And so he smiled, wide and wholeheartedly more than he has done in a long while, shaking hands with Judge Iida and thanking him for his time, informing him that he’d get the paper to him as soon as possible. He left the place, on his own with the promise of meeting All Might in an hour back in the dorms, from the backdoor to hide out from the press waiting for him from the main door. This hour would be enough for him to just, not think, a walk to clear his thoughts.

“Aren’t you a proud little bastard?”

The voice came out of an alleyway just as Katsuki was about to turn the corner from the large building he was in, his eyes turned to see the owner of the voice but all that met him was darkness.

“Is anyone there?”

The last thing he needs is some fuck up to annoy him just as he was planning to cool off, but when no response headed his way, he scoffed at nothing and with a roll to his eyes he turned back to the original direction he was headed.

A small shuffle and a large _whack_ bounced off the walls near him to only shove him right to the ground, head hitting right on the pavement shocking Katsuki to place, disorienting him for a while till his eyes adjusted at what lay before him. Bakugou froze.

He was lying on the ground, arms grasped tightly above him with unbelievable strength, legs
bound down to the ground and a hand wrapped so tightly around his throat, he had to gag around to get some air. The person above him was a lean man, strong thighs straddling the blonde’s waist as the dark hair unfurled around the face hidden by a black mask showing nothing but the sinister smile that sent a prick of fear down Bakugou’s spine.

“Missed me, sugar?” Said the man who almost single handedly destroyed Katsuki’s life just minutes ago.

Chapter End Notes

first of all, i’d like to take this moment to let you all understand just...

how thankful i am for

every

single

one

of

you

the response i got for the last chapter, made me CRY.

to know that SO MANY of you liked it, some loved, and the massive encouragement i got to continue writing this

i dont think i can explain how ONE word from you guys, make writers feel

and knowing you're emotionally invested, and feel so much from my writing

i don't know how to ever repay you all for the love youve shown me

i hope to never disappoint you ever

and so i really hope you like this chapter, like i said, im taking it slow to make sure i cover all aspects, and i cant wait for you guys to know what happens next!!

as always, your comments mean the WORLD to me, so please always leave them! any kudos is also loved back

i love you all so much

thank you thank you thank you
my twitter is @bakudekutodo if you want to be friends!

be the best you can be~
Hi guys!!!!
First of all, this is a sort of easing-up chapter of the past that i made in order to transition to the heavy one coming up!

so please don't think this is it regarding Katsuki's reaction!

everything will be retold with more details

this is more like a thank-you-for-reading chapter with little tease on how sad the next Past will be !

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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It was a sound not many would assume is different from a general smack against a shoulder, a light tap of lightweight falling with gravity to its destined tomb. It was light, empty, with not much of a weight placed on as the ground quickly engulfed the vibrations in, the dirt and sand swallowing in the impact hungrily than one would ever see.

The wind didn’t stop moving, the leaves upon the trees in the surrounding still melodically dancing to a secret tune where the fairest of the pure could hear. Clothes ruffled, breaths held in, air frozen all around. It was so quiet now, too quiet, no one could let a sound out, and could anything even break through it?

It was the *thud*, the inevitable contact between the harsh ground and the light bulk that reverberated stronger than anyone could have believed when they’d go through it again, endlessly recurring in the eyes of many, where nightmares and dreams have joined as one so heavily no one can tell what the dream is, and what is the nightmare anymore.

Did you ever experience a chilling moment where your mind conjured up exactly how a single situation would turn out to be? Heart thrumming so loudly against your ribcage, air so hard to come
by as if you were a drowning man, where your stomach seemed to have dropped indefinitely and your brain going so haywire, that time itself seemed to stop?

For a single second, everything frozen solid to permanently brand itself into you, for it to come back and haunt you in all times of your life. And seemingly after that moment, the churning of the universe to bring about the time, that’s stationary so suddenly, to start working again, so deafeningly you could swear there was a reverberating incomprehensible sound that you could never be able to repeat ever again, or hear, just its soft tangible presence on the back of your mind as the only way you’d be able to tell yourself it happened would cloud your judgment so severely you could no longer even think? Just as the bodies and motions of those around you began to slightly flutter, hesitant and repetitive as if cogs of a machine to start when they were once forgotten.

They were not as quick as the single body moving straight at them, hands too short, legs too late to move. Reaction’s that were far too held back to be able to come close to the figure falling. The outstretched hand was too far now, fingers never able to come close to where the form was leaving, and so it went. More and more, faster and stronger down to the floor, it almost looked as if the ground was opening its arms wide; eagerly awaiting the contact.

The focus brimmed around the edges, center point directly at the declining figure. A half upturned smile, freckles adorning them like the stars they once used to watch in the sky, slipping, fading, growing dimmer. Hair so green against the falling sun, reflecting the rays like due filled grass would on a summer day with the promise of shining greater as the day went on. The eyes, the deep green forest eyes that reflected a depth of life not many would see. A never ending trail of sweet aroma beckoning the viewer deeper into its midst, promising soft warmth and cool touch to the frenzy; a calm after the storm, scent of rain all around was as clear as day now.

There was no fear in them, no distaste; no hatred. The further the distance grew, the more it seemed emotions were leaving before him, each coming to the surface to be carried away by the wind working against the force of gravity, till it was a mere echo, a shell of a boy who once shone brilliantly against his own world. A smile so infectious it would bring about joy on its own – gone.

When Izuku’s body hit the ground, there were three things that permanently locked in Katsuki’s mind.

One; was the amount of blood that seeped through the mangled body before him. It hadn’t ever occurred to him just how much of that crimson fluid – so eerily alike to his own eyes – filled a person’s body. Who would have? Even his previous encounter with a villain didn’t showcase a scene this vivid. It was so dark, so rich, and so strong in color with its reflection of the sun’s light that made the blonde close his eyes for a moment he forgot how to open them. It was life, life being seeped out with every pulse of the heart, life being taken out with every organ shutting down; it was the life that could have been so much more if it were only allowed to be more.

Two; was the singular scream that boomed before everyone else’s. Never in his life, had Katsuki heard such a sound. His own mother would yell if she found him in danger, the animals he would see would let out a cry for the sake of their offspring, even the videos he had watched for heroes showed these cries. But this was different. This was a cry so broken, shattered, destroyed. A cry that resonated off the walls of the whole place to showcase theloss, a sound that shoved something so deep in the ones who heard it, a cry so raw and emotional it was the cause for the shattering of the world all around them. Inko’s cry had broken the silence that befell the world about them, shocking them back to the truth their minds have continued to refuse to see.
Three; was the magnitude of the pain that tangled its webs all around him, his limbs failing him as his body fell against the open window, strong enough to bruise his chest in the shape of the metal bars for weeks after. His heart was wrenched out from his chest, air so thin and fading as fast as he tried to inhale it, but it wasn’t there, it wasn’t there, it no longer was there.

*He was no longer there.*

That’s when his own voice wailed out, sharp and hard and shattering his own mind as his heart broke into the smallest possible pieces.

“*NOO!!*” He repeatedly let out, again and again, the same word, in a continuous cycle as if someway it would flip back the clock, bring back what was taken from him in the most torturous of ways, remove the memory of Izuku’s falling figure and its crashing from his mind. The screams below him only added on to his own, and somewhere due to the shock of it, Katsuki’s mind seemed to put forth the idea that just because there’s blood, doesn’t mean he’s dead. So many people fall out of heights and survive right? Then his Izuku had survived.

It was a given.

Izuku can’t be dead.

The derailed thought boosted him with energy through his muscles that got him to stand again, his eyesight was blurry; why was it blurry? Someone was near him smelling of mints and over put perfume, but he gave no thought to the words reaching out to him, he had to get to Izuku right now. To the messy mop of green curls and languid smile, to a dappled face that would put ease to his heart, for the voice that will tell him *I’m alright*, and the ridiculous nickname he would call him by. He will hear it again, because Izuku’s not dead.

Not dead.

Not dead.

He found himself at the door, back on the same level as the group of people surrounding the one person Katsuki wanted to see right now. There were people crying, some were on the floor gasping for air, others retching in the corner, he vaguely noted a few pale faced and shell shocked.

*He’s not dead.*

He didn’t care he was shoving people around, didn’t care that some were as at a loss as he was – why would he? None of them mattered to him; they were all extras, unimportant people who only added noise to Katsuki’s daily life. They didn’t matter. Izuku was important. Izuku mattered. His chest began heaving in on itself, his muscles weakening as the sight of the faces he went through began to slap against his own, and as he broke through the last string of people he stood still.

Inko was wrapping her hands around Izuku’s head, sitting in the middle of the biggest pool of blood Katsuki had ever seen in his life. It soaked through her colorful dress, so green and happy it was almost disgusting to the contrast the sight she was in. Her body was moving forwards and backwards, as one would do to rock their child to sleep, her wails a never ending tune that easily strung out to remove whatever hope had begun filling inside the blond.

Katsuki was confused, what was she doing? Why was she cradling Izuku’s body this way? His leg was twisted in the worst possible way, ankle turning in the complete opposite way it normally should be. Why wasn’t he moving? He’s badly hurt, he needs help. There were too many cuts around him, too many places he was bleeding from, why isn’t he crying out from the pain?
“Izuku,” Bakugou treaded towards them sluggishly, physically unable to go any faster, “Oi Izuku, get up now.”

It was either Inko couldn’t hear him, or that she chose to not give him any attention. But that didn’t stop him, the sound of his boots hitting the pool of blood, so similar to the time the two of them played around by splashing in the ponds that filled up after days of rain. Memory so intense he can live in it right now. But he continued walking, his knees giving out as he closed the distance between them, hands in the air hesitant in their movements. Why wasn’t he moving?

“Izuku,” His voice cracked, showing the small light of realization as it began to drip down on Katsuki’s mind as rain drops would. “Izuku please… Come on.”

His hand reached out to Izuku’s elbow, slowly rubbing circles in that area as the tears began falling down Bakugou’s face. Mouth opened and closed, a strangled noise coming out of him, unconsciously registering the seeping warmth the blood underneath him began leaving on his knees and legs, and he sloshed closer to Izuku’s body.

“Oi, you shitty nerd, come on,” He shook the arm stronger, “Come on wake up.” He looked at Inko as she glanced back, holding the face of the boy he had loved his entire life close to her chest, “Izuku…” He whispered, “This isn’t funny anymore.”

Sirens blew in the distance, cold air hit against the sweat on the nape of his neck, his hair rose and Katsuki shuddered violently and helplessly watched as Inko tried to fight off someone who was trying to move her. What are they doing? No… he jumped at the body as it fell from Inko’s arms, her body tiring out as more screams came out of her, this time her hands began making a haste of slaps and punches to her own face covering it with blood. Bakugou stared with fear gripping him as the woman before him began to scream louder, and stronger, slamming her hands down to the red ground splashing the blood all around them.

Most of it went right smack at Bakugou’s own face. He was so confused, Izuku is fine. He should be fine, why was there so much blood? He placed a trembling hand on his face and began to breathe harder to see the strong crimson being swiped on them, his other hand now cradling the limp body.

He shook it, “Izuku,” He began to scream, “Wake up. Wake up.” No.

No.

Izuku’s face shook along with the motion, but wouldn’t do its own. His head lolling to the side no matter how much Katsuki would jostle him around, and things began falling into pieces in the blonde’s mind. Thing’s like the pooling of the blood coming from the side of Izuku’s head, split open past his cranium to reveal the pink of his own brain, how his face was contorted to an emotionless expression, eyes wide open staring at nothing. His eyes were nothing. They were empty, shallow, and no light in them, no image of the scene before them. They wouldn’t move, wouldn’t blink, just silent in watching the blond see his own reflection against them.

“Please… Please no,” Katsuki gasped out, “No, no, no, no, this isn’t happening.” He turned the face of his beloved towards him, grasping his jaw in the attempt to wake him. “Wake up! Wake up! Come on! No!”

He turned to the people around him, “Help me, get help, go get fucking help!” His screams were to avail, even as the ENT had arrived, he fought against them refusing to let go of the body of the boy who had his heart. Inko had passed out, being carried on her own stretcher as the remains of what was her son carried by Katsuki right after her.
Initially he didn’t stop screaming, body hunched over what was left of Izuku. Hands beating against the chest in a way to restart again; to somehow bring that smile back. But it was never coming back. He didn’t allow anyone to touch them, or even come close, the shock going through him had his hands sweat more than usual and so his quirk had backfired against him and the people around him exploding against the ground in random patterns but never touching the body of the gone light. Bakugou yelled out everything in him, apologies, promises to be better, requests of smiles, laughs, of his name being said. But the stillness continued.

“Izuku, baby, please…” He brokenly whispered as he engulfed the green eyed boy’s face against his own, the warmth of his cheek stark in comparison to the coldness of Izuku’s. Cracked sobs came out of him as his throat protested from how much it has been used, he tightened his hold against the frail bones, “Don’t leave me… please don’t leave me.”

No response.

And Bakugou howled.

It wasn’t calm that fell upon the blond as he carried the lifeless Izuku in his arms, it wasn’t acceptance that shuffled his feet dripping with the blood that belonged to the love of his life, it wasn’t the understanding that he had lost something he will never again, be able to have. One would call it shock, but it was more than that.

Katsuki Bakugou had somewhat of an epiphany, but in the opposite of the effect that it would have. He hadn’t come to a comprehension of the loss; his mind had been so rattled and shattered that things weren’t all that seemed when one would see him. His brain had shut off, unable to process the way things had turned out into that the body – in order to protect itself on – decided to place his sanity in a small area right at the back of his mind, organs working excessively in robotic fashion to sustain the failing state Bakugou was in.

He could watch the scene, so easily, like one would a movie. He could see his body moving, arms holding Izuku closer when anyone would try to come near them, Katsuki could see the way the arms moved on like a dangling string. This was his personal hellhole. He cried out, for anyone to shake him awake, but no one can hear him. No one can see the young shattered boy as he fell to his knees watching his own figure walk into the distance disappearing from him as the minutes ticked on. There wasn’t a soul to hear the ear splitting shriek coming out of him, of his hands wrapping themselves around him as if it would stop the way he could sense his body tearing apart. Everything hurt. Everything broke. Everything was being split open again and again and as he bawled out, as he begged for Izuku to come back, as he tore through his own blond locks and exploded his quirk against his own arms to aggravate the sense of agony, there was nothing but silence in the actual form of Katsuki as it finally entered the ambulance.

Katsuki was trapped in his own mind, where nothing but memories flowing through him repeatedly, not stopping once, and forcing him to see every single action he had done since his brain was able to collect them. And as he watched, as he was ripped apart and putting himself back together, silence was the only thing to accompany him.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you all SO much for the comments and kudos you leave me
everything you say always boosts me to write more

like i said, this is a small teaser like for the actual past chapter im writing after what happened

i didn't want to just suddenly dive in, and i want to make it really sad and long so i hope you'll be expecting it!!

your constant support and love is really what makes me want to write better and keep you all happy so thank you so much

i love you guys ALOT

and if you like this story, share it! let your friends know and if you ever wanna chat, i'm @bakudekutodo on twitter!!

i just love talking to you all, and so i have a question!!!

your feedback is important to me, so what did you guys think of this chapter? and if you have anything you'd like to say please do !! it's really important for me to know how this chapter was in you eyes for me to able to make the best i can for you

i love you all SO MUCH

and like always, i leave a little snippets for you guys to connect the dots, and so with this something will be able to be understood about our blond boy!! and don't worry, i specifically didnt bring up his actions as of late because itll come to the next chapter

oh boy will it be a ride.........................

love u again
be the best you can be~
Growing up, Bakugou was always aware of the growing strength building inside of him. Even when his body was small, he was evidently tougher than the kids around him, enabling him to climb up the chain of command per se, in a child’s life. You’d always have the weakest, the nerds, the ones people tend to avoid, before them were the mildly okay group of people, you don’t hate them nor love them but you can sway between the two if things come to it. Above them you’ll see the more popular group of people, where actions and words were as smooth as feathers in their methods to get what they want. At the top would be the bullies, the ones who force their way into things and take whichever thought was theirs, even if it wasn’t. And then you’d see a special group of people, so few in numbers it’d be considered a rare anomaly, where the mixture of bullies and popular would come out as one, and that would be Katsuki. With the explosive blond hair and the crimson eyes, conceited attitude and chasing for a hero’s life, it was clear as day that he was able to swipe past all and stand dominating the field, looking down on all others who – in his mind – could never be able to reach him. He was strong, charismatic albeit loud and boastful, with a colorful tongue, yet still had the lingering aroma around him that would bring people to him whether you hate him, you love him – you want to be around him.
It’s the same powerful Katsuki who was now held down so easily, two arms against the ground by one hand, both legs entrapped under strong ankles, and a heavier set of thighs than one would see out of the man above him sitting sinfully right on his pelvis. He struggled once, twice, three times while the figure bubbled laughter at him, increasing the temper that’s already been wearing thin in the blonde. How is it he can’t fucking move?

“Aren’t you done?” The bored sigh came through, the free hand making a show of mouth blowing against the gloved laced fingers, “Because honestly as comfortable as your body looks it’s not.”

“You little fucking bastard,” Bakugou growled, “Get off me. Now. Or I’ll fucking –”

He choked as his throat was grabbed, “Now now… You don’t see me making threats do you?” The sneer was unmistakable behind the mask covering the face. “Be good, or I’ll do something I don’t want to do – yet.”

It wasn’t the words that stopped Katsuki’s movement, nor the idea of threat being sent at him, it was the complete and powerful murderous intent thrown his way that resonated so deeply in his bones, his mind could almost feel the way his whole body just protested against his attempts to fight this man. Out of all the fucking things that would torment his mind – and a lot fucking did – being helpless, weak, and so submissive against something that deemed him worthless… just like what he did on others.

And so Katsuki stopped moving, despite his mind screaming at him to not bow down to the monster before him, and the whirlwind of conflict building up inside him of whether he is this weak in reality, just a façade of bravery he cared to view in front of others when he has nothing of it inside. It did things to his mind.

“There you go, what a good boy.” Bakugou grimaced, his throat released from its prison momentarily as the man shifted himself on top.

“What do you want?”

The man seemed to contemplate before finally speaking, strength not decreasing one bit, “You’re such a lucky little sugar aren’t you?” Confusion swept by the blonde’s face, “I mean I would have thought they’d at least put you somewhere but no, they gave you an easy pass after all.”

“You think you’re smart at what you did? You fucking hurt my friend!” The blond spat, “You tried to throw me under the rug, you fucking failed.”

Something Katsuki said must’ve triggered something in the man because he froze, and Bakugou noticing it meant he was about to explode his way into fucking shit around until he unraveled the man enough to understand his standpoint on why he did what he did. Despite the massive urge he has to fight and mangle this disgusting person, the Aizawa in his head stripped the mad side in order to pick up any information he could, if he made it out, he can relay them and maybe get a better chance at getting him.

Because contrary to the flicker of his fingers itching to explode, he knew that even if he was able to keep up a fight with this guy, it’s impossible to come out unscathed. Playing his cards right could save his ass. But the chance to thwart this thing of his balances if only a little; was an opportunity he couldn’t refuse.

“What now? You’re so fucking lonely you decided to destroy and murder hundreds of people?
Is that the new wave of how your emo pathetic asses of villains are playing with now? Nothing to excite your little guy down there?"  

No reply from him only meant Bakugou was pushing further; part of him was hoping that someone would come out and see this mess, at least notifying some of the many pro-heroes waiting inside the building he had just left. But he was also aware just how close that would mean that more people would be dead, somehow him being alive is solely because this guy just didn’t want to kill him yet.

“As much as it flatters your ego to say these things to me, I must say that I’m not one bit phased by them.” A sinister laugh erupted out of him. “What do I want? I want to see how my little toy is faring after such a hard thing to happen.”

“What you did was useless; all those lives gone just to throw me under fire and nothing came out of it.”

“Hm… to you.”

Bakugou frowned, mouth agape without any words being able to respond. He couldn’t make sense to what this guy was spewing. The dark haired man sighed dramatically.

“I thought you would’ve gotten a little smarter, guess I’m wrong!” He shrugged before leaning down till their chest met; bodies completely aligned which to be honest, caused the breath out of Katsuki. The man is mad, evil, and somewhat Satan’s spawn, but he literally had a well put body that was hard for Katsuki not to notice. What the fuck?

“What do you want, freak.” The words barely made out of Katsuki’s gritted teeth.

“You see, Katsuki, I didn’t just do all this for you. I didn’t murder hundreds of people just so I can see you struggle so much behind the face you create to everyone around you, as much pleasure it brings me – and it very much does by the way, you’re just not the complete center of my world, honey.” He shuffled a bit and the blond had to bite back at the shout he wanted to let out, “You think this solved anything? That the mere number of people who said you’re not guilty, means you can get away with it? Oh no my dear, that’s not the case at all.”

“If you want to kill me, fucking try it.”

A hand shot out to grab his jaw achingly hard making it just a little harder to breathe, “What man kills his favorite toy right out the bat?”

“Th-Then… wha-what do you… want… from m-me?” Bakugou could barely let the words out to time with his breathing.

“I want you to suffer, to live in the worst nightmare every waking moment. I want you to want death so badly, you’d ask for it with every breath you take.”

He’s already living it, he’s already asking for it, and Bakugou would’ve let it out if not for the wrenching reminder those words erupted in him, so he contorted his face in silence.

“Now you’re listening hm? You see, all this… nuisance about the lives being taken really had gotten to my nerves at one point because, who really cares? They’re dead. Gone. Whoop. Can’t ever bring them back, so to steer the obsession to them entirely really, really bothered me Katsuki, I had to direct the focus back on the real issue right? I mean, after all my hard work you’d think they’d look at it but no. So, with your help my dear, I reminded everyone at how fragile this justice system truly is. Our lives are dictated by the single notion that there is good, there is bad; based on
how strong your quirk,” He had said it with such distaste Katsuki frowned for a second, “You get to be chosen by society to play a part for them, molding you around like pots to how they want you to be – for them. You see, I hate that. I hate heroes. I hate you.”

Bakugou decided that this man was insane, the type of insane that one would put away in a solitary vault fifty fucking feet underground, because it’s not just that realization what made the hair stand on his hands, it’s the way those words were said. There was no emotion, no feeling, just a deadpanned expression of statement that had no connection or remorse at the idea of murdering so many people. It wasn’t like he was expecting some sort of, guilt? No, but Bakugou at least had hoped to sense what drove this man to have done what he did, but all he got was the sheer terror of an emotional sociopath.

Katsuki was fucked.

He released his grasp on Bakugou, who gasped in pain at the bruising that hand left in its wake before spitting directly at face of the man above him. For a second it was quiet, a measly tiny moment, before Katsuki had felt his body leave the ground and be thrown in the air to slam against something hard. Groaning, his face planted against the murky ground he tried to mentally check if anything’s broken but wasn’t given a chance to even think before being lifted again and thrown.

“You see,” The masked figure accentuated every word with another beating on the blond, “Every time, every God damned time, you heroes think you can look down on us, that you’re better? Just because you have a quirk that’s strong… is that what fuels you? This is not how life is meant to be lived by. Why do you look down on everyone around you? It’s disgusting, that’s what you heroes are.”

He was relentless, as soon as Bakugou would land on the ground groaning in pain, he’d be hauled just as soon either by an arm, or a leg; and he was sure at some point he was just kicked around by the black boots. By the time he fell back at the last throw, he was heaving, mouth agape trying to breathe through the hurt, an eye already swollen and blood drips down from multiple areas.

“You think you’re the best thing ever don’t you? Goad yourselves however it pleases you, assume that everyone must need you, that you’re a necessity, fuck that.” He crouched in front of Bakugou hands wrapped around a cloth with what he’d guessed, was his blood.

The fucking douche bag had the nerve to clean himself up.

Well, in the state Katsuki is, he wouldn’t be shocked if the guy just sat without a care in the fucking world. He was useless, so utterly fucking useless; he couldn’t manage one punch against him, nothing. How the hell were they going to even beat him? It wasn’t to say Katsuki was just over arrogant, but he is strong. Strong to be the number one student in UA, strong to rival some of the top 10 heroes in strength and this is him just starting to reach a fraction of his potential.

What the fuck.

He wouldn’t let himself go through panic mode right now, but the multiple possibilities that ran through his mind regarding how this will end weren’t good at fucking all.

“Hey Katsuki?” His hair was pulled sharply accompanied by a yelp from the blond, “All of this? Isn’t just for you, it’s for the neglected, the forgotten, the ones who are pushed aside and treated as dirt when they themselves have the same dream as you. The crack is getting bigger Katsuki, and it’ll continue to grow, because as you trip and fumble like a piss frightened deer trying to catch me, I’ve already planted my ideas in the roots of people’s minds. And nothing is
more powerful than an idea that’s shoved so deep in a brain, it’ll never go.”

He let go of Bakugou and watched his head smack the ground, dust flying off as he attempts to breathe out as calmly as possible. He had many things he would’ve liked to say, but the way his muscles screamed at him did anything but let him; he was beaten out. And it burned, it burned stronger than anyone could see, the hems of the vacancy inside of him began tethering, wasting away into growing to a larger void, a black hole that seemed to suck him in further to darkness than no one can get him out of. The feeling of being so weak, so helpless, heart fluttering as it waited the next beating… was this how Izuku had felt?

Paralyzed, internally without a chance to escape it, the sheer horror of being placed in the same position he once caused had him slump against the ground. Was this how Izuku felt every time Katsuki showed up? What each flinch meant? Were these thoughts running inside him as these two hands bruised a body so badly it now rotted in the ground, visible markings all but gone but the sensation stayed to sting against him. He felt like ripping himself apart, exasperated he couldn’t fight against the nausea falling over him, suddenly began to vomiting his guts out so close to the man standing still watching the pathetic blond. His hands began to shake, Izuku must have had worse to think about, how many days had he left him so bruised lying on the side of the road? How many nights did he spend crying on his own? How many times did he walk himself back home, so hurt and broken, all alone?

How many days did he look up at Katsuki and wished for something else to happen?

It was as if his mind had purposely kept that information hidden from him, giving a side eye to a gateway of new agony to harbor in him, somehow his back still strong enough to carry the weight of the nightmares he’s done. Bakugou was in this state and he was being trained every day for years, most parts of his body so used to being trampled that he could still get up and fight. Yet Izuku… Izuku was the frailest little thing, twig like arms and thighs that could fly with the wind. He was small, helpless, and pure; a small baby facing up a storm with no possible chance of survival.

He still managed to show up the next day, and the day after, some days so battered but still took what Katsuki had given him.

It was like he was seeing himself from a different perspective, crimson eyes looking up towards his tormentor as they recalled being in that position not many years ago. To have solely resulted in the destruction of a light that wanted nothing but to reach out and be friends, to be a part of something, the demon that he is had not once considered the aftermath of his actions until he had seen them first hand.

The fear that gripped the blond was placing him in panic, whatever composure he hoped to keep falling to bits as the pure awakening of the horrors being brought back to him again and again. You’d think he’d be immune, be able to remember and not react as severely as the first day he came out of whatever trance he was in when Izuku died, but it only got worse. It increased in intensity, marked with guilt, shame, disgust, whatever you want to name. The large scale of the negativity bubbling inside was not tipping towards any direction that would result in his forgiveness for himself, even with the words he’d been fed by his two mentors, even with people begging him to move on, how could he?

How could he when he kept facing the same type of people he was?

Katsuki didn’t have a right to be a hero.

His captor seemed to notice the flaccid appearance of his body, surrendering completely as his
mind was trapped in another prison. The dark haired man scoffed, fixing the gloves in his hands before grabbing hold of the blond locks and pulling the deadpanned face from the ground to let those crimson eyes take hold of him.

“Let’s begin our game, shall we?”

If there’s one thing Todoroki was absolutely done with, is the idea he had no emotions. Sure, he was expressionless and mostly aloof, but in what sense did that give people he felt nothing? He felt things alright, like how he was feeling annoyance at a certain red head complaining love affairs regarding a certain explosive blond in his ear when he just wanted to work.

“Kirishima if you’re done babbling your old wife drama, I really have to get back to work.”

His hand came fast to catch the flying object headed to his face.

“You’re no nice friend.”

Turning to the red head, “Who said I am your friend?” He just about managed to duck from another object this time aimed right to his chest, “Would you stop that? He’s off the shit, he’ll be back soon and you can rub your cock for him like a dog soon enough.”

Judging by the intake of breath behind him, Todoroki knew might have pushed it just a little bit far this time, but he can’t help it. He was mad at his friend, the explosive fucking idiot who won’t bother sharing anything with them and would rather let his mouth go at it than trying to let them understand what happens with him, and that specific idiotic friend having to go through a fucking trial to determine whether he should continue or not, and now that he could – with a heavy sigh of relief from the boy himself but would never admit – he still didn’t show up anywhere. He was also mad that he couldn’t get himself to go to the trial today, personally because of the fight he had with Katsuki, and so his nerves were on edge.

Kirishima understood it, give or take a few sharp words that shouldn’t have been said, but he didn’t take it to heart too much knowing an apology would be sent his way later. It was just… difficult to speak to anyone else about Katsuki, that’s not to say Todoroki wouldn’t explode on his face – like now – but it was easier with him than most of their friends who were frankly fed up with the red eyed anger child. So he babbled things at the top of his head, texting Denki over random stuff, as his leg tapped against the floor waiting for any response from the said troubled boy they were all worried about.

Most of them were dejected about him yes, but they still cared. At least, enough to text each other the news of Katsuki’s release back into business with relief – minus Tsuyu, she had kept to herself the past days visiting Uraraka and speaking to Iida, whose presence was now almost normal as he stood in the corner watching the news. Joining in their search for the mad man who’d almost killed Ochako, while murdering many others, and allowing a pathway to get the warranee they desperately needed.

While they were allowed a small extended leave in the wake of their injured friend, B’s agency didn’t let down in the search for evidence to bring to Iida’s dad. They were able to trace complaints raised from multiple companies regarding shipments taken from the Shigaraki factories, either
arriving destroyed or having missed many important parts they were practically useless with no chance of getting their money back. It was turning to a fraud case, but they’ll take what they can get out of it. The documents readied and approved by Best Jeanist, with witness questioning taken in by him personally, they were finally able to present something that would give them a step closer to the factories that linked the only man they had in touch with the Central Square Assassin.

What Todoroki was doing was mostly double checking their final reports and analysis findings to ensure they hadn’t missed anything; enough time was wasted as it was, and while his face was frowned in concentration, pen idly hitting the small pout of his lips, he was shaken back to the world around him when Iida gave out a shout. He turned to see the cause for the glasses to have made that only to stand abruptly knocking his chair back, his heart falling at what the news was currently displaying.

The camera was unfocused for a minute, a loud reporter in the background mumbling things until the image was finally displayed and silence filled the whole office. Right before their eyes, was the Department of Justice that not an hour ago, displayed Katsuki entering the building for his sentencing, but he was never seen going out. Until now.

“…As you can see here, Ground Zero has been taken hostage by a man our sources cannot identify. We cannot speculate the reason why Ground Zero was taken, but Pro Heroes are now beginning to pile up at the scene in the attempt to find a way to…”

They were at the top of the building, dangerously tipping from the winds howling at them from that height, but the more alarming situation was the state in which Bakugou appeared to be. He was completely shriveled up, his face colored with bruises and cuts, lip open and bleeding, but Todoroki’s eyes also noticed the slack state he was in. The man behind him whose face was covered by a mask held on to him with just his neck, seeming uncaring to the bad state Katsuki was in. He could fall any minute. He could die any minute.

A strangled cry came from behind him, without needing to know its source Todoroki quickly rushed to hold Kirishima in place from not running out like a bullet.

“Let me go!” The red head yelled, “Let me fucking go! He needs us!”

It was harder than it looks to pin a man down whose body could harden up to razor cut you, but Todoroki held his ground, if Kirishima rushes in without them knowing what they’re dealing with its more likely to kill their friend than save him.

“I know, and we will, but you have to promise to not do anything fucking stupid. You heard what this guy can do, if we show up and annoy him, he’ll kill him.”

Red eyes met with the heterochromatic ones, echoes of the fear for their friend evident in both enough to have relaxed Kirishima flaccid, pursing his lip with heartache at the amount of shit his best friend is dealing with and he wasn’t there.

Not anymore.

“I’m coming with you.” Iida’s tone was curt, and they nodded, quickly rushing out the now chaotic office trying to dispatch the best pro heroes available to help. Kirishima had it in his mind to send a text to most of their friends on what’s happening in the hopes other departments would get a hold of this and rush to aid, because when a hero gets caught up in action, it’s a Black Tag alarm where secret service – a few of those even allowed to be seen in public – would be dispatched to deal with situations normally that would result in more death than life of taken hero hostages. And this was a very huge case.
Aizawa had just awoken from his small nap, of the many he required to continue even bothering through the day, when a very alarmed small mouse rushed at him gibbering words mingled with squeaks the pro hero had to blink multiple times before understanding something big was happening.

“Principal as much as I love talking to you, I need to understand you.” Dark eyes looked at the miniature figure jumping at his feet.

“Mr. Katsuki has been taken hostage!” He squeaked, “This is a Black Tag situation Mr. Erasurehead!”

The sleepy eyes widened in alarm, body already rushing through to the closest TV around – the teacher’s break room – entering to find most of his fellow colleagues staring at the squared image with shock. This cannot be fucking happening.

“Would you look at that,” The voice behind him crooned, “So many people just eyeing you up hero.”

Katsuki did look up, mildly panicking at the height they were in with a trace of not knowing how he actually got here, but the feeling of the tight hold against his neck, and with the way his legs slipped if he attempted to move, Bakugou was pretty much dead if he tried to fight back.

Using his quirk had crossed his mind, many times, but every time his hands itched to let the micro explosions increase in size, the more he remembered the kind of disadvantage he was in. Yes he knows the villains quirk, but that same villain knew his, and they couldn’t have been more the worst combination against each other. Because if Katsuki had attempted to explode his way through this, one flick of the wrist from this man could have his hands twisted beyond anatomical measures till he lost it. So he kept building up his sweat, harboring as much of it as he could in the hopes that one small slip up would give him the advantage to blow this guy’s face off to allow an opportunity to stand his ground better and then begin blast the fuck’s face right to his death.

It was the matter of waiting, and calculating. Thinking ahead, and planning. Trying to find possible routes of actions that would decrease the chances of his injury – most importantly death, he snorted to himself – while at the same time managing some sort of blow strong enough to bring this guy down.

This in a way was a calming measure in Katsuki’s mind to keep him put down from the young impatient boy he used to be, and he was bent on taking full advantage of it.

“Look at all those people gathered around Katsuki; do you think they care about you?” A squeeze against his neck, “I think they’re here to watch the show. You see, my dear, people have begun to lose their faith in Heroes. They have started to open their eyes to the truth they can never keep hiding, shoved to the side by your mismatched ideals. They don’t care about you, just as much as you don’t care about them.”
“I do care about them.”

“Oh?” Katsuki winced as he was shaken about, “Oh, you care? You care about people you have never met? You’re willing to save them?”

He somehow managed to turn his face long enough to fix his captor a deadly gaze, “I’m willing to save everyone, and kill you.”

A small laugh erupted out of the man, only to increase till his shoulders were shaking from the action, a hand falling to his face to pinch the bridge of his hidden nose.

“Whatever you’re doing, it’s not going to work. People will believe in heroes more than you think.”

“Oh honey, I’m not doing anything. This is the heroes doing.”

Katsuki frowned as his face was forced to look ahead, down at the huge amount of people now filling up the streets around them. He was too far away to see any faces, the wind beating against his ears with enough strength to barely hear the man behind him, but he kept looking, he kept searching for any possible sign that would give him a break for it.

Katsuki almost cried when he heard his name.

The voice so loud, so emotional, it had to be just one person to have come out of and sure enough, if the blond squinted enough he could see a spot of red running wildly to his direction and to his surprise, the multiple familiar heads he had grown up with in the dorms.

“What’s this, you managed yourself a few friends?” The voice strained.

“Yes, unlike you. You worthless piece of shit.” Katsuki spat.

It was hard to breathe when the hand around him clenched, his own hands clamping around it as his skin began to feel like it was breaking apart. It was more than that, it felt like every cell in his body was being twisted and turned and blasted inside him but the intensity of it had him gasping out silent screams.

“My loved ones!” The man’s voice had raised many octaves higher, echoing around the whole area, “This here is the Ground Zero that you had somewhat adored for so long… Who should have been punished for his actions regarding the neglect he had done towards you. Yet he was let loose…”

“That’s because you planted the fucking thing you ass!” Kirishima’s voice was just as loud, “The report stated it with the evidence; you have nothing against him!”

Katsuki still couldn’t breathe.

“Ah, so be it. Even if it were true, have I not shown you evidence that has been repeated throughout history? Have there not been heroes who had neglected their duty for their selfish gains? Tell me, why are they heroes for you, why do they protect you, for the sole reason they claim it’s out of love, when they get paid so much? Since when is it a job to be a hero? Since when is it something to pay for? Heroes are for society, for you my loved ones, and yet here they are exploiting you in the most disgusting of ways. Your heroes with their arrogance, that they can save everyone is the cause of the nightmares you face. They are the reason more and more harm is coming your way, it’s easy to prove it. How? Every time Heroes boast about saving lives, the more the bad ones want to take lives…” He flaunted his free hand around, “How will your heroes fair in
trying to save you all… now?"

At the same moment he had said that, his hand around Katsuki’s neck eased enough for him to cough out a breath and have the red eyes stare back in shell shock at the massive explosions erupting from various places in the city. It took a mere second before screams filled the air and buildings began to fall, all while Bakugou stared back unmoving, mouth ajar.

This isn’t happening.

Tears began welling up as more explosions started.

*This can’t be happening.*

The smoke was fast to engulf the now dark sky, hiding away any signs of the stars around them, screams and cries rumbling in all directions as people began to run, scatter, heroes were all over the place now. Police sirens welling up the sounds in a deafening manner that had Katsuki want to close his ears shut at the sight. This was hell. This was hell in true form. The explosions still going off, large scale to smaller sized ones but all with the same glow of hue that reflected on the red eyes of the trapped blond forced to watch.

The sick bastard had the audacity to laugh as they watched what’s being unfolded, and that sound was what snapped Bakugou. He endured so much; he waited long fucking enough, but *this?* This was enough. With a hand quick from the multiple times he had practiced this maneuver, Bakugou held the man’s arm in his and pulled down, using whatever center of gravity he had while standing to tip the bastard in front of him, and then use the other arm to shove it directly at his stomach and *explode* the hour long sweat he kept growing. It was loud, it was painful, and it resulted in the both of them falling down head first to the ground. A quick glance at the other man, Bakugou was almost certain his attack had knocked him out, and if he let it be, they’d both be dead in a minute.

Maybe that was for the best, maybe that’s what kept him living, a chance to get rid of a monster from this world.

It was almost serene, the way the wind blew past him, eyes closed and the sensation of falling causing his stomach to flip, but he felt free, he felt emancipated, with wings allowing him to go as far as he could, for as long as he could. There was nothing to chain him, nothing to ground him back, his arms felt weightless, his body in such a state of confusion at the speed of moving it ended releasing calming hormones as he quickly met with his end.

Maybe this was for the best, maybe now he could be able to look back and think he has done some good, removing two monsters from this world is enough of a way to be able to raise his head as he asked for forgiveness, as he finally allowed himself to take in air and let it out without having to remind himself of the action anymore, that it’ll be easy, smooth, no physical tire in trying to continue living on in a world where his own self had caused harm as much as the villain he hates falling with him.

Until Izuku crept up in his mind and all he saw was the body he could never reach.

It lurched him out of his reverie so suddenly his mind had to take a step back to understand *he was about to die*. And just when panic had set in that he was, actually, going to be out of this world for good, strong hands gripped him from the waist shoving him with such force to the side, skidding along the floor in spirals till he and whatever had caught him were an entangled mess who were stopped by a large tree.
Bakugou’s body is really going to break at this point.

He groaned loudly, almost everything crying at him from the pain, using his arms to lift his chest from the ground he turned to look at the sharp angled face and broken glasses that had just saved his ass.

“Thanks.” He muttered.

“I didn’t expect you to open your heart out, but at least a more emotional response would be appreciated.” Iida slid back to the floor to catch his breath.

Katsuki rolled his eyes, “Not happening.” And attempted to crawl out a bit while staring at the huge amount of people moving everywhere to deal with this mess, whatever thoughts scrambling to come at him had to be pushed aside for now. This was a whole other situation they needed to handle.

Swallowing it all in had almost made Katsuki forget about the villain falling with him, eyes snapping around to look for a mangled body drenched with blood but his body froze as he took in the sight that had greeted him.

He was a tall man, with dark unruly hair almost matching the blond himself, and the most horrifying purple scars adorning his face; under his eyes and the most of his lower jaw to neck with piercings encompassing the edges. The striking blue eyes glowing in the dark of the night, hue of the fires painting him in a more terrifying picture than he already was, and in his arms was the said villain. Fuck.

“No time for chit chat.” He tapped Iida’s shoulder as he hauled himself up, a little unsteady on his feet but nothing he couldn’t handle, “Who the fuck are you?” He called out.

The aforementioned man turned his gaze at the two young heroes, eyes zeroing at the both of them before snickering. He then turned it towards at the man in his arms, his face etching closer till it rubbed against the half torn mask – only the mouth was now showing. His lack of response angered Katsuki; these two fuckers, apparently working together, had done this much fucking damage and death and have the audacity to stand there without a care?

His body moved before his mind could think, blasted through the space between them in a heartbeat with the other hand in tow to explode their bodies off. He managed to at least hit the other guy, shielding the one in his arm from the blast throwing him many feet away from Bakugou, now tense and prepared to fight. The dark haired man coughed, knee planted on the ground as he double checked the other guy who, to Katsuki’s alarm, had woken and was now standing as if nothing had happened to him.

What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck. Katsuki was sure he blasted him with some of his strongest attacks, that was a definite check to put down beasts and yet there was this guy standing with his shirt half torn off, muscles of his stomach out in the open with the most sinister smirk the blond had ever seen. In the corner of his eye, Katsuki noticed the amount of scarring the little piece of skin showed, from cuts to burns to… to… what fucking words could he even say to describe the monstrosity that this man could have gone through to result with such a body?

He shook his head to focus; he has to keep these two occupied enough till the pro heroes showed up. Somehow he and Iida would keep them busy trying to stay uninjured as much as possible, and when All Might shows up, they can assist to bring them down. Right leg shifted in front, left leg back, one hand raised to attack, the other on the corner of his body hiding away his blind spot; a defense. In stance Bakugou took a sigh and began to talk to the two monsters.
“You’re in a lot of shit, you sick fuck.”

Another smirk, “So you say, yet no action supports you.” He shrugged, “Empty threats are idle to me.”

Katsuki gritted his teeth, “You’re a monster, a fucking demon, and you don’t deserve to live after what you’ve done.”

“Do any of us do, Katsuki?”

The other man stood up, icy blue eyes staring back with humor. “He’s really annoying.”

Anger flared in Bakugou’s chest, “You’re fucking insane.”

“Now gentlemen, let’s not talk badly at each other, it rather upsets me.” Without looking back, the masked man extended his hand till it was rubbing against the blue-eyes’ chin behind him, “Go have fun with that one.” A jerk of the chin had Katsuki turn cold.

“I’m your fucking opponent; you don’t get to fight anyone but me.” Because behind him was Iida, the very same Iida who was still waiting for his legs to cool down because apparently jumping up high enough to catch the blond and then crashing down can severely damage the cooling system.

“Oh Katsuki, you must learn to share, plus… you’ll get to fight me!”

In the blink of an eye, Katsuki was held by the hem of his shirt and thrown far away to the floor from where Iida stood, hitting the ground multiple times before being able to stop. A rib was broken for sure, maybe ribs, and more bones, but it can’t stop him. He has to figure out a way to get to Iida, but where was everyone!

“If you’re wondering where your pest friends are, they’re… pretty occupied themselves.” The masked figure gestured to the scene behind him, and Katsuki faltered.

Kirishima, Todoroki, and so many more heroes were fighting off twenty? Thirty? Forty? Monstrous creatures whose brains were out of their bodies, largely built enough to go against All Might even, the said man currently fighting off one of the biggest ones there quite a distance away. If they weren’t fighting these things, the rest of the heroes were trying to save the lives of the people still stuck around. It was chaos, it was a mixture of wild fires and agonizing screams, sirens blaring in contrast and blurry of movement all around. Bakugou had just noticed how hot it’s gotten, but it’s not like he’s complaining, the more he sweats the stronger he is. He was alone in this, and not in the pathetic way he’d been mulling in, this time it was serious to forgo the emotions and fight for survival.

“Pretty aren’t they? A nice loan from a friend, they do beautifully in keeping people occupied when you don’t want to be interrupted.”

“Too bad you’re fucking deadbeat today.” Katsuki cracked his knuckles and lowered his body, muscles coiling waiting for the moment they’d spring.

“We’ll see about that.”

And the two of them were off, Katsuki using his arms to propel him fast against the moving object his way, their bodies clashing as the blonde’s explosions erupted right at the masked man pushing him back, he crouched to the ground and pounced, a quick punch to Katsuki’s face and a drop kick to lower him to the ground. He raised his fist and aimed to smash the skull of the red
eyed opponent only to crash land the concrete and break it in a massive shock wave.

Bakugou rose alarmed; what the fuck was that?

“Worried?” The sneer was back, “Whoever said I had one trick up my sleeve?”

Before Bakugou could respond back, the man jumped with a kick, his leg winding around to where his head was only to hit against hero’s arms throwing him to his back. He pushed himself back up, a hand grabbing a broken concrete slab and tossing it head on to the villain in distraction to the different direction he had taken, succeeding in planting a good hit on his side for him to groan out. A few more of this continued before the two, the speed in which they moved only seemed to increase as they ruthlessly fought each other, items of clothing torn or burnt off, faces spitting out blood as their knuckles were pained with them. It was a petrifying sight, as if two beasts have come to end each other in strength no other creature could hold against, and even as his friends were around him wanting to help out and see if they could finish this, with the way their fight has progressed not any of them were sure they could even match them. It became wild, destructive, not letting anything escape from its path, the aftermath of the collisions they had on each other left for the others to watch unable to consider being a part of it.

At some point they resorted to grabbing whatever items their interactions have brought from the ground, till they were now religiously going against each other with quick faux weapons they had done, Bakugou with a pipe melded by the heat of his palms till the tip of it was as sharp as a sword, and the masked man with what could be thought of a really fucking huge bat-like thing. If you looked at it closer, you’d see it was merely multiple items twisted around each other with such mass to it, the result of its contact had the ground shaking.

“I’m surprised you could keep up,” The man laughed, “Although you’re barely able to stand as it is, Katsuki.”

“I got sick of hearing my name on your tongue,” The blond heaved, “I’m going to fucking cut it out.”

He wasn’t wrong, Bakugou was drained, and could fall to his knees at any second, a look back at Iida told him the boy didn’t do good as well, Kirishima now avid in supporting him against the blue flames that almost scorched Katsuki himself, but he had to focus, he had to do something to at least let the fucker recede or go down long enough to restrain him. His mind was impatient at the fact that no pro hero had arrived yet, but to thwart him off his concentration was exactly what the mad fuck wanted, and he wasn’t going to let it happen.

So he mustered the last bit of his energy left, scraped everything that stayed, and charged up and the fast body moving towards him, the heaviness of the vicious intent buckling his knees but he kept on, raising his hands to block the hit of the bat before using his leg to kick the guy in the stomach, give him a bit of space, Katsuki then bent down to a crouch to escape a swipe of the opponent’s weapon before raising himself right under the man, a small glitch of neglect he seemed to let happen and diving the make-shift sword right into his shoulder. The masked man had screamed, loudly, strong enough to alarm the other dark haired man to turn and run to them, since their fighting had taken them so far away from everyone around them.

Standing a little beneath him, with the pipe wedged deeply in his shoulder, the musk of the crimson seeping out enough to sprinkle on Katsuki’s face, hair and shirt, their breathings heavy and in tune with the world around them silently beating away to a cool distance of noise, they were in a time of their own. Time that moved slow enough for Bakugou to see the single sweat dripping from the nose, as the curly hair flickered green against the lights above them, pink rosy lips panting showing little of the pearl white teeth from the inside, the warm breath hitting the blond enough to
smell the greenery of wildflowers, his eyes following the mask as it escaped its bindings, slowly falling to the ground.

The world *really froze* this time.

Katsuki’s body had turned ice cold, his throat closed, gurgling sounds barely making out of him. His hand shook, his heart throbbed so hard he could feel it beating all the way to his thumbs, sweat pouring down faster than it had ever. With a cry he had never heard erupting out of him, Katsuki stumbled on his words as the shock rooted him into place, the tears collecting in his eyes as his mind tried to register what he was seeing, the void in his chest crashing in on itself as the whirlwind of his emotions took control.

With a broken whisper enough to shatter him where he stood, Katsuki had said one word.

**“Izuku?”**

Chapter End Notes

........hellooooooooooo... friends..................

well i'll be damned, we have finally reached this point!!!

ahh im so happy, because THERES SO MUCH THATS ABOUT TO GO DOWN

the next two chapters are going to be so fucking sad im not emotionally ready just thinking about it

but PLEASE PLEASE let me know what you think of this chapter, if you liked it :(  
??? your last comments on the last chapter really made me happy, and i was able to understand the type of things you guys wanted to see and so i'm keeping them in mind in order to always make sure you guys are interested !!!

so please do let me know what you think bc it matters to me, like, more than ANYTHING

you guys are always kind to me and i love you all so much

be prepared to cry next 2 chapters!!!!!!!!!!!! its all about sad emotions!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

i love you !

be the best you can be~
Taken

Chapter Notes

I have cried, a lot

i am sorry

TRIGGER WARNING - MENTIONS/ATTEMPTS OF SUICIDE/AGGRAVATED SENSE OF LOSS/BLOOD

ah... end notes for more <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Past

Taken

Water fell down the table in quiet trickles, the only noise hallowing out in the largely empty room. Temperature below the norm, silver reflecting the false light buzzing in the ceiling, the smell of antiseptic strong enough to sting the nose of new visitors, the dripping let on, as the sound of water being slushed came to, a waterfall like echo erupting all around until the wet yellow sponge was raised back out to finish the last of its cleaning.

It came in contact with what once were the softest of cheeks, at one point the blood would have rushed to them to fill its owner in the sweetest of rose, spreading towards the small built ears on the side. A hand moved some fallen strand from the shut eyes, pale skin against brown ones as the contact gave a shiver to the old man standing above. He sighed dejectedly as he finally placed what’s in his hand back to the bucket of what used to be clean fresh water, and pushed it to the side, turning to bring out the clean white sheet from its hanger before placing it where it should be.

It was around noon, the ticking of the clock close enough to let him know his lunch was to be soon, but he didn’t have it in his heart to think of food, let alone eat it. With shuffled old feet he walked himself back to his desk, groaning a little loudly than usual as his overused joints creaked in protest reminding him of the damned medication he needs to get. But nothing of the normal
banter he had with himself came close to shifting his focus from what lay in front of him just a few feet away, it hurt him in more ways than he could imagine, at such a wrecked scene.

He vividly remembered when the table was brought back down to him, the somber expressions of the men he was acquainted with a little more than usual – as if anything about their jobs was joyful – but still, the shift of the atmosphere towards the gloomy edge of the mood was easily spreading to him before he even came close to open the bag.

He replayed the scene in his head, of how he had to clear his throat multiple times in the aim of distracting his own mind from the shaking of his fingers as he held on to the zipper to look at what was given to him, his colleagues opting to stay and watch despite the persistent requests that it would be okay if he did it alone.

They weren’t staying for him, they had said, they were staying for the boy.

Boy.

It was always the same feeling going through him, from the first day he had graduated and worked here, to this singular moment, where the idea of someone out there not existing anymore being brought down to him. The idea he was the one to spend the most time with them until rest is given to them, it shook more than one would like to believe. Because a life is a life, despite the lack of consideration people had towards it, no one really sits and thinks about the fact that they are now alive, breathing, their organs are working, beating, the blood is pumping, the eyes are recording everything there to see, the mind is taking all of it in and then breaking it down to the smallest of impulses passing through the neuron channels in their brain, to spread and reach the heart where an explosion of chemicals mixing together in a whirlwind of cells brings about every single sensation and feeling they had.

No one really cares much about the idea their existence is so tangible, so real; so raw and occurs to affect not only their own lives but those around them, how the smallest of contact with another being is so minute in the massive world they were in.

They only remember it when someone is dead; after it’s too late.

It felt like he was taking forever to open the bag, so dark and ugly in contrast the clean silver surrounding, like a big reminder pulsing at him look at me. He hated it, but what would changing the color of the bag do any good to anyone? So he hated it in silence. By the time he reached the end of it he could swear his heart was beating as though he had just finished a marathon, and you’d have to kill him first to even consider that option. It was just that much strain this job had put on him, but it’s the same strain he wouldn’t let go of.

The old man’s breath came out ragged, lower lip trembling mirroring the hands that now opened the bag from the corners to let out the tiny face before him to see the light. But he would never see the light again.

It was such a small face, so thin and fragile, eyes closed off serenely with mouth opened just a tad bit, the image hitting the old man with a shock he took a step back. He was so young. But a job is a job, even if it broke him in time again and again, and so he stepped back in again as his hands slowly moved to take one shoulder out, then the other, grabbing hold of the tiny waist a little up until the legs were moved and the black bag was completely removed from him. There was blood
everywhere, still dripping despite how sharply cold the body was but the clothes were soaked with it.

He was aware of one of the men heaving behind him, and then abruptly walking out in a rush. In all things considered, this wasn’t a sight anyone would ever want to see. Period.

“Sorry about that Dr. Tanaka,” The other one spoke, “The whole ride here he was just…”

“It’s alright, it’s more than most can handle.” A gruff voice replied back, “How…?”

The unspoken question was clear, “Suicide.”

Dr. Tanaka’s heart wrung a little more hurtful at that, lips tightening before an exhale heaved through his nose, he was already tired before he even began. He placed a hand on the man’s shoulder, giving it a squeeze in a silent understanding of the sadness washing through them both, before sending him off to continue his work.

“When… When do we send you the mother?”

Looking down at the boy below him, he answered without removing his gaze, “Give me till tomorrow.”

And he was alone again.

He first began with removing the items of clothing, slowly making sure to discard them in a bag that he left in the corner. He stopped throwing anything away a few years after he began this job, some families preferred to keep the items – even if they were harsh reminders on how their loved ones were gone. Once that was done, he moved to checking the body, the multiple horrifying bruises the boy was covered in with obvious signs some were made before the fall, because the type of injuries that consisted of a jump were clear as day if the split open head wasn’t enough. He had suffered so much, for being so young.

Drips fell upon the silent body and to his shock, Dr. Tanaka realized he had begun to cry, and with a grimace to his face at his own foolery – he hadn’t cried before, in such a long time – he went on detailing everything he could find. Every bruise, every cut, every jab against the pearl white skin mixing with the sprinkling of the adorable freckles was documented, a trace of history filled with so much silence, where a life had lived its best against the harsh reality; unwanted, unloved. His old grey eyes looked upon the frail hands, the small palms that had once grabbed so dearly to the mother who had brought him, hands that had played with toys his grandkids probably played with, a glance to the face that has meant the world to someone out there, whose smile brightened their day, their presence was a blessing to another. He clenched his hand on the smaller one, squeezing as if in the hopes something would react in him and spring back into action.

He was just so young.

He took a deep breath before continuing his work, moving towards his legs where the sight of the mangled ankle made him stop for a minute, Dr. Tanaka then proceeded to put the items he was holding down and slowly attempt to put it back to its original place, the cracks of the bones hitting him deep in his ears the sound had continued to play as he finished up marking all he could find. The next on the list was to clean up the opened wounds first, removing any debris or unwanted items from inside and make sure it was clean before sewing them up. He took his time with this part, making sure the stitches were clean, evenly placed, the skin not taught against them as though they never were there.
At some point through the night, he began speaking. Which wasn’t an unusual custom, when you’re down here all alone most of the times with the remains of those who were once like him… it’s hard to forget their existence just yet, and he had allowed himself the liberty of thinking their souls were still around, helplessly waiting till they were buried to have some peace, and so with that thought in mind he had begun the habit of talking so long ago, making sure every person to come by him won’t feel much lonelier until they were put away.

“I swear to you, my arthritis is getting worse, and my doctor is scamming me with the drug he gave me,” He muttered along as he continued stitching, “You’d think being a doctor myself I’d know, but I haven’t dealt with live situations for so long I feel like a corpse myself.”

He stopped, looked down at the quiet freckled face, a hand rubbing through the soft dark green curls as his heart sat heavy.

“I’m sorry my boy, that was ill of me.” He whispered, and carried on with his ramblings that fell to deaf ears.

“You must have gone through a lot dear boy,” He whispered, “You’re going to be okay now, it won’t hurt anymore.” He patted down the soft hair.

The last of it, was to wash his whole body, and at the start of it Dr. Tanaka made sure to bring his softest sponge, the nicest body wash and took extra time to clean out his hair and dry it as well, letting the adorable curls bounce as the water left them. Looking at him so clean, bare… he was struck with just how much this boy’s life was tough. Because the blood covered most of it, painted him with gore and yet, as it now was cleaned away, the harsh appearance that didn’t go along with the softness of those lips, it just didn’t make sense.

He was still sitting, hand covering his eyes in a defeated gesture when the phone shrilled next to him, without looking he placed it to his ear.

“Dr. Tanaka speaking,” Tone as tired as he felt.

“Dr. Tanaka, the mother of the boy is here. Shall I send her in?”

He was quiet for a minute, glancing at the table and struggling to respond, “Ah… I...” He grunted, “Let her in, but... but not alone.”

Usually they’d send in one family member to identify the victim, or at least see them again before the whole process of burial begins but something, something in his heart just couldn’t sit with him to have his mother come in without someone familiar by her side at least, because he knew how this would play out, had sat here to prepare for it, and yet... and yet his heart still fell to his stomach the minute the doors slid open to reveal a short woman with the similar green hair that was raised to the top in a hurried mess. Her feet shuffling with no energy, wearing a bloodied dress, that not only covered her clothing, but her hands and her face. Her face that was sheer white except for the swollen red eyes and a pink button nose. A hand was covering her mouth, sobs already wracking through her from the minute she entered, and another woman beside her. She had wild blond hair, with the smoothest skin the doctor had ever seen, taller than the crying woman at her side using most of her body to stable the shaking mother as they walked hand in hand, the smallest steps, to stand before the table.
Dr. Tanaka gulped and walked till he was on the other end, facing the two women. He waited a moment till the smaller one was stable enough to look up at him, green eyes so void of anything had him wondering for a minute, if the boy had the same eyes.

“If you’re unable to continue further, there is no problem at all.” He said slowly, a part of him hoping she’d agree like some parents, who just couldn’t handle seeing their children in any other situation than them being alive. It was understandable, heck, it was something no one can judge them for, because who would want the memory of their child’s body so deeply engraved in their minds?

“I want to see my baby,” Her voice was fragmented, empty, whispered with difficulty that the doctor couldn’t do much against the lump in his throat. He nodded once, one look at the blond woman by her side who shook her head in understanding, tightening her hold on the smaller one.

Dr. Tanaka sent a silent prayer to ease this woman’s shattered world, and unraveled the face of what the world had gifted her, and cruelly taken from her.

Inko wailed, hands closing in on her mouth as her knees gave out to see her boy’s face so silent, so white, unmoving. She moved forward, hands wrapping against his head as she itched so close to him, saliva falling as her mouth moved to emit the silent sobs, emotions so heavy there was no sound to release. Palms on his cheeks, nose and forehead against his cold ones, she closed her eyes as she shook her body in defiance, so much pain engulfing her, eating her, pulling her more and more towards the darkness below.

“My baby,” She cried, “Oh my poor baby, no, no,” She raised her leg and hit it on the ground, arms now surrounding the frail shoulders as she rocked him with her, “Please no, come back to me baby, come back.”

It was getting harder for her to breathe, body quivering in the attempt of trying to get more oxygen, but it wasn’t working. Mitsuki calling out to her, hands on her shoulder, as she herself began to sob along with Inko. The green haired woman looked at the ceiling, cradling her baby’s head against her chest like the million times she’s done it, like the million times she had carried him from his nightmares, from when he awoke so afraid at night, the same gentle touch she had given him when he wanted a hug, when he wanted a kiss, when he had gotten older and embarrassed at her for holding him like a baby in front of his friends.

He is her baby. Her baby. Her only boy, the light of her life, the sun in her blue sky, the stars of her night, he was everything and the only thing she had. She had lived every waking moment from when she found out she was having him, for him.

So why, why was he taken from her? Why was he gone? Why is his skin so cold and heavy? Why is he unmoving and so quiet?

“IZUKU,” She desperately called out to him, “Wake up baby, wake up, come back to me, Izuku!”

Her voice had gotten her higher, her sobs stronger, words mumbled out incoherently from how much she was feeling unable to bring them out in the ways she wants to. Dr. Tanaka could do nothing but stand and watch, the despair falling upon her rooting him in place. Mitsuki was desperate in her attempts to calm her, whispering soothing words into her ear as she gently tried to pry her hands from her son’s body, but Inko vehemently refused to let go.

A hand went out to her face as she began hitting her forehead, yelling out for her baby. “I’m not letting go, I’m not letting go; this is my baby, my baby!”
“Inko, please,” Mitsuki cried out, her tears haven’t stopped falling, “Please Inko take a deep breath, breathe for me, come here just come to me.”

At some point she managed to get Inko to shift her hold from her son’s body to her own, the smaller woman’s hands now placed on Mitsuki’s shoulders as the both of them fell to the floor. She wasn’t able to stop, hiding her face in the shoulder of the blond as her body quaked and rocked in an attempt to relief herself from the agony that was inside her. All she could remember is his voice, calling out to her, laughing, crying, his face smiling and giggling, his promises that he would be okay, her failure to notice the suffering he had been through, she should have done more, she should have tried harder, she should have been stronger.

She should have done so much more.

Her baby was gone.

Gone.

All that Bakugou could see was how the body hit the floor. That single moment, that impact, the way the blood splayed all around, the sound that only increased inside his head.

Smack.

Smack.

Smack.

The crunch of the bones, the movement of the gravel under, and when that would replay enough till he felt that he had lost his mind, that organ would swish him back to the start, to the repeated arguments he had made with the boy haunting his waking, of the many times he had injured him, hurt him, made him cry, left him alone, purposefully tried to ruin his life.

What life? There isn’t one anymore.

There’s no longer Izuku.

He has no idea where he is, if its day or night, he can’t even see the outside. It was all dark, empty, with the memories that flashed through him projected on the wall before him, he had tried to close his eyes, refusing to watch what he’s done, but the scenes would just play against his own eyelids. He couldn’t escape this.

There was something growing inside him, something he hadn’t felt before, such severe discomfort that nothing he tried would ease it, and as the days rolled by it would increase, become heavier, more painful. At first his chest was affected, breathing had become so difficult he no longer could sit up, he was lying on the floor, it then spread to his hands, fingers so heavy movement was impossible, and then it was his legs and face. He couldn’t speak anymore.

It was then when it hit, that deep stabbing of agony that caused him to cry out a silent scream, his own voice failing him, and it had hurt, it had hurt so fucking much, his body aching to have his hands wrap around himself but he couldn’t move. He was frozen as the relentless jabs of the
invisible swords hit him, with more numbers, with more strength, every day the pain reaching a
level he couldn’t dream of being able to withstand, and still the next day he’d be introduced to a
newer one.

“Katsuki?” a soft voice called out to him, “Katsuki, you need to eat.”

The shifting of the memories stopped, until he could see his own body shuffle on the bed. It
looked like his room – whatever was left of it – charred and burnt in multiple areas, but he didn’t
remember doing that. It was playing before him like a movie, his own face shifting to stare at what
seems to be his mother, thinner and more tired than he remembered as she hesitantly walked in with
a tray of food. She sat on the edge of the bed, the tray placed closer to him, then moved to help his
body up. How long has it been that he hadn’t seen this being replayed? The last he remembers was
the ambulance ride…

Blinking, he looked back at the worried glance his mother had given him. She smoothened his
face from the hair that has grown in length, what? She shuffled around a bit more, adding more
pillows till Katsuki’s body was sitting almost upright.

“Come now, it’s your favorite soup.” She whispered, trying to ease the spoon into her son’s
mouth, but it wouldn’t budge. “Come on baby, you need to eat something.”

It went on like that for a while, until Mitsuki finally got him to have some if only for a little
before sitting back down in defeat. She turned to the messy room, having cleaned it just earlier in
the day and went on with moving things back to its place and collecting the badly burnt items to
the trash.

In the weeks that followed what was their graduation, and after Bakugou delivered the dead
body of Izuku to the hospital, he had gone silent. His face blank, eyes weren’t alive anymore.
There was no movement or action from him, even with any form of stimulation, Katsuki had stood
still till his own body gave out and feinted from fatigue, and after being admitted in the hospital,
still not a single sound from him had come.

He would just stare ahead, eyes unfocused without any perception of what was happening
around him, doctors have tried putting him through tests and multiple scans to check if he had
suffered any physical damage to have caused him to react this way, but with the many negative
results and a week of unresponsive behavior they were just as baffled as the first day. Katsuki gave
nothing, no cries, no reaction; he was just a walking zombie at this point.

In her mind Mitsuki interpreted it as shock, the fact that he was physically present in the scene
and with the shuddering memory of seeing Izuku’s body with Inko after, his mother couldn’t begin
to fathom how much damage it had done to her son. And so, when doctors had failed to diagnose
him, she took him home despite the sharp arguments she had with her husband. She couldn’t watch
her baby shrivel in a hospital bed, and as selfish of her to think of her son so strongly in the wake of
the loss of her friend’s own one, she couldn’t help herself from trying everything that would cross
her mind to bring him back.

But Katsuki wouldn’t respond, not to heat stimulants, not to cold, he wouldn’t even let out any
noise of discomfort he would have felt. He would just sit there, eyes open or asleep, and do
nothing, say nothing, an empty vessel.

Unbeknownst to her, his father, the many doctors still confused, Katsuki was trapped inside of
his own mind, rewinding the events of his actions over and over again till his mind had stopped the
conscious awareness of the daily living necessity and has fell so deep in trying to protect itself that
its only instructions is towards the body organs to keep working, even if Katsuki himself wasn’t
there anymore.

Truthfully, aside from that simple glimpse of his mother, he had no idea what had happened next. At some point the window of his view had gotten dark and all that was left out of him was the severe aching pain pulsating through him, ripping him apart, taking him limb by limb, tissue by tissue, cells breaking against his repeated begging for help. All that’s going through him is the image of Izuku in pain, crying, beaten, bruised, bleeding, till finally it all concluded to the minute he died.

He died.

Izuku’s dead.

Because of him.

It was like an electrocution, a sudden hit from somewhere so physically powerful he unexpectedly jolted awake. It felt as though he hadn’t slept for ages, his body unable to listen to his mind’s commands but he didn’t mind as much, because he can see. It’s not pitch black anymore, the rest of his senses coming back to him slowly bit by bit, till he almost choked at the heavy scent of the smoke resulted from recently destroyed items scattered around him. The sun was out, lights illuminating his room from the inside, and he was pressed against pillows almost sitting on his bed, he was able to move his neck a while after waking, most of his body still numb.

Confusion still was what commanded his mind, and so it took him a while to put a few pieces back together, all while he unconsciously realized that sounds were stronger than usual, his sight a little too sharp for him to clearly focus on his surroundings. It was as if he’d been drowning for so long and finally is able to breathe and break through the surface, for the blinding shock of being alive strumming through his veins. It was alarming.

Breathing was difficult, feeling his heart had hurt, because it continued to beat when one will not. A hand raised to his face as the weight he’d been released from came crashing back down, dawning on him that he’s awake; he’s alive, when Izuku was not.

Mitsuki was doing dishes when the scream rattled her, body already moving up the stairs in such hurry she had tripped and busted her knee but continued on, slamming Katsuki’s door open to find him standing on his two feet, arms blasting off everything around. It wasn’t an unusual sight to her, having to subdue the boy from the multiple attacks he finds himself in, but this time… this time it was different, because Katsuki was crying.

He was yelling at the ceiling above him, gasps coming in and out of him as he crouched on the floor and screamed harder. His hands began to punch the ground, cracking it and tearing his knuckles opened, the sight of the blood shaking his mother’s frozen stance into action and she ran to him uncaring at the face that explosions still came out of him.

“Katsuki! Look at me!” She cried out, “Look at me baby!”

He clawed his own chest with his fingers leaving angry red trails of blood in their wake, his body burnt, his skin felt as though it was torched, it was terrifying how much there was a void right in the center of himself, where the full weight of the pain swarmed around it, it’s nails running deep inside his soul clutching it tightly with a promise never to let go. No matter how much he let out, how dry his throat had become, how his own voice faded from the repeated abuse to release this… this thing inside of him, nothing eased it. He could feel them, the inner demons that have grown during his own entrapment cradling him in their arms, wilting away any sort of good deep down, but not much of it was there anyway.
Because Katsuki was a demon himself.

He was the filthiest of the filth, the worst existence to stay alive on earth, the scum of everyone’s waking nightmare. He had let the one good thing in this world, his world, die. Another chord struck in him and he fell to his knees, head bashing against the floor below him as his tears continued to fall, no words could come out of him. It had continued this way for so long, he had cried and stopped, then cried again, he threw things, exploded them, went silent and limp, only to find himself thrashing in the hallucinations chasing him. Sleep wouldn’t come to him, food couldn’t be swallowed down and Mitsuki didn’t know which was worse, the previous shocked Katsuki, or the one being now forced to crash land all these emotions inside him so suddenly.

For as much as she tried to soothe the damages to the exterior, she had no idea of what was brooding inside of him. Leaving the pain, the agony, the loss, the massive incredible guilt which he felt he had no right to even have, there was this nagging hole, this void, it had stayed put pulling him in deeper and deeper to the point that sometimes he thought he was back in that never ending darkness. But it was much worse now, because this empty entity had become cavernous now, agonizingly eating him away back to the container of unwanted existence that he was, and he felt every part that was lost, he could sense the missing pieces, absent and forgotten in the abyss. After a time, he no longer remembered how to feel many things, he had still not spoken. Even as he was now wide awake, he could not talk.

Over a stretch of unceasing clockwork, he began to move by himself, doing smaller tasks till he was physically able to get out of his own room even if it was just to stand in the hallway for thirty minutes then walk right back in, it was something. Until his body had started to do actions on its own again completely, washing himself, attempting to eat, but all of those activities he began to perform in the daily life was nothing more than that of those running on autopilot. He gets up because his body tells him it’s time to get up, no joy in greeting the new day upon him, he eats because his body had repeatedly caused him to pass out if he didn’t, but nothing coming in contact with his palate had any taste.

Katsuki did not know what day it was, which month they were in, he had no idea what lay beyond the walls of his house, hearing voices coming in and out so many times but refusing to see anyone, because the one person he had wanted to see, will never come.

A single thought played through his mind in constant repeat, just one statement reminding of the undeserving life he currently is going through.

\textit{You killed him.}

Katsuki killed him.

Katsuki had tortured him, again and again, had \textit{raped} him, and then let him die.

He did it.

There were so many days he wanted to say it, to tell his mother of the kind of person her son truly is, to have him arrested and thrown to jail, or even sentenced to death himself, because he deserved it. He deserved every single bad thing to happen to him. Life wasn’t his to enjoy anymore, it wasn’t something he was allowed to breathe in and feel right in, he was a monstrosity dormant awaiting the day it would destroy itself.

He did try, many times. But they failed, from the pills he had swallowed to end up having his stomach pumped clean too many a time he gave that route up, his parents hiding all sorts of tablets away from him anyways. He went to hanging himself next, twice, one almost succeeding but he
was found just at the brick of time. Why couldn’t his neck have just fucking snapped while at it? The third option were the razors, but it took too long to be able to find objects that could pierce his skin deep enough to bleed out, his mother baby proofing the whole house so much there was barely anything that could even be counted as blunt anymore. All sorts of glass plates, cups, the knives, forks, even spoons, were the children’s plastic ones and he was never left out of sight for too long. His father had removed the entirety of his bedroom door, because even when they removed the lock on it, the blond managed to wedge it hard enough to give them trouble walking in.

He was trying so hard to die, and they weren’t letting him. Mitsuki had cried, had torn things, broken things, begged him to talk to her, to just let her in a little bit, to stop this and try to live again, but all of it went through one ear and out the next, her words didn’t have an effect on him, neither did her tears, nor her screams. Nothing fell to move his heart.

The pain dulled after a while, a steady background hum in his mind where he wouldn’t forget it, but began to accept it. Katsuki cried so much for so long, especially at night when he managed to fall asleep, the demons playing with him viciously till he sprang up screaming horrors and wetting his own bed from them, shamefully watching his dad clean the mess and repeatedly telling him that it’s okay. They moved from that to constant night terrors, some days so powerful his own quirk would blast against him to just try and stop it.

They wouldn’t stop.

There came a time, where the tears stopped coming out. At first, a thought crossed him that perhaps this meant… he was something, other than the pathetic piece of shit he was, but later realized this was his body physically tormenting him further. Because nights came where he would blast his arms in to cry, for the reason that the weight in his chest was stuck lumping against his throat and lungs living was a tedious task, and crying, crying would let it out he had thought. But nothing came out.

What kind of monster no longer has tears? Did this mean he was truly as inhumane as he thought he was? A conformation to the dread beating inside? Did this mean he didn’t love Izuku enough to continue to cry for him?

It was disgusting how these tears were all he could give, when he was the cause to what happened, but he couldn’t help himself. There was so much running beneath his exterior it was intoxicating, the blame and guilt wouldn’t let him be a second, especially when memories of the better times would float to him in the most random of times.

He’d be trying to eat with his family, force feeding himself at the bland food before him when Katsuki would be struck by the time he and Izuku were sitting here, legs unable to reach floor swinging idly with child filled humor as they ate away their favorite foods, joked and laughed together while their hands were holding on tight to one another.

Katsuki would be throwing up faster than lightning after that.

Or when he’d be lying awake at night staring at the dark surrounding him, and his mind would betray him to recall the endless sleepovers, the casual skin contact, those freckled smiles and deep green eyes engulfing him in with so much awe to the gaze he’d flush just thinking about it. Now, he’d just hold his breath till he passed out to get it out.

Their continual presence did nothing to help, and even when he believed he would at some point get used to them? He didn’t, couldn’t, because right by them is the ones with blood, beatings, harsh words, hatred so strong resulting the banging of his head against the wall to make it stop.
Will they at some point stop? Decrease? Will they fade out over time till they grow so dim he would not be able to make out which were real and which were his own creations? Was this all what Izuku’s life was reduced to? His death by Katsuki’s own hands and all that was left of it are the memories the murderer was conjuring up? His life should have meant more, should have continued longer, his existence was necessary to this world and he sniffed it out. Would he eventually forget the sound of his voice, the warmth, the embrace of their childhood, the comfort of the hands that they used to bring to him?

Tearing through his own hair the frustration of his thoughts were eating him away, it was so fucking hard, to be able to just… **think.** Everything came back to him, everything reminded the blond of him, and he couldn’t escape it not in dreams not in reality. He was going mad. And what’s worse is that he knew he deserved it, but some part of him wanted it to stop, and then he’d beat himself over the fact he even let himself think he should be released from this, and then the spiral repeats itself.

The never ending cycle of guilt, self-hatred, wishing his own death, attempting it, accepting he has to live with this, wanting to move on, realizing he had no right, trying to tell the truth, mouth unable to speak when he did, and repeat without a break or a chance for him to inhale in a little.

Mitsuki trying to goad him on with words like, “It’s going to be okay,” and “You’re going to get better,” along with a little bit of, “I know you miss him, we all do.”

It’s safe to say she didn’t try that attempt again after he set his own bed on fire.

He doesn’t really know when he first smiled again, or the first thought that wasn’t related to… Izuku came out, but at some point he had begun thinking of just how weary his parents had become, how tired they looked going to sleep at night, how they themselves lost their appetite and sleep. Something in it struck him, and so he began to do more, even if words were short, small statements consisting more of grunts than actual words, he attempted to verbally respond rather than blowing things up. The guilt never faded, his self-hatred never faltered, but as the time went by he began realizing that his failed attempts at dying meant there was something he had to do in this life, something that would never lessen the sin he had done, but every action, every word out of him, had to be done to not redeem himself no, but to bring himself further to the person his Izuku used to see in him.

It was such a selfish thing to do, the late nights were eager to slap it at his face, but he gritted his teeth and forced himself through it despite all that just so his parents could relax a bit. They were the first primary reason he had to start moving, and with that push, he spoke a coherent sentence for the first time one summer morning.

“What day is it?”

His father choked on his food and coughed his way through it with the help of his mother tapping him on the back.

“I-It’s March 20th Katsuki dear,” She stuttered, “Is th-there anything on your mind?”

Almost three months. That’s how much time had gone by.

Katsuki looked up at them, “School,” He whispered, heavy weight on his throat, “I… What school?”

Mitsuki had fairly understood what he meant, and rose from her seat as she walked up the stairs to their bedroom to come back after a few minutes, all the while Katsuki’s eyes trailing her and his
father’s eyes watching him like a hawk.

She was hesitant in approaching him, arm holding some sort of letter with doubt in her eyes till she finally sat down back at the table. A few minutes passed in awkward silence as she debated within herself, to then hold hands with her husband and turned to her only son.

“Shortly after…” Her eyes fell down, “We got a visit from All Might.”

At that, Katsuki’s eyes widened, gesturing for her to continue.

A deep breath, “You were still in the hospital, and so it was just us back here. He didn’t know you were there and tried many times to go up and see you, but we – I, wouldn’t let him.”

“You see son,” His father continued, “We know that All Might came to check on you personally because we’ve been acquainted many times since the villain attack, and we know you two had been in contact even more. He came to tell us how worried he was about you and if there was anything he could do, but we didn’t let him do much because…” His voice trailed off.

Whatever they were trying to say was apparently really difficult for them, and it sparked a curiosity in Katsuki that surprised him. His silence meant they could continue.

“He came to see you many times after that, at first I refused… I was worried it would trigger you badly, but after nothing had made you react, I let him go in one time.” Mitsuki sighed, rubbing her eyes as if an invisible weight fell on her, “You didn’t react of course, but it gave him an idea of how you were like. After that he gave me this note, and said that when you’re ready to read it, to go on and do so.”

“But he —”

“No dear.” She interrupted her husband.

He glared back at her, “Katsuki has to know.”

“No he doesn’t.”

The bickering between them continued, they had all but forgotten the aforementioned boy was sitting right in front of them, and so his slam on the table had shocked his parents.

“What is it mom?”

Katsuki looked straight at her, at the uncertainty and the struggle clouding her eyes before she looked away unable to continue under his scorching gaze.

“He said…” She mumbled, “That you already have a place in UA if you wished to continue the hero dream.”

Katsuki’s mouth fell open and he frowned. He was shocked, that was fucking apparent, because that made no fucking sense at all. He couldn’t get a chance to respond back because Mitsuki had jumped from her seat with tears already forming in her eyes.

“I don’t want you to go. I don’t want you to be a hero. You… You’re barely back with us again and going there, doing that will do nothing but just remind you again and again and we will lose you. I’m going to lose you and I don’t care if you think of me selfish for wanting to keep you close, but I will not be having you attend that God damn school and be constantly brought back to memories of the both of you just… just playing… and wanting to b-be heroes…” She hiccupped,
“It was everything that two of you wanted, but now…”

Ah, it hadn’t crossed his mind yet, that the world is actually moving on while one person was not. He leaned in at the new sensation prickling his sanity, threatening to shut him in, as his mother’s rambling continued on in the background. *Don’t fall,* the mantra filled him, his focus completely on her voice to latch on to it as leverage. He was tipping faster than he thought with the sensation of falling overwhelming him so fiercely he grasped the edge of the table with so much force, the wood cracked and began to burn.

“It was everything that two of you wanted, but now…”

Ah, it hadn’t crossed his mind yet, that the world is actually moving on while one person was not. He leaned in at the new sensation prickling his sanity, threatening to shut him in, as his mother’s rambling continued on in the background. *Don’t fall,* the mantra filled him, his focus completely on her voice to latch on to it as leverage. He was tipping faster than he thought with the sensation of falling overwhelming him so fiercely he grasped the edge of the table with so much force, the wood cracked and began to burn.

“Katsuki?” His father snapped, and the two were around him, hands flailing about unsure where to hold him, “What’s wrong son?”

The trees will continue to grow, the season will move on and change, kids will be born and laughter will fill the world, all without Izuku. He is stuck, in that single moment, unchanging from the ripe age of fifteen, as the universe continues to turn and time plays on, until everyone forgets him.

He felt like throwing up, clamping down hard on the paper at hand and pushing his way through his worried parents to the bathroom upstairs, locking himself in and falling at the head of the toilet, groaning out the despaired thoughts clouding him as his stomach attempted to lurch but nothing came out. It was dry and empty, just like him, but it wouldn’t stop. The minute he would raise his head thinking it was over, the dizziness clasped him and he went back and rocked the empty cries. Katsuki was aware of the soft knocks on his door, the questions regarding his well beings and his sad attempts in saying he was fine, he just wants to be alone.

In time he crawled to lean against the door, head banging on it as he tried to calm his heart, pants in a disordered mess. He closed his eyes and breathed from his nose, exhaled from his mouth, focusing on the single action till he needn’t to remind his body to do it. Katsuki wiped his nose and moaned out, throat already burning, and looked down at the paper at hand somehow miraculously escaping from getting burnt.

The world was changing, and Izuku will not.

He *tsked* as his eyes burned, teeth ground against each other till his jaw began to cry out, the minute he thinks things couldn’t get any worse, they do. He had a fucking place in UA. *UA,* the *one* place Izuku wanted to go in so badly, the *one* hero they both admired so strongly was coming to *Katsuki,* and checking on *him,* when Izuku was rotting away fucking somewhere.

Wait. The funeral.

It’s been three months, had they made a funeral for him? Was he cleaned and placed somewhere so deep in the dirt? Will the only time he’ll ever see him is the reminiscence of his dead body cradled between the blonde’s arms?

That was the first time in a long time Katsuki cried again.

Dr. Tanaka was just finishing up the last of his documents before he put on his jacket and little hat, adding more bulk on the round man than what was comically necessary. He grabbed the brown file in one hand and turned to look at the all closed doors that opened to more bodies than
someone would sanely agree to spend time with, but where sanity and insanity fell apart was no longer something obvious now, was it?

He sighed and locked the door, shuffling his bag around for a more comfortable position beneath his arms and walked himself to the elevator with the awful music and it’s whirring of mechanical locks, he did wonder when will the day this damn elevator would actually stop working from the sound of it, but a silent prayer for it to not be this day was what crossed his mind to be added with relief to the ding of his arrival on the floor he sought.

The old man continued his steps in what could be, an empty office, before bumping in to a larger fellow.

Recognition filled the grey eyes accompanied by a warm smile of the doctor as he raised his hand to shake the stranger’s own extended one.

“Didn’t expect you to be here this late!” He grunted with a happy tone.

“Couldn’t miss seeing you off now that I was in the building,” The smooth stranger replied, “Why are you still here might I ask?”

At that question, Dr. Tanaka’s shoulders fell, “The most terrible of things, I just finished off writing my report on that poor boy sent to me a few days before.”

“Ah, the suicide kid?”

Dr. Tanaka solemnly nodded, “The boy had suffered through more than a child should, this paperwork is being sent to the police to open a case for the injuries I found before his death. Whatever had happened to him, it was terrifying.”

The man stood silent, “You think there’s more to it?”

“I do, and whoever had caused these injuries on the boy I want arrested and questioned – if possible, jailed.”

A strong hand held on to the old man’s shoulder, squeezing in understanding.

“I see,” The stranger spoke, “Would you mind looking at my eyes for a second? I think there’s something in it, it’s been bothering me for a while.”

Dr. Tanaka placed his things to the closest table and went back, “Of course! Let me see here,” He hummed, “I don’t see anything, are you sure –”

His voice was cut short as the glow of the eyes he was intently focused on zeroed on him, turning his mind into a blank canvas, body still as his consciousness began to slip.

“You have not found anything suspicious about the boy’s body; you’re tired and sad at seeing such a young life taken, so you’ll go home and sleep it off. There is no report, no case, just a poor boy who committed suicide.”

Dr. Tanaka blinked with confusion and looked back at the stranger before him. He opened his mouth multiple times and closed it, until he had a coherent thought in him.

“Was I saying something?”

The stranger laughed, “Dr. Tanaka you really do push yourself beyond your limits sometimes,
you were just telling me how you wanted to go back down and check if everything is closed before leaving.”

“I suppose your right! Dear me, I can’t get a grip on my head these days, I swear those meds I take aren’t doing me no good!”

“Why don’t I check the locks for you? You go on home and rest, I’ll take care of the rest.”

“Are you sure?” The old man hesitated, “You’re a guest right now it won’t be fair of me to–”

“Nonsense Dr. Tanaka,” The stranger interrupted, “Who would I be if I let my senior who’s this tired work even more. Don’t you worry, go on ahead.”

The old man smiled and twisted to leave, head moving to glance at the stranger one more time bidding him a farewell, “Thank you very much! It was very pleasant to meet you again Mr. Youta!”

“The pleasure’s all mine!” Youta yelled back, welcoming the closing of the doors and it’s aftermath of silence as he smirked, the whole place under his own touch, and turned to walk back to the elevator, deep down to the room where Izuku Midoriya’s body currently lay.

Chapter End Notes

hello... i’m surprised at myself at the quick update

but the many encouraging messages have gotten me more motivated to write and be able to bring for you guys more because you're all so incredible

every single one of you

i thank you guys a lot and say i love you a lot, but truly, you have no idea how the smallest of comments, kudos, even views from you, make me so happy till i cry like!!! 5,000 views!!! holy hell!!!!!

230 kudos!!!! i am crying rainbows!!!!!

this story wouldn't have gotten anywhere without your constant push, encouragement, love and the fact that you all, care so much and feel what i feel as i write this

this chapter is quite long, about 8.4k words

and so i wanted to ask,

do you prefer really long chapters? or normal length? or short?

i tend to try to write a lot, as in expressing as much as i can because the things i want to portray have so much emotions that words sometimes cant bring them to life
but some i try, and hopefully you all can enjoy this chapter

i personally cried buckets and had to physically stop many times when i was writing
Inko's meeting with Izuku's body, and again in Bakugou's struggles

the hardest part out of this chapter was that, because i wasn't able.... i mean i tried to
show the actual mess he was in, because dealing with this kind of loss, especially with
the way Katsuki had built up towards it and with his actions

the brain deals with trauma in such weird yet astonishing ways

some open up in a way to relief their feelings

some close in themselves

some fight and get angry

some stay quiet and somber

so it's a whole mixture of so many things that bakugou is facing with, with the loss, the
guilt, the shame, the horror, it's all mixing up inside him that his mind feels like its a
child again, closing off so many things and then shocking him back to it

and this is just the beginning

and so i hope i have somewhat succeeded in showing the whole ordeal it is, and the
many ways a person can materialize his own demons

so please please let me know what you think

i love you all so much!!

thank you for everything, always

be the best you can be~
Standing a little beneath him, with the pipe wedged deeply in his shoulder, the musk of the crimson seeping out enough to sprinkle on Katsuki’s face, hair and shirt, their breathings heavy and in tune with the world around them silently beating away to a cool distance of noise, they were in a time of their own. Time that moved slow enough for Bakugou to see the single sweat dripping from the nose, as the curly hair flickered green against the lights above them, pink rosy lips panting showing little of the pearl white teeth from the inside, the warm breath hitting the blond enough to smell the greenery of wildflowers, his eyes following the mask as it escaped its bindings, slowly falling to the ground.

The world really froze this time.

Katsuki’s body had turned ice cold, his throat closed, gurgling sounds barely making out of him. His hand shook, his heart thrummed so hard he could feel it beating all the way to his thumbs, sweat pouring down faster than it had ever. With a cry he had never heard erupting out of him, Katsuki stumbled on his words as the shock rooted him into place, the tears collecting in his eyes as his mind tried to register what he was seeing, the void in his chest crashing in on itself as the whirlwind of his emotions took control.
With a broken whisper enough to shatter him where he stood, Katsuki had said one word.

“Izuku?”

His hands were shaking, no longer able to apply any force to his makeshift weapon that was wedged in the shoulder of the man before him. The man who he had spent endless nights dreaming of putting him in jail, of finding him and fighting him and making sure he be put somewhere where the light never reaches, the same man who has murdered people, who had put Uraraka in the hospital. The man who he’d promise to kill.

The same man, who was once a boy, a boy with a sweet round face, painted with freckles and accompanied by a button nose, whose smile would spread from one end to the other with joy and love, along with an infectious laughter that you couldn’t help but join, whose love for heroes was never ending mumbles in his mind.

The same boy, who was told off, yelled at, hurt, beaten, lied to, cursed at, shoved, pulled, broken, used, thrown, and discarded with so much ease…

The same boy, who should be dead.

His eyes rushed to take in all the new details, all the new information his brain began processing faster than he could’ve thought it would, in trying to understand and break down that the person right there is the same one he’d been mourning over all this time.

Despite himself, his mind was harshly trying to compare the sight to the boy he used to know, taking in the unknown features and filing them in the this isn’t what it’s supposed to look like cabinet in itself, because to tell the truth of the matter, the man who caused all this havoc, isn’t as close to who his Izuku was.

A severe goodbye to the round full cheeks to be replaced by a strong filled in jaw, the cute button nose was now a sharp defined one, his face looked stronger, more mature, like a person almost eighteen years, the jade eyes still there. But it was so much more different than he could have ever imagined, because even as Izuku’s past trails remained in the face staring back to his own, Katsuki’s eyes widened at the massive contrast to what reality has given to him. Izuku’s left eye had a massive ugly scar running down from his eyebrow till the corner of his lips, more of them seemed to pick up in haste as the blonde’s eyes roamed down a little, to the neck that was mostly covered that now revealed the mess of the marks on them. The same scarred eye contained something that made Katsuki recoil, it wasn’t the same as its twin, beautifully green in color; it was almost a pale violet, an unforgiving divergence to the image Bakugou had in him.

“Missed me, Kacchan?”

The silent whisper rooted the blond in place long enough for Izuku to raise his leg up and kick Katsuki in the stomach, throwing him a good distance away. Katsuki’s body had flipped and turned as it hit the pavement repeatedly until it crashed against a light pole at the end of the street. He could vaguely hear Kirishima yelling out for him, but the force of the impact had caused his head to hurt. He blinked multiple times trying to get some control to his surrounding that’s currently spinning when he felt a hand push him back on the ground, his head shrieking in pain against the second impact.
Izuku pinned him down with the same unexplainable force that Katsuki can’t get out of, and with the way his mind was spinning in and the rapid loss of energy from just lying down there, the crimson eyed young boy knew he was in trouble. The man above him had removed the sword that was embedded into him, a sinister smile forming on his face as Katsuki swore his eyes were fucking shining against the dark night that engulfed them.

“What’s wrong Kacchan? Cat got your tongue?” Izuku then proceeded to take the same weapon Katsuki had created, only to shove it back into the blonde’s own body, right on the same spot he had done it to the dark haired boy.

Bakugou knew he was screaming, felt his own body shrivel up and seize at the pain radiating from his shoulder, was fucking positive he’s losing more blood than he could replenish, but despite all of this there was only one thought flowing inside of him.

“H-How… are you…” Bakugou gasped, “Still… a-alive?”

Izuku didn’t reply at first, a blank face was all that answered Katsuki as the man above him came closer to him all while his weight adding on the aggravated pain the blond was currently feeling from the iron rod shoved in him.

“You don’t get to ask questions. You don’t get to have answers. You only deserve to suffer.”

“If all what you’re doing is getting back at me, stop all of it and just _come_ at me!”

Izuku threw his head back in laughter, his one free hand wrapping around his stomach as he struggled to catch his breath. He mocked and pretended to wipe tears from his eyes for his face to shift from the fake laughter to the murderous look he had pinned Katsuki with so many times before.

What the fuck happened to him?

“You think all of this, is for _you_? My God, you’d think letting you grow up a little longer would get your head out of your ass, but as I see you’re still your own selfish bastard of a fan. Sorry, but what I’m doing has nothing to do with you. We just happened to meet earlier than I planned, so I’m having fun while I’m at it.”

“Fun? You’re having _fun_?! In what way is all of this fucking fun Izuku?!” Katsuki spat.

In a second, his throat was held on so strongly the air was cut off, with Izuku’s face right against his, eyes no longer harboring a single emotion, just a dead panned face that screamed more of horror than Katsuki ever imagined and all of that intoxicating presence weighing down on the blond.

“That is not my name. I am Deku. You do not speak of me this way.” He didn’t release his hold, “What you saw today was only a small promise, I’m going to remind people what’s it _really_ like to be scared. I could do whatever I like, to whoever I choose, wherever I want, whenever I’d like… and you will _never_ catch me, Katsuki. And one day, I’m going to _kill you_.”

Come to a brighter day, where the sun had risen and the skies weren’t matted with ash smoke
flying its way to infect the lungs of the hopeful with its toxic wastes of fear, stood All Might in a hidden form that only the few and the trusted were ever to see in him. He leaned against the windowsill, arm up against his forehead as his deep sunken eyes focused on nothing and everything at once, of a history marked with so much sadness and a future promised with a losing excellence. He had a lot on his plate, for the hopeful, for the wasteful, to the good and the bad, and he had come to accept the weight of the responsibility the life had chosen gave him, because he truly was the natural born hero. He had come forth against challenges presumed impossible and had succeeded, made himself the root of what a hero should be, can be, will be, and had raised the bars so high to always allow more to want to follow his footsteps. But all of that, despite its greatness, stood no chances against the ticking of the clock of the real enemy of all.

His time was getting closer.

And despite the morbidness of the knowledge being at the back of his mind, he set forth to continue in leading on with what he can to find a successor, someone to pass on the torch, to continue the dream with in the dreams they will surpass not only him, but everyone around him.

All Might had just taken hold of his coffee mug when the door to his room opened, and in came the principle of the UA along with Aizawa. The tiny man – mouse? – tapped his way inside the room and with a heavy sigh that was accompanied by a squeak – now a mouse – as he sat down one of the three couches in the middle of the room.

“Had a long day principal?” All Might sat across from him.

“Too long,” The animal hybrid replied, “But I think all is cleared out now.”

“What about our young students? Are they all alright?”

Tired eyes that begged for sleep blinked as the dark haired man was the one to respond, “All are very much alive; some a little more injured than others, but will be okay.”

All Might sat quiet for a minute, “All this destruction and mayhem its incredible there were no deaths that night.”

“I don’t think it’s a mere chance.”

His tone had the thin man frown, “What do you mean principal?”

“The police Chief sent me the reports this morning,” His small paw touched his lower lip as the thoughts stirred inside his head, “All explosion areas were from safe distance from any actual citizen zones – they were in the city yes, but it wasn’t meant to do actual harm.”

“This was just their test at us again,” All Might finished in understanding, “They’re waiting for something from us.”

The principal nodded, “We just have to find it before they do to be one step ahead.”

All Might was the one to take a breath this time, letting the sound of the coffee he sipped be the only thing for a while. Things were escalating faster than any of them could get a grip of understanding what it was actually about, and with the way things were being projected onto the media, the way they were being shaped out to be was nothing of the good sort. And frankly? Had them tied down into making sure not to do any more faults to not lose the faith of the people in them.

“The test results are out.” Aizawa stared in confusion at the words from the tiny hybrid.
“Oh,” All Might stared back at the reflection on the jet black drink, at his frail appearance and diluted presence. His heart skipped a beat at the hearing, and hope had begun to flap its wings inside of him despite the chains he kept in check around them. “I understand. And… well, what did they say?”

The principal cleared his throat, “It was a failure again All Might,” His bead eyes filling with the sadness the man before him exhibited, “There was no successful recipient.”

All Might groaned and covered his face, “Again?”

A small paw patted him sympathetically, “Is Bakugou truly the only one?”

“What do you mean by him being the only one?” Aizawa asked, his interest peaking with worry as his favorite pupil was mentioned.

The blond man pursed his lips and sighed, suddenly he was feeling more tired than before which was only just more reminders for him to face that he can’t continue the way he’s been doing lately, his time cutting short every day he attempts to be the pillar of hope, but the realization of the possibility everything could end with him? It instilled a great fear he couldn’t even face with a smile against to save his own life.

“We can attempt to find someone else, I am sure that someone else can get it.”

Aizawa was even more confused now.

All Might shook his head, “Will all due respect principal, I have searched, I have looked and tested and tried so many places all over the world.”

“Can someone share to explain what the hell you two are saying about my student?” The dark haired man snapped.

All Might and the principal exchanged a look that only aggravated the sleepless hero as he waited for someone to speak up, his patience wearing thin with every second passing by till he opened his mouth about to send out a few colorful words of his own when All Might interjected him.

“After my fight with… him, the toxic waste he landed inside me… it did things to my body. Forget the injuries, forget the life-long struggle I shall be stuck with, that isn’t what the situation is; it’s the mutation these toxins have caused in me.” He put his cup down and turned to Aizawa, “You see, the attack left me endangered in more than one way, this injury,” He lifted his shirt to emphasize his point, “Wasn’t the worst thing about it, it’s what the remains that spread throughout my body did. Whatever it was, no one could figure out, and we didn’t even know about it, didn’t cross anyone’s mind that anything like this would happen.”

“What exactly has it done?” Aizawa muttered.

The blond dropped his gaze in defeat, “It mutated my genes, enough that when the time came to choose my successor, to choose Mirio…”

“Is this why my previous top student have dropped out of school?” Hurt flashed through Aizawa’s face as he began to realize something had happened, and he wasn’t trusted enough to know of it.

“I didn’t mean to leave you out of it, Mirio and I discussed the situation entirely after the incident, and what came between us is the statement he provided.”
The principal closed his eyes as Aizawa’s temper flared with his declaration, “But you lied.”

“Yes.”

“And what did actually happen to Mirio?”

All Might hesitated, “The official story says that he suffered an injury that he couldn’t presume his life as a hero…” The principal gestured him to continue, “But the actual reason was, that when I have decided to give the boy my DNA, to pass to him One For All… his body had a reaction. A severe reaction to it.”

“What sort of reaction?”

The room grew quiet as All Might’s silence only added to the somber truth that was about to be told. Aizawa was on his toes, hands clenched and jaw gritting harshly that his teeth creaked, but he couldn’t help himself from feeling too much when the idea that his students, his kids, were going through things behind his back, with one dropping out, and another being talked about like he was a specimen. Excuse him for being so close to combust.

“The mutation… changed something about my DNA, made it toxic to people who aren’t born with a specific kind of antibodies against it.”

“Changed your DNA?” Aizawa sat down, “What did it do?”

All Might gripped the bridge of his nose as the lump in his chest went to his throat unable to answer, hands slightly trembling doing nothing but ring more alarms in Aizawa’s mind. He turned for the principal for some sort of clarification.

“The mutation, didn’t just affect All Might’s DNA, it affected his quirk.” The principal continued.

“It what?”

He nodded as All Might slumped back in loss, “It made One For All harder to be given, it’s no longer just passing DNA willingly, another condition was set on it. We didn’t know about it until…”

“Until you tried it with Mirio,” Aizawa gravely continued.

They both bobbed their heads.

Aizawa looked at the blond, “What happened to him, what truly happened to him All Might?”

The blond only looked away, and the principal answered him.

“When Mirio was given that strand of hair, and he swallowed it, the effects of it were immediate. He began choking, and foaming around the mouth, as if he truly was poisoned. When he was taken to the hospital, he was put in an induced coma for about two weeks till the doctors tried to calm his body from attacking itself… When he woke up, it was a whole other story.”

“There’s more to this?”

All Might pursed his lip as an answer, all while still not looking at them.

“Then why wasn’t I told! Why weren’t any of us told about this?!” Aizawa yelled.
“Well what the hell did you want me to say?! That I ruined a child’s life?! That I tried to pass on who I am only to cause a boy so gifted and brilliant to become Quirkless!?”

Aizawa’s mouth was left agape as the word registered in his head for about a minute, and he went off.

“Mirio is now Quirkless?! What the hell did the two of you do!”

“Mr. Aizawa, please.” The tone of the tiny man between them set the two of them back down, “We had no idea this would happen, and after realizing there’s a potential for something like to happen again, we began taking samples from all the students in UA who were already registered with us and we have come to realize, that the blood samples reacted the same way Mirio’s body did. The mutation had caused a severe autoimmune reaction where the bodies of those who ingest it began attacking itself to the point of erasing all sort of traces of quirks being there.”

“This… this is a nightmare.”

“Tell me about it,” All Might scoffed, irritation getting the best of him that he got off his chair and began to pace around.

“So when you said Bakugou is the only one…?” The dots began to connect inside the black haired man.

The principal gave a slow smile as All Might began to ramble, “When I first met him, it was in the villain attack when he was in middle school. I didn’t think much of him but a boy with good potential, and I heard he was going to apply to UA, so naturally I found where he lived and paid him a visit to… make sure he goes forward and does apply.”

“At that point All Might had the idea of asking all those who apply here, to submit a sample of blood along with their registration.” The principal continued.

“And that was widely accepted? And kept hidden from us?”

“You have to understand things had to be kept quiet about this, we couldn’t afford any whiff of the knowledge of this passing on to anyone, to reach to him, and we would be dealing with kidnappings of young kids and murders. So we took it slow, said it was for Recovery Girl to document their blood samples in order to be pre-prepared and the parents were alright with it.”

“All Might persuaded Bakugou to apply faster than he had intended, and with that we got a blood sampled and tested it. We weren’t expecting much, neither All Might nor me, so to get Recovery Girl coming one day yelling that one sample didn’t react but accepted the gene mutation and took it to its own…”

“Holy fuck, Bakugou’s body can accept it.”

The truth sank heavily, the knowledge kept hidden for years unfolding and explaining the relentless focus the two people before Aizawa had for the aforementioned young blond, and as to why despite the actions he had done in his middle school… he was allowed to continue on. Aizawa knew what happened, didn’t accept it – never will – but had allowed Bakugou to try and earn the right to be walking as a free man, and after getting to know the young boy so closely and uncovering the ugly reality beneath the mask he wore, his consciousness still fights against itself to accept Bakugou with all his faults and let go, or to one day hold him accountable.

“We don’t know how, or why, but it did. And without any problems or threats that we can see to his life whatsoever, his body was fully able cope and work, as if there was nothing happening at
“That’s why, after we found that out, I kept going back and seeing him. He doesn’t know, not yet, of the situation, neither do his parents. My interest in him seemed as though it was from a future student and teacher relationship point of view, and I had hoped to get to know the boy better and build the trust between the both of us.”

“And then the awful tragedy happened, and he went MIA for months.” The principal pursed his lips, “All Might tried to see him, I tried to see him, at one point his mother had refused to send him here. It all seemed like our one big break was slipping from us.”

All Might took to the window, watching as the sunset unfolded at the city beyond the walls harboring the one person who could become the next pillar of hope.

“I had to say things… I had to lie. I’m sure if she sees me she’d see right through me, but we had to make sure the boy comes here and learns, to be stronger; to be able to withstand the things that he will have to deal with.”

“But he’s not stable enough for this!” Aizawa argued.

The blond whipped his focus on his colleague, “You don’t think I know that! I know his friend… having died that way, having to go do what he did… will never leave him. He did something awful, downright horrible, I knew that, we all did, and we still took him in. Because he is our only shot. We had to take him in, teach him, guide him, and make him learn to be good. He is stronger, and even if he grows weak a few times, he is getting back up. Becoming a hero is the only thing that would salvage him, get him to think back to his friend and remember him fondly like one would normally, this is the right path for him. For all of us, and by the end of this year, he’ll get my DNA and grow even more, that is why we have to manage his emotional state as soon as possible.”

“That isn’t possible All Might listen –”

“No! I won’t!” The blond interrupted Aizawa, “He has to emotionally move on because I don’t have much time left.”

Aizawa stood still for a second, “His friend is not dead. His friend is the mad man who did the Central Square Attack.”

Somewhere far away, beyond the expensive houses, the normal homes, the streets filled with every day people doing everyday things, where the sun would gleam its way into welcoming them to another day, where a hope of a new start mingles along with the morning due, and the crackle of noises where they’ve come to accept as a soothing background noise to them, lay an area of the city where the sun would hesitate to spread its warmth forward on. It was as though the essence of those alleyways and broken down places were dark enough to remind the sun that its time was limited, that which brought the monsters out was the night that the moon called for, and so it felt like every day, these streets would grow even colder, the sun would rise and set just a little further away, the anticipations that others would have for themselves and what the day would bring, does not exist in these households.
Heroes themselves would opt not to pass them, preferring waiting for a situation to call them rather than personally going forth to check in, and who would? With the stench of the air dripping all around them, and the hostile unwelcoming gazes of the poor that splattered across the whole area, no one would willingly want to pass by to be reminded that some parts of their happy little worlds, lingered areas where disease, hatred and unfairness spread like wildfire when their lives were good and clean, the harsh reminder only aggravated those blessed with better lives.

And in that small area, an alleyway broken off into chunks by the two demolished buildings on each of its side, hid a small trapdoor that once brought the business of theft blooming in the old days, that led on to a narrow road underground filled with cobwebs and mice trailing its path until a larger, heavier set of a wooden door met, that opened to a whole different world down there.

A little alleyway would never be assumed to be the doorway inside to a whole other form of city thriving underground, with many hallways leading to much more rooms and paths, it was a maze; one that was complex and grew as the days led one, each one bringing a new opening to a new route that helped in the mastermind’s plan to consume this whole city itself.

In one room, dimly lit with cinnamon and wildflower scent swarming it, stood a green haired, one green eyed man as he stared across towards the wall filled with plastered papers of all forms. From photographs, to newspapers, to outlets of gossips and his own scrambled writings, and dotted red strings highlighting the connection between the scattered information at his wake, he was shirtless with his pants hanging dangerously low to his hips revealing the lean body littered with scars. Far too many than a person of his age should be having, and some so ugly and deep, it took a lot out of the other man currently lazily lying in bed, to handle to see. That’s a lot coming from a man who was severely scarred himself.

“Are you overthinking again?” He spoke out to the younger boy.

“And why would you presume that?” He shifted to give a small smile – or what could be called a smile from him – and walked himself to the closet on his right.

The blue eyed man shrugged, and shuffled against the silk sheets to stare at the muscled back as it covered itself with the classic button up too expensive shirt, “You’ve been silent since we met with that boy, Katsuki?”

He visibly stiffened, and the blue eyes narrowed in humor, “What of him?”

“Things got a little too close don’t’cha think?”

An empty collection of jade and violet stared back at the striking blue, “Things aren’t of your business.”

Izuku smirked back down at him, as Dabi crawled his way across the black silk, the stark difference of his white skin and the jarred purple, mixing in so beautifully against the black and the blue of his eyes was a sight to the eyes. The taller of the two wrapped his hands around the waist before him, mouth guiding its way to the peeking skin between the opened shirt, kissing his way through the scars on his route as he raised himself further and further upwards, past the belly button to knock his nose against the muscled abs moving in deep breaths to his touch, his hands palming slowly against the tense shoulder as the sigh of pleasure seeped from the green haired boy in front of him.

Dabi’s head was whipped back with a harsh tug and he fell back down to the bed with a laugh.
on his breath as the boy above him leaned down, their noses close to touch.

“Atta boy,” He whispered exhibiting the silent answer to his question, and went back to getting dressed while the purple haired man walked himself to the bathroom for a cold shower, since his business was far from taken care of.

Izuku whipped most of his unruly hair back as he stared at himself, hands working from muscle memory and doing his tie and wearing his blazer, his signature look finalized by the black gloves he never leaves this room without, exiting it not giving a care for the man he left behind.

He doesn’t care about many things.

It’s the little things that he needs, and when he’s done, everything he used is useless. Why keep something that’s been used, even further than it requires? There were a little rule breakers, but they’re mostly for entertainment.

Even something like him needs to be entertained a little bit, despite the natural order where a creation that’s an abomination would be destroyed, he was out destroying, and it was only the contact of a certain blond that had his heart sing for the first time in a long while. And so he continued walking, barely giving a glimpse towards the underlings who would shudder and make way for him, he could smell their fear – in the literal sense – and it did nothing to neither goad him nor excite him, these things rarely did. When one finds himself above so many things, one tends to ignore them till it’s time to play. The amount of people dimmed down, the bowing and the murmurs with them, as his footsteps took him to the branch of this underground maze that only two ever entered.

It’d be one if the other wasn’t so adored by him.

All good things take time.

His eyes scanned his surroundings before he placed himself in front of the metal door, so heavily secured in a mocking sense since the green haired boy could break it with his thumb if he’d wanted, but he played along. Tried to, most of the times, but he played along. And so he stayed still as he waited for the door to open, walking in with a beat to his step in the darkness of the room stopping where his mind reminded him to stop, the same exact spot, every time, never mistaking it.

“My Deku…” A deep voice called out to him from the shadows as a hand extended forwards to him, “Come closer.”

Once, the sight would’ve shaken his knees and had him bawling to the floor, but those memories? False ideas? He didn’t know, were a mere blur in his mind, nothing beyond the world he belongs in now ever came back to him in full, and as always, he pushed those thoughts aside to raise his hand back to the hand that called out to him, and walked the step till he was hauled up on the lap.

“Let me see, my beloved.” The lips whispered against his ears, and Izuku stayed still, unflinching as the hand brought out an instrument that eerily resembled a surgeon’s scalpel to the light. Izuku moved to the buttons of his blazer and shirt to reveal the abused body, as the scalpel like blade pushed through the skin, letting his blood seep out more and more as the tear in him grew. There was pain, there was a lot of pain, but that sensation had long been instilled in him that his brain gave no notion to the extreme violence his body was subjugated to.

It was larger than most of the times, where the man behind him would opt not to ruin his
masterpiece too much, but Izuku had guessed this was a form of punishment as well since he had
outed himself a little more soon than was ever planned. But again, Izuku can’t find himself to
physically go against him.

When the cutting was done, most of the pooling blood was already being collected, as always.
Izuku had turned around and stood still before the dark in front of him, till the hand now became
two, had brought up electrical wires and shoved them deep inside where Izuku was sliced open.
Wincing, the green haired boy took a deep breath and moved to the designated place next, there
was no point in fighting. It was happening, like it constantly did. The small servants of the
shadows that he never seemed to be able to pinpoint their locations had grabbed hold of his arms;
quickly shoving him towards the table now lit in the empty room, and had thrown him on its
surface, strapping him down from the hands and legs, and even the neck.

The whole idea of him not being already here before being cut open? Was the enjoyment of the
show, to see him limp and bleed as he walked with opened wounds.

And it hadn’t even begun.

Chapter End Notes

hiiii guyyyyys!!!

ive honestly missed you all so much

im so sorry for not posting earlier, ive kinda been feeling so down from the last
chapter, and it took me a while to start writing again

i think most of you didnt enjoy it, but thats okay! because the stroy must go on!

im happy to be writing again, even if its this small chapter but!!!

important things are finally becoming clearer and clearer!

i didnt focus much on katsuki yet, because itll come to another chapter

and this chapter had to somewhat explain the one before it and the one coming

so it needed to be written even if its not much

but please tell me what you think! your words mean everything and its important to
know you're all liking it hahaha

love you guys so much

thank you so much to who wrote some of the most amazing feedback last chapter

honestly you guys are the reason i even wanna go more and more into this story
but like always itll explained over a time, so the full impact hits you all!!

let me know what you think!

be the best you can be~
A Shift

Chapter Notes

hi guys!

not a really long chapter, but hope you'll enjoy!!

end notes for more x

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Past

A Shift

It was a quiet morning, with Mitsuki sitting idly on her living room’s couch, a coffee in hand with the morning news murmuring in the background as her mind was focused on something else entirely. It had been a few days after her heated argument with her son whether he should go forward with his dream of becoming hero, and to the boy he used to be, it would have been everything for her to push him forward into it.

He had been blessed with so much so early on in his life that she knew, back from when his quirk had manifested, that he’d blast his way to the dream he manifested the day the man of its essence emerged. She couldn’t stop it, she knew eventually she was fighting a useless one, and that he’ll go forward with it with no regards to what she wants.

She wasn’t sure if this burst of life inside of him was good or bad, but she should be at least thankful he’s becoming more and more of a person… shouldn’t she?

Sighing, Mitsuki raised herself from the fixed position and walked her way about the house, usually she’d be working at this time of day, but since Katsuki had taken most of her time, she’d shifted to doing it from home – still she procrastinated. The clank of the mug echoed around the quiet house as she trudged her way up the stairs, adding a little more weight into them so the silent
A boy in his room would be aware of her approaching, with a knock or two on his door she called out to him.

“Yeah?” A muffled voice replied back.

“I was wondering if you’d like to take a walk outside with me.” She twisted her fingers nervously, “The weather’s nice for today, and you could use some fresh air.”

Mitsuki was more prepared for the refusal than an agreement, so when Katsuki opened the door to her and begrudgingly agreed, doing his little act that he didn’t want to do it and was being forced – when she knew him to actually have liked the idea – she humorously went along with it, if it at least got him out.

The two of them were quiet as they walked side by side down the road of their neighborhood. She knew her son was on high alert to the people giving them side glances and the whispers that seemed to follow them wherever they went, and she had hoped her nonchalant reaction would at least let Katsuki understand that what these people say, doesn’t matter.

It doesn’t matter if this was the first time he walked out since the day in the hospital, it doesn’t matter that gossip and rumors flew around quicker than songbirds, it never mattered what anyone else thought, because as long as her boy was trying, attempting at seeing life again, she was willing to shove down the things she’d heard along with her explosive temper to give him a chance to realize that truth for himself.

As for Katsuki himself, it was more or less the same train of thought, in the sense that if he showed his mother a face to which is tougher than what he was on the inside, she’d worry less. Maybe she’d try and go work in her office again, that perhaps one day she’ll decide he was okay again, even if he really wasn’t, just getting the approval from someone was more than enough for the blond to start piecing himself back together.

That wasn’t hard when you’d shove down the truth of the matters at hand and begin to create someone else, someone who could handle the outside world along with the dormant demon inside him at the same time. Something that would spring out when things got too hard; be able to bring actions and counteractions to the multiple stimulants of life… at the very least, something that would be able to feel.

“Are you still considering going to UA?” She spoke at last. They had reached the playground that separated his house from… And Mitsuki hadn’t noticed the receding footsteps behind her until she turned and swore under her breath.

Katsuki was standing too still for his own character, hands fisted inside the jacket he’d worn and eyes zeroed in on the area where most of his memories were filled in. From the swings on the right, past the sand box where sandcastles were built, all the way to the slides and various other games, each containing a history of its own, an interaction between him and Izuku he seemed to have completely forgotten about till his crimson eyes laid on them.

She was about to hold his hand and take him back till he took a step forward, and another, until he moved himself to the swings and sat on one.

“I don’t know.” He muttered back.

Katsuki had vehemently fought back against his mother’s urges to not attend UA, and to find a different path to take rather than being a hero; there were so many things he could be, with his brains and good looks, the future was practically wide open with hospitable arms to him. But he
couldn’t let go of something he had wanted for so long, so easily. Even as his shadows crept up on him when he was alone, promising him the menacing outlook to what his life has to offer from now on, because what can a murderer have to hope?

It was too conflicting, the sides inside him that urged him to let go of what had happened and help himself up back to the boy he was, and the guilt-filled corner of his brain, festering with the demons resulted of his actions that tie him down in the mental suffering no one seems to see. What was he to choose? Who was he to be? Was there a future for a man like him? Why hasn’t he been caught and sent to trial? Why isn’t he confessing?

“I hoped you’d change your mind eventually,” His mother responded.

He sighed dejectedly, “Mom, look I know you –”

“No you look Katsuki,” She interrupted, he turned to watch her take a deep breath then cross her arms, “I may not… I may not know how much you’re going through. I only see the outside, not the inside, and you have refused you to share any of your thoughts or feelings with me or your father, and refused professional help.” She walked and sat on the swing next to him, “What happened… What happened was dreadful, something not even words can explain, and something I never ever wanted you to experience. Going to UA, becoming a hero, there will come a time where your hands won’t reach those who may need it.”

Her eyes softened as a hand reached to cup the swell of his cheeks, “You are my son, the better halves of your father and I, and honey, I don’t want to see you suffer even more. I see Inko every week… and she is broken, more so than anything I’ve ever seen. I’m so selfish to want to keep you so protected and by my side, to have sat nights crying at how thankful I am you are alive. Can you imagine? Can you imagine what’s it like to be a mother, and see a child passing to thank heavens it wasn’t her own? It’s mad, it is,” Mitsuki covered her face as she continued, “I had nights where nightmares got me that you were the one gone, that I lost my baby, and I just… I don’t want to see this happening.”

“Mom…” Katsuki choked on his words, how was he to respond to such a heart wrenching declaration of his mother? To see her open up to him so easily had him envy her for the relief she must be feeling, “I won’t… I won’t let anything happen to me.”

He looked away from her intense gaze, feet shuffling through the sand as he began to swing in tune with his thoughts.

“I don’t speak… because I can’t. I just can’t mom, and if you paid bucks on getting me so bullshit help I still won’t, so what’s the use?”

“The use is for you to be normal again, be you! Be happy.”

“I’m not going to ever be happy mom,” His voice broke, “I never will. I can be me again, I can have fun, have friends, but I’m never going to be fully happy. I’d rather you focus on being happy yourself than at me.”

Mitsuki felt the break of his words directly in her heart, refusing to allow it but at the same time, as she looked upon him in that moment, his ashen blond hair fluttering to the wind, hunched back moving with both hands clenched so tightly to the chains on his sides, and his face – his beautiful face – looking back at her with more emotions than he would ever be able to lay with words, she had gotten up despite the tears betraying her and gave him a small smile.
“And you’re determined to go forth in the life you’ve always wanted?”

Katsuki pursed his lips, “Yes.”

“Okay then… I’ll leave the rest to you, but please, do not let me lose my only son.”

The response came from behind him, his face whipping fast to see the tall man who usually wore a smile to his face staring back at his mother with such intensity as he nodded and then focused his eyes on the small blond boy. Before he realized, his mom had walked herself back to the road they’d come from, and some part of him knew he’s breaking something in her, but there was nothing in him able to fix it.

“Hello All Might.” Katsuki whispered.

The large man somehow squeezed himself in the swing that was just recently occupied; the sight would’ve made Katsuki laugh if it weren’t for the sour mood he’s in.

“Bakugou my boy, how have you been?”

“Fucking peachy, what about you?” The sarcasm was welcomed in his tongue, as Katsuki avoided glancing at his hero.

“I can guess that isn’t the truth about how you feel,” All Might spoke, “But I am here to come to you as a mentor, a friend if you will, to the next years of your life.”

Katsuki looked up, “Why? Why are you so interested in me? You saw what happened. You heard what I’ve done; I’m the guys you lock up, so why haven’t you fucking locked me up just yet?”

Silence replied to Katsuki’s burst, he *tsked* and got up to leave, the nerves getting the best of him at what the one hero he’d admired since he’s been a child shutting him down and telling him that yes, he should and will be locked up. He knew he deserved it, but for some reason Katsuki’s heart began beating with fear at the proximity of that possibility actually happening.

“You’re right,” Katsuki’s heart fell at the reply, “But… there’s more to this than anyone can explain at once.”

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?” Katsuki cried.

“There are so many things taking play in our lives young Bakugou, and I am not one to let go of things that shouldn’t happen. What you have done, is awful, you and I both know it. If it weren’t for something I believe to be true to happen, things would be turning out a complete different outlook. I see something in you, that I don’t in anyone else. You might now have a dark past, something that will always haunt you and come back to bite you, but the possibility of the greatness you can create is too much to allow you to slip away. So you can take this as a chance to allow yourself a shot in showing me you are better than what I’ve seen, and that you can be who I imagine you to be, while making sure that the Hero inside you shines brighter than the dark harboring you… or you can delude yourself who you are right now is the only thing you can be, but I warn you, that you might not like who you turn out to be.”

Katsuki leaned towards the other blond, “You’re not making too much sense, you’re not giving me an option, you’re not even giving me an actual answer.”

All Might shrugged, “That may be true, or it may be something you just don’t quite grasp yet.”
The young boy sighed and scratched the back of his head, “I still don’t get why you’re letting me get away with what I did.”

“I’m not, no one will. Your own mind will torment you, and not to mention, you can take this as a way of us keeping an eye to make sure you don’t do that again.”

“A fucking watch on me?”

“You can call it that, but to the people who are concerned to what you’re going to turn out to be, they understand; like me, that you have great potential. Why not grow it in the better way?”

“You’re basically admitting you’re inviting me to keep me in check, wouldn’t lying help you in convincing me?” Katsuki scoffed.

“I don’t think you’d appreciate being lied to, am I right?” All Might smirked and got up, “You can take this or leave it, but I hope you choose to come to UA and continue there. We can help you control yourself and your quirk better, keep an eye on you and your whereabouts and actions, and at the same time you’ll begin to learn how to live with yourself with the guilt you’re in.”

Bakugou thought for a minute, “Will it not go away?” He whispered.

“I think the question you’re asking yourself right now is if you’re ever going to let it go away.”

The young boy sighed and looked back at the playground behind him, the flashbacks playing across his red eyes as if they were all yesterday. He didn’t understand what All Might was saying, it was obvious he was beating around the bushes about something he couldn’t say to Katsuki, and the more he tried to ask the more that the man before him left him more confused than ever. He never was able to pinpoint what made him go forward with it, if it’s the never ending guilt, the chance of it going away, or if he really wanted to prove to himself he can be better than this but something just got to him. There were too many things going on in his brain and in his heart to be able to process all at once, but the façade of the boy he had begun to create jumped out of him and turned to the number one hero.

“Alright, I’ll do it. I’ll come to UA, and I’ll fucking prove I can be the best damn hero this world has seen. Better than you.”

All Might boomed a laughter placing both his hands on his hips as he gave off his signature smile and nodded at the child in his sight. The plan moving slowly but surely, and as they both walked back to Katsuki’s house, the younger boy reminding himself he had another to prove to as well that he can be so much better, all All Might could think of was the ticking of the clock.
Months earlier

It was dark, empty, nothingness.

It wasn’t scary, there wasn’t an actual description of what it felt like; it was just existence. There weren’t any singular emotion, nor lack of them, just the mere passing of time if that even what it was. Like a hum on the tips of things he knew were there, but at the same time they were not.

There was no movement of him, nothing really feeling tangible to even move, and he wondered if there was a possibility to change the view he saw, but then again, was he seeing?

It was peculiar.

Time could be passing as slow as a snail, or as fast as sound, who knew? He didn’t. There was a lot he didn’t know, so many questions forming in his mind only to disperse as fast they came with no recollection of what they really were. Like the smell of a candle that had just been put out, he had sensed it in scent but not sight. That’s as close of a narrative he could make.

He? What was he? Who is he?

Is he something? Anything? Or nothing?

So much to know, but little to have learned… but he didn’t let the struggle of understanding take too much of his thoughts, there was so much of unknown that over time, they just fell away on their own. Boredom had come and go, sometimes with a fleeting recollection along with it, like a past hidden so deeply it could be there if he tried to look, but he didn’t.

And so the days went on, the weeks, months, even years perhaps, with him just being there, in that strand of the shadows where light never came, no other being ever passed by, he had wondered if he was something a mistake that had conjured up, but at the same time if he were a mistake, where were the correct things?

Some stretch later, something did change. It began slowly, trickling the back of his mind like the dripping of the rain and he paid no attention to it until it began to grow even more. At first there was naught that surrounded him, and then little bumps and flows of motion would hit him in different areas, giving him some sort of borders of where the sensations would cease and become visible.

He had a form, a shape, something other than just being there, something that can be actually living. He couldn’t make it out to what it was, since all that came to him where just the casual touches of the fluidity that had formed around him, but then one time, that fluidity became heavier, as if some sort of weight was added all around him but skipped him, for him to feel like he was floating somewhere.

It went like this for a long time he thinks, long enough for it to be casual and losing the thoughts of the previous him. He thinks he’s adapted in some way, but still hasn’t figured out the trigger.

The first true sensation he got, was the cold. He knew what the word meant, and how it felt, without knowing from where the knowledge came to him, but he eagerly welcomed it. Greedily allowing it to consume him whole, seeping into him in obvious contrast to the warmth of the motion around him. Ah, warmth… the second knowledge that popped up. Cold and warm, they
were real, they were alive, and so he must be alive.

Gradually, the cold in him began to leave. Disappearing from the center of his core to push itself till the corners of what he was, and that was when he had an image of what he could have been after so long. It was… organic? A being, huddled up and closed in on it, there were things dangling from him, a flutter of softness above him, and as the cold concentrated on his edges, the warmth began to flow from where the hollowness rang inside him.

It was fine at first, he liked how it felt, but it started to increase in its intensity. Discomfort was growing as the heat began to edge him on, becoming more unbearable as the time let on till it suffocated him.

He was burning. Scorching. No longer the comfort that he welcomed with open arms, but now a continuous motion of something digging him in, something that wasn’t right, that was so… wrong entirely. He didn’t want it anymore, he wanted to push it away, to throw it back and never try to allow it in again but try as he may it wouldn’t go.

Pain.

That was what followed, severe and sharp that gripped him from everywhere at once the previous image he struggled to conjure up was now escaping him despite his attempts to bring it back, but it just hurt so much. The massive discomfort he felt in his chest made him want to cry out, but he didn’t know how, and who was there to help? He was alone and burning stronger every day.

He never got used to it, because it would grow all the time with no constant track, it would be where it was in this moment, and the next jump further than it should be doing – that what he thinks anyways – and it would just go on like that.

And then, somehow, a gate had opened somewhere and the sensations had heightened till a ripped scream came out of him and light burst his way. It was blinding at first, with the sudden outburst of so many things coming at him at once. There was the fact that he can move, and when he realized that, it sat in his head that he was something tangible, that only led on to the continuous dawning of so many new information he was picking up at once that overwhelmed him. He felt like he was drowning from the inside and the out, spinning indefinitely without a ground to hold him still and it had become so powerful he felt the fuse break off and suddenly it was dark again.

It was different this time.

It was dark, only because his eyes were closed. He had eyes, and a face, a chest that lead to a waist, hands and legs, a complete form. He was human.

Human.

Not quite.

Impatience got the best of him, and he opened his eyes for the first time in a long time. There was that same light that scorched everything out, but it gradually diminished till things took on a hazed appearance. It wasn’t as clear as he’d hoped it is… but it was something.

Before him were bubbles? Yes, bubbles, there was the source of the fluidity he had felt, he was completely encompassed by water that was more green in color than he’d thought water would be. He couldn’t remember what water actually looked like. Next was the slight reflection of the light that was around him, being surrounded by water means that something was holding him in it, and
without a conscious thought something came out and he jumped at how he felt this thing holding him. He looked down and saw what it was that moved; surprised that it was him, a part of him, what looked like a limb and five additional parts attached. Hand and fingers, with a delight he saw the fingers move with his will, slowly twisted and turning to how he exactly envisioned them to do and it took a few minutes of him playing around like that until his interest with them was filled. His eyes then travelled back to the scenery he hadn’t focused on before, and with more time giving him the chance to get used to this weird arrangement he’s in, the easier it was for him to grasp what was before him.

There was a desk, with a computer and so many papers scattered around all the way to the floor, with multiple cabinets surrounding it, some drawers wide open and others shut, the whole theme of it didn’t amount much for him because in the end, there really wasn’t any detail he could focus on, but a slight movement to the side had him flinch a small distance back.

“Don’t be scared,” The person cooed, “It is okay now.”

He anxiously awaited further, the velvet voice conjuring an interest in him as the body moved again forward to him; enough to allow the flickering light of the place to fall down on the figure.

He was someone familiar. He knew this person, if not just with his thoughts telling him so, but by the weird emotion crossing through his chest, unbeknownst to him causing a hand to move and cradle the place where his heart was. The person seemed to smile at that, and the little glitch in his chest only seemed to soar at that.

“You must be so confused my beloved, but all in due time shall be explained,” The velvet tune entranced him, “Although I must say, everything from here on now will only be very painful; it’s very beneficial to make sure you continue.”

Confusion swept through him at the stranger-yet-familiar’s words, and the action only seemed to encourage the smile on the man’s face as he left the sight for a minute to come back with a small black object, cradled with the handle it was attached to.

The man seemed only to grow more with joy as he slowly flicked his hand and brought the object to face him, it was a mirror. A mirror that showed the glass encompassing the fluid, that showed the movement of the bubbles as it was in front of him and that showed a young boy, body so disfigured and wrong in all that nature would not even provide, with jade eyes staring back in horror at that face that was shown, head scalped open revealing the pink organ that currently held everything that was him, so revealed and vulnerable, with the multiple metal rods shoved all the way inside it.

The horrifying sight only rooted him in place as he tried to understand what it was he was seeing, is that him? What was happening? Who is this man? Who was the person staring back? It was revolting, unnatural, something that shouldn’t even exist.

The man laughed at how troubled his specimen had become, taking in all forms of expressions his little experiment was showing, and so far, it was all going according to plan. To take it apart, and build it back the way he wants, the way he needs it to be, the thing that would come out better and stronger than all his previous failed creations.

“Don’t you worry Deku,” He whispered against the glass, “It’s only going to hurt a lot.”
hello hello again!!!

sooo i know some of you might take this chapter as one where nothing happens, but it does! it does!

this shift is necessary to direct the story in explaining the Other Side! if you know what i mean

in a while we’ll be able to understand what exactly had happened to Izuku, while Katsuki was doing what he had to do in entering AU

the Past chapters will become less and less from now on as the story finally merges into one where most things will be explained, but at the same time it'll leave a few more questions to be answered!

now to explain a bit further on what i meant by that is, the purpose of the past chapters was to bring the concept of how horrible things went down in time of the present till the meeting and shortly after, in a way to bring the story to a whole from two different perspectives

now not everything will be explained just yet! but at least a better understanding of what really went down in order to come to grasp the Deku we have previously seen in the last chapter, in a sense the same way you guys now understand the struggle of Katsuki's character!

i really hope you guys let me know what you think, because the more i see your point of views the better i can write!

its fuel to my engine

i love you all SO much, and i hope you can understand that the reason why im going slowly is to bring the whole experience at once to you all

pls let me hear ur thoughts

be the best you can be~
Dabi was more or less too lazy to get out of the room he woke up in, knowing full well its owner would kick him out as soon as he came back, but it didn’t matter as much. Not when the slight human expressions out of the vicious child brought amusement to him, being the only fun thing to waste time on in this wretched place.

And wretched it was, with its never ending walls cornering them from all angles, not a proper place to sit out and take a look at the sky, but when you’re part of a villain association that traffics more than drugs and minor weaponry, you’d tend to make sure your hideout was solid from in to the out.

Still, would it have killed the designer to make a good fucking window for some clean air? Not just some re-sent vacuum of bullshit from some pipe sent all the way to the surface, it was suffocating at most times and the bursts of the ashes from his flames would only make him grimace.

The scarred boy was still considering tracking down whoever made the shithole when the door to the room slammed open, and his eyes zeroed in on the sight that entered. His previous clean shirt was basically tethered to nothing, the blaze set on the top of his shoulder as he limped his way towards the dresser completely ignoring the other presence of the room. Blue eyes trailed the multiple patterns of the razor sharp wounds littered around the exposed torso, some still bleeding, others looked more or less healed but in the infected direction. His hair disheveled, and a trail of crimson behind him, Deku walked his way into the bathroom with silence shutting it. And Dabi didn’t ask any questions, not yet anyways, he just sat his time through ears perking up at any slight change of the stillness behind the closed doors, he thought he’d heard a whimper at some point but
he really couldn’t trust his own senses with this boy, so he continued doing what he did best for now, minding his business.

Deku, to his credit, had managed to control his reactions to certain situations after being repeatedly forced into them. So, walking himself all the way here after he was done with him was a routine, so was undressing himself in the shower to watch the blood wash off from the hot stream of water, as well as extending his hand to the beat up plier placed at the top corner of the wall, hidden from anyone’s sight. Well, the only brainless idiot who’d dare come in here was Dabi, but the last thing the green haired man wanted was another question to the blue eyed pile he had collected over the years.

Deku needed no one.

So he continued on with the work at hand, knowing the longer he let it inside, the more damage it’ll cause. With a straight face, he used one hand to open up one of the deepest wounds he currently harbored, and places two fingers inside to widen the view. Slowly, he pushed the plier inside his body, shuddering slightly at the sound of the tearing of flesh as he relentlessly opened and clipped himself till he got a hold of what he was searching of, taking his time in removing the blood drenched instrument and hand that dragged along with him a metallic wire, as thick as three of his fingers combined that was kept in. The more he took it out, the more he noticed the chain was wrapped around some of his internal organs and so with a precision of a surgeon, he quickly unwrapped it from the most critical areas till his patience wore thin and he snapped it out finally.

It splashed the blood everywhere especially now that there more internal bleeding seeping through the gaped cut, but he didn’t give a damn. Deku took a minute to himself leaning against the wall with heavy breaths at the severity of agony he was in, it seemed like the more damage he accumulated; the more it hurt less when he received it, but then the more his body would crash through at some point to balance it all out.

None of him was anything natural anyways, so the consequences are just as ugly as his existence.

Yet despite all that, Deku doesn’t remember when he felt sad about it. He doesn’t remember feeling anything but disgust or hatred to everything around him, and added pleasure here and there whenever Dabi would notice the overheating he was in, but that was a necessary action for a being. It was nothing of the sorts that he went through at the beginning, when he was more… of a person?
Perhaps, it didn’t matter.

All that mattered was to do well, do what he was created to do, and then what Deku personally wanted would be granted to him on a golden platter.

Katsuki Bakugou dead.

It was the earliest thought that was in him, the name constantly popping in his head when all things were out of focus, and the mantra of I’ll kill him all over the place. It will happen, it’s going to be done, and then he’ll be free.

A knock to the door brought Deku back to the boxed shower, water collecting at his feet shining in the same color of the boy in his thoughts as the door opened and Dabi leaned against the frame. If he had anything to say, he hid it along with the expressionless look he gave Deku, he only gestured his head towards the bed and walked away knowing the green haired boy would soon follow and as that was happening, the blue eyed man trudged his way to the kit he kept under the bed filled with his personal first aid tools.
He heard more than saw, the shuffling of Deku’s feet to the bed and the almost human like flop against the bed, internally wincing at the idea of the black silk filling with blood but the thought gone as quick as it came when he turned and went to work.

Dabi knew – over the few years he’d spent here – that the recovery rate of Deku’s body was faster than most people, or creatures they’d kept at the lowest basement of this hellhole as eerily alike as they would act sometimes, and so he didn’t fret so much when he widened the cut and saw the complete mess his body was in from the inside, stitching up the nearest things he could find while trying to add pressure to stop the bleeding. He worked on that for a while till he thought he covered most of it, and went on the exterior wounds, snipping the cords and pushing them through the abused skin again and again.

“Do you feel, Dabi?” Deku spoke after a long while.

“Everyone feels, in their own way,” Dabi muttered nonchalantly, “Do you?”

“I don’t think so.” Deku missed the side eye glance the man gave him, “At least, I don’t understand the concept of feeling. There are things inside, that move and flutter, sometimes overriding my thoughts.”

“That’s called feeling,” Dabi scoffed, “Who’d have fucking thought.”

Deku’s eyes glanced down at the stitched wounds, “Not in the same sense humans feel.”

“You’re human.” The words came out of him without thinking, surprising Dabi enough to stop his movements for a minute.

The corner of the young boy’s lip moved, “I should hope you don’t develop feelings.”

“Don’t flatter yourself; you’re a good fuck, that’s that.”

“Good, I don’t need things bringing me down,” Deku’s voice turned cold.

“Alright,” Dabi replied, “That’s done here; you’re good to go.”

He got up without responding and headed to the closet for a fresh set of clothes while Dabi cleaned things up from where he sat. He took it as a chance to fucking wake the hell up from whatever shit that just got to him to say that kind of bullshit, you’re human, really? Fucking pathetic ass of a soap opera is what he was trying to make, the green hair of messed curls and he knew that was the last thing of what the truth was, but whatever made him say it, he needed to get rid of.

“Got any errands today?” Dabi cleared his throat and mind.

“Tomura,” Was the reply he got, and the other man groaned in response.

“The fucking man child.”

Todoroki had just strapped himself in the locker when Iida stormed in with a haste in his step, he watched as the stringed up man clenched his jaw and open the temporary closet he was given in
their agency without any signs he saw anyone around him.

“You okay Tenya?” He called out.

Tenya shook his head and smiled apologetically, “My apologies Todoroki, I didn’t see you there. I’m fine.”

A look from the disheveled hair and unshaven stubble gave Todoroki a different reply, “You look like shit.”

“T-Thanks?” Iida stammered and pinched the bridge of his nose with a sigh.

Shouto raised an arm in compliance, “Just worried about you.”

“No I know, thank you – it’s just,” Iida went down on the chair across from him, “It’s Uraraka.”

Now Todoroki might be an aloof person to the people around him, and his mouth might sometimes bite more than one would think, but even he was worried enough about his classmate to let his heart skip a beat at Tenya’s tone.

Realizing the implications of his words, Iida hurried to correct himself, “No! No – God, no, I didn’t mean it like that. She’s improving, is what the doctors are saying, but she’s… she’s not waking up. Her body is better now, her wounds have all but healed, there is no brain damage suspected but she just won’t wake up.” The break of his voice shook the man to tears, and he sat there with Todoroki placing a hand on his shoulder, words failing him to comfort a friend except a squeeze.

“I am sorry, this is such an unfitting look for a hero; I’m so pathetic crying like this.”

“Heroes can cry too,” Todoroki whispered and walked before Iida could respond.

The both of them walked into the conference room together, eyes taking in the various Pro-Heroes called in for the emergency meeting after the discovery of the man causing the havoc they had been cleaning up the past few days.

Having a face and a name to the person who had done such misery was one step forward into catching him, even if the idea of his capture seems a long shot, just knowing who he is was better than they were before. To their surprise, it wasn’t B heading the meeting this time, but their homeroom teacher Aizawa, with his everyday disheveled look and too tired eyes watching down on everyone with more stern than they’d see in him.

He cleared his throat once, twice, until the room dimmed in the noise and the focus was on him, and he began to speak.

“Alright then, now I know all of you are aware of the serious situation our country is in at the moment, with two attacks at our hands and no one to put fault to, the public’s eyes on heroes has begun to shift. That’s also to include the bold statement made by them to throw Katsuki Bakugou under the bus onto direct fire trying to shift the blame in on him, but we’re all on the same page that he was framed and found not guilty.

With that said, I’d like to bring up some of the most important topics today. Firstly, is the identity of the masked man behind the multiple attacks we’ve had, he refers to himself as Deku, and so that’s the codename we will be provided with and using amongst each other. It was found that he had gone missing just before his graduation in middle school, not recognized until now.”
“Is there no civilian name attached to him?” Someone called out.

Aizawa sighed, “Unfortunately due to higher commands orders we cannot state the civilian name or any personal information about the perpetrator owing to the sensitive information that must be protected.”

“That’s doesn’t make sense, how are we going after the man with no knowledge of who he was before being a villain?”

“Imagine he had no life prior to this,” The dark haired man frowned, “We will continue to pursue him with all that we have as if no difference is made, does anyone have a problem with that?” When silence met him, he pushed on, “To our luck, the video tapes taken from the multiple news outlets were able to give us a good enough idea of what the man looks like, however we have asked all of them to put it down from showing it to the public and any transmission of that image to sources outside of the hero agencies will be met with severe consequences.”

Iida tensed and raised his arm up, Aizawa nodded towards him, “May I ask as to why are we trying so hard to hide this man’s identity so much? He has proven to be a menace to society and a danger to everyone, shouldn’t the people know of him?”

A hand to the back of his head, Aizawa shifted his weight to the other leg and replied, “I understand all of your frustrations on this matter, but the reason we don’t want the public to know of him is because of how dangerous the man is. In the first contact, his quirk was thought of to be one that did with telepathic control, where he could snap bones, tear flesh, and control matter with crushing precision. However, this second contact proved that it may not be just that.”

“Multiple quirks? Is that even possible?” Someone called out.

Aizawa leaned forward, “We’ve had multiple cases in history where two quirks would merge into one, or exist in one body, but to be frank with ourselves, we don’t have a full grasp on how quirks manifest and the strength they yield sometimes. There’s a big question mark on this man that we can’t answer just yet, and that makes him all the more powerful against us. If we were to distribute his image, and someone of the public recognized him anywhere, we could result in a catastrophic interaction where death could be the product.” Todoroki could feel the multiple gazes heated in his direction but ignored them entirely, that wasn’t new.

“At the same time waste a chance we have to catching him faster.” It was Iida biting back this time, anger evident on his eyes as he looked on to Aizawa’s gaze.

“Yes, but it’s a chance we have to forgo for the general good. We can still find him without having to endanger people into this, and while it might set us back; the heads have decided to go forth with this plan. We shall be dispatched around the common areas where suspected activity was found in groups, there will be no hero walking alone anywhere. Safety is the utmost importance for all of you, so do not engage this man alone, or when unprovoked. Find out as much as you can from what you see while keeping yourselves alive. We have no idea the numbers behind him, especially when we saw the creatures he brought with him the other day. There could be endless amounts of things he can use against us, and the fewer casualties on our sides, the better our chances are.” He rambled on and took a deep breath, as if the whole thing was just boring him to bits.

With most of the information passed around and updates, everyone mostly scattered along in order to continue their work, but the two boys were held back in their place by Aizawa’s gesture and so they watched as the hall became empty save for a few others.
Iida was mostly too angry to speak, without a doubt because of his personal relation to the matter, but Todoroki couldn’t find in himself to say anything to satiate that form of fury down. He understood that emotion all too well, and having been given no one to ease him out of it, the boy was more like a child discovering a new part of himself in a new world. He was more worried of making the matters worse than better, so against his bitter judgment he stood by without a word.

When Aizawa was done communicating with a few top heroes, he urged B along and the two of them walked down the room, he nodded to Todoroki’s direction once and gazed back at Iida’s ferocious glare.

“I know you have every right to be mad, but if you can’t bring yourself to control your emotions, then I’ll be forced to take you out of this case.” Their mentor spoke.

“Erasurehead’s right, if you feel as though you’re too personally involved here we will remove you. However, I’d rather you take this as a chance to improve yourself to the hero you want to be.”

Iida seemed to consider their words, but only nodded to them making that enough of a conformation because Aizawa gushed with new information.

“We’ve kept this under wraps, but for the two of you, if you really want to know more, then you’ll have to go and ask Bakugou directly if you can.”

Confused, Shouto frowned and crossed his arms, “What has he got to do with any of this?”

“Bakugou… has more history than the two of you think. So I’d suggest you speak to him. But other than that, we got in the first report about that factory you guys have been searching.” The young heroes perked at that, “The warrant gave us enough to narrow down the number of factories and the one we wanted, aside from a few health violations here and there we couldn’t find any substantial evidence to show the malfunctioned machines or where they parts have gone to.”

Todoroki sighed, “Basically a dead end? Did they check the one factory Bakugou has been egging on?”

“They’re going to do that today, which is what I came to tell you. Since Bakugou is still on bed rest, and Kirishima had taken a leave, I need the both of you to go and check this one out. Do whatever it takes to get any information that helps so it doesn’t look like we’ve been running around doing nothing this whole time.” Best Jeanist replied, “Take some backup with you, and be on guard, if anything is happening in there, I don’t want you two risking jack shit. Come back in one piece.”

A few hours later, Deku and Dabi walked in the small bar loitered just off the grid from the major zones of hero agencies, why they picked such a place couldn’t make sense to Deku, but the surprise wasn’t there. Aside from him, there was only one other person who is held in as high regards with equal fear and that was the man currently standing before him, with dried patched off skin and multiple dead hands wrapping themselves around him.

The sight was a sore to the eyes, but there was a common hollowness of understanding between the two. Even if they didn’t like each other, there was a connection far deeper than what the exterior showed, even if he massive difference of treatment between the two was obvious from day
one, they still could end up considerate where the other would come from even if it annoyed Deku to no ends.

“Well look who decided to grace us with their presence,” The crackling of Tomura’s voice was matched with his look, “To whom do I owe this honor?”

“Full of yourself as always,” Dabi replied back, opting to take himself to the bar for the drink to slide itself to his way.

“I’m not here for idle chitchat.” Deku responded, “Where have you been?”
Tomura shrugged, “Here and there, working on a few things of my own.”

“Oh? And that is?”

He patted the booth next to his as he leaned in on the table, drink at hand, and spoke the minute Deku had seated himself, “Tracking down some nosy little UA heroes.”

Deku narrowed his eyes, conscious of the strain of his skin at one eye from the action, “Why?”

“Lately, there’s been disturbance regarding the factory, and I thought to myself why not check things out?”

“Proud to finally have a first thought?” Dabi pitched in, only to snicker at the look the grey haired man gave him.

“So? What did you find?” Deku just ignored the exchange, causing a pout from the older man.

“I got information saying that there’s been a warrant issued to check some factories, and that one is a part of it.”

“That’s all?”

Tomura rolled his eyes, “No. Interestingly enough, they have no actual evidence aside from the complaints provided and a person in one agency that narrowed it down to that factory.”

“Oh?” Deku replied, “So this is of any use to me how?”

“Because they’re attempting to come search it today, if we make it down now, we may be able to catch a few good snares of good to nothing heroes and break them down.” The joy of Tomura’s voice wasn’t unnoticed.

Deku blinked once, twice, three times and flicked his wrist in the direction of the still giggling man to send him flying all the way back to the end of the room. The full force of his attack causing the old building to shake and rattle as the grey haired man groaned and growled at Deku.

“What the fuck was that for?!” He yelled, voice muffled by the hand on his face.

Deku rolled his eyes, “I’m always left genuinely surprised at how idiotic people can be – but you surpass that by milestones.”

“Fuck you.” He struggled to stand up, glaring his eyes at the younger boy’s. “You will fucking regret this.”

“Oh? I am? Please,” Deku raised his hands in question, dramatically turning around to seat himself in the one couch present – Tomura’s personal one. “Do enlighten me on how you’ll make
me regret this?”

The room had gone frozen; temperature dropping so quickly Tomura was taken aback at the air coming from his own mouth. He looked around for the minions he kept at bay, but none of them were itching to move a muscle towards the menacing presence in the room.

Usually, he’d forget exactly what the difference between them is. Aside from the treatment they were showered with, Tomura had the slap of a reminder that where he stood and where Deku stood is nothing of the sort. Dabi was equally unmoving, he wasn’t dumb enough to cross Deku since he’d been around the guy for a while, but he too was stunned into place at the strength of aura the boy presented with, and that’s only with a stare and a flick of the wrist.

It’s easy to think of him as human, until his other side showed.

“If we showed interest in interrupting them, they’ll believe themselves to be on to us when that the farthest from the truth. We do nothing, because there is nothing there to find.”

Tomura’s eyes narrowed and a hidden grimace danced across his face, “How can you be sure?”

Deku raised his violet eye’s eyebrow, a smirk on his face, “Who do you think I am?”

“You can’t be positive they won’t find anything.”

The green haired boy sighed, “They find what I want them to find; honestly Tomura you’re talking as if I wasn’t the one managing this whole thing from the start.”

The mentioned man choked on his reply, his temper flaring as a yell came out of him and he jumped to the direction Deku was seated only to be stopped in his spot by flaming blue licking its way towards him.

“Now now,” Dabi’s voice went as cold as their surroundings, “I don’t think that’s a very good idea ashtray.”

“Since that’s been covered,” Deku responded cheerfully, “Let’s talk business.”

The hospital room was as bland as ever, with a few flowers adorning its old table, a sad painting to show some morale, and a busted TV playing in the background as the smell of the anesthetics and the beeping of the heart monitor engulfed whoever visited.

This particular room, no one was allowed to visit it apparently. Kirishima begrudgingly watched as Mrs. Bakugou walked in and out with ease, giving him small smiles as her obnoxious annoying son refused to see him, see anyone, after he woke from the surgery he went through to fix his shoulder. Recovery Girl had all but thrown a fit at them all with a threat to not even try to do anything until Kirishima explained to her somewhat how things went down.

But in all good news, she was able to successfully repair as much of the damage without having to use her quirk, opting to wait a few days till his body had recovered from the shock to the injuries before overworking his cells in healing. All thanks to Kirishima, who still was shooed out till this day? Unmanly.
“Eijirou honey… is there anything I can get you?” Mitsuki asked as she came out for like the fiftieth time that day.

“No Mrs. Bakugou, don’t worry about me.” He smiled at her, but she could easily see the defeat in his composure.

“He appreciates that you’re here so much…” She said, “It’s just that…”

“He needs time, I know.” Kirishima’s response was curter than he intended, but there’s so much a person can control regarding their emotions.

He had honestly begun to think he should just head home, when two familiar faces walked in through the hallway and he whoop’d to see them. It was so good to see some people he knew, staying in this hospital for as long as Bakugou had, and despite a few messages from some of their friends about it, and some others visiting for them to be refused entry, it was clear that most of their friends were still keeping a distance off from the explosive blond.

“Hey guys!” The red head exclaimed, “It’s so good to see you both!”

“Hi Kirishima,” Todoroki gave him a sad smile, patting him lightly on the back.

“How is he?” Iida asked as he turned to the shut door.

Kirishima sighed, “He won’t see anyone besides Mrs. Bakugou, I haven’t seen him since then.”

“What?” Todoroki exclaimed, “What the hell does he think he’s doing?”

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you!” Kirishima worriedly called back a steaming Todoroki, who barged through the door uncaring the fright he gave Katsuki’s mother, his eyes focused on none other than the boy seated on the bed.

His facial expression made Todoroki stop.

They have seen Bakugou in multitude of expressions throughout the years, from determination, cockiness, hurt, proud, angry… there was a lot to see in a man who surprisingly covered more than meets the eyes, and so what Todoroki had in mind was the sort of face Katsuki would reserve to the days he felt down about himself and the situations around him, but what he came to face was an expression of… hope?

“Hey shithead,” Todoroki managed to say, “Why haven’t you let Kirishima see you yet?”

Mitsuki smiled fondly at the three boys standing at the door, and turned to her son, whispering to his ear and giving him a kiss on his head – an action that would generally make him erupt – and walked out to give them some privacy.

Shouto’s eyes followed her till the door clicked then turned their focus back on the blond, who seemed to just have noticed the people standing there with him. Kirishima had it in him to prepare for a yelling, but to his surprise Katsuki’s eyes seemed to soften at him and then shift back into sadness.

“I owe you guys an explanation.”

“No shit,” Iida snorted, and took his place on the seat across from Bakugou. The other two followed his lead till all that was left was the beating of his heart monitor – more sped up than usual.
Katsuki looked at his tangled fingers, a copy to the mess of the thoughts in his head, and he thought how far should I go? For a minute there, on trying to know where to draw the line of where the truth is and where the lies surface, and how much should he be lying in? How much of an image change does he want to happen even further after this talk?

“In middle school,” He began, “I was an asshole.”

Todoroki aimed to snipe back but Kirishima shushed him, nudging Katsuki on.

“Not like… how I am now. I was… much worse than this. And there was a particular person, who I was meaner to than the others. It was mostly… fuck if I actually knew why, other than that I was just always angry with him. He did things to piss me off, but I knew it was irrational to be angry with him, but I couldn’t help myself just explode every time he spoke to me, or just spoke in general.” Katsuki’s mind scrambled to bring out the words he meant to say, “I just… I did a lot to him.”

“You were a bully,” Iida spoke, as emotionless as his face, “Do you at least regret your actions?”

“Iida man there’s no –”

“Fucking hell I do what the fuck,” Katsuki interjected Kirishima’s attempt to calm the mood, “How can you ask that?”

Iida shrugged and Todoroki jumped in before a battle begins here, “Alright then, you were more of an asshole back then, but you’re better now, and you regret your actions. At least you’ve grown in that state. Does this have anything to do with what’s happening now?”

The blond looked back at his friends, at Kirishima’s adoration in his eyes despite the how much… whatever they had, was struggling with and then at Todoroki and Iida, who despite everything still managed to form some sort of care about him and he then realized just how far he’s going to be alone through this as he spoke his next words carefully.

“Before we were to graduate… on the same day actually, he just… he took his own life.”

The two visitors gasped, Iida placed a hand on his face and leaned forward, “Suicide?”

Bakugou nodded, “Yeah, I… I saw him there… I could’ve reached him, if I moved faster, if… if I did something quicker… but he,” Katsuki struggled to breathe, “He jumped off, right in front of me, and… and my hand couldn’t reach him.”

The air shifted from an electric accusations to a wave of sorrow and understanding, somehow the pieces of Katsuki’s character fitting into the context they were never provided, and aside from one red head in the room, the other two began to slowly relax themselves as everything seemed to fit into place.

Katsuki’s hands shook as he continued, “If I was better… nicer… If I didn’t do what I did… he could’ve been here, with us, or somewhere, but he would be… himself, someone who’s sweet and caring and as full of goodness… and I,” His voice broke as he finished with a whisper, “I took all that away.”

There wasn’t anything any of them could say, as they helplessly watched their friend break down on mistakes that seemed to have haunted him till now, and every one of them were able to resonate to the struggles to shake of those shadows that still push and shove them back down. Kirishima was the first to move, placing his hand on the blonde’s shoulder in solidarity with a
pained look on his face.

“Now you guys know,” He looked back at their friends, “This is why… things are hard for him. Why things have been the way they are… why when Ochako…”

“I didn’t want her to die. I didn’t want her to be…” Katsuki yelled out, “I couldn’t let myself live with the idea she got hurt, that I cause this on everyone.”

“You didn’t cause that.” Iida finally spoke, “It wasn’t your fault.”

Crimson eyes looked up filled with tears, as Todoroki nodded in the words that were spoken.

“He’s right,” Red and grey eyes looked on, “Shit happens, it always happens, and sometimes we don’t get over it, but that doesn’t mean it’s a pass to be an ass.”

Kirishima gave him a look of the meaning what the fuck man? But Shouto was unfazed as he went on.

“You did shit, bad shit, and even worse happened from it. I can’t say I know how it feels; I don’t think I ever will, but I do understand you better. I’m a little annoyed how you never said this to me, and by the looks of Kiri, he must’ve known. But anyways, I understand, and although you still have a ton shit to work on, I’m giving you the benefit of the doubt in trusting you again.”

“Todoroki’s right, we might understand you better than before, but still we… I can’t just let things go back to how they were so easily…” Iida responded.

Katsuki avoided their gaze, eyes focused on his sweating hands with a frown on his face, this is good isn’t it? He can’t expect them to be all chummy with him, and he can’t really let himself indulge in the idea of things going back to how they were, especially when… He shook his head to clear his thoughts and again, turned back to the three in the room.

“Aizawa did say to come talk to you after the briefing today morning,” Shouto said after some awkward silence, “About Deku.”

Katsuki and Kirishima both momentarily went rigid, before the crimson eyed boy sighed and touched the spot between his eyebrows, massaging it to clear the forming headache away. This will be hard to explain.

“The boy,” He spoke slowly, “Who killed himself… It’s Deku.”

“Aizawa!” The brash man yelled, if it’s even possible, louder than his usual pompous character as he crashed his way into the office where the aforementioned man was currently attempting to nap.

“What is it All Might?” He sighed, whatever form of fatigue all washed away.

“You told Todoroki and Iida to go ask Bakugou about this?!”

Aizawa shrugged, “Yes? Because it’s the most sensible thing to do.”
“What if he tells them everything?!”

“Well, it’s his choice to, that’s first. Second, he wouldn’t.”

All Might raised his hands in the air, “What if he does? If anyone finds out…”

“Well maybe you shouldn’t have chosen a bickering rapist to be your successor,” Aizawa spoke bitterly and immediately regretted them, “No look… I’m sorry. I didn’t mean that, there’s just a lot that we have to deal with and - ugh” The dark haired man sighed tiredly.

All Might’s eyes softened at the sight, just now reeling in that his dark circles are more in contrast to the pale skin, and how sunken in his face had gotten. None of them were getting enough rest, and why would they? This was what they signed up for, wasn’t it?

The tall man walked his way to the one couch splayed on the side and sat with a heavy heart; the words spoken by his friend should bother him more than he’s feeling at the moment, but the truth that lay with them was hard to ignore. Bakugou wasn’t the true hero savior he had ever envisioned to be his successor, while he has gone far and beyond his expectations with so many situations they were put through… something in All Might was just, never comfortable with the idea of making Katsuki the next pillar.

Was it wrong of him to think these thoughts after he had spent so many years riling all those around him to support the boy? Was he a fraud for letting these drops of insecurities grow more inside his heart?

Because what if Katsuki really couldn’t change who he is? What if he were to revert back to the boy before they met him? To give a man with such vulnerable possibility so much power…

“Oi,” Aizawa smacked the top of his head with a bunch of papers, “I know you’re worried, but doubting him now won’t do you no good.”

All Might chuckled, “That’s a surprise coming from you.”

“Yeah well, life’s full of fuckload surprises!” Aizawa’s bitter tone wasn’t missed by All Might, “But, back to Bakugou, he won’t say more than he has to. He knows the consequences of his actions, and understands the severity of the situation we’re in.”

“The more you speak confidently the less I believe you have all that faith in him…” All Might suspiciously muttered, “When did you talk to him?”

Aizawa gave him his back and smirked, “Just after the surgery, took me some time to whack him back to reality, but he understands the gist of the whole thing.”

“So he’s… lying to his friends?”

“More or less.”

“How is that ever going to help his cause? What if they find out?”

“That’s what I have in mind,” Aizawa spat, “For him to have a promise of damage on top of his head if he fucks up. Whatever he tells them now, he’s going to make sure the truth never comes out, and in this way we can make sure he’ll work in the right way to never let them find out the real truth.”

All Might’s eyes widened with slight horror, “This is a terrible plan! I didn’t think you’d ever
Aizawa looked away, “Yeah well, I didn’t expect to have my top student someone who caused another to kill himself, so we’re even.” He said somberly, “More importantly, about that kid, Izuku.”

The blue eyes shifted to sorrow, “Ah yes, the boy.”

“I took the liberty of asking around after well, we found out, and I just want to clear things out with you.”

All Might waved his hand, “By all means please do.”

“You were there in the day of the incident?”

“That’s right, I had come up to congratulate Bakugou on graduating and see him throughout the summer to explain things and whatnot, but when I came… I wasn’t expecting what I saw.” All Might frowned at the memory, clearly seeing it as if it were yesterday, “Katsuki was running around distraught, calling out for the boy in such frenzy, at first I thought it was a child he was looking for. But when I met him, he told me that it was urgent to find Izuku immediately that he was too hurt to be alone at the moment, and of course I helped him.”

“But you didn’t find him in time?”

All Might knew the question wasn’t meant to be as accusatory as it sounded, but he still puffed his chest and shifted uncomfortably, “Barely, Katsuki was able to find him first and for a few minutes they were alone until I came. He tried to speak to the boy, calm him down, and the boy looked so broken, empty. It was so horrible, the state he was in, just bones and all bruised up.” He remembered the green eyes looking at him with recognition and hurt, puzzling the blond man since that was the first time he had ever seen the boy himself.

“Did he say anything?”

“More or less of what’s written down, that’s when I knew what Katsuki did, but I couldn’t move.”

Aizawa was puzzled, “Why couldn’t you move?”

Shame crept inside All Might’s chest, the strength of it making him avoid contact with the man he considered his friends, admitting the truth out loud would only show how terrible he has been as a hero.

“I… I was at my limit.” He whispered.

“You were what?”

A glance at the disgust stricken Aizawa, then back at the ground, “I was at my limit alright!” He exasperated, “If I moved even an inch further – my form would’ve been shown! And I couldn’t… I just… at that moment I couldn’t move.”

The force of the punch took All Might by surprise strong enough to knock him of his seat, his hand flying to the pulsating cheek as Aizawa stood above him with a crazed look on his face.

“You stood by, as a child threw himself out the window, and did absolutely nothing because you were fucking scared someone would see your true form?!” Aizawa screamed. “You’ve
basically let it fucking happen!"

“I know that! I understand that! I am the one who lives with it – not you!”

“Yet you have the audacity to act so high and mighty when it comes to Katsuki, what the fuck?!” Aizawa spat with venom, “You have not once, not once, acted like it any way affected you!”

“Why are you acting all shocked?! You knew I was there that day when it happened from the start!” All Might yelled back.

Aizawa was fuming, anger so strong he moved without thinking and grabbed All Might from the collar, “Knowing you were just there, and being actually there, are two fucking different things. You let it happen. You’re a disgrace for a hero.”

He dropped the large man as if he were holding toxic waste and turned back to his desk, opting to give his back to All Might as he took his breaths in trying to calm down. What he needed to do, and wanted to do, were separate notions that shouldn’t be mixed, and right now he needed his story straightened out.

“Is this the date of when it happened,” He threw a piece of paper at the blond without really looking at him, and when the man nodded back, Aizawa turned to hand him another, “And these are the forms for his body to be discharged from the morgue?”

“Yes, I recognize them. That’s his mother’s signature.”

“Where’s the autopsy report?”

“Hm?” All Might frowned, “We did get a report, there.” He peeked through the papers scrambled on the desk and handed him the one he read years ago.

“This report doesn’t apply to what really happened.”

“What do you mean?”

Aizawa, stern cold in gaze, edged All Might to read, and so the larger man did, eyes earnestly trying to find whatever change Aizawa had stated, but it was the same report he had read and that was signed by the court.

“I don’t understand the problem here?”

“There’s nothing mentioned about the rape, about the bruises or the state of the body that the boy was in.” Aizawa’s eyes went shut, “It only speaks about the injuries that he sustained from the fall, and that he was dead. So what I have now is an incorrect report, and a boy who is supposed to be dead and Quirkless alive and well, and might I add, destroying the city as he pleases?”

They sat with the words hung between them, minds trying to connect the pieces they’re slowly forming together, but nothing has been adding up.

The dark haired man rubbed his temples, “What Bakugou did was covered up for the sake of his future entangled with you, but that happened when he entered UA, not before. I don’t know how you could have missed this so easily, but it was forgotten. And am I right to say that the funeral was a closed casket?”

All Might nodded slowly.
“Well shit then,” He exclaimed, “How are we sure that the body delivered as Izuku and the body buried as Izuku is the same fucking body?”

“You think… the body was switched?”

“Yes. And what’s worse; if Izuku was actually dead – confirmed by you and Katsuki, then we have someone who can fucking revive the dead All Might.” Erasurehead spoke slowly, “Someone able to have enough influence to change government based actions and reports, and get by it for almost four years.”

All Might and Aizawa looked at each other, as it dawned on them on the kind of situation they’re exactly in.

Katsuki’s eyes watched as the flickering of the lights passed his face every now and then, with the added sound of the cars as they rolled by. His mind had been mostly fazed with the medications, giving him a high enough to fuck around in his words uncontrollably, and so with his body finally better now that Recovery Girl had decided to do her magic on him, he looked down at the sleeping Kirishima on the corner of his bed, with guilt at how he pushed him away so harshly until he wanted to be sure he was more in control of himself.

He didn’t want to accidentally say something he shouldn’t.

By that, he means the truth.

It’s like no matter what he tries to do, the truth only gets buried further down the hole with all his lies on top, they’ve become so casual and easy to say he almost believed his own version of the tale he gave his friends today. But it was the farthest thing from the truth.

It was always these fleeting moments of where the right and wrong should mix, and how far they should override each other, which cause such anxiety in Katsuki’s mind. How is he to decide what’s truly the best for the future he tries to create? No one can make such a decision as it always changes depending on the context that it’s seen from.

To Aizawa, the truth must be hidden for the sake of a better future, and Bakugou was sure All Might would think the same.

To Katsuki, he’d tell… he tells himself he will tell if he was put to it, because that’s the right thing to do eventually, isn’t it? To be honest with the people who have been honest with him…

Isn’t it?

And aside from that turmoil bubbling inside him, he hadn’t let himself consider the other half of him jumping with the knowledge that was brought to him face to face.

Izuku was alive.

Alive.

He was not dead.

The mess it did to him can’t be explained, even to himself, with the rush of the relief, the
confusion, the hope, the fear, the inability to bring the actuality of the matter right to his face without freaking out at the same time as wanting to cry from joy.

There was just too much happening inside him at the same time.

He had cried the first night alone, sobbing so profusely the nurses ended up putting him to sleep, and it carried on for the days after it as well. His fist marked up with the curves of his jaws from how hard he’d fisted his own mouth to stop the sounds from coming out, unsure whether the pain is coming from his chest or just the pain of the fuckload of injuries he carried.

Injuries that Izuku created.

That Izuku created with his quirks.

Izuku and quirks.

Nothing made sense to the blond, and the more he tried to decipher it the more he’d be thrown down the spiral of the unknown. How? When? Where? Why?

Izuku lived, and is now a villain.

It was hard to ignore who had caused that, he did. And it was like a shift of the blame had created a monster, that grew as the years went by without the knowledge of its host, that suddenly spread its limbs far and wide to forcibly bring Katsuki down to the dawning that, not only had Katsuki made Izuku kill himself, and he was sure the green haired boy was dead, but it’s now that he had become such a horrible ominous villain...

He had to get out of this room.

Izuku was in fact, not dead, been alive all this time? And now strong enough to pin Katsuki down with a flick of the wrist.

He had to get out of this fucking room, because he couldn’t breathe anymore.

Katsuki found himself on the roof of the hospital, wincing at the areas where he forcibly removed the needles injected in him but not minding the pain too much. The air was clear for once after the second incidence, smoke finally clearing out enough to the dark sky to be painted by the stars again, shining brightly alongside the moon facing the red eyes staring back at it.

The moonlight only did what nature wanted, to intensify the beauty of the creations that were made in this world, and Katsuki was one of them. He never cared on how he looked per se, but he didn’t really see himself as others saw him, at least not in the way a singular red headed boy was looking at him from the small crack of the door at the back. Kirishima didn’t move, didn’t let himself breathe any louder for some reason feeling like he was intruding on a personal moment. It made it all the more irresistible.

Katsuki was still standing there, eyeing the big silver sphere in the sky, only making him look more ethereal as the soft wind blew past his hair, and Kirishima had an urge to picture the scene, but he hardly thinks anything man made would ever give it justice. He watched as his friend trudged his way to the edge, hands holding on to the rail so tightly his knuckles turned white, and the broad shoulders shook with the force of the sobs engulfing the blond.

Kirishima watched as he leaned down, chest gasping for air as he wailed his feelings away,
some low and some high, varying in intensity but all the same pain. Agony that currently held on to Katsuki so strongly, never seeming to be able to give a chance to live life without it.

He wanted to move there, hold him as he cried it out, but the air was smothered with the aura of wanting to be alone, and not having the heart to leave him, Kirishima was content by just keeping an eye on the man who currently owned his heart.

Katsuki, with no knowledge that he was being watched, went down to his knees. He didn’t know why he was crying, he didn’t know if it’s the fact that Izuku had somehow survived the fall, or that he’s been somewhere out there, all this time and all Katsuki did was just cry and not leave his room for months when he could’ve been searching for his Izuku.

That’s right, his Izuku, the boy who always had his heart, now back and alive yet a man he had said so many horrible things to, had promised to kill him, and hurt him. The man he had spent months obsessing in finding and wanting to destroy, had turned out to be the one he’d been longing for.

Life really was out to get him, wasn’t it?

Couldn’t it take a fucking break? Let him live for one day and not have to face decisions that result in not only changing his life, but others as well? Is there not a moment where he can open his eyes and not be bulldozed with so much shit no sane person should even go through?

He stopped crying at some point, and was now just carelessly lying against the floor, watching his breath hit the few dust pieces on it and fly away. He was so tired, just so infinitely tired, his mind always working, always thinking, and always making up lies to live them out.

What has his life amounted to at this point? What was he fighting for now?

“Katsuki?” A familiar voice called out to him, “Hey buddy.”

Bakugou looked up to Kirishima’s worried gaze, how his eyes looked frantic in making sure all was intact before crouching down to his level, hands slowly to approach as if Katsuki was a wounded animal.

Well, he was.

But he ignored that and continued observing on as Kirishima slowly held him up, hands that can harden as steel acting so soft with him, despite everything he made him go through, Kirishima was still loyally there.

That’s who he was, a good guy, loyal, funny, kind, sweet, cute… always there for Katsuki no matter how much he tried to push him away. And that kiss they had?

Bakugou’s eyes fell on those pink lips, ears ignoring the words coming out of them, and at the back of his mind Katsuki knew all he was doing was just distracting himself from the immense weight eating him away, that similar void back alive and taking more pieces of him, but he didn’t want to be there to feel it, he needed something to take his mind off of it.

His finger brushed Kirishima’s lower lip as it moved, and the boy above his froze mid-sentence, his own eyes betraying his reservation from following up on Katsuki’s actions, but that’s not what the blond needed, he didn’t want any protection right now, he didn’t want to play safe, he wanted to forget the world, forget All Might, forget Izuku, forget himself.

He had to get a distraction.
“Kiss me,” He whispered to Kirishima.

The red head’s eyes widened and the two of them were quick to put their lips against each other, the slight hesitation all but forgotten at the contact. Kirishima dared a little and opened his mouth, letting his tongue pry open the blonde’s own one, delight whisking away with arousal to his groin at Katsuki’s approval, and the two of them forgot themselves in the heated moment, bodies rubbing against each other as the heat between them increased, moans crying out here and there as the night sky slowly turned into a slight hue of purple, then to orange, till the bright sun found it’s place back in the sky.

Katsuki willed himself to forget, willed himself to get Kirishima around him and distract him from everything, and everyone, not realizing how his actions only seemed to add on to the consequences he has yet begun to face.

Chapter End Notes

hey guys!! really sorry for how late this update is

life was hectic lately, and i find myself in a writer's slump :(  

so maybe the emotions weren't portrayed well, esp at the end, but i want to make it a proper chapter where katsuki sits down with himself and figures out what to do next, now hes just fucking up lots lol

anyways

i would really really appreciate your thoughts on this chapter, because i have mentioned some details i hope you guys can pick up on!

and like, ive been feeling rather down that im not writing good enough for you amazingly incredible people, so it would mean the world to me if you can let me know what you think?

thank you guys honestly

all the kudos, all the love you show me, im undeserving

some of you reached out to me on twitter!! shoutout to

@backstroke4day1 <3 and  
@childishdeku <3

you guys left me really adorable tweets that helped me lots, love you!!

if anyone wants to be friends, im @bakudekutodo on twitter!!

love you all
be the best you can be~
hello everyone!!! Im so sorry for how late this chapter took to upload!

life is quite hectic these days, and so as an apology ill be posting the next chapter soon soon!

this chapter is more intermediate, in order to fill the gaps and know about how things went downn!! hm hm

WARNING: MENTIONS OF SUICIDE/DEATH/GRIEF/SLIGHT HOMOPHOBIA

end notes for more~~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Past

Bewilderment along with the slight interest towards a certain boy, was all that packed young Katsuki’s mind as he trudged his way to the new kindergarten his mother enlisted him in, interest perking up as he noticed a small mess of curls hurdling his way towards them from the opposite direction.

“Kacchan!” The boy of the particular mess in the blonde’s head called out to him, unable to stop his momentum and ramming himself against the other boy as the two of them fell in a tangled mess.

Mitsuki and Inko merely giggled at the flustering Katsuki as he scolded Izuku into being more careful you can hurt yourself and spent a good five minutes dusting the snickering green eyed boy till he was clean enough for Katsuki’s eyes. He had no clue what the mess inside his head meant, or the one currently edging so close around his heart, the memory of the stolen kiss he got from
Izuku replaying against his fresh mind.

Katsuki spared a glance at the excited Izuku as he finally cleaned himself off, and without a hesitation turning to hold the soft hand in his own. He spun to their mothers as they spoke softly to each other, they were both focused on each other, so he took this chance to bring the younger boy closer towards him wanting him nearer than usual.

He was as nervous as happy to enter this new school, to meet new people and learn about so many things that consisted of more than just the walls of his house offered, but a climbing sense of dread seemed to etch its way inside his heart as he began to think of the possibilities that Izuku would be drifted away from him.

“Izuku,” Katsuki muttered, a pout already forming at the sour thoughts.

“Yes Kacchan?”

The green eyes were too adorable, and the blond found he was quizzically unable to respond right away, “When...” He took a deep breath and tightened his hand that held Izuku’s, “When we g-go in, you stick with me. I’ll protect you.”

Freckled face beamed so strongly Katsuki was worried he went blind for a second, as the giggle of joy and nod from the other boy gave him some sort of solace in that at least, Izuku didn’t want to be separated from him.

The more the months went by as he attended, the more baffled Katsuki was at why the only time he would be too shaken to respond, unable to directly look at, and wanting to kiss Izuku grew on. One particular moment of where Katsuki just wanted to mush his face to the jade eyes was when they were both lying on their stomachs, surrounded by three others who more or less seemed to flank Katsuki than Izuku, but no ill intentions were harbored to the latter so they were okay.

They were playing with small hero action figures, Izuku taking hold of an older version of an All Might doll while he let Katsuki take the newer one, and as they went on roleplaying whatever scene of Fight-The-Villain-And-Rescue, Katsuki found himself unable to look away from the concentrated look Izuku had on the child-like detailed discussion of the quirks their hero toys had, how his pink lips would move with fervor and then be bit down as Izuku thought, only for the fleeting moments of thoughtless tongue-out-the-mouth thing he did, and he looked too cute in the blonde’s eyes the boy had to get up quickly before he stole another kiss.

And it seemed like this confusing feeling wouldn’t go away, harbored by severe jealousy at the mere thought of Izuku wanting to be somewhere else with someone else, his temper exploding as he fought other children to keep them away from the curly haired boy. It bothered him to no ends when someone else would touch him, or when he found Izuku laughing at another’s joke, or the idea of him having fun with anyone but Katsuki.

Because why would Izuku even bother to care about anyone else but Katsuki, he didn’t need anyone but Katsuki. The blond can supply everything and anything he ever needed, all Izuku had to do was follow him around, be there, and just worship everything that Katsuki is.
Not in the bad way of the sense, but really, Katsuki could do everything and give Izuku whatever he wished, so he didn’t need to get close to anyone but him.

He doesn’t quite remember when it actually began, the need to have Izuku constantly want Katsuki’s help in everything, but he had insisted on the boy to always be around him and to come to him for anything and everything. He’d argue with their caretakers at how when Izuku would go anywhere, he had to be with him, that the jade eyed boy would be his partner in all activities, and the yes they can share their blanket in nap time. It was just a given, that Izuku must need Katsuki, in the same way Katsuki would always slyly look forward to the compliments given to him by that boy specifically, how the burst of utter happiness would flow through him whenever Izuku would look at him with such awe and absolute adoration, and he thrived off of it.

To know that the smile, the laugh, the bliss on Izuku’s face was made by Katsuki and only for him… it was a high he couldn’t get off of. The same high that border-lined the extreme possessiveness that had begun to rise; it began as a small issue, where Izuku was once engaged in a play fight with another classmate and he had been enjoying his time, face flushed from the exertion of their bodies as they ran around each other trying to get a hold of one another. Katsuki had gone to the bathroom at that point, and in his return, his temper has flared faster than he thought seeing the sight of his Izuku, being happy with someone else.

Without a warning, the blond found himself on top of the other boy, fists fighting against each other to gain dominance in this surprise attack, but Katsuki was already more stronger than most of his classmates. It was like something else had a hold of him that he couldn’t control, a surge of anger and lividness that came out of nowhere that zeroed in the boy who was with Izuku.

It was simple enough to state he got into shit after that, and that it only seemed to increase the more that anyone’s contact with Izuku increased. Katsuki’s young brain didn’t have it in him to consider the kind of consequences such actions can cause, especially the repeated reoccurrence of everyone now steering away from Izuku – who despite himself, had no clue as to why everyone was avoiding him, directing to his nervous nature to self-blame rather than realize the actual cause – and effectively cutting him off from having any actual relationships with the kids around them.

Sometime nearing the end of the year, just before the big holiday they were to have to spend it with their families, Katsuki had sort of come to terms that in some way, Izuku was special to him more than the other boys with them in the class. Since everyone had decided to keep clear of his path to avoid the wrath the blond would instill on them, Izuku had become even more attached to Katsuki, adding nothing but more of prideful goad into his walk, a large smile on his face knowing he truly was the only person Izuku could come to.

It was the day before that holiday started, when the blond found himself listening in on a conversation he happened to pass by, of some random girl with them crying out to one of the helpers with fervor. For some reason, his feet stopped moving, and as he watched the exchange between them, his eyes would slightly dart to where he left his Izuku waiting for him.

“What happened Yuki?” Their caretaker cooed.

Yuki had hiccupped as she rubbed her red tearing eyes, “Tsubasakissed me! And he didn’t even ask! It was my first kiss!”

Katsuki’s eyes widened, slightly in alarm in the idea that what if Izuku found out he had taken
his first kiss, would he react in such a way too?

“Aw honey! That just means he likes you!”

“But I don’t like him!”

The caretaker sighed and called on the accused boy, “Tsubasa, you can’t go around kissing Yuki without her permission okay? Boys and girls can like each other that is normal, it’s the only way to like someone. But you must always ask for permission, okay?”

The short boy looked on and frowned, “What if boys liked boys?”

Katsuki could swear his heart flew out of his chest at that moment, the rush of the blood flowing through him almost made him dizzy, but he held on desperate to hear the answer for the question that had plagued his mind for so long.

The caretaker froze for a minute, giving a dry smile to the boy that had Katsuki frown, “Uhm, no Tsubasa, boys can’t like boys like that. They can be friends, best friends, very good buddies, but liking someone is strictly for the other gender okay? Boys like girls, girls like boys, that’s all.”

There isn’t much that would tumble a child’s mind into frenzy, especially ones as young as Katsuki, but hearing those words had enough impact to confuse and distraught him about himself that he couldn’t have it in him to even stare back at Izuku, who had begun calling out to him to come forward.

“Kacchan,” He came up and stood waiting for a response, not having any, he frowned as his button nose wrinkled, shifting the freckles of his face into a new arrangement and tried to hold the blonde’s hand, “Kacchan is everything okay?”

Katsuki flinched away from the contact as though he was set on fire, not glancing back at the confused Izuku and walked himself out of the room, directly to the nurse’s office to demand his mother take him home early.

It had taken Katsuki a week to get over the scene that played before him, the conflict between his feelings and what he had heard a continuous turmoil, enough to succumb him in his own until Mitsuki had forced him out to the new year’s celebration.

It consisted of all the normal things they’d do, dress in a nice yukata and head out to the streets to join the festivals, the multiple food stands and everyone’s infectious energy had somewhat cheered up the sulking blond. He had relaxed enough to begin enjoying himself till he heard his mother call out a very familiar green haired woman, and to Katsuki’s surprise they had found themselves facing the Midoriyas.

Inko was wearing a matching yukata with the small child she was currently walking with, his face partially hiding by the fluffy curls and his jade eyes twinkling in exact replica to the stars above them. Katsuki thought it was absolutely not fair, for Izuku to flicker with so much adoration towards him and run, ignoring his mother’s own calls for him as he flung himself on the blond.

“Kacchan! I missed you!” He called out, face nuzzled in the corner of Katsuki’s neck.

All Katsuki could think of, was the mantra of boys like girls only in his head but his own body
betrayed him as he greedily held on to the soft body that seemed to want nothing but be beside him, and how can he refuse him of that? They stayed together after that, spending the rest of the night holding each other’s hands as they walked closely to their parents, Izuku’s complete fascination to his surroundings was so endearing Katsuki couldn’t help keep his eyes on him all the time, that with his humming bird beating of his heart and the heat rushing to his face, he knew he was blushing stronger than he would have personally liked.

His hand still held on to Izuku’s, as they planted themselves on the top of a small hill, waiting for the fireworks to come out on the sky. The air was cool, if a little stuffy from the heat of the people so close around them, but Katsuki didn’t mind, it only made Izuku the more comfortable being closer to him. His eyes wandered to the scenery around them, as Izuku’s were mostly focused on the night stars, when they landed on a small group of boys sitting somewhat a good distance away, but close enough to notice the snickers and their side-eye glances they gave to Katsuki and Izuku.

Shame took over the blonde’s face when he realized their snickers were directed to where his hand was currently entangled to the other, and so despite himself he reluctantly let go of Izuku’s hand, not giving much attention to the hurt look on the latter’s eye.

Was it that weird, to want to be close to Izuku? Was it wrong? Was he supposed to do all of this with a girl? Why? Did it matter who it was the affections were given to?

Katsuki barely took a glance at the littered fireworks across the sky as his mind fought on to understand what exactly is wrong from right.

Katsuki realized there was a subtle change in his attitude towards Izuku when they were back in their normal daily routine soon after the holiday; he had begun wanting some distance from the green haired boy after he noticed the looks the other boys had given him. None of them really wanted to do anything with the smaller boy, but had opted to suffer through their interactions whenever they wanted Katsuki around for their games.

And Katsuki was many things, among from being popular in his class, and that was that he took pride in the position he placed himself above others. The hierarchy of who stands to the top and those who are bottom had to come down to one point; who was placed at the top? And Katsuki knew he was meant for that. So when the system started to shift, and the truth of how his position was somewhat moving further away, because Izuku’s presence hurdled that, bothered him.

Izuku was important to him, but so was that everyone else should know he’s the best of the best. And so the struggle of managing both of those things in his underdeveloped brain gave him way too many headaches.

The day Katsuki Bakugou manifested his quirk, was probably one of the best days of his life. Not only had he been lavished with compliments from their caretakers on how powerful it would be, and that he’d be expected to become the one thing he wanted to be, but it obvious difference from those around him put him back in the center of the attention, and back in the top position amongst them all.
It also made Izuku look at him the same way he’d looked at All Might, with big wide eyes, flushed freckled face, and a smile so wide Katsuki couldn’t help but reciprocate with pure adoration back. Things were going to go back to how they were at the start, and it’ll be okay again.

Things were not okay.

They were not okay, because almost all of their classmates manifested their quirks, and Izuku still didn’t.

Things were not okay, because Katsuki can’t find it in him to want Izuku to partake in any of their games as an equal member, the difference he had with those around them had begun to grow, and it started affecting the way Katsuki viewed himself.

Izuku started to not want his help, choosing to help himself and want to be someone who can match his stride with Katsuki, insisting that his quirk is coming and it’ll be as great as the blonde’s, for the latter to shut him down and demand his was the best of them all.

These little bits and moments where Izuku just wouldn’t do as Katsuki wanted, to sit and let him be taken care of, pissed the crimson eyed boy more than he thought. It’s just that, Izuku still wasn’t as strong as them – as strong as a four year old would assume himself to be – and the more that the curly haired child attempted to want more, the more angry Katsuki was. He told himself to wait, to try and be patient till Izuku’s quirk came to and then things would make more sense, he’d know where to properly place him in their group of friends.

But that day never came.

Instead, what came was a crying mess of freckles saying that the doctor said he’d never manifest a quirk, that Izuku is born Quirkless. Katsuki stared on as everyone tried to coo him and calm him down, but all he could really feel was betrayal.

How could his Izuku, be Quirkless?

How someone like Katsuki could, have stuck by someone like Izuku, for the latter to end up absolutely useless?

Katsuki was angry, confused, hurt, and most of all, felt shunned from Izuku. He could no longer view the boy before him the same way again.

Katsuki was more timid than he’d admit to himself as he walked the path to the one school he had ever set his eyes on, UA’s vast doors were staring directly at him when he glanced at them before moving his attention back to his shuffling feet, unable to let himself view anymore of the sight he’d set himself to chase towards.
All Might had asked him to show up here yesterday, saying that there was much to discuss with the principal and the man whose to be his upcoming homeroom teacher, and with his lips chapped and blooded from the increased anxiety holding on to him the minute he walked out of his house he trudged on inside the building, not allowing himself to completely indulge in the fact that he was in UA.

What helped him most; was the exterior Katsuki he had created to help deal with the things his mind couldn’t. The shell of the pompous Katsuki he used to be, mixed with something that had grown in him through the months of absolute darkness, what it was, it’s origin, or actual purpose, wasn’t something the blond thought he’d wanted to really know.

And so he walked on, a twitch in his eye as he reminded himself of the directions he’d read, and continued on till the principal’s door was in his face. He stood there a minute wondering if he should knock or not, when someone’s hand came behind him and opened the door for him. Katsuki flinched and took a few steps back, warily watching the dark haired man whose eyes seemed to have never rested in his entire life.

“Who are you brat?” The gruff voice called out.

“I’m not a brat,” The automatic reply came out of Katsuki, shuffling his feet to stand taller, “Who the hell are you?”

The man tsked and rubbed his hair, “If you’re here to enroll you’re in the wrong area.”

“I’m not, I was… I was asked to come here.”

Dark eyes widening, “Oh? Who asked you to come here?”

Katsuki opened his mouth to respond, but he found himself growing quiet. The man before him studied the boy, with his slanted stance, eyes suddenly finding the floor more interesting than anything in this world, and sighed.

“Alright kid, go in and we’ll talk.”

Katsuki shuffled his way inside, taking in the large office with appreciation before heading to the chair the man nudged him to sit on. He had begun sweating without knowing why, fidgeting in his place.

“You can relax kid; you look like you’re about to combust.”

“M’not a kid,” Katsuki grumbled, sounding more like a child than ever, “Who are you supposed to be?”

“I’m Shota Aizawa,” He responded, voice too bored and muffled by the scarf around him, “A teacher here, specifically for first years. Now, answer that same question.”

“Katsuki Bakugou, I’m…” Katsuki stopped, “I’m supposedly a student here.”

Once the name came out, it clicked in Aizawa as to why the face was familiar to him. He was the boy All Might had spoken about for quite a while now, transcript already submitted and read by the sleepy man himself, and he was evidently impressed with the track record Bakugou had kept in his middle school.

“Ah, the kid who All Might said we need to talk with.”
Hearing the large man’s name stiffened Katsuki, unaware of how much knowledge this Aizawa had from All Might and so his defenses shot to the sky in order to find out how much this man knew, before he would say anything.

“Alright then, since you’re as quiet as a brick, I’ll speak. I was told you’re entering this school since your requirements matched and the principal gave you an OK to enter without doing the entrance exams, so –”

“Wait wait,” Katsuki interrupted, “Why am I not doing the entrance exam?”

“You were cleared a full entrance, there’s no need.” Aizawa shrugged.

“Fuck that, I’m doing it.” Katsuki rumbled, “I’m not going to have you all play me like a fool.”

Aizawa raised an eyebrow, interest piquing, “Play you? In what way?”

“Like having me go through some special treatment shit, fuck that, you treat me for the person I am.”

“And what kind of person are you?”

At that, the blond fell silent. What is he to say? A murderer? A rapist? A person aspiring to be a hero? What?

Aizawa sighed, “Listen kid, you need to talk. I know we’re here to discuss something you did, everyone fucks up once or twice, but if you really want to be a hero, some stuff can be slid by in order to improve you further. So, what did you do?”

What did he do?

Katsuki could feel the cavity in his chest caving around him, its edges eating him away strong enough to result in a gasp from the boy. A hand came quick to hold his breaking chest, a reminder that all of it was actually happening in his head, and not a reality. The blond leaned forward, his hands now tensely rubbing against each other, then against his face, his beating heart growing with weight that was equal to the lump in his throat. He took a shuddering breath as it dawned on him he had to speak now, that whatever grew between the two at the moment would fade as quick as a whiff of air. He had to tell the truth, he couldn’t possibly lie, because even if he weren’t the one telling him this, All Might would soon enough talk.

“Bakugou?” Aizawa’s worried glance on edged his nerves further and Katsuki suddenly rose from his seat, walking around in a mess.

“I fucked up,” He gasped out, “I really did.”

“It’s alright, calm down and tell me, it’s going to be okay.”

Katsuki snorted at that, and ignored the look he got from his future homeroom teacher – if it would ever result in that. His hands began to shake, unable to keep them still as he shuffled from one area to the next. His mind was a hazy mess; unable to bring one idea to connect it to the other, and the lack of air flowing through his lungs was only making things worse.

As he contemplated on what to start with, on what to say, a calm haze fell upon him. He couldn’t pinpoint as to what was the cause for his body to suddenly relax, or the knowledge that he’s going to be okay stating what he needed to, and with the new found confidence this calm wave had given him, he sat back down and stared Aizawa directly in his way. Still tense, but more in
control of his words, licking his dry lips then took a deep breath and began.

“My… My friend killed himself.”

Aizawa’s eyes widened at the declaration, completely taken aback at the Spartan curveball thrown at him. He assumed the boy had probably shoplifted something, or had a fight with someone, these minor things that almost everyone does and goes through, but this? His body shifted and tensed in preparation, hyper aware of the severity of the type of situation All Might had put him through, and listened carefully to the next words Bakugou said.

“I…” Katsuki choked, “I bullied him… hurt him… his death is on me. I caused it, I made him throw himself off, I abused him mentally, emotionally, physically…” He noticed the drops of the tears falling on his clenched hands as he leaned forward, his weight on his elbows placed on his knees, “I’m a horrible person through and through…”

Aizawa was too stunned to reply, his head blank from any words that could comfort Katsuki, and at the same time fighting the thoughts that emerged as to whether he should be comforted.

“And…” The dark haired man frowned at the additional break in Katsuki’s tone as he continued, “I… I sexually abused him.”

Aizawa was quiet for one minute, one minute for the information to sink in his mind, to process what he actually heard, realize that he had even felt sorry for the boy sickened him, then take himself back and tell those words again before he actually realized the implications of not only the last few words, but the whole idea of what this boy was sending to him.

A young boy was dead. He was abused. In more than way, and the cause of it, was right in front of him, walking free as a bird, and saying he’s going to be a student.

He moved before he thought of what the consequences of his actions would do, and punched Katsuki in the face with a solid right hook, watching as the blond fall back in absolute astonishment at what had went down.

Katsuki wasn’t even sure he understood what the fuck even happened, except now that he’s on the floor, face aching and the man above him staring down at him with so much hatred, and disgust, the blond just stayed down there in shock.

What the fuck did he even expect? For him to pat him in the back and say hey its cool? Fuck no, this is what the reaction should be, if not worse. And it’s safe to say now that All Might hadn’t said a fucking clue to Aizawa.

Aizawa was more than angry as he stalked his way and grabbed the blond by the collar, “You disgusting piece of shit. Why the fuck are you even allowed to walk around? Can’t get enough from damaging one life, you want to do more to others?”

Katsuki knew he deserved these words, he knew it, he should expect it, he should take it. He shouldn’t be feeling the quiver of the break in his heart, he shouldn’t be tearing up at how much they’ve cut him deep, shouldn’t be feeling upset for himself when this was what he should be getting. Because he was the last person who deserved anything good in his life anymore, he shouldn’t be the one having any form of discussion with Aizawa, it should be him.

“You are, never entering this school. You can kiss your fucking freedom goodbye, because I’m finally placing you where you should be from the fucking start, you mongrel.” Aizawa continued, his anger shining so clearly in the dark eyes, “How dare you even assume you have any
fucking right to be a hero.” He had said it with so much repulsion towards Katsuki the blond gasped and began to cry, “You are a villain, and not even the normal fucking one, you killed someone, you abused them, you made them take their life, you should be fucking put to death.”

There’s just… so much Katsuki knew he would be going through in trying to… well, trying to live with what happened. He was positive it was a feat that will never be fully accomplished, never be a possibility he’ll have, but with what All Might had kept reminding him the past few days, that yes he won’t be out of the clear, but… but someway able to get up every day. It was shameful for him to admit he had felt somewhat of relief that maybe, he didn’t have to go through this alone?

It was disgusting, so horrendous, that he’s still here, that he hadn’t turned himself in and suffered the penalties of his actions, but he couldn’t… there was plenty of things running in his head filling him up with ideas and situations that can somehow enable him to redeem himself.

A mongrel; is indeed what he was.

He shoved himself away from Aizawa’s hold, feet too weak to carry him as he stumbled on the ground, crawling away from the volcano of the man he had just met.

What is he doing here?

What the hell did he think this would end up with?

Did he really fucking think that all what he’s done would be erased and everything will clear out for him?

It’s how it felt with All Might.

Fucking idiot, fucking idiot, he told himself, this is… this is worse than he thought. This was a mistake, he had to get out of here, and he had to find somewhere else to sit and breathe because the look Aizawa was giving him didn’t make anything better.

You deserve it.

He knows that.

Then why act so hurt?

He doesn’t know why.

Everything was just so confusing, so jumbled up in his head, he’s panting for air, he’s trying to grasp anything solid to keep him from spinning any further because nothing is in its place anymore, everything is moving and twirling, he feels sick.

Aizawa was about to continue going off at him, when he noticed the boy’s palms move their direction to the opposite hands, and take him by surprise as explosions erupted out of him that singed his arms, the smell of burnt flesh shook him out of his stunned state and he hurried to jump at the boy under him, grab both arms away and pin him on the floor as he erased his quirk.

“Don’t you think I know all that already?!” Katsuki yelled back, “I know I’m horrible, I know I am a monster! I know that I don’t deserve to have one more breath taken in this God damned body that I have! I don’t deserve anything, I should be in jail! Don’t even think that I don’t regret everything I ever did, I can’t blink without seeing all the mistakes I did, I can’t fucking look out the window without feeling fucking empty knowing that I’m living a life that he deserves, that I should be gone from this world! I tried that!” Katsuki’s voice only grew in its broken tone the more he
spoke, the extreme effort he placed in yelling made it even more gruff than usual, “I tried to kill myself! I want to kill myself, every waking moment that I’m here and he’s not, I don’t want to fucking live!”

Aizawa couldn’t respond, his eyes watching the pain dancing on the blonde’s face as the tears kept pooling between his gasps of air and attempts of talking, nostrils dripping and even spit started coming out of Bakugou from the utter shattering he was going through.

“I shouldn’t even be here but I am, because for some fucking reason, All Might wants me here when he should be putting me away! I’m confused! I don’t know what you all want from me! You want me dead! He wants me alive! I should be dead! I need to be dead!”

Katsuki kept that broken mantra coming, moving his head with force to slam it back on the ground, it took the man above him a few minutes before he understood that the blond was currently smacking his head open from how strong he was doing it, and moved one hand to hold the face back down to the ground, a pile of blood gathering at his fingertips as the multiple open gashes came into view.

A wave of cool came over the blond, eyes glassing over like he wasn’t there anymore, and he spoke with a crack in his voice.

“I… I open my eyes every day, and wish I never did. I don’t know how much I have to say, to tell you I don’t want to be here. I don’t deserve a life, let alone a chance to be something other than what I am right now. A monster. I know what I am, you can say it to me as many times as you want, you can hit me, abuse me, give me the pain, the hate, the disgust, all of it, bring it to me and let me know it. But no one else in this world wants me dead more than I do, I tried all the possible ways I could; I kept getting found and getting stopped. I can’t eat, I can’t breathe, I can’t function, and I am no longer a person… I have no right to complain of the life I’m living right now, because it’s more of a mercy than anyone can ever ask for. But no matter what you do, you will never go beyond the hatred I have for myself.”

Aizawa watched on; anger not receding one bit, but intent on letting him finish whatever he was trying to say. If it was for his sake or the boy’s own one, he wasn’t sure.

“Every day… his face pops up… every day, I see the life he could have lived, the life I took from him. Every moment, it’s about him, I can’t shake him off, I can’t forget him, I can’t do anything but see what I have done…” Katsuki’s eyes turned to stare directly at Aizawa’s, “You can let me die right now, you can kill me, or let me do it… let me end it right now.”

Aizawa looked on, watching the mad look that came onto Katsuki, as his hands held on to the man’s forearms with strong intent.

“Let me kill myself,” Katsuki said again, tone serious enough to let Aizawa know he wasn’t joking, “I’ll do it fast; no one will know you were here.”

Shota wasn’t beside himself to actually allow the boy to take his own life, but the prospect of this world to be rid of such an existence flashed through his mind with more support from whatever was hazing around them than he thought, except that the door to the office slammed open before he could even respond, and was now staring dead eyes with the Principal and All Might, the latter reacting quick enough to remove the two from each other.

“What the hell are you doing Aizawa?!” All Might yelled as he cradled the limp of Katsuki’s body in his arms, setting him back down on the couch.
“I could ask you the same thing.”

His venomous tone had the large man frown, blue eyes turning from the young blond to the usually too-tired-for-life Aizawa and he pursed his lips in what the conclusion of such a reaction was.

“I can explain –”

“The fuck you can,” Aizawa interrupted, one finger pointed at Bakugou, “This fucking rapist will not enter this school.”

All Might sighed, “Aizawa listen to me.”

“No.”

Exasperated, the blue eyed man focused on the quiet presence of the principal who was staring on, “Principal please, talk to him.”

“I would very much like it if you took a minute to listen to us Aizawa,” The principal began, “It would make this situation more understandable.”

Aizawa grimaced, “You want… that thing, to be a hero?”

In all honesty, Bakugou was surprised at himself that he was even capable of letting such words hurt him. It was a given fact, but hearing it from others that didn’t consist of him and his own mind, seemed to just confirm the reality of what he was.

The dark haired man put his piercing gaze directly at Katsuki’s, voice cold and unwavering as he supplied his final words before leaving the room with a bang of the door.

“You, a hero? You’re a fucking monster. You don’t even deserve death, which sure is fucking easier than the life you deserve to suffer in.”

Ah… Katsuki fixed his gaze in the ground, body too tired to even attempt nursing the wounds he’d created, as the words spoken from the man who was to be his mentor played in his mind like a movie.

_Fucking monster._

He knew it already, so why is he still hurting from that?

_You don’t even deserve death._

Katsuki had assumed that if his own life was taken, it would have amounted to something. That if he was also gone, it would somehow set the balance right, and pay back his sins to the devil that spawned him, for after all, who would do the things he had done if it weren’t for the fact he was such an unholy being?

But to somehow materialize the idea that, not even his own death amounted to anything in the sense of giving solace to the life he has taken, it opened the veil in his mind where the worst of his demons were kept at bay.

_Not even your life is worth it._
The thoughts were endless.

*Pitiful disgusting Katsuki.*

Echoed in his mind, entrapped for only the blond to hear.

What did you ever think you could do to fix this?

He didn’t know, he thought… he thought that it would bring him back.

*Bring him back? How would he ever come back, when you tore him apart?*

Frustration ebbed in him, as his head began to throb. His breathing was getting short.

*Not even God wants you back.*

His eyes widened at that, he never really thought about religion much, but that shook something inside him. Enough to cause him to heave forward.

*Your life, is not even worth to enter Hell itself.*

Katsuki had gone rigid at that, whatever force he attempted to fight his inner demons had vanished and he let them have him. Repeatedly wording out the nightmares that seemed to only haunt him in his dreams, to be as alive as the souls sitting beside him, what more has he to offer to change what he has done? In what manner of action, words, and even his own self, he can somehow change to bring back the one person who made his life better.

And it was alarming him that it took Izuku to kill himself to get Katsuki to finally admit to himself the feelings he never allowed to the surface, that if he took one minute of his life to sit with himself and man the fuck up, he probably wouldn’t be sitting here alive, while Izuku was buried six feet under.

Six feet under the ground, where he would never look at the world with those tree-green eyes.

Six feet under the ground, where his laugh would no longer bubble into the air.

Six feet under, where the soft smile of his lips, his freckled stars, the scattering of his curls, would be nothing but a memory to those who cared.

A strangled laugh erupted out of Katsuki, making the two people with him stare with worry, all that Izuku was left of, was a memory.

Memories, something intangible that he would never be able to touch, see or even feel him anymore. And then it dawned on him that the only other person that would ever remember Izuku for the beauty that he is; was his mother. Why? Because Katsuki had spent his whole life making sure no one would come near to his Izuku, only for him to be the reason he’s gone.

Was it cruel fate? Irony? God’s blasphemy? That gave Katsuki almost everything he had ever wanted in his life without even asking for it, to lead him into taking the one thing he had sought after?

“Bakugou,” All Might’s voice rang in his head, “Are you all right? Would you like to go to the nurse before we begin?”

Katsuki blinked, “No.”
The blue eyes turned to the principal, “Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“Alright then… Let’s discuss the terms of allowing you to be out in public.”

“Would you like a cup of tea?” Mitsuki’s voice called on, she had just entered the house and attempted to arrange the mess on the floor as she kept a close eye on the woman sitting on the couch. The broken shards of cups and plates were the last of what this house had, and so she made a mental note to pick up some new unbreakable ones to get her to live by.

“Hey Mitsuki.” A soft whisper.

The mentioned woman stopped her work and walked to where Inko was seated, she had lost more than half of her weight, face sunken in with deep dark circles under her eyes. She was holding on to an All Might stuffed toy, her hands haven’t let it go from the first night she came back here.

“Yes Inko?”

Inko was staring at nothing in particular when she raised her face to look back at Mitsuki, eyes so hollow the blond had shuddered.

“There is no label…” Inko muttered.

“What label Inko?”

“There isn’t a label…” She muttered again, “To what I am. If you lose a spouse, you are a widow; if you lose a parent, you are an orphan… But I lost my child… there is no label to what I am. How can I… label myself… when I don’t understand… I lost my child.” With each word she spoke, the tears began to fall, her lips were quivering, and her breathing had become shallower as the minutes went by.

“Oh Inko,” Mitsuki hollowed out, wrapping her arms around the woman tight enough to somehow keep her a whole.

There were no words to describe the grief she felt, no possible way for her to explain to anyone why just being alive hurt her more and more every day, that waking up to an empty house was more of a torment than anyone could ever imagine.

Because when your whole world was focused on a single person, where can it ever take you when that person is gone? What is she to live for? Herself? She had forsaken herself the minute she knew she was pregnant, because her life belonged to no one but her child, to raise him, protect him, love him, nurture him… and now that was all gone, there was no purpose for her.

The words of the people who would come to visit her, promising her that she would someday move on, were mere dust to her. There is no possible way to move on; there is no fix or solution to her heartache. No ends for the ways she had grieved so far, for the new ones she’ll face through as the days went on, nor a limit to how long she will actually grieve. There isn’t one.
For as long as she will live, Izuku would be on her mind. Always, in everything she saw, that she smelt, heard or touched, Izuku would be there in her head, with his smart comments and his laugh, the crinkle around his eyes whenever he would smile at her.

A smile that would never age… never be the person she had hoped to grow and see, what he would look like, how he’d be woven so perfectly into the man she knew he’d be, Quirkless or not, he was perfect. In every single way, he was perfect.

His absence would only grow, she would only break even further as each birthday came back, every holiday arrived, and when the time of his would-be graduation would smack her in the face… she’d be losing him again and again.

He would never love.

Never kiss.

Never wed.

Never grow.

Izuku would never be anything to this world, but the boy who had killed himself in his graduation.

A cup of tea and a prescribed sleeping pill later, Inko was fast asleep on the couch with the toy held close to her chest. Mitsuki sighed as she wrapped the small woman with enough blankets to stuff a large toy-bear, but she didn’t want to take any chances of her getting sick anytime soon.

She eyed her phone for the time and went back to clearing out the mess in hand, opting to make sure all corners were clean enough for the visitor she’s waiting for. With all of it mostly done and cared for, she turned to the living room and sat across from the sleeping Inko with a heavy heart, unable to do anything but think and think some more at the words she’d spoken.

“If you lose a child, there isn’t a label…” She repeated, and covered her face with her still burning eyes from the crying she previously did.

She was about to break down again if it weren’t for the knock on the door, so she swore as she would have scolded her son if he ever did, and headed to open for her guest. Mitsuki attempted to clean her face quickly, wiping the residue of the mascara off before taking a deep breath and opened the door with a smile she barely mustered.

“Ah hello!” She said cheerfully, “Thank you for coming on such a short notice.”

“Hello, no worries. You must be Mrs. Bakugou, I assume?”

“That is correct, please come in,” She gestured to the walkway inside and locked the door behind her, “Is there anything I can get you? Some Water? Coffee? Tea?”

“Oh no thank you very much,” A smile was handed to Mitsuki, “This must be Mrs. Midoriya… Again I am deeply sorry for her loss, all of your loss.”

Mitsuki’s smile faltered for a second, noticed by the eyes currently staring at her, “Thank you. I’m grateful to have found someone who’s willing to be a caretaker in such a short notice. Why don’t we discuss this further?”
A nod, “I agree, it’s best to get all formality done to be able to be more comfortable with each other.”

The blond quietly laughed, “Yes.” She ushered the guest into the dining room with a glance back at Inko to double check she was still asleep, and then focused her attention back at the person on the seat across from her, “I’m so sorry but can you please remind me of your name? I didn’t… well I didn’t really focus on our phone call yesterday when I found your number in the paper.” She sheepishly admitted.

“No worries, with such trauma happening to those close to you, I am accustomed to managing with hard cases where I need to make sure all information is supplied in more than one occasion.”

Mitsuki smiled, and a smile was returned.

“My name’s Youta.”

Chapter End Notes

hello again~!!!!

as much as i try to answer your questions, i leave more behind mwahaha!!

i personally enjoyed writing this chapter, suffered a little, but did it!!

i got myself an adorable amazing beta reader, whose a personal close friend and i love to death, so hopefully in this way ill make sure things will be covered on and on!

it would mean a lot to hear your thoughts regarding this chapter, please do let me know what you think, it fuels me more! and also gives me an insight to how you guys feel about it, so please dont forget<3!!

i love you ALL!!!! so much!!! your continuous support, makes this story thrive!

be the best you can be~
Hello!! I think i’m going to officially tell you guys that most updates are going to be close to Saturday?? sometimes friday or sunday, but i’ll try to keep it in that range!

also i still dont have the hang of the algorithm down so the indenting might change as you go down im sooo sorry about that :( !
more notes down!

hope you like it :)!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Present

Todoroki was lost in his thoughts as he watched the moving scenery with little interest, the words left by Bakugou was still haunting him, the continuous replay of his imagination to picture a smaller version of an explosive Katsuki having to deal with that sort of turmoil, it discomforted him.

Not that he didn’t know his own conflicts, with a beat up good for nothing father, and estranged older brother, and a mother he no longer remembers well, Todoroki was dealing with more than enough problems on his own. The ring of his phone caught him out of his reverie; a quick glance to the ID had him sigh as he pressed the green button.

“Hey sis.”
“Shouto, you never replied to my text this morning.” She exasperated in his ear.

“It’s been a long morning, sorry.” He sighed.

“Alright I understand, but have you given him a call yet?”

Todoroki rolled his eyes, “No.”

“Shouto,” She reprimanded him, upset in his tone, “You know he’s going to be gone for a while.”

“The joyous dream,” He smirked picturing his sister rolling her eyes at him, “Doesn’t have anything to do with me.”

“I’m not having this right now Shouto, give him a call, wish him an early birthday cause he won’t be around for then.”

“Fuyumi… you’re literally asking for the fucking impossible.” His tone took an icy turn, added on by the drop of temperature around him.

She was silent on the other end, “I know, but just this once, he’s going to be away for a really long time.”

The desperation in her tone wasn’t towards any particular emotion for their father, but merely to the image of a normal family she had been trying to make for as long as Shouto could remember. He thought it was a fool’s errand, arguments instilling between the two over this particular issue in more than one setting, but never being able to come to terms to either of their views.

It was ridiculous to him, that she tried so hard when she herself wasn’t that into it to begin with. He gave her some credit when he was younger, being the one who chose to try and attempt to make his childhood more of that – a childhood, but it began to lose its effect when he entered high school, making matters all the more worse as their father edged Shouto on to use his other side, with the latter in complete refusal.

“Fine, alright, if it gets you off my back I’ll bloody do it.”

“Thank you frosty,” He knew the nickname was to calm him down, and he almost smiled hearing it in such a long time, but it wouldn’t erase the sour taste in his mouth as he wished her a good day and closed the phone.

His thumb idly rubbed against the corner of it, as his eyes reflected the name of the one person he no longer wants to be associated with, but sadly, you don’t get to pick your own parents now do you? He grumbled with distaste and pushed the button, better to get it done with rather than suffer Fuyumi’s upset demeanor next time he visits home.

“Shouto.” The grave voice spoke in his ear.

“Father.”

“To what do I owe this surprise? You rarely ever call me, has there been a situation?”

Todoroki had to stifle the string of words he’d wanted to let out, and take a deep breath before even attempting a normal reply.

“Everything’s fine.”
Silence, “I see then, do you need anything?”

“Nothing. Just heard you’re going away for a while.”

Endeavor’s tone picked up with emotion in hearing some sort of interest from his son, “That I am, they need me overseas for a problem.”

“Must be nice.”

“I’m sure it will be, it’s going to –”

“Oh no that’s not what I meant,” Shouto interrupted, rubbing his fingers together with the indifference in his tone, “I meant it must be nice to have the house quiet, maybe I can visit it sometime soon.”

Endeavor choked on the other line, clearing his throat before responding with a sharp edge to his manner, “Now listen here –”

“Anyways Father, since you’re going to be gone for a while; Happy early Birthday, you’re one year closer to your death!”

Todoroki closed the phone before he heard his father’s explosive response, and set it on silent because he just knew he’d be receiving really loud texts from Fuyumi and many more from Natsuo with his complete support to what he’d hear from their older sister the minute he gets home.

It didn’t really matter, not anymore, to what extent his emotional damage and mental destruction had gone through from his own father. Shouto had long swore to himself that he’d destroy everything Endeavor ever was, becoming the number one hero without any help from the side of him that took on his father’s quirk. His mother’s quirk was more than enough to get him to where he is now, and even though he’s a step behind Katsuki, as annoying as that is, he was still one of the best upcoming heroes this world is now witnessing.

“That was… interesting.” Iida spoke from his corner of the seat, face dimmed as they entered a tunnel towards their wanted factory.

Todoroki shrugged, “Family, you either love them or hate them.”

The dark haired boy eyed Shouto closely, giving a mhm as an only reply, not wanting to pry into personal matters. They may be good friends, after he and Ochako relentlessly chased after him in their first year, but there was still much to uncover about the truth of the Todoroki Prodigy.

“Aside from that,” Todoroki spoke out, “What did you think of, you know.” The small tilt of a head gesture was enough indication to let Iida know what the other boy meant.

Iida sighed, “To be honest with you, I still don’t know how to respond to that. Or even think, to be in his shoes… gives me an insight as to why he is the way he is.”

“He was an ass before it happened.”

“Todoroki!”

The mentioned boy feigned innocence, “What? It’s true, he even said it. Just because he went through shit doesn’t really excuse all his actions.”

“You’re one to talk.” Iida spat with a roll in his eyes.
“Ha?”

The dark haired man shook his hand, “Forget it, and let’s just focus on what we have to do now.”

Todoroki shrugged and gave his attention to the small notebook Iida carried around, where he wrote most of the important main points of the things they’d have to do.

The location they were sent to, was as dead as in the middle of the desert factory can be, with no close buildings in sight for miles, and Iida was positive what could be the worst cellphone service he’d ever encountered, the two boys were left to wait out in the sun till pro-hero sidekicks were to come and act as their support.

It was overbearing hot, and neither of the two was taking it well. It took Todoroki all but one minute to cocoon himself in a small makeshift of an ice igloo from the heat, already regretting every life decision that got him to this standpoint.

He had no idea how Iida could do it, opting to *stand watch and be on guard* as the sun hit on him so harshly, his heavy metal body suit must be nothing but suffocating, and watching him slowly die from heat, made the frustration all the worse in the heterochromatic haired boy, who finally muttered a colorful word of his own and sent most of his cooling ice towards his partner.

“Thanks,” Iida gasped, “They sure are taking a while to show up.”

“No shit,” Todoroki eyed the road they came from, “I say we go in until they show up. This is supposed to be abandoned right? Whatever security guards standing there can see the warrant and let us in.”

Iida took a moment to think, but was it really a choice when your only option is waiting out in the heat for God knows how long?

“Let’s go.”

The skip in Todoroki’s steps as he attempted to hide his relief wasn’t missed by the dark haired boy.

Walking through the entry way, their eyes trailed the sand path that took them to the one way gate a few feet ahead of them. The whole place was surrounded by three-foot wall neighboring the large building, its three chimney’s standing strong ahead and the silence of their footsteps.

“Empty,” Iida called out to the small cubicle where security guard’s should’ve been at. He was trying not to tense up, but he gave the situation a little more graveness than usual.

Todoroki himself kept a close watch on Iida’s back as he trudged the same path, covering his blind spots as the two took their time entering the actual building.

There was nothing fancy nor particular to the building itself once they walked in, bland grey walls covering all their senses as the reception was what met them, a dark brown desk as vacant as the rest of the room and a stairwell heading to an upstairs story while an elevator’s light flickered. There was an eerie atmosphere snaking around them, one where you’re not comfortable in the situation you’re put in but can’t exactly know what causes that? They stopped their tracks close to
the desk, Iida’s sharp gaze taking in all the details his mind could process as he pressed the button on the side of his face, opening up a slight hatchet to his hero outfit mask to turn to Todoroki, currently flipping through the papers scattered around them.

“The last known date here is two months ago,” His colored eyes roamed about, “I don’t see anything important, newspapers and a bunch of passes to enter here, but there isn’t any official paperwork dating it’s been working.”

“Well, it has been off work for a while.” Iida gave a sly glance at Todoroki’s eye roll, “Since there isn’t anyone here, we should go in and check it out from inside as well.”

They had walked with nothing in particular alarming them or of interest, void rooms on their wake where the soles of their feet echoed through the hallways. They spent about twenty minutes aimlessly moving about, a few comments here and there said between them but in general, their tense shoulders losing its edge as the minutes went by.

Sometime after, they found a door that led to a dark passage that dragged on a good distance from their initial entrance, Todoroki allowing himself to at least light the way for them as they reluctantly moved on.

“This is the most boring thing I’ve ever done in my life.” Todoroki humorlessly muttered.

Just as Iida was about to retaliate a response of his own, his hand opening the door at the end of the hallway, his eyes narrowed at the sudden burst of light that came at them only to hold still at the sight that lay before them.

There were four men standing, hovering over the shortest one sitting on a chair in the middle of the empty factory, dressed sharply in black suits and black sunglasses, while the seated one gazed upon the two new intruders with a sly smile on his face. Iida held a hand out for Shouto to stop his tracks, as he straightened his back and cleared his throat in the hopes of not taking the new faces by surprise.

“Sorry for the intrusion. I’m Ingenium, and this is my partner Shoto. We’re here on behalf of Best Jeanist’s agency with a warrant regarding the multiple complaints made against your company.”

The man seated, with dry pale skin and ash grey hair stood up, his red eyes glowering with more emotions than his vague expression promised. He raised one hand up, and smiled before talking.

“Of course gentlemen, I knew you were coming. My name’s Tomura Shigaraki, please come in, there’s a lot to discuss.”

Katsuki woke up with three things he desperately needed.

One, he needed to get the heavy weight of what, after he gave himself a minute to really wake up, was Kirishima’s body completely deadweight over his.

Two, he really needed to fucking pee.
Three, to get some damn food in his mouth that didn’t consist of garbage hospital mush, because it was against the law what they attempted to feed him here.

It crossed his mind to try to snake his way out of the bone crushing hold the red head had on him, but with the warmth his skin was radiating against Katsuki’s, he let himself nuzzle a bit further in the peaceful quiet that surrounded them. He was sleeping soundly against the blonde’s chest, his hair a fussy mess as Katsuki slowly cleared out to see his face, fingers idly touching the scar on top of Kirishima’s eyebrow, as those ever-smiling lips pouted the deep breaths away without a single care.

His short lived mental peace was clouded with the replay of what they’ve done last night, not going the full distance, but done enough to establish that there was some sort of emotion at bay between them, and as unlikely as how the situation occurred, Katsuki was glad it did somehow.

Now he just has to figure out if he was glad that Kirishima was a distraction, or actually glad something’s happening between them.

The hesitation in his heart didn’t settle with him.

A minute later, he was shaking the sleeping red man gently into consciousness, a small smile playing on his face as Kirishima yawned and with a gruff, looked at Katsuki with puppy eyes full of adoration.

“You’re so fucking sappy it’s actually disgusting.” Katsuki barked out, ears red from being watched so intently.

Kirishima shrugged, “You weren’t complaining last night so… hey ouch.” Kirishima laughed as he nursed his shoved arm, making way for the both of them to get up and wear their pants and shirts back on.

“I can’t believe we did that in the hospital room,” Eijiro spoke when he was fully clothed, “What if a nurse walked in when we were asleep…”

Katsuki laughed at the look of horror his friend had swayed, “You made enough noise to tell this whole floor not to come in.”

“Fuck.”

“Indeed.”

Kirishima rolled his eyes, it was easy to notice the tense shoulders and his stand-offish appearance as he stood there waiting for something, at least Katsuki knew he was waiting for something, and with the impatient shuffle of his feet, Bakugou was positive he had a clue of what’s it about.

“Katsuki,”

“Kirishima wait.” The blond interrupted. He didn’t know why he was feeling this awful, a sense of guilt washing his chest as he looked at the hopeful glance the other boy was giving him, “Last night… it was good, it fucking was, and I enjoyed it so much. But… But I don’t know what this is or where this is going and… let’s just see how things go? Take it slow?”

The hooded red eyes of Kirishima was enough to tell Katsuki he didn’t like what he said, pursed lips and clenched hands only added on to the realization that he may – no, he did hurt him by these words, if the eyes themselves didn’t declare it, his voice did.
“No I uh… I get it; you want to take it slow, especially with everything going on.” His hands flew as if to shake the pain from his system, acting indifferent to the words Katsuki spoke.

The blond rushed to him, placing both arms on his shoulders and waited till he fixed his gaze back on, “I don’t want to hurt you. And because of that, I don’t want to be placing you in a situation where you’ll chew your own head off with worry. Taking our time… is the best choice.”

Kirishima listened, and for a second there Katsuki thought he was going to be shoved away, but the red head only sighed and gave a small smile.

“Okay,” He gave his signature grin, “I’m going to head out get some food, anything in particular?”

“Anything that isn’t made here,” The blond grimaced and Kirishima laughed.

“Got it.”

When he was alone again, Katsuki sat on the corner of his bed as he massaged his temples from the pulsating headache. He wasn’t sure if he had handled the situation in the right way, but until he at least took care of the mess in his feelings towards everything around them, he didn’t want to push Kirishima into something that he himself wasn’t sure of.

He did like Kirishima, he had to, or he would’ve never done what they did yesterday. At least, that’s what he’d said to himself. Part of him was sure that it had begun as a distraction, that he could still use, and it was something so badly sought after from the chaos that his life is being thrown around in. Was it wrong of him? Maybe. Should he not attempt that again? He knows he shouldn’t, heck even told Kirishima they shouldn’t, but Katsuki couldn’t trust himself on this.

He has to get this sorted out before more fuck ups come along the way.

Bakugou looked at the time on the wall, with more than enough minutes to spare till Kirishima is back, he chose to leave his room and visit another’s, since he hadn’t been over for some time now. The last of what he’s heard is that her injuries were mostly healed; now it’s just waiting to see when she’ll wake up.

If she’ll wake up.

The heavy weight of that what if concerning Uraraka never left him from the day they came here, and he knew that optimism is what mostly keeps everyone going, he just couldn’t let himself fake that shred of hope and grow it if it’ll just break him later.

Because, you know, he keeps letting everyone die around him.

He stopped short in his track, and raised a brow, the little slip of information that Izuku was not dead was still so fresh and unbelievable it was so easy to go back to the routine of living his life on how it was before.

How is he to go on now? Is the guilt less? Is he more of a person now? Should he attempt to pursue a life where struggle isn’t all that met him?

Katsuki knew the answers to those, mostly. And its first response was the same wave of shame he always carried with him, just because Izuku is somehow not dead, doesn’t change what was done, and how things have turned out now.

He’s not dead, but he’s a villain, and a dangerous one at that.
The blond almost smacked himself at even trying to think which of those were the worst outcome, they shouldn’t be compared; they were both the worst. And he let it happen, he had caused it.

Was he happy? Relieved? That Izuku was at least breathing? Or was it… was it that he wasn’t dead? And Katsuki hated himself knowing the second question wasn’t any form of console towards his childhood friend, but at the fact that death wasn’t a mark on his past anymore.

Was it?

He took a deep breath and frowned at how hard it was, because as the truths of his feelings came bubbling upwards, he didn’t like what he was seeing. It’s fucked up, how things were so mingled inside of him, how his brain said one thing and his heart another so against each other in the most comical of ways. What was one to do when their body refused to come to a point?

A part of him knew he was relieved that Izuku was alive, and another was feeling distaste at the resulted consequence of him being alive; a villain. But now where will things go? What’s he supposed to do? How’s he to act? What is he going to do about the small feeling inside that for some fucking reason, was… upset this is how things turned out…

Crimson eyes widened when it hit, that small thought, and it had exploded in his mind like it was an air bubble, held off by the thin boundary that no longer existed, for the smoke inside to fill him up everywhere.

Katsuki was never sure of the limit he’d be disgusted with himself, but this? This was evident to show him he truly was one fucked up being.

With those thoughts crashing around like waves in his mind, he continued on to the familiar hallway and closed door, Ochako’s name a dark contrast to the pale white walls, and he took a deep breath before sliding the doors open, eyes still on his feet until he’d closed the door and turned, frozen shut at what he saw.

“Hello there, Kacchan.”

Iida watches the scene play out in front of him like a hawk, Todoroki close by as the man before them – Tomura Shigaraki, beckoned them to take two seats at the make-shift office he had brought them to.

They were outnumbered, with two men standing guard behind them, and two before them. There wasn’t much of an opening if they needed a direct getaway, and yet there has been no sense of danger so far.

He’s worried about all that, but also on the idea that this name has not once came across the records they’ve pulled on the Shigaraki family, which would make sense to some since the whole actual family is nowhere to be seen, always having a representative talk on their behalf. But all that secrecy couldn’t stem from something that’s good.

“Remind me again, Mr… Tomura Shigaraki,” Iida cleared his throat, “As to why you’re present here in a factory so far away, when you must be busy dealing with your… company?”

Tomura gave a tight smile, “Naturally, I’m here to make sure no trouble is caused during this
checkup. Of course, I mean on my men’s part.”

“Do you have invisible men?” Todoroki asked.

“What?” Shigaraki chuckled, confused, “Now why would I have invisible men, Mr. Todoroki?”

He first stiffened at hearing his last name, but then Shouto raised a brow, a slow smirk making its way to his lips as he leaned a little more forward, “Because until we saw you, there haven’t been any men anywhere. So, care to explain who these men are?”

Iida tensed, “Well, you’re correct in that statement of yours. But, my men are here, as you can see.” The man before them gestured to the guards at their side.

“Didn’t think security men would be wearing high end tuxedos in a factory that’s in the middle of nowhere,” Shouto edged on, “Seems a bit off, doesn’t it?”

Another tight smile, “We have a uniform code, we expect our men to be dressed in good way to represent the company.”

“The same company now in trial against fraud and multiple law suits for malfunctioned machines… is it now?” Todoroki was relentless, and Iida’s stiffening posture did anything but help.

“Is there something you’d like to say to me, Mr. Todoroki?” Tomura’s smile fell, eyes turning cold as he gazed into Shouto’s.

Shouto sighed and leaned back into his chair, a playful smile on his face, “I could ask you the same thing, Mr. Shigaraki. It seems to me you are here for damage control, that frankly, makes me a little put off.”

“What my partner means,” Iida hurriedly interjected, “Is that we were unaware that we’re going to have a Shigaraki family member present, what with little public appearance that was made, and hardly any form of contact towards us, it makes sense for us to be a bit skeptical… in the sense of the situation at hand.”

Tomura’s smile came back, but the ice in his eyes only got worse, “Of course, understandable. Well then gentlemen, I can safely tell you that my presence here is hardly to stop you in your investigation, and as you can see, I don’t have my lawyer present, nor am I making this in any way difficult for you. It’s safe.” He played with the word as Iida has said it, his eyes traveling between them, “To say that I’m here to help, not to harm.”

Todoroki made a noise of mockery, and cleared his throat when he realized it was heard by more than just him.

Iida gave a discomforted smile, “Well then, may I ask you a few questions, now that we’re here and all?”

“Be my guest.” Shigaraki said lazily, crossing his arms and slanting back on his own chair.

The two boys shared a quick glance as Iida took his notepad out, and they were off.

“Can you first tell me why was this factory shut down?”

“Location issues, it took too long to get our supplies to their registered sites and so, we decided
that we were to shut it down and relocate all available staff to where they were needed.”

“And when was this done?”

Tomura pondered for a minute, “About five years ago.”

Iida nodded, writing it down as Todoroki made a move, “If it’s not needed, why the factory wasn’t put down? It couldn’t possibly be cost-effective to have guards on standby in an empty location now, can it?”

The dry lipped man turned to Shouto, “It’s called a back-up plan.”

“How so?” Iida frowned.

Tomura sighed, leaning forward with one elbow on the table separating the three men, “When you run a large business, and invest in locations that are put in different parts of a country, you’ll tend to realize cases of accidents happening. It might not be a cost effective plan, but whose missing the money?” He laughed on his own joke, “Keeping this factory in place despite it being unused, just means there’s extra storage space.” He shrugged nonchalantly.

“And are you doing that?”

“Doing what?” He responded to Todoroki.

Shouto waved his hand in the man’s direction, “Like you said; storage space.”

The grey haired man had his finger rubbing against his lips tightly, the tension rolling off of him had the whole small place stuffy and pressurized.

“You’re Endeavor’s kid, aren’t you?”

Shouto was seeing red; his body had stopped breathing as the name and connection rolled off the man before him. It was always like that, the minute he seemed to get an upper hand in an questioning he was taking charge off, they slip in the Father Card at him and although to the general public, he’s a stand-offish brute of a man but still able to be a hero, the Number Two Hero was all the weight that dragged Shouto beyond the surface, drowning him for as long as he tried to see.

“Hardly the point here.” He said with gritted teeth.

Tomura’s eyebrows rose at the clipped response, and he smiled, “Oh well, it can’t be missed, with all that similarity in the attitude and… looks, bit hard to let go. How’s the old man doing anyways?”

“Mr. Shigaraki,” Iida jumped in before his partner attacked the man with the murderous look on his face, “It really has no connection to what we’re doing here. I apologize if my partner is coming too strongly, but we make sure to do our complete job when at it.”

It took a while before the homicidal stare down between the two died down, with Shigaraki slowly turning his gaze back on Iida, who had more or less been trying to telepathically tell Todoroki to calm the heck down with no avail.

“Your point is well understood, Ingenium.”

Iida nodded and offered a small smile, “So, since the factory is shut down, and you have guards
stationed, there is no possible way for anyone to have entered here lately?”

Tomura frowned, “Unlikely, we keep a close eye on all our factories, as well as our security personnel.”

“You have heard of no break in; or any suspicious activity in the past few weeks?”

“If I have, I’d tell you.”

Shouto took a deep breath, “Can I ask a question myself, not quite case related, but humor me if you may.”

“Well it’s not like you’ve stopped yourself at any moment, so why don’t you play along and continue?”

Shouto tried to smile, but what came out was a mixture of disgust, smile and grimace.

“Facing all these law suits, why have you decided to expand outside the country?”

“Well you certainly don’t hold back.” Tomura chuckled.

“Well I am my father’s son,” Todoroki said darkly, “So do play along.”

Iida wanted to throw himself off a cliff.

“Expansion came on after we realized the vast market the outside had in store, so a little lawsuit here and there might be an issue, but it’ll clear. The major idea is moving outward, fresh new resources to find, take, make our own, and supply it to our designated buyers and locations.”

“Little lawsuits? People were hurt.” Iida mumbled.

Tomura shrugged, “And they’ll be compensated, eventually. Really, most of these accidents happen on their own.”

“What of the malfunctioned equipment?”

Tomura sighed again, seemingly bored from the conversation, “When checks roll in, and the trucks of our buyers come through and take our equipment, we legally have no control of what happens or ends up with them. It’s in their contract to make business with us.”

“How can you be so casual about the idea your equipment could be played with?” Shouto’s confusion toned the edge of his voice.

Shigaraki drummed his fingers on the table, “Our responsibility is to make them, what happens to them after they leave has nothing to do with us.”

“Is that the way you’re operating outside? Build shit and then don’t give a damn how or where they end up? It’s fucking horrible.”

“I don’t recall asking for your personal feelings towards how I work my factory,” The man clipped back with a scowl at Todoroki’s response, “Now unless there’s anything more you’d like to ask, I have to leave. My men will stay here as your party arrives, which –” He glanced at his watch, “Is in three minutes. So if you’ll excuse me, I’ll be going my way.”

There was nothing more they both could say, the tense atmosphere making it impossible for them to attempt to ask him to stay, while at the same time they don’t officially have anything
against him. It’s frustrating; more so as he gave them a knowing smirk and waved them once as a goodbye, as he walked out of the empty factory leaving them alone with his men for practically a minute, until the response team finally arrived.

This is going to be a long day.

While the heroes worked their way through the factory, leaving no corner spared, Tomura Shigaraki was well a distance away now in the private car taking him back to their safe house. As the road began to clear path into civilization again, the shimmer of aura around the man glimmered and shifted, until the grey hairs changed color, the eyes have transformed to their original appearance, and the whole look lifted from the grumpy dry skinned man, into one who placed a top hat in its place, eyeing the screen that blinked a call.

He pressed on and was greeted by a shadow of a man, face completely hidden and obscured but evident enough to have the top-hat shift and sit properly. He waited till the static lessened, and gave a small smile.

“Sensei,” He bowed his head lightly, “Didn’t expect a call from you.”

“I didn’t expect a lot of the current actions myself,” The man in the screen croaked, “But yet here we are.”

“Here we are indeed.”

“And have you fixed your plaything’s mistake?”

Top-hat gave a dry smile, “It was no mistake Sensei. But things have gone out of plan, as they usually do, and he has fixed it himself without a problem.”

“So why was there a need for your presence?”

“Further damage control, just making sure all ends were covered, Sensei.”

“And is it?”

“Cleanly.”

The shadowed figure grunted in response, taking in a deep rough breath, “Well, I’ve done my share of damage control here.”

“How much.”

“Now now,” The screen man chastised, “You may have worked on him, but don’t forget you’re a part of me… You don’t get to put any fucking foot anywhere.” His tone was as hard as steel, “You know as well as I do as to why the both of you are roaming around free, especially you. Get your job done and you’ll be put back where you should be. I’m getting tired to have to strap down to a machine to have you fucking up. Get it right, Youta.” He mocked the name and closed the screen.

Youta was staring at himself on the black screen, seeing nothing but a blank face to fill one’s nightmares.
“What are you doing here?” Katsuki’s voice strained against his throat. His mind was thoroughly panicking as to whether jump and catch Uraraka away, or throw a good punch towards him, or just fling himself into holding Izuku, who was sitting on the bed next to Ochako’s sleeping body.

He tried to inch closer, body instinctively going into a stance, but froze when the look on Izuku’s face turned deadly.

“What do you mean?” His voice was sharp, enough to cut the lingering fire of hope growing inside of Katsuki, but he wouldn’t let it falter.

He took a deep breath to steady himself, “Izu –”

Izuku’s hands flew to Ochako’s throat, and Katsuki froze in fear.

“Finish that name, and she dies.” The lethal look he passed the blond was enough to cause his knees to buckle and shuffle back.

Katsuki raised both arms in front, eyes not leaving the hand currently wrapped around Ochako’s throat.

“Okay,” He breathed, “Okay I’m sorry, please let her go.”

Izuku contemplated for a second, a mocked smile on his face when he removed his hand, but still keeping a close distance to her.

“What are you doing here?” Katsuki whispered. He could barely get air in his lungs from how tense he was, struggling to find the right way to address so many questions in his mind.

“I like to console the victims.” He sneered.

White hot anger flashed through Bakugou, he gritted his teeth as the words barely made sense out of him, “You like to come see how your work is like?”

Izuku’s brow rose, “Well aren’t you a little of an asshole today.”

“What are you doing here Iz– Deku?”

“So protective, I hardly recognize you.”

“I can say the same thing about you.” Katsuki spat, and the deadpanned expression Izuku gave made him halt.

“And who the fuck do you think is the one to blame?” His eyes were burning with cunning anger, “Who do you think has ruined my life?”

“No I…” Katsuki struggled to speak, “Deku I’m… I’m sorry.”

Deku chuckled darkly, “You’re sorry?”

“Yes! Yes for God’s sake I’m so fucking sorry, there’s nothing I can ever do to make it up for you, or make you feel better or even in any way lessen the damage I caused on you. I’m horrible,
I’m awful, I’m a monster, and I know that and you know that and I don’t want another minute to go by without letting you know the truth,” Katsuki’s voice broke, the tears already swelling. He took a small step forward but Deku’s face was indifferent as ever, “I hurt you, so much. I said awful things, did worse, I’m a despicable person that doesn’t even deserve your forgiveness, but I am so fucking sorry…”

His red eyes tried to decipher the guarded expression Deku had but to no avail, there was no telling what the stranger before him was thinking, whether he believed Katsuki’s words or not, and he shouldn’t. Katsuki knew he shouldn’t hope that everything will be fixed just because he finally said sorry, as if it would change anything. The deflating feeling of hope regarding the notion he would feel better if he had said sorry to Izuku was enough to tell him that it changed nothing inside Bakugou; neither decreased the guilt nor the blame.

“Are you done?” The apathetic tone he replied with shattered his heart enough to have Katsuki fall on the floor, the disbelief etched so entirely in his face.

He couldn’t breathe.

He knew apologizing wouldn’t change much, but the lack of emotion or care from Izuku was just enough to remind him that his damage will never be reversible.

“Your apology doesn’t do or change anything, if that’s what you’re aiming for.” Deku’s harsh tone had Katsuki hold his breath, “I’m not who you think I am, words won’t change anything.”

“Then let me act! Not just words, I’ll do whatever it takes!” The blond found himself calling out, “I’ll do whatever you want me to do!”

Deku had an amused look on his face, the pain radiating off the crimson eyed boy before him was moving nothing inside his heart. Even if he were to try to feel it, he was too detached to care.

“Y-You wanted to be a hero,” Katsuki tried a different approach, “That’s the one thing you wanted; you don’t want to be… whatever this is.”

The cold hard glare the green haired boy gave Bakugou steeled him in place, but the blond was relentless.

“You wanted to save lives with a smile, to be there for people in need, to rise above all and protect everyone, that’s who you are Deku, a hero.” His voice broke on the last word, eyes desperately searching for some sign that Izuku was still there.

Deku’s tone was as cruel as the look he gave Bakugou, “Don’t make people into heroes, heroes don’t exist, and I for sure am not a hero.”

The tears were already falling as the words came into existence, from the mouth of a boy so broken Katsuki no longer knew how to bring him back. The pain filling in his heart, from fear to full on guilt swam inside him in a whirlpool of uncontrolled self-hatred.

“Heroes do exist Izuku.”

Before he knew it, Katsuki felt his body being thrown around to a chair at the end of the room, his arms and legs were bound by an invisible force, and the severity of the impact probably opened up a few stitches, Katsuki judged, by the stinging he now felt in various parts of his body.

But what’s more important is that he was completely immobile.
Try as he may, no amount of force was able to get him off of there, and the use of his quirk would only endanger Uraraka. He was stuck, again, by the one boy who had nothing.

The face Deku was making had Katsuki’s heart stop beating for a second, the absolute livid fire burning in the two mismatched eyes were so powerful, the blond forgot to continue struggling. He felt like a trapped prey just waiting for his death.

“Heroes don’t exist,” He spat with venom, “Heroes are a disguise... Disguise is always a self-portrait, a mere shimmer of the people we aspire to be, wanting, yearning, to be that specific image... that’s what heroes do, don’t they? Fill up a disguise, something they wish they were but aren’t, and yet this falsehood and its attempt of creating an image of an absence... is welcomed. Why is it welcomed? Why are the lives of people placed on a gamble on those who like to play pretend? Is the value of life so low to you filth?”

“Deku... no, no that’s not true. Heroes are themselves, are who they should be in this world, there is so much bad in this world that we need them to balance things out, they help protect people. I don’t know what you were told all these years, but it’s all wrong!”

Katsuki’s face was harshly raised, mouth under a death grip as his eyes were directly on Deku’s eyes, the silver one’s eyelids twitching lightly under the strain of the scar painting across it.

“I wasn’t told,” He deadpanned, “I was shown, more than the measly life you call your own ever will. If heroes are as justly as you say they are, why are you one?”

The blow took Katsuki by surprise, words he’d heard from his own mind, his mentor, and yet hearing them from Izuku were another form of mental and emotional torture. He opened his mouth to respond, despite the pain Izuku’s hold caused, but nothing came out, his mind was blank.

“A rapist and a murderer, the top hero in UA... aren’t the standards of what a hero should be so low these days?” He chuckled darkly, “If I apply they’d accept me since they accepted you!”

Katsuki couldn’t speak, barely able to gulp down the wave of shame filling him.

Deku raised a brow and smirked, inching his face so close to Katsuki’s ears enough to give the blond a rush of goose bumps as his breath hit the corner of his neck from Izuku’s next words.

“How’d you do it, hm?” Deku bemused, “Fucked your way in?”

Katsuki stilled, eyes widening.

“Couldn’t stand not raping young boys, you moved on to older people? Did you spread them down, or were you the one being spread?”

“N-No...”

Deku moved back a little, till his nose was almost grazing Katsuki’s and stared him down with such disgust, the blond had to close his eyes for a minute to still his mind from the breaking of his heart.

“Did you fuck the principal? Your teachers?” The green haired boy feigned a gasp, “Was it All Might, are you his fuck pet now?”

Bakugou couldn’t breathe, the images of the words being spoken into him were forcefully playing in his mind and he wanted to struggle, to shove this man away, to make him be the Izuku he loves with all his heart, but not an inch was moving.
“Deku stop,” Katsuki begged, “Please stop.”

He knew what Izuku was trying to do, bring back the memories of that day so severely to break the blond, and it was working. Because one thing this new Izuku must know is that he was Katsuki’s weakness. He could threaten to kill himself right now and Bakugou would move fucking mountains to stop it from happening again, and it made him hate himself more at how weak he is, but he can’t… he can’t hurt Izuku again.

“Why?” Deku stopped for a minute, “You didn’t.”

The hushed whisper of the last few words, with no venom in them, just the hollowness that was only a fraction of the void in the boy who Katsuki loved so much, had the blond feeling like he was stabbed a million times over and over again.

Before any more could be said or done, the turn of the knob alarmed Katsuki and he was about to scream to whomever was entering to run but Deku’s hand was quicker. He shut Katsuki down, and turned with a maniac smile to his face, as a nurse walked in unaware of what’s happening, till she raised her head and froze in horror.

In the split second before she could yell, as the door behind her was just about to click shut, Deku’s body was already by her side, a blade on her neck as he looked directly into Katsuki’s shocked eyes, and slit the woman’s throat open.

It was over in a minute, the blood spraying around the room and over Ochako’s face and body. Katsuki feeling it settle on his own face, unable to let out a sound as he watched the woman die before him, and he did nothing.

Nothing.

The number of times Katsuki had witnessed death, was still accountable to his two hands. He had seen injuries, he had seen dead bodies, but seeing someone dying right in front of him, it was still a triggering scene, still something he knew he would never get used to. No matter how many years his life will come to be, no matter how many times he sadly knew it would happen, it was the one thing that will never leave his mind. Starting from the Izuku that died that day.

The room was spinning, air wasn’t reaching his lungs, and all that his eyes were set upon was the innocent woman who entered in the wrong time, that was it, just the wrong time, and she was gone. She would never smile again, never work again, and never see her family. Her life was as puny as a flower, and it was just stepped on, and Katsuki did nothing but watch.

Deku however, was laughing. The sound was off to the scenery around them, too wrong for the small world they were in, in this particular room, and it got Katsuki’s eyes to roam from the body to the man above it, as he was amused he was also making a revolted face at the blood around him.

“Disgusting,” Deku sighed, “I need a shower.”

Anger bubbled inside of Katsuki, his sanity slowly returning to him as he processed it again and again in the small minutes that passed, he was about to yell out, but Izuku as always was one step ahead of him. His bloodied hand clamped over Katsuki’s lips, the realization that the woman’s blood was now all over his lips had him gagging, as if the smell wasn’t enough.

Deku, throughout this whole thing, was watching on with a mad playful expression on his face. He was living for this, for the look of torment on Katsuki’s eyes as he looked between him and the
woman he just killed, it was a high he could go on days with.

There wasn’t much he could do now, aware of the coming footsteps of an annoying person whose whistle was loud enough that the blond himself could hear now, and judging by the expression that sprawled on his face, it was someone he didn’t want coming in.

This could go nicely.

The door opened again, to a carefree red head whistling an upbeat tune, but had his eyes closed as he turned to shut the door.

“Oi Bakugou! Couldn’t find you in the room so I guessed… you…” Slowly turning around, Kirishima’s hands dropped the bags in hand as he took in what was happening.

There was a nurse on the floor, who looked about dead, enough blood painted across the room and over Ochako to confirm it, and at the corner of the room sat Katsuki, bound down with a man’s grip on his mouth and neck so tightly, and Kirishima could see the struggle of the blonde’s skin against the pressure.

“A new plaything?” Deku whispered to Katsuki’s ears, placing himself behind the blond to stare at the look of absolute hatred this redhead was giving him, “Should I play with him Kacchan?”

Katsuki struggled, fear flashing through his eyes as he tried to yell at Kirishima to go away but the stubborn asshole did the opposite, he crouched on the ground and hardened his arms.

“Let. Him. Go.” Kirishima punctuated each word with a deadlier look on his face.

“Did you fuck him?” Deku whispered in Katsuki’s ear, the recipient froze. “So you did.” Bakugou shook his head hard in denial, because he really didn’t.

“I don’t know what the fuck you’re telling him, and I don’t care, if you don’t let go of Bakugou immediately, you’re going to suffer more than what you deserve.”

Deku smirked, “Possessive, how cute.” He eyed Kirishima with a ferocious glint in his eyes, and raised Katsuki’s surprised face to look up at him. With a wink at the red head, Deku lowered his face until his lips were touching Bakugou’s.

Katsuki let on a noise of protest, but Deku was more forceful than he thought. His hand pushed against the blonde’s mouth sharply that made him open it, for the other man to push on, taking his breath and his heart in the process. It was short, but deep, Deku’s tongue going as far as taking dominance as the taste of blood was what overtook Katsuki, and he would’ve been repulsed by it if his mind was in its place to begin with, but all that was coursing through him that Izuku was kissing him.

A minute later he let go, watching Bakugou’s blank face fall back down and he laughed as he noticed the pure livid expression this red head was staring at him, and Deku let go, moving faster than the newcomer could catch him out the opened window without any glance back.

This was getting more interesting by the minute.
Dabi was leaning on the corner of the entryway when the man in question came in, a flicker of a wrist; he conjured up his blue flames to surround the two of them in it, an amused look on his face.

“Dabi.”

“Whatever the fuck you are,” Dabi responded, “I have questions, and would love to get some answers.” His electric blue eyes almost dancing with the flames around them.

“I have no time for you.”

Dabi snorted, “You have all the time in the world in your little monster factory, you can make a minute for this.”

Top hat removed, Youta’s face was revealed to the dark haired man, who took a reflex step back and grimaced with disgust.

“You’re ugly as fuck that’s for sure.”

Youta sighed, “One question.”

Dabi contemplated for a minute, “Deku’s back inside with blood all over him, I’m positive it’s some random person he’s killed. I don’t care about that; I want to know what he is.”

Youta was the one to snort, “And why should I bother with telling you?”

“Let’s just say I have plans of my own, and I want to know what exactly I’m putting my dick in as well.” Dabi smiled devilishly at the look Youta managed to create hearing that.

“I would appreciate you don’t sully my perfect creation.” He spat.

“So he isn’t human.” Dabi edged on.

Youta eyed Dabi from the face to the feet, then back up, “Not entirely.”

“What is he then?”

“Let’s say a mixture of a lot of things, satisfied?”

“Hardly.”

Youta attempted to move past him, to be stopped by a wave of blue fire crossing his path.

“I didn’t say I’m done, did I?” Dabi growled.

“You know what you need to know, he doesn’t even know what he is, and I’d like to keep it that way. You saw the things Tomura gave to you, didn’t you?”

Dabi’s eyes widened as the words sank, “Nomu’s? He…”

Youta smirked, “Best to stay out of my way kid, or you can be next in my plans for Deku.”

Dabi watched the man walk on with the same menacing aura he’d felt only three times since he’s been here, and all three times were thrown at him from a dark screen of a shadowed man who operated this whole thing.
Chapter End Notes

hellooo!!!!

first off, thanks SO much for the wonderful feedback regarding the last chapter!!!

you guys are as incredible as always

shoutout to my heck of a beautiful beta reader who not only shares the name of a wonderful character in MHA, but is a wonderful person in EVERYTHING

also 20TH CHAPTER HECK YOU GUYS !!! 20!!!

i didn't even think id be writing more than like 5!!

your constant support has gotten this story growing more and more every day and i cant thank you enough!!!

love you guys loads!

please please let me know what you think, your thoughts fuel me to write more and more!

be the best you can be~
Inner Demons

Chapter Notes

heyy!!! early chapter!!

PS- IDK WHY INDENTING ISNT WORKING AND I WILL CRY -
im so sorry for how messy the indents are, i cant figure out AO3 for the life of me

just wanted to post a little something as a thank you for being so great

WARNING - MENTIONS OF SUICIDE/DEATH/CHAINING

hope you like it~ more notes down!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Past

Inner Demons

The terms of allowing him to freely walk was suffocating, but Katsuki understood that the mere chances of him continuing on goes back to him. He has to abide, listen, and follow every exact order he’s given, the measure of the range he’s allowed to roam freely was nonexistent but he didn’t mind, and with the documents in hand that he’d just signed, a copy with the principal the blond trudged his way back home, trying to not let Aizawa’s reaction hit too far inside.

I’ll be good.
For all the times I never was.

Because what more he can ever hope to give; other than the empty promises he has now? Life was not fair; he had learned that entirely and is reminded every day.

Words can no longer be enough; promises are not what will keep the wheel of life turning.

The demons will continue to be there, to grow and keep fighting against, they won’t go away. Even if Katsuki were to hope to have a struggling chance, what was there to help him? If demons do exist inside him, does he have any angels?

Was there a side of him that was completely good, not sinned and unsullied?

Something pure, forgiving, loving and caring?

With a start, he realized he once had that side.

It was Izuku.

Katsuki clenched his teeth as his eyes began to burn, it was easy for people to tell him to let these bad thoughts go away, to close himself off and not let the demons in. Clear his thoughts into a fresh start, a happy one, and even if he were to attempt and somewhat succeed with people around him supporting and giving, what of when he was alone?

He was fighting a losing battle; he had no angels to protect him.

Who did Bakugou have to yell don’t give up on me!

Who was he to pray to?

The demons were not fair, just as life wasn’t, and there would never be anything to take his pain from him. The inner monsters would scratch, lie, and bleed him out. Wherever he would turn, he would find them with their hungry eyes, their drooling mouths, eating him away from the inside.

He was all alone to fight, there was no one to see it, and none he’d want to show anyways. His angels were gone, and his monsters were growing stronger. They’re there, they always will be, they’ll do everything to tear him apart, attack when he's most vulnerable and bring him to pieces.

Back in his office, Aizawa allowed himself some time to cool off, history of anger and rash actions never minced well when it came to him. He had been dozing off in the time he spent in here, and he put it largely to the fact he barely had any sleep last night, but the gogginess of his actions were worrying him a little. And so, he was seated in his chair when a knock came and his door was opened to a new face he hadn’t seen.

Another new student? He cleared his throat, “I’m sorry but can you come back another day?”
The boy before him gave a smile but continued walking till he was right at the end of the desk, he fidgeted a bit, and Aizawa decided to count to ten before snapping at him again.

“I’m not here to enlist; I’m here to talk about… Katsuki Bakugou.”

Aizawa’s ears perked at the name, even if anger still filled his eyes red, “And who are you supposed to be?”

A slow creeping smile erupted on the young boy’s face, “My name’s Youta.”

“I expect him to follow all rules All Might,” Principal Nezu stated just as the large man was exiting the door.

All Might turned slowly, hesitated a mere second before giving thumbs up and reassuring his new boss that things would turn out all right.

He hoped.

A sigh of relief to be out of that cunning animalistic gaze was quick to show, as the man pinched the bridge of his nose from the upcoming migraine coming his way. It was bothering him the amount of if’s and maybe’s surrounding the one boy who was able to take what he has, and bring about a new change to the world he was to leave behind.

He knew his time was cutting loose, and whatever Recovery Girl is working on to increase that limit has helped, but it was still not enough.

He wasn’t sure what it was that made the universe hand him down this situation in life, what he’s agreed to, was not small at all. He forgo a life, in order for a chance a million more would live should Bakugou live up to the possibilities All Might had seen in him, still… such boastful attitude and the personality he’s come to see before the incident, was alarming.

It’s not something that would completely waver off, and All Might was certain it would resurface in the young boy as the days went on, when the pain would soon fade out and his personality becomes normal.

He was at a loss himself, whether to support Bakugou emotionally enough to grow out of what happened, or make sure he always remembers his faults to never do them again? How is he supposed to look anyone in the eye anymore, seeing their hopes grow and live on in him and his decision while knowing the truth of the boy he’s going to be upbringing to become a hero?

Can he be a hero?

Is All Might truly ready to lead a life this heavily affected by his presence, the right way?

He had lost his own mentor too young, with barely enough time than he ever wanted. Her presence and touch were still strong inside him though, yet the method of how she instilled the deep love for life and its people was something he still was trying to understand.

She was light, and she guided him forward through fear and hesitation, through happiness and
Is he the one who will do that for young Bakugou?

Can he be what this young man needs, and leave this world with what his mentor had left for him?

So many questions, doubts, and hesitations to what the future will hold.

It’s not even a worry now, as fear became wedged into the frown on his face, his blue eyes widening at the sight of a man leaving Aizawa’s office.

All Might was a good distance away to not be able to tell the face, but there was an instant, a millisecond where he was physically taken aback by the severity of the murderous aura sent his way from the figure, one so similar and elusive he was rooted in place. When he had it in him to move quickly, whatever he was had disappeared, but All Might was fast to go check on his colleague, a bad taste in his mouth to what his mind was expecting to find in that secluded room only to be surprised at Aizawa’s annoyed grimace heading his way.

“What are you doing here?”

All Might tried to reply, but failed. He closed his mouth and pointed to the end of the hallway, “Was there a man just here?”

Aizawa frowned, “There was no man here… are you finally going blind?”

“Aizawa I’m serious.”

“So am I, there was no man, it was a kid.”

It was All Might’s turn to frown, “What kid? Bakugou was here?”

“Ah no not him, another one,” The lack of hostility towards hearing Katsuki’s name from Aizawa had All Might suspect something was up, “I can’t really remember who or what it was about, must’ve been sleepy.”

At that, All Might smacked his face, “Are you kidding me?”

Aizawa shrugged, “Now what did you want?”

“Are you not angry at young Bakugou anymore?” His blue eyes searched Aizawa’s dark ones for any sign of a problem, he noticed them harden a little, maybe he’d just let himself cool it off?

“I am angry, extremely angry, but for some reason you and the principal want him in here. I’m sure there’s a good fucking explanation, or else his ass would be locked forever, so I’m giving you both the benefit of the doubt. But, don’t expect me to be lenient or even nice to him. I don’t like him, I don’t trust him, and I don’t think he should be here but the fact that he is, means he’s important to you.” The look he’d given All Might was enough to tell the man that Aizawa was onto him, he knew there was a secret, and sooner or later he will find out.

Just not yet.

All Might gave a sheepish smile, taking the shorter man by a surprise that he had to look away.

“You’re a good man Aizawa.”
“Fuck you.” Aizawa shoved his way past the obnoxiously large man; face half covered by his hand to hide the rush of color on his cheeks and ears.

The large man smiled at the red he’d noticed on the tip of the ears that belonged to the fleeting Aizawa, but his mind was still reeling in what he saw and what Aizawa said.

Did he imagine it?

Mitsuki was about to head out of her house when she bumped into her son, he was gloomier than when he left, the dark expression on his face giving her a concern, but she pushed it all in and gave him a wobbled smile.

“Hey you,” She leaned against the pathway door.

“Hey.” She was impressed at his ability to respond back, more at his obvious restraint from taking himself out of her rubbing hold on his hair.

It was too smooth for its own good.

“Everything went okay in UA?”

Katsuki pursed his lips, “Yeah, finalized all the papers. It’s okay.”

Mitsuki sighed, “I wish you let me go with you, I would’ve loved to meet the principal.”

He shrugged and slowly moved from her continuous assault on his head, she was quick to observe the pile of papers he had crushing in his hand but if he didn’t bring it up, means that she needn’t to know.

“Maybe next time.”

“Hm…” Mitsuki raised a brow, “Well, I’m heading off to some work I need to do in the office, I’m stopping by In–” She stopped herself, eyes widening at Katsuki’s frigid response.

He knew who she was talking about; positive she slipped by accident and probably regretted it by now. He didn’t blame her, Katsuki had gone all out on his bad days to remind his parents not to speak of two specific people, and her reaction to the small error was more than obvious at how bad he’d been to them.

But you can’t control the things that eat you up.

The bottled emotions and thoughts that have transfigured into flesh eating monsters, despite not existing except to Katsuki, did nothing but eat him away little by little, and whether it was figuratively speaking or a tangible reality, the line between them only kept blurring as the time went by. It didn’t matter if no one saw it, he didn’t need anyone’s conformation to know they’re alive and well inside him, rising and invading him the more that he lived on.

Decaying him from the inside, because he was not a life that should have continued on.

His existence was an anomaly, and soon enough, all that he’s done will come back to him, just how severely it’ll keep him up at night was a worry.
“Katsuki –” She began, hand outstretched towards him to stop midway as he distanced himself from her touch, already struggling to take breaths. “Honey, take a deep breath.”

“I’m…” He gasped in, “Okay…” He trembled his way back inside, avoiding her gaze and rushing to the stairs, his legs giving out on the bottom of them.

It was hard to breathe.

His lungs weren’t working with him, they were tightening then loosening.

*Does she miss him too?*

Bakugou’s mouth opened, hand clenching against the shirt over his heart as it began beating loudly and more painfully.

Was it supposed to hurt this much being alive?

Was this the suffering he was meant to be going through, a part of it?

Or the whole?

It’s too hot, he’s sweating too much, but the cold air wouldn’t go inside. His throat began to pain him, Bakugou tried to lean on the steps before him, attempting to crawl his way upwards, but his whole body was shaking by now, his knees were giving out on him, it was like his whole damned body was refusing to work with him.

Katsuki was vaguely aware of a hand on his back, rubbing him accompanied by what was supposed to be soothing words, but his ears must be not working as well because he heard nothing, and with the darkening of the corners, he will soon see nothing.

Everything was enclosing in on him.

And nothing from the inside was breaking through; it was far from that, whatever growing inside was currently flourishing at the anguish surrounding it. The rejoice of it was strong enough to knock him down, hitting his head against one stairwell step and an alarmed sound sharp on his side.

*I hope I die now.*

The words were so vibrant in his mind he could picture them so clearly against the dark sight afore him, the white luminance hurting his eyes for a bit till he was used to it, but they never lost their effect even if their shine dimmed down.

Katsuki felt like he was submerged below the surface of sanity, back inside a place where no one wants to be. Malicious thoughts and feelings swarming around him as sharks while he struggled to move his limbs against the growing pressure aching his bones. Instead of the freezing cold of the black waters, he was on fire, burning up on every nerve ending on his skin, and there was no sign of it stopping.

Just when he was sure it was the end, that this was it, a rush of air filled him from the inside. His burning teary-eyes opening to stare at a white light covered with multiple faces, so many sounds and things holding him down, but he was alive, he was breathing.

Katsuki wasn’t sure if he was glad about that.
The shimmer of the illusion faded till the scrawny legs became longer and firmer, muscles shifting in appearance to grow stronger and wider, till what was a boy was now a man, and the figure looked back for a second, for the blue eyes of his personal enemy shining so ghastly towards him, partial recognition flying through them before he turned back with a sly smile and disappearing as quick as he’d arrived.

He moved himself between the slowing bodies with ease, his natural presence seen as a breeze of air, as the decelerating ticking of time took its toll on his body long enough to shift himself back to the original timeline.

In a few minutes, he was back inside the room where he was made.

“Is he in?” A deep voice called from the shadows of the room.

He gave a nod.

“The one who erases quirks, didn’t find you out?”

“I’ve dosed the room with an air essence that would have weakened his senses. He’d presume he was sleepy when it was the drug.”

“So he did not find out who you truly were?”

“No.”

“And will he remember the encounter?”

“No.”

A hum of approval came through, and the shift of the light outside the only window in the whole underground maze shone to show the mangled face of the man on the wheel chair. His body connected to and shut with machines.

Even the man standing, could feel as they pumped their body with nutrients to survive.

“And what went down between the two of you?”

He didn’t have to speak it, being connected in more ways than the eye could see, as he let himself be overtaken by the pompous presence of doom before him, his breath hitching as the memory of the encounter playing all over again between the two of them in stark detail.

There he stood, in an appearance of a child in front of Aizawa as his eyes glowed with powers he was pushed with. The discussion was light, simple and quick, added on with the forced emotions of acceptance and allowing Aizawa to feel less hate towards Bakugou.

He was far more important than anyone could ever imagine to their plan, even if it were a little shifted and earlier than they expected, it had fallen like a golden egg on their laps.

Direct access inside UA, with no one’s knowledge, and being able to shift the scenarios to their advantage was giving the wheel-bound man a more terrifying smile than ever, because at last, their
cultivated plan has finally begun to move.

Their pieces were shifting, cogs were moving, and as the replay showed the young boy bind Aizawa under a power no one will ever notice, the sinister evil of this operation roared a laugh.

“And your plaything?”

“Almost there.”

The light had disappeared, leaving a lone man standing, and another seated.

“Will he be ready in time?” The shadows bellowed.

“Of course, I have more than enough time to tinker him. I just need more supply of blood.”

A hand came through shooing him away, accompanied by, “Go on then. Don’t disappoint me.”

“Ah Youta!” Mitsuki sighed in relief, “I’m so sorry to be calling so suddenly, but I don’t think I can make it today to see Inko, can you apologize for me?”

“Of course,” The lulling voice spoke in her ear, “Is everything alright?”

Mitsuki held off the tears that were edging to fall, a hand against her mouth as a dry sob came out of her, eyes glancing back towards Katsuki currently lying asleep on the hospital bed.

“Y-Yeah, Katsuki’s just not feeling well.”

She eyed her son again, watching as he broke down every day. Even if the exterior was intact, the interior was shriveling up, crumbling into making him a shell of the person he was. And what could she do? What was there for her to fix when she wasn’t allowed to see? All her hands could reach is when the pain that grew inside him, finally escaped to break him on the outside.

As much as she tried to patch up the cracks, more would appear every day.

Every moment.

Every breath he took, she knew he was hoping it would be his last.

What can a mother do, when her child no longer wants to live?

“Oh, my apologies, I hope he gets better soon.”

“So do I.”

Youta closed the phone, sighing before turning back to his work.

“No now then, Mrs. Midoriya, shall we continue off?” He bemused to a sleeping Inko.

She was laying on her bed, looking asleep, her hands tied down to the edge of the bed as multiple tubes were pierced in numerous places on them. A machine attached close to her, its wheezing and turning, shifting on by the touch of a button by the man currently abiding the itch in
his system to open her up entirely, but he needed her for more than just organs right now.

She coughed, eyes opening for a minute to dizzily watch him eyeing her down like an experiment, mind too hazy to process what’s happening. She wasn’t feeling anything from the neck down, but she was sure she was on her bed. Her care towards her safety had dwindled considerably when there was no one longer anyone to worry about needing her.

So she closed her eyes again, not attempting to fight off the wave of tiredness rushing fast across her.

Youta watched all of this occur with the same crazed look, her face paling as the process of taking her blood weakened her. He can only go as far as one and a half liter today, which annoyed him considerably because he needed much more than that, but the idea of soiling his creation any more than necessary sickened him more.

He was to perfect this, whether he liked it or not, but he did like it.

It’s what he was brought on to do, cultivated from an original life to serve his purpose and disappear, so why not go all out since he had a number on his existence?

Why not play further, toy more, create the perfect machine.

Make something so indestructible and beautiful, menacing and harrowing, forever and limited.

Was it his thoughts? The fruits of his pieced mind, or a projection of his original?

And did he care to know?

Did he care?

Was that a feeling he has become to know, watching all his pieces come to play to how he wanted. To see his webs entangled so sharply around the lives he could end with one cut of a string? He wasn’t sure.

What he was sure of, is that as partial as his being was, he would bring forth a making that would number the life of this world as well.

“You should be happy now, Mrs. Midoriya,” He spoke, “Your life will continue to sustain what was once your son.”

There was emptiness before, and now there’s sensation. He unclearly recalled images of a man he saw, but whether it was his own mind doing it or a reality, no longer pegged an issue. It was still dark, yet not as it once had been, because he knew he existed now.

He knew he was more than just nothingness in a vast abyss of void, and it soothed him for the times he would forget and lose himself. Where the limbs he had grown so used to feeling becoming hazy, their boundaries disappearing for a bit and then returning.

He could picture a white border of dim light against the contrast of the dark in his mind to what he was, a thing with limbs and extremities he remembered to have once been called hands and legs,
fingers, thumbs and toes.

Such little information, but such rejoice inside.

Sound was a blessing he kept close to him when he would hear it, a shuffle of dots against his ears every other time would flow by, their sensation like soft echoes against his brain. It was new and welcoming, something that wasn’t so murky like everything was.

Never knowing how much time had passed, he stayed where he was, it could be eons from when he was something before, now that he was left to this.

He felt small and large at the same time, something that wasn’t quite right but alive in coherent existence.

He did not know, and was not sure if he wanted to know, what was to become of him. Because he had to be here for a reason didn’t he?

He was here for something.

Someone.

Someone.

These thoughts came and go, sometimes repeatedly, others anew. Still, changed nothing of what he is or was, to be or have been. So many things to know about, so little to have found, and he had all the time to figure it out.

Or so he thought.

The change was severe and sudden; the quiet ever-changing cocoon he had become so comfortable in was abruptly taken from him. He was numb and dimmed down, compressed to a life he thought to be all he would have, but it wasn’t that way anymore.

It was painful, that rush of fleeting heat that came over him, alarming every part of him in a frenzy he had never seen before, never felt. He was so used to being burned quietly, then cooled indefinitely, the change of temperature something that was of the normal, but what was happening now was completely different.

The white shimmer of the image he had of who he was disappeared, the flowing sensation against him was gone, and all he could feel was a sharp beat against him from behind, so cold and unforgiving something below his eyes had opened, and a rush of something new overcame him.

It was like fire had finally stopped teasing him with what it played around with him before, whatever thing he thought was actually burning, was nothing in comparison to the sensation of things inside him opening up, widening, a beating full of agony on his left side, large parts expanding till he was so full, he was sure he was going to explode.

Things were holding him down, hurtful and pressure against him he did not like, but what was he to do?

That’s when his eyes were shoved open, and brilliant bright lights singed them. There was nothing but that light, and a sudden touch pushing the light to disappear and reappear, repeating the motion till he found that he could do it on his own.

He could move something.
The light began to dim down slowly, and shapes were beginning to form in his vision. This was similar to the last time, he remembered, yet the protection he felt against him was gone, he felt stripped, bare without it, weak and prone to harm.

He wanted to go back.

The same hands that touched his eyes held his face softly, till one moved lower and motioned for his expanded chest to decrease in size, and he felt the whoosh of the air leave him. The uncomfortable sensation finally dissipating, and the repeated motion now easier for him to do himself, and he was breathing.

“There you are my little one,” A voice spoke from behind him, and he found himself whipping his head back to stare at it, like a child discovering the world for the first time. “Slowly, slowly… You did very well.”

There wasn’t a face to see, the head shifting in appearance of a million faces he could no longer keep up, and so he lowered his head back opting to watch the scenery around him. Everything in the room but where he was; was completely dark. He was sure that his eyes were still training to see, but he went on. He needed this. He wanted it; to view something he hadn’t seen before.

Or had he?

The same presence from behind now shifted in front, closely watching him as he took in his surroundings.

He opened his mouth, the same way the man did, and pushed his air out to what he presumed was the same method the sound came out, but nothing happened.

The man before him chuckled, “You do not have those yet, they’re called vocal chords. But don’t you worry, I’ll have your voice back, I liked the sound of it.”

He frowned, confused but closed his mouth again to huff some air out his nose. His eyes turned to the side, and widened to see his limbs chained down against a table, and he began to realize his body was actually held down a cold surface. Completely and utterly naked.

“Now,” The voice was far, as added noises of clangs and bangs accompanied it, “Your name from now on, is Deku, do you understand?”

He nodded. More clangs of metal sounded.

“And you’re going to be my good boy and do everything I say, because if you don’t, what’s the use of you?”

He frowned, and nodded slowly.

“So, my little Deku…” The shadow lifted off the face, illuminating the crimson eyes and the bright blond hair, with a menacing look of a history he didn’t think he had. His eyes widened in alarm as he took in the figure approaching him, hands grasping two metal blades, and a sinister smile on what he suddenly recalled, a Katsuki Bakugou. “Shall we play?”
hi friends!!!

it feels forever since i last posted god damn!

sorry for the small chapter, but i was itching to write it up and send it to you guys

you've been so incredibly amazing and i can't thank you enough

much love to my beta reader Nana, she's my world<3!!

also much love to every single one of you!!!!

let me know what you think, your comments fuel me! they make me not feel like i'm writing absolute crap, also, your theories make my day!!

love you all

be the best you can be~
Chapter Notes

hi! small note at top of chapter

WARNING- MENTIONS OF BODILY HARM

more notes down

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hello everyone! I usually do not write on the actual chapter itself in order not to disturb the mood of the story, but i wanted to make some things clear before we head on to the next chapter!

My dears, this story was originally written to be dark, and i have stated that in the first note. There are many topics discussed here and brought back to, that not everyone can handle which i understand with all my heart, because we all have our own struggles.

But i wanted to remind you, that this story doesn't necessarily mean that there will never be a happy part, but the plot of it and the intention was to dive deep into the trauma and the mental struggles each character faces regarding the situations that - if anyone was ever put through - they would somewhat feel the same.

The sanity of Bakugou or Midoriya doesn't really go to the normal level of what one would expect out of a story such as this, they both have gone through so much and will continue to, because this is the story i wanted to write.

Which i know is not everyone's cup of tea, but i do hope if you've read till this far to continue giving it a chance to branch out as more answers are solved.

And if you continue being confused, you are not dumb, please dont ever call yourself that when giving me a comment because it upsets me that you'd ever think so, i intentionally meant to confuse you all to get you to go OH!!! when the answers are given.

Saying that, i love you all very much, and i know im not the best out there and i will continue to grow in my writing, and i hope you continue to give your support to this story as it's only the beginning!

Thank you so much, for every single second you took out of your day to read, kudos, and comment on my child, and i can't wait to continue writing for you <3

Let's continue on! ps: still cant figure out the indenting :(( sorry!!

- D x
The First

Present

It was infuriating not being able to move, more so in trying to understand why his body wouldn’t move. When a life is threatened in front of you, it’s natural for a hero to move and do everything possible to save it.

He didn’t.

He couldn’t.

He’s not a hero.

Katsuki was discharged with not so much a word from him, Kirishima eyeing him without being able to give consoling words, partly because what kind of words can he give, and another was because of what he’s seen and that he couldn’t remove the image from his head.

They kissed.

The red head knew it wasn’t voluntarily, but Katsuki was kissed by the boy who was supposedly dead, and from the brief talks they’ve had over the years about him, from the little information he was able to gather, Kirishima was positive Katsuki loved him entirely.

*Loves* him entirely.

A mirror of these thoughts were transcending inside the blonde’s head, carried along by his anger towards his lack of better judgment in reading the situation to at least save that woman, but he buried it down, he would deal with it later.

Because all that’s going through him is the warm flush reminder of the lips he’d dreamed of kissing again.

They were so soft, plump, and so warm against his own. He couldn’t shake the feeling, not after they’ve reached the dorms, or even after he went in to shower.

All Katsuki could feel on his lips was Izuku’s.
His heart was a mess; his mind was in a state he didn’t comprehend. This was Izuku, this was Izuku who was supposed to be dead.

The Izuku who he longed for, for years, he was right there standing so powerfully and sinfully placing his lips on his, his tongue against Katsuki’s.

That was his Izuku. Not the Deku they’ve seen, but his Izuku, and villain or not, Katsuki started to realize his heart would not forgive itself if he won’t attempt in saving the boy he’s loved all these years.

Still loves.

Even after he was out, having some small dinner with a few of his classmates, the confusion never went away. A jumbled static in the back of his mind that would take control if he would slip through a little and be on his own.

“I can’t believe that monster was in there with her.”

Katsuki’s eyes perked up, watching Jirou angrily pierce her fork through her food.

“Didn’t he do enough damage already? I wish he’d fucking die.”

Before he knew it, the blond was on his feet; dragging his chair back forcefully it made a bang as it clashed on the ground. He was panting from anger, glowering down on Jirou with so much hatred she flinched under his eyes.

“Don’t ever,” He hissed, “Wish death on anyone.”

He wanted to say more, had it in him to hurt those around him severely enough to stop them from talking about Izuku this badly without having any knowledge to what the truth could ever be, but he held his tongue, watching them him lower their heads in silence.

“A life is a life Jirou, and not everyone’s a villain voluntarily.”

“He framed you, he killed people Bakugou!” She retorted.

No.

“He made Uraraka like this!”

No.

“He tried to kill you again and again!”

Stop.

“If he was forced into this, then he clearly loves it now!”

“Shut the fuck up!” Katsuki found himself yelling, breathing hard. His head was killing him, hand covering an eye in an attempt to nurse it, but it kept banging without showing any signs of it stopping.

“Bakugou.” The soft voice called out from behind, and he turned to see Tsuyu crossing her arms and eyeing him up, “Come outside with me.”

Katsuki grimaced, walking out without glancing back. He sat on an empty bench in the open
courtyard, allowing himself to calm down with the small drafts of breeze coming his way, still unable to shake the complete refusal towards the actions Deku has done.

It was Deku, not Izuku.

“Have you calmed down?”

“Look Tsuyu, I’m sorry I yelled out and was mean but they don’t have any damn clue,” Frustration got the best of him, unable to finish his sentence Katsuki sighed and leaned down to cover his face with his hands.

“I may not understand what you’re going through, but I don’t want to have to remind you that everyone else is going through things themselves. You have been gone awhile from classes. You don’t see the worry and the stress everyone has on their faces. About Uraraka, you, the heroes, everyone’s worried.”

She came to sit by next to him, watching the bed of flowers a few feet away from the both of them. It was tranquil after a while. The nice thing about her, Katsuki had noticed, and which he liked the most was how soothing her voice is. Yes she croaked here and there, but it was a voice that wouldn’t disrupt your surroundings.

“Thought you hated me.” The blond spoke after a while.

She chuckled, “I don’t hate you; I thought I did. I don’t. I just don’t understand your reactions to certain situations, and I know some are valid, but in the same sense the rest are not.” Tsuyu turned to look at him gazing at her, and smiled, “I guess we just operate on different wavelengths, doesn’t necessarily mean it’s bad. It just needs work, but I still can’t see you as someone whose willing to change for the sake of others.”

Katsuki went back to covering his face from her softening look, pride crumbling down at how pathetic he must’ve been to her.

“And there was nothing inside there?” Best Jeanist sighed as he rubbed his temples.

“Squeaky clean,” Todoroki replied, the desperation coming off their boss was resonating his own.

“Thank you for your effort, I apologize for taking a few days before I could see you both and see how that went.”

“No worries,” Iida said, “Has there been any development?”

Best Jeanist eyed them and nodded towards the door, “Close it if you may,” and Todoroki did as asked, skin crawling at the sudden change of the mood between them, “I was away following a lead regarding the shrapnel’s that we recovered from the bomb sites. And this is what I have so far.”

He gave them a bulk of a file, Iida was quick to open and scan its insides. He frowned at first, face quickly morphing into disbelief.
“Is this true?”

Best Jeanist gave a grim nod, “I’m afraid so.”

Todoroki bid his curiosity till the file was passed to him, scanning through the pages at hand. They were details regarding the metals used and the type of bomb created, it made no sense at first. All seeming like they were created in a mad haste with no order and just for the sake of making something explosive. No actual structure or base to use as a foundation for them to try and identify the creator. It then went on describing the traces found on the inside of the parts they could hold; the last identified material had Todoroki shudder.

“Nuclear traces?” He whispered in shock.

“This is no longer something we can hold off anymore, each piece recovered from both attacks contained the same nuclear traces in them. They weren’t strong enough to affect the general population, but the fact that there are people out there with nuclear materials, making bombs…” B’s voice trailed off at the gravity of the consequences. “I was away trying to find where these were taken from, as you know, our country is completely against such weaponry due to an attack we suffered a long time ago, it’s not to say we don’t want them to defend ourselves, but we have agreements with several outside countries that we share the ownership. So whoever has this, is getting them from somewhere outside of the country.”

“What are we going to do about this?” Iida muttered.

Best Jeanist stood from his seat and moved to lean on the desk right before them, “We have to keep this quiet.”

“Keeping everything quiet is the reason we’re in this mess!”

“Iida, I understand your anger I really do, but we can’t just say such information out in the public, do you even grasp the amount of panic this would do?” The man replied calmly.

“What if this is what they want? To stay quiet and they get the upper hand.”

“What if creating the chaos is what they want?” Todoroki eyed his partner, “Iida this is all maddening and honestly? Frightening, but nuclear weapons? We can never state that they’ve been used against us.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” A voice rang from behind them, and the three men turned in alarm to see Katsuki standing there with anger shadowing his face, “What nuclear weapons?”

Deku was making his way inside the too familiar room, stopping when the he saw the man tinkering on the table with his next toy.

He didn’t need to announce his entrance, his maker having all but memorized every corner of Deku inside and out, so he walked in with a bored gaze. Watching closely how the hands were moving around into the body on the table.
His hand automatically went to his parasitic eye as memories flooded through his mind, of forced handling and broken bones. He could hear the screams so clearly inside his ears, but he shook it away.

What good would it do to remember that? As eerie as it is, these memories were the most vivid ones. What he presumed was a life he lived before he was opened and cut; woven to create something entirely different, were too far gone to be retrieved. He knew there was so much that changed inside him, but the care towards it had died along with him many years back.

“Hello there my little Deku,” The velvet voice called out to him, “Have you done as I instructed?”

Deku walked till he was on the opposite side of the table, watching the abomination being made below him cry to him for help in a voice only he could ever hear.

“Yes,” He muttered, “You’re switching on to human experiments so soon?”

The faceless man looked up, “I knew you’d be the only one to know what I had planned.” He laughed, “I must say I tend to go in the extremes when I’m having fun.”

Deku hummed, “Would she be a good first experiment?”

“You know, it’s been so long since you’ve actually addressed me with the name you gave me.”

The green haired boy looked up with eyes devoid of any emotion at the man before him, his face blurring out to many until he had decided on one that made Deku go rigid.

“I hate it when you do that,” Deku spat, “Youta.”

The face of Katsuki laughed, “I love seeing the different expressions on your face, but you’re as still as ever.” And then morphed into the nightmare that he was, “She will be a good experiment, after we took her in for a short while from the explosion, I was able to switch most of her organs with what I had in here. They must be wondering why she won’t wake, it’s beautiful to watch the misery on their faces.”

Deku couldn’t deny that, reminded of the utter heartbreak on the red head’s face when he kissed Katsuki.

“I suppose she’ll rise soon enough, I placed the detonator on her arm. Knowing you, you’ve probably switched out her heart for the theatrics. What did you put in its place?”

Youta hummed with sinister delight as he went back to working on the creature under him, which still called out for help to Deku.

“We got some new toys from overseas, I made sure to get the company,” Youta mocked, “To get its hand on American military weaponry, and it’s much more explosive and much more destructive than what I had before. Her heart, liver and kidneys were switched, I’m using them right here for this one. I must say, using young healthy organs... such a nice change from the dead beat ones we got from the streets.”

His hand motioned towards the monstrosity between them, and Deku took his time watching. The mechanical parts moved in time with the organs taken from the bubble headed brunette he had bumped into, on their first attack.

“Nomu.” He whispered, and Youta smiled.
“Yes, that’s right.” He moved a bit to fix another mechanical organ, before placing the beating flesh of a heart inside, “Your Dabi was asking questions about you.”

Deku raised a brow, his aura turning deadly for a minute before he subdued his thirst to kill.

Youta eyed him with complete adoration, his one creation, so beautiful and ominous, was reacting in the exact ways he’d made him. The reason he was made, to make Deku and the reason why he was still around, to make sure his construction had enough toys to follow him around and obey.

“I’ll solve that issue.” Deku replied coldly, and walked out as fast as he had come in.

Katsuki was seated without a muscle moving as his friends had completed telling him everything that has happened so far, his mind reeling in the information and breaking them down in order to understand where they were and what they are to do.

“I have my best teams working on tracing the places where such traces could be found.” Best Jeanist finally spoke, “And when we hear anything, I’ll let you know.”

Bakugou looked up, “Todoroki, you guys said that this man told you his company is branching out right?”

Shouto frowned and nodded, “He said they’re getting new equipment from outside the country.”

“And there are random missing pieces from their machines?” The blond asked.

“Yes, it’s what he stated.” Iida tried to follow.

“It’s them! It’s the Shigaraki Company; they’re the ones doing this!” Katsuki hissed.

Three out of the four eyed each other, “We went and checked all the factories and the one in question, Bakugou. There was no trace of anything whatsoever.” Best Jeanist sighed, “As much as I’d love to accuse them and have them shut down entirely. There’s absolutely no connection between them and what’s happening.”

“The timing is overlapping too closely to be a coincidence!”

Todoroki bit his lip as their boss stood with little patience on his face, “That’s it Bakugou, we’ve entertained the idea that they might be responsible but found nothing at all. So stop wasting your time and our’s on it. There are far greater things at hand to deal with than this.”

Bakugou grit his teeth, “Are you saying Masaki was wrong?”

B’s eyes hardened, “I’m saying that mistakes happen, and time is ticking, so we either move it and get the right people caught, or lose our chance and end up with a nuclear war on our hands.”

The air around them went cold, and the three boys stood there silently as Best Jeanist opened the door for them and asked them to leave, “Stay around in case you’re needed, but for now, don’t do anything rash.”
“You need to calm down or you’ll be kicked out of the whole building,” Todoroki muttered towards an agitated Bakugou, who was trashing their locker room in order to diffuse his anger.

It’s been a few days since they were in the hospital room with him, but he looked more deathly pale than ever. The circles under his eyes were now a permanent look, his shagged hair and messy appearance gave more than it was needed to understand he was going through things worse than they thought.

“He won’t fucking listen to me!” Katsuki yelled out.

“Even if he did, we have no proof; the best we’d get out of this is more lawsuits against them.” Iida rolled his eyes, “We found nothing inside there, and don’t you trust us?”

Katsuki fell short on the accusation, “I do,” He whispered lowly, “I just know they’re involved in this.”

Todoroki watched him, eyed as the blond who would go all out in their missions, who would put other’s lives before his, who cared next to nothing whether he’d die or live and had an idea in his head.

“Let’s say you’re right,” Shouto began, “Let’s say they’re involved and they’re the ones making the bombs, that Deku was also a part of this. Don’t give me that look,” Todoroki sighed at Katsuki’s glare at the mention of the man, “If we attempt to go with it and figure things out by ourselves, there’s a limited amount of scenarios that would get us out of this completely unharmed.”

Katsuki’s eyes twinkled in understanding, “I won’t ask of you guys to follow me and get yourselves in trouble. I know things are hard for everyone, not just me. I’m following this lead because I feel it, I know I’m right and I know he’s there.”

“Deku?” Iida wondered.

Bakugou nodded, “He… He wasn’t like this, he… h-he isn’t like this. Whatever they have on him to keep him there and do these things, it’s forced. I have to save him.”

Shouto and Iida shared a look, “He isn’t who you used to know, you do realize that right Bakugou?”

Katsuki looked at Iida with a blank look in his eyes, “Of course.”

“Well then, I guess we’re coming with you.” Todoroki smiled, “We all have shit we need to fix from this.”

Iida went quiet for a minute, “Uraraka… she’d be against it, and reprimand me, but I can’t sit quietly when she’s suffering so much. I’m in.”

Katsuki’s chest flared with… relief? That somewhere deep down, even if the reason wasn’t for him, they were willing to stand by his side and despite having been left alone… he was aware he couldn’t do this alone.

“Count me in as well,” Kirishima’s voice called out.
Bakugou whipped his head to the red head who was still avoiding his direct gaze; he smiled uncomfortably at Katsuki and walked in to meet the three of them.

“What do we do?”

Aizawa bumped his way through the people heading in the opposite direction; his haste to reach the room blinded him from being aware not to push people around, apologies spewing out of his mouth without much thought. He was unprepared for the call. Stuck in his office with All Might in trying to understand the timeline of when the mistakes began happening.

There were so many empty gaps that left more questions than what the norm would be. He still hasn’t discussed the idea that they have to dig open Izuku Midoriya’s grave to his mother and even Katsuki, which left him a little more worried at how it can be handled.

All these thoughts went away for a minute when he finally reached the heavily guarded room of his unconscious student, lying down with the sheepish grin on her face, and the twinkle of her soft brown eyes.

Relief flushed through the dark haired man’s body.

“Uraraka,” He sighed her name, and she slowly turned her head to him.

“Mr. Aizawa!” She squeaked, the tears filling her eyes as he came forward to grasp her hand in his, “It’s good to see you.”

“I should be the one saying that,” He chuckled, “How are you feeling?”

She pondered for a bit, “A little different, but I guess that’s what I get for passing out for so long?” Her infectious laughter had him smile, secretly giving thanks for her unchanging personality. “Although I can’t move much of my body just yet, I’m feeling much better!”

“I’m glad to see you’re okay.”

“Me too,” She sighed, “How are my friends?”

He thought about how to best answer her, giving her too much too suddenly would shock her, so he faked a smile, “They’re going through things, but they’ll be okay.”

Uraraka’s smile faltered. Her face glancing at the ceiling as she thought in silence.

“I’ve called your parents and Tsuyu as well should be on the way with a few of your friends.”

“Thank you Mr. Aizawa.”

He smiled at her, patting her head gently, “Get some rest.”

Aizawa walked out of the room with a grim look on his face, his watch telling him he had barely any time to get his work done. When he was positive he was out of earshot, he dialed the familiar number and waited for the voice to answer.
“Aizawa,” It called inside his ear.

“All Might, did you find anything?”

The broken sigh on the other end worried Aizawa, “Nothing. The coroner who pronounced him deceased, died a few years back. There aren’t any of his records around, all sealed away or gone.”

“How did he die?”

There was a shuffling of papers, “Heart attack apparently, with his age is understandable.”

“Or is it,” Erasurehead muttered quietly.

“You think he was killed?” All Might asked quizzically.

The dark haired man watched the houses fly by his side while he sat in the car, “I’m thinking I can’t trust anything anymore. I’m heading to the Midoriya household now.”

“And Katsuki?”

“I’m calling him after you.”

“Are you sure you don’t want to get that?” Todoroki called out to Bakugou, who was mildly annoyed by the vibrations coming from the blonde’s pocket.

“Later.” Katsuki muttered.

The four boys were sitting in Shouto’s room back in his house, now that his father wasn’t home, his brother in university and sister working, it was mostly empty and good for their advantage to use and discuss their plan.

“All you’re saying is to sneak in and find something with nuclear traces; do you think this is a tv show?” Todoroki retorted.

Bakugou blushed embarrassed, “Obviously that’s not exactly what we’ll do, but it’s the point.”

“Even if we do that, none of it will be accepted as evidence, we’re trespassing and stealing.” Iida responded.

Kirishima frowned as the party deflated in their third useless plan, his eyes lingering a little longer on the blond deep in thought. He wanted to focus on the task at hand, he really did, but all his mind would go back to was Katsuki’s head tilting backwards and his lips taking hold of that boy’s lips.

He didn’t fight him back; he didn’t make any move away from this Deku, but closer. Bakugou may not realize it himself, may refuse and argue, but he wasn’t the one watching.

Katsuki wasn’t the one seeing the small shift of body language between the two, the way the blonde’s body went frigid then relaxed under the complete mercy of the man who went after him relentlessly, who killed people, who had just killed a woman lying in her own bloodbath.
Katsuki wasn’t sane when it came to Deku, and Kirishima had decided it upon himself in forcing his life between the two to save Bakugou.

He wasn’t going to lose his best friend.

“Kirishima,” Bakugou’s voice took him out of his thoughts.

“Hm?” He responded a little dazed, his heart aching as he gazed on those crimson eyes.

The same eyes that now frowned with worry, “You okay?”

“Yes,” The red head smiled, “I’ve just been thinking of an idea. If we can’t go in ourselves, why don’t we have the evidence come to us?”

The three looked at him for more explanation, and he brushed his hair embarrassedly.

“I mean, this guy, he knows you right? If we come close, to anything where they are involved, he’s going to show up at some point won’t he?”

“It’s likely, but there wasn’t any of that response when we went to the factory.” Shouto countered.

His hands flailed around as Kirishima tried to bring his point across, “It could mean that they have nothing to do with this, but isn’t that the cliff we’re on anyways? We don’t know anything other than a few bits here and there, he may not show up, which just means this was all a waste of time. But he might show up, and if he does, we try to capture him and get information out of him.”

They sat quiet for a moment, until Katsuki rubbed his eyes with sadness covering them.

“Even if that were true, we’re no match against him.”

Kirishima’s eyes widened, along with Todoroki’s and Iida’s, as they watched the prideful and boastful Bakugou admit he was no match to this man.

“Y-You can’t be sure of that,” Kirishima exasperated.

“I am,” Bakugou’s red eyes were cold when he turned back to them, “I went against him three times, and each time he’s stronger, more malicious. I can’t tell what his quirk is.”

“Multiple quirks,” Todoroki chirped, “Is what we think he has.”

Bakugou’s eyes looked down. A Quirkless boy to one with multiple ones, how on earth is that even possible.

How on earth is he even alive?

“Still, it’s something we can do. If we can get him close and find some answers out of him, we’re one step closer, and this way we can investigate further.”

Katsuki grimaced, “We won’t.”

“Why are you against this?!” Kirishima yelled at him, “It’s like you don’t want us even near him!”

“That’s right I don’t!” The blond growled through gritted teeth, anger and dread coursing through him. Soon getting the best of him as he slammed his hand on the table, “I don’t know why
he hasn’t killed me off yet, but he’ll kill any of you without hesitation and I’m not about to have that happening to any of you, any time soon.”

“You don’t get to choose that.”

“What?” The livid look on Bakugou’s face for once didn’t worry the red head.

“You aren’t the one who gets to choose who does what and where, or who dies when and how. You get to know that we’re there to support you, not to just walk and follow you.”

For a moment everything stilled between them, the two boys glaring down at each other while Todoroki silently moved away and Iida shaking his head in disapproval.

“Fighting won’t get us anywhere, let’s just cool off for a bit before making any more plans. We’re tight on time, but I’m sure we can take a break for now.” His authoritative persona coming out as he curtly watched his friends try to bite each other’s heads off.

“Fine.” They said unanimously.

Dabi was minding his own business as usual; boredom striking his features as some lower level workers debated on an issue he didn’t have it in him to listen to. A glass shot in hand, his sweat trickling down the stuffy bar, his blue eyes gazed on with an intelligence people didn’t give enough credit for.

He was the first to notice the cold air brewing from the one entrance they had, heading directly their way, and quickly shoved his way out of the invisible force that came crashing down on the area he was seated in a second ago.

Dabi snickered at the sight of Deku storming in; somehow able to stifle in the alarm of realizing that fatal blow was actually meant for him, as his rescued drink nursed his troubled thoughts down.

“Well, that’s not a nice way to say hi.” He spoke.

“Scram,” The order heard loud and clear and soon enough the bar was deserted save for the two of them.

“To who do I owe the honor?”

“Quit it. You’ve been asking questions, and you aren’t exactly in the place to do so.” Deku’s gaze was sharp enough to have Dabi feel naked under it.

“I’m asking to back my own ass up,” He responded incuriously, “Is that a bad thing?”

Deku’s white eye twitched, the scar turning pink under the anger forming on his face.

“It is when it’s about me.”

Dabi swore inwardly, “I just wanted to know more, nothing bad in there. I’ll stop.”

He’ll stop, because he wasn’t about to be dismantled and disfigured multiple times to wish his
own death just for a few nosy questions. He can get his answers soon enough, Dabi just has to bid his time for it.

“I do not trust you.”

“You don’t trust anything.”

Deku smirked, “Touché. You’re learning.”

Dabi chuckled nervously, “Am I your pet?”

“Yes.” And the smile fell of Dabi’s face as quick as it appeared.

“You lack basic humor.” He responded, watching as Deku turned and began to walk away, knowing he was to follow.

“So I’m told.”

The two walked on through the familiar hallways they’ve grown to memorize, Dabi debating whether or not to talk to diffuse the growing tension between them, when he suddenly stopped and watched as Deku glanced back at him with a look he couldn’t decipher, and opened a door he doesn’t remember being there.

What he saw was surprising enough to get a noise out of him, but Dabi cleared his throat and followed Deku’s steps inside and closed the door behind them. He gave himself a minute before turning around and glancing at the new face currently seated before them, her brown eyes glassed over and empty looking.

“Isn’t this the chick you wanted me to get?”

Deku hummed in response, moving to stand behind her, his hands caressing her cheeks slowly as if she were an item rather than a person, and by the looks of it Dabi concluded, he doesn’t think there’s much of her left.

“What are we going to do with her?” He asked again.

Deku’s eyes glowered back at him, and with a slowly spreading smile he took her face in his hands and pushed his cheek against hers, turning the both of them to stare directly at Dabi.

“It isn’t a question about what we are going to do; it’s what she’s going to do for us.”

The blue eyed man watched the scene with suspicion, “Can we even trust her?”

“It’s fine, she’s under our control, she’s the prototype to our little experiments.” It wasn’t Deku who answered him, but the same ugly face he’d tried to extract some information out of, hidden in the back of the room.

“Meaning…”

Youta sighed dramatically, “He doesn’t catch on quick?”

Deku barked a dry laugh, “He’s more careful, that’s where his cunning nature comes out of.”

Dabi was slightly pleased by the compliment, but he kept his guard as the two of them walked on till they cornered him to one end. His hand’s automatically releasing smoke in anticipation.
“See?” Deku spoke, “Careful.” His sinful tongue played Dabi’s lower part quite nicely, as those plump lips smiled devilishly at him again.

Youta eyed them and scoffed with disgust, “She’s going to be our new trial to our next step.” He said to change the subject. “She’s been growing it for months inside that hospital, with enough nutrients and a safer environment to cultivate the required amount needed. I’m extracting some of it from her before letting her go out.”

“To do what?”

Dabi’s eyes enlarged at the look Deku gave him, his eyes going hard with a lingering anger inside he’s seen for a limited amount of time, the pale skin pulling tightly against the menacing smile playing across his face.

His gloved hands made a small circle against each other, as he raised them up to cover his face, then releasing them in a slow motion, his eyes taking in every bit of expression crossing Dabi’s face, as his lips formed the sounds he’s been longing to hear.

“Boom.”

All Might was worried; no scratch that, All Might was terrified and he had no right to let it show on his face.

He couldn’t show worry, or fear, his face had to remain neutral or smiling for the people around him. Because he can’t possibly bring up the idea that he might still be alive even after their fight so many years ago, and as the days wore on with new information cutting close to the bubble he didn’t want popping, it was time to bring himself to face the truth.

That All for One was still alive.

He was out there somewhere, wrecking this havoc and if the blond man had made himself come into terms of that reality, maybe they would’ve been in a better situation.

How things were done, how he had been able to control so many factors around them without being detected was something he still had to figure out. With the approaching sense of doom he’s been feeling, it may be the time to tell Bakugou some of the truth as to why he’s been watched over for so long.

Maybe it’s finally time to pass on One for All.

All Might was still hesitant, still unable to shake the possibility of this being a mistake, but they’ve dug themselves far too deep in this to be able to let it go or change now. Even after choosing Bakugou, no other candidate was able to withstand the mutated genes of his quirk like Katsuki’s could.

Thinking of the young boy had the man take himself back in time, of the struggles he faced to get him entering here, to even getting him out of the house after that all happened, and so far he hasn’t had a moment to sit by the boy’s side and see what’s going on with him.
A small memory came floating to him, of a man he’d seen coming out of Aizawa’s office the first day Katsuki showed up in UA, and his hollowed eyes opened with unease. He was positive it was a man, but Aizawa’s relaxed demeanor after he went to see him and stating it was a boy calmed him and he soon forgot about, but this wasn’t the first time something this weird had happened, was it?

He remembered another moment – and as to why such memories suddenly came back to him he never understood – of the day he’d met the boy who Katsuki tormented, that look of recognition the green eyes gave All Might despite the large man never having met him.

It wasn’t the recognition of a fan to a hero.

It was more personal, like they’ve had a conversation before.

But All Might couldn’t remember a single moment he’d met the boy, so what was that about?

His thoughts were disrupted by a ring to his phone, a text from Aizawa saying he couldn’t get a hold of the explosive blond and he was heading on without him. All Might cursed at the turn of events, if Bakugou wasn’t there to at least hear of it before it happens, God knows how he’d react to that news. Even if he knew the boy wasn’t dead, he’d asked them not to tell the boy’s mother of it and keep it between them.

He had to find him now anyways, if phone calls won’t work, he’ll do it himself.

Kirishima’s phone was the one to ring this time, and they unanimously groaned at the intruding noise. Unlike the rest of them, he did his part to look at the caller ID and walk away a little, excusing himself to take it.

“Hey Tsuyu!” He cheerfully answered.

“Kirishima, is Iida and Bakugou with you?”

Her tone alarmed him, “Yes why? Is everything okay?”

She didn’t respond and then a sob heaved, “Uraraka supposedly woke up but we can’t find her anywhere.”

Without thinking he ran back to them, barging inside and trying to stop the suffocating feeling in his throat.

“Uraraka,” They all watched him with worry, “She’s gone missing.”

“What do you mean missing?!” Iida was the first to yell out.

Bakugou was the first to move, he quickly held Kirishima’s shoulders and instructed him to take deep breaths, taking the phone from his hand and leaving the red head in Todoroki’s care.

“What’s going on?”

“Bakugou?” Tsuyu sobbed, “Mr. Aizawa called and said Uraraka woke up, but when I went to see her I found her parents there already, she wasn’t there.”
“Security tapes?”

“Nothing shows her leaving from her room.” She sniffed.

Bakugou slammed his fist against the wall, cracking the wood if only a little.

“Oi!” Todoroki reprimanded, then tsked.

“Window?”

“Maybe, I’m calling in Mr. Aizawa from the hospital phone, but he’s not picking up as well. Everyone’s up to their necks with working on this thing with their agencies I can’t get a hold of them at all.”

Katsuki took a deep breath, his hand shaking from the rage occupying him, “Calm down Tsuyu. Try Aizawa again, and anyone else you can think of, alert UA of her missing. We’ll go and look the grounds, see if she’s anywhere around. She’ll be okay.”

“Okay,” Her small voice called out, “Katsuki?”

“Yeah?” He whispered softly.

“Please find her.”

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Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys liked it! I'm sorry for the comment above if it disturbed your mood but I felt that it was necessary to bring it into attention that my story is about the suffering of our favorite characters.

It's all fiction my dears, and its quite different from the original story.

However I do hope you'll give it a chance.

My Twitter is @bakudekutodo if you wanna be friends!!

Thank you so much as always for being the best readers ever.

Thank you to my beautiful beta reader NaNa.

Hope you guys are good!! Love you x

Be the best you can be~
It was a silence that gave out more terror than relief. One that only allowed your breathing to echo against your ears, where the beating of your heart was strong against your ribcage, intense enough to tighten your throat, the air struggling to fill the burning lungs inside your chest.

It was hard to breathe, as Izuku stared upon the maddening look on the man’s face gazing back at him. There was too much to process around what he is, what’s the purpose of his existence. He had just been taken out of the darkness that he had grown accustomed to.
Yet now, so painstakingly out in the open, the multiple sensations surrounding him and overtaking his mind to process it all is slowly resulting in his body to form a panic attack.

He didn’t even know what that was.

Izuku’s eyes trailed the man’s footsteps as he got closer to him, his restricted limbs not allowing for much movement. He was trying to grasp everything at once, and failing. Another attempt to voice out his inner growing dread was welcomed with silence, only the slight contracting sounds of his throat was all that echoed in his mind.

“You’ll get your voice back; I liked the sound of it.” The hushed sinister words were like venom in Izuku’s blood, “I’m just not in the mood to hear your cries right now.”

His mind was picking up the most random things, the sound of the tile floor as the footsteps got closer. The only other breathing besides his, the gentle tapping of the wind rattling a window… so distant but in the hollowness of where they were at, it was clear as day to him.

As the minutes flew by, slower to him than how reality was, he began to painfully recollect names of the things around him. The shockwaves going through his system as his brain seemed to be rewiring the hidden memories and knowledge and bringing them out in the surface was more painful than he would’ve thought. Izuku’s mind was a closed firework factory, nerves sending signals so fast in its attempts to handle everything at once, his body went into shock just mere minutes of being out in the open.

And the man watched on, the harrowing empty eyes watching without any form of emotion but delight as convulsions started to take over Izuku’s body, his green eyes rolling back into their sockets as his head continued to bang against the hard surface of where he was held down.

Izuku had no clue of how much time had passed from his initial awakening. It could have been seconds, to minutes, to hours and even days. There was nothing for him to hold on to, to keep him sane.

As sane as anyone would be in this situation.

It began with small things, aside from being constantly tied down to that table and the cold borrowing deep into his bones, the mild excisions that were done to him kept him grounded to where reality was. Because he slipped between the consciousness and unconsciousness a lot, his body crashing more times than he could count, and so the initial fright and attempts to fight against what was happening to him began to decrease until he stopped attempting.

Izuku had tried so hard, to remember of those who must have been around him. Someone at least, must be looking for him, right?

There must be a reason he was in this world, and so for him to be here, means that something went wrong.

Because why else is he alive?

Why else would he be here?
Has he done something truly terrible, to have this done to him?
Has he lived somewhere? Been someone? Had something?
Who was he?
“Deku. You are Deku.”
Deku.
A nothing, a no one.
“You lived a miserable life, and I’m going to give you a better one.”
This was a better life? Than what he had before? Then what nightmare was he in, to compare it to this and be told it’s better?

As the blades hit his skin repeatedly, their pain became a knowing friend. Something he had grown to, not precisely welcoming, but a reminder than he was something.
Something that felt, that it wasn’t an empty vessel.
The sudden shift from the slight pain, to the bigger one, was a memory engraved in his mind till he would cease in existence. It had begun like any other day, left alone on the cold table naked and shuddering, connected to a machine that supposedly shocked his heart to continue beating every time it failed, as the man explained to him when he had cut him open from the side, wide awake with no anesthesia and he felt it all.
The massive tear on the side, the radiating fire growing from it to spread all over his body, and Izuku’s throat began to tighten from how severe it was, empty cries falling out of him.
It wasn’t just the pain of being cut open so deeply while wide awake that was terrifying, it was the knowledge that no matter how much he tried, how much he wished to bring it into reality, and not just in his mind was a failed attempt.
It was all in his head, repeated, echoed, and remembered.
There was nothing to bring it out, nothing to carry its burden from him to the world.
It was just in him.
Always.
When the first rib was broken for easier access, as the man who called himself Youta said, Deku was sure he was dying again. The frail bones of his body were already easily breakable, evident from the multiple accidental slip ups Youta had done on him, healing parts of him in the wrong way.
And Youta would break them again, mostly to see the reactions on Deku’s face, of how he desperately wanted to cry out. The tears filling his eyes to the brim, his mouth so wide open
without anything coming out… Youta thrived on Deku.

Deku wasn’t awake to know what happened next, only to come back by the ache on his lateral days later. The smell of his rotting flesh being infected and sought after by flies and other various bugs had him retching on the spot, resulting in Deku choking for a good while until Youta had noticed and cleaned his throat.

This was nothing to when Youta decided that the flesh around the cut for his heart tubing was too hideous to look at, and decided on the spot while he was carrying on another experiment of whether or not Deku’s limbs could handle immense swinging of a hammer against them.

Deku’s eyes were red rimmed, so swollen from how hard he was crying you could no longer see his eyes anymore. His nose was runny, his mouth left wide open and jaw aching from the continuous attempts of screaming, and he glimpsed down at his hands for a slight moment.

He began to wail out again, despite nothing coming out, at the sight of his fingers bloodied and bruised, completely flattened out from the hammer.

Pain was a friend that had become too acquainted with him.

A monster that crawled all over him and ate him from the inside out, from the outside in, all over him was this beast of never ending tremors.

He had banged his head enough against the cold tile that Youta strapped it down one day, and so his attempts to decrease the agony of his flesh as it was cut out, the infected portions of his open wound not reaching the level of esthetics Youta had in mind.

He heard the chunks hit the ground; its squishing sound on the floor occurring again and again till Deku was out again.

It happened a lot, where experiments would result in Deku’s body too malformed to even look at, and so Youta would end up with the decision of cutting it all off. And it all occurred without any form of numbing, Deku had felt it all. Repeatedly, every waking moment.

He would either go under from the absolute agony of it, or be brought back into consciousness as well. He had no idea how much time had passed, for how long they’d been here, or as to why he was being tortured.

All Youta had to say was, “You’ll be get revenge in this way.”

Revenge on who?

Had someone resulted in him being here?

Is here for the purpose of causing someone else pain?

It had reached a point where, when he was finally moved from the table to a cage like room, he had finally looked on his own body and couldn’t cry anymore.

No nightmare would begin to describe what he is.
Deku’s legs were both cut off, the right on the knee, the left mid-thigh. His hands were chopped off as well, the side of his chest missing most of his flesh and getting more infected as the days grew by, causing Youta to cut more off him every time.

How was he alive?

How as he breathing?

There was nothing left of him to count as a being, he was an abnormality, a monster, a creation of the vile that infested this world.

Youta hadn’t stopped there, continuing on with more of his joyful laughs as he’d strap Deku down a chair and brand him. Repeatedly burn off his flesh as Deku’s body jerked in reaction, shifting towards electrocuting him on his temples as the severity of the attack had burnt off most of his green hair as well.

Some days Deku would be thrown back into the cell after having his brain shocked so much, there was no longer any thought process occurring. It was just a chunk of meat that somehow still breathed air.

A long while after that, when Deku stopped reacting to anything anymore, where he was left to organs and limbs electronically attached together that another man showed up. He was large, face covered with a metallic mask and smelled off substances that never existed in this place, where a conversation happened between the two of them above his shredded body, the two unaware of the slight brain activity he showed.

“You promised me to get him fixed.”

“And he will be. He just had to be taken a part to be made perfectly.”

A deep hum, “And with what are you bringing him back with?”

A shuffle of sound, and a large thud, “With these.”

“But they’re failed experiments.”

“Precisely, they all failed because they had the one thing he didn’t.”

An echo of a sigh spread around the room, and Youha began speaking again.

“They all had quirks. How are you to build the perfect being, with something so biologically existing to the base of your creation inside it, and expect it to work? He doesn’t have a quirk, we can mold him into anything we want, and put in him as much as we want.”

“So you’re saying I can put as many quirks as I can inside him?”

“Precisely. He’s an opened vessel, I’ve made sure to keep what’s vital in him, but I’ll be replacing almost everything inside him to the point he’s going to be a creation of hundreds, not just one. A vessel that contains so much DNA, so many possibilities of reactions and growths and is all under our control, he’s going to be exactly what you want.”

“He’s going to be the creation that finally kills All Might.”
And to his word, Youta had started replacing things in Deku. Repeatedly shoving information of people whose pictures he began to remember, when he finally spoke to Deku about the Katsuki Bakugou he couldn’t forget.

“He’s the reason you’re here. The reason you were so miserable in your life, he had continued reminding you that you were nothing, are nothing. There was not a day in your life where he didn’t hurt you.” Youta had smiled devilishly as he spoke his next sentence, “He’s what society calls a hero, and you’re going to be the one to take them all down.”

It hurt, having your body physically replaced. Multiple surgeries all throughout the day, with so many blood transfusions happening, it occurred to Deku’s healing brain that Youta never explained where he got it from.

But, that doesn’t mean things went smoothly from there. It was the absolute contrary. Every replacement surgery meant the chance of his body rejecting. And Deku’s body rejected a lot. Each rejection resulted in a punishment, and it grew in severity every time.

The most severe one was when both his legs rejected the new parts, and Youta’s frustration was so harsh, he had taken out a small pocket knife and shoved it inside Deku’s eye. He stopped himself before he reached his brain, but the damage was already done. He watched Deku bleed out, the pain overtaking the broke frail body enough to not even move, and Youta had an idea.

He had rushed in his pace to stop the bleeding, not keeping a close eye on whether the edges were clean or not, but he quickly cleaned out the area of the damaged eye and gotten a syringe. He placed it on his forearm, slowly pinching it in until the silver of the blood flew in it and covered it all. Without missing a beat, he turned the bevel of the needle right onto Deku’s bleeding eye and shoved it in, shoving all the silver contents inside and watched with fascination at the work of the substance.

It had flown its way through his eye socket to spread into the bones of his skull, slowly seeping through the cracks into his brain. It worked faster than Youta thought, bringing an answer towards the question haunting his mind, as Deku’s green eye began to heal and shift in color until it was back to normal. The spread of it healed parts of the green haired boy’s brain, unbeknownst to Youta, effectively allowing him more consciousness than what he needed at the moment.

It also gave Deku’s body a boost to start accepting the multiple different organs and parts, the punishments grew less and the rewards increased in frequency. The more time spent in being with Youta as he brought him back piece by piece, the more he started to notice his hatred grew not for the man who had done unspeakable things to him, but to what had caused his presence to be here.

Deku’s hatred began to manifest against the stories of Youta told him of Katsuki, of All Might, of the things he had gone through in the time where he was human. Where he had suffered more than others because he was slightly different, a result of the world depending so much on the idea that heroes are the good, that they could do no wrong…

They did do wrong.

They did wrong against him. Against his life.
And no one was taking blame for it.

Every day, he was shown pictures and videos of Katsuki smiling, laughing, enjoying his life as Deku learned to walk again, to move, to operate his body according to his mind.

This wasn’t his body.

This wasn’t his parts.

They were other people, other things.

And the more he learned to use them, the less he remembered about that fact.

He grew only to learn that he was an other, a being that wasn’t supposed to be walking this earth but he was. a creation made for a purpose he needed to fill out, and once that was made, he would be free to do what he wanted.

To kill Katsuki Bakugou.

It had been two years since he opened his eyes on that table, when he first walked out into the open. His body had not been used much, but the continued replacement of organs and transfusions of the silver substance had allowed him to gain strength faster than what was expected, and he had grown it to triple with his own attempts to strengthen himself.

He remembers how it felt, the soft simmer of the sun’s warmth against his pale skin. The way it quickly engulfed him in sweetness he could almost taste on the tip of his tongue, the air hitting him so subtly against his cheeks, he took a minute to breathe it in, so unused to the sensation his whole body had gone into a silent buzz.

“Beautiful feeling,” Youta had whispered behind him, “Isn’t it?”

Deku turned his head slightly, his eyes staring at Youta with no expression as he took in more than he let out. It had always been that way, Deku listening in and watching with silence, unable to respond back.

He hadn’t gotten his voice back.

And without the ability to voice out not only pain, but so many things, it does things to your mind. Aside from the nightmarish life he had gone through to get to this point, this continued quiet was one of the major things that still were unsettling towards the scarred boy.

He had no form of communication; rather, he decided not to communicate. And so for the past two years it was just him and his mind.
His personal demons coming at him relentlessly, in whispers and slow thoughts that tormented Deku internally and there was no route to let it out. No one to talk to, no one to hear from except the man who made him the way he is.

It was a different form of torture, a new form of psychological horror he was sure Youta was purposefully doing. Whether it was to grow Deku mentally, or to keep him attached to the man himself, Deku wasn’t sure if he’ll ever find out, but it was a waking struggle to stay alive.

He had attempted to kill himself aplenty till he had given up. Deku had tried all forms he could think of, and every single time, his body would bring him back, it was as if his soul was branded and attached to this form forever, unable to be set free.

Ironic to think of, since Deku didn’t believe in souls, or God, or the idea that there is good in this world.

When he was sent back into the room downstairs, having spent enough time on the surface, Deku noticed the minor reflection he gave off on what used to be a mirror, which was anything but a large plank of piled wastes. Some, he was sure of, was his blood and other fluids that have been splattered here and there.

Deku didn’t take notice of how long his hair had grown, and then watched on quietly at the face staring back at him.

He thought he would’ve felt something, anything, in the days he spent thinking about when this would be over, but as he stared back at himself in this moment, he realized he didn’t remember how he looked like to begin with.

Is this his real face? Are those dots on his cheeks and nose his? Or were they made? Was the person staring back at him the same one that woke here? Deku didn’t remember much of the days before everything… went quiet, but there were moments where his body would flash back and remind him. He knew he was tortured, and most obviously by Youta, yet no feelings towards that man other than serene came to the young boy.

He still was contemplating the face staring at him when the presence of Youta took him out of it, he was standing in the same intimidating stance since the day he opened his eyes, and the crazed look in those… eyes, never left.

“Someone wants to meet you.”

Deku was cleaned, shaved, brushed and wiped in more than one way, all over his body. He was covered from head to toe, and was given glasses to cover his eyes. Youta claimed it was because if people would find who he is, they’d try to get him away from the path he was to walk in.

This was his life, this was what he is to put his life for, and there was nothing else that mattered.

Aside from Katsuki’s life.

That, Deku’s raging heart burned, he would take.

“I normally wouldn’t have you walking in the streets like this, but… He wants to know how close we can to getting you out in the open. So, if you do well, you stay. If not…”

Youta didn’t need to finish his sentence for the implications his words had meant. Deku had to act good to live on until his own personal vendetta was cleared. Part of him subtly knew that this Youta, in truth, was nothing in comparison to the monster of strength inside the green haired boy.
The silver substance did more than Youta could ever dream, and the man needn’t to know the truth just yet.

So the two walked out, with Deku close behind in steps as his fast-working mind took in all the scenery around him. Unconsciously he had slowed down, his own curiosity of the world outside taking the best of him for a second.

They’d been walking for thirty minutes when he realized he was a distance away from Youta, and as he attempted to increase his pace, his shoulder had bumped into a smaller person. A grunt, a fall, and many items tumbling down, Deku watched as the woman heaved down on the floor.

For a second his mind had stopped, his own body going cold and shuddering next to this presence next to him/

She was small, soft, and smelled of warmth.

A sensation he had thought he never knew, but she had it. It drew him in, called him forward, and against his better judgment he crouched next to her and began to pick the items off of the ground and back in their packages.

“I’m so sorry,” Her equally tiny voice croaked out, sounding unused for a long time, “I didn’t mean to bump into you, I was so distracted.”

She looked back up at him, flashing a tiny smile that had him widen his eyes behind his glasses. His mouth slightly gaping open against the silent sigh coming out of him, all covered by the face mask Youta had given him.

Her round face was pale, wrinkles under her eyes, hair tied into a half-do with a tidy bun in the center. She wore a cardigan and a short skirt, her hands a little shaky as she began to gather her things. Still smiling at Deku, her eyes opened to stare back at him, and she herself stopped short as the two fell into a silence that seemed to envelope them.

Her green eyes were dull, but their previous vibrancy could still be seen. Their color so close to the hair that grayed on its edges.

Deku couldn’t breathe, because she was a distant memory of something that pulled parts of him so severely towards her.

He wanted to hug her.

He wanted to cry to her.

There were so many things evoking inside of him that he couldn’t understand, there was no explanation to the flurry of emotions running wild after being dormant for so long.

But she was the cause of it.

This tiny woman was something to him.

“Inko? Are you alright?” Another tall blond woman reached up to her.

Deku’s eyes quickly glanced at her, and his body shuddered again. The striking resemblance was hard to ignore, and it had shaken him out of the reverie he was stuck in.

“I-Izuku…?” Inko had mumbled so quietly, Deku was sure if it were anyone but hum, no one
would notice. But he did, and so his mind clicked forward and he moved fast to run away from those two, because whoever she was, he had to stay away from.

Deku could see the alikeness he had to this woman, and a part of him wished if he could know what he looked like before this. This woman was probably the mother of the face he was given.

Deku may never know.

All he knew, that he was the ashes of the horrors the world had created, and he was here to deliver it back to them.

Chapter End Notes

im so so sorry for the long wait for this chapter

and this wasn't what i originally had written

the first time i wrote this chapter, it was much more graphic and detailed

but i lost that chapter when my laptop crashed

and i originally was contemplating whether to post it or not, because it was too heavy

this as well was heavy for me to write, but i hope you guys liked it

there will be much more to say and explain as always, everything is pieced slowly here

IM SO SORRY FOR HOW LONG IT TOOK !!!

i became so busy with uni starting! and so my updates may be stretched to every two weeks, i promise im working my best to make this story great for all of you

so please please let me know your thoughts, you're all amazing and incredible and i love you all and i hope you dont think i gave up because WE ARE JUST GETTING STARTED

love you

be the best you can be~
Alarm was all that filled the mind of the young blond hero as he finally reached the hallway where he had last seen Ochako in. Tsuyu was already sitting on the chair outside, masking the worry Katsuki knew was inside of her as she consoled their friend’s parents.

“Bakugo!” A quick hug from her before she turned her attention to the two beside them.

“We’re going to find her,” Katsuki said, kneeling down to stare at Ochako’s mother, “She probably had gone out for a walk without thinking it would take much time.”

His reassuring smile was tight but calmed the rest enough for him to get Tsuyu to a corner, rubbing the stubble that began to grow on his chin.

“Anything?”

She shook her head, “No one knows where she is.”

“Did you tell Aizawa?”

Tsuyu sighed, “Yes, and they’re all out looking. Why would she leave her room to start with?”
Bakugo’s lips pursed in agreement, “We’ll just have to find her. Take her parents back home, I’m going to pass by the dorms.”

“But they already checked there,” Tsuyu frowned, “She’s not there.”

Bakugou nodded, “I just have to check something.”

They bid each other a quick goodbye, Katsuki not allowing a minute to pass by wasted as he rushed his way back to where they all lived. His mind was working so overdrive that there wasn’t a single thought on it, other than just finding the brunette.

The dread creeping up on him was spreading its limbs now, attaching itself to all corners of his heart as the possibilities of where she could be, just grew.

Bakugo’s mind kept circling back to one point, one person who could easily be attached to this disappearance and it was the last one he ever wanted to blame. If he didn’t though, he’d be an idiot.

The timing of finding him in her room, her waking… and now a disappearance? Was too close to be considered mere coincidences and it seemed to be the only possible point that made sense. The frustration eating him from inside became too much, and he stopped halfway there, gritting his teeth from the turmoil bubbling in his chest. What can he do? What should he do?

Is there anything he has to do?

“Are you going out Ms. Inko?”

Inko turned to the small voice of her assistant, a small smile painting her face.

“Yes for a bit.” She patted the basket of goods in her hand, “Got young heroes to feed a bit.”

She bid the younger woman farewell and walked her way through the narrow road towards the UA dormitory. Inko knew she was dropping in more than she should, but Bakugou and his classmates have grown too much on her to not see them whenever she could.

She surprised herself in more ways than she imagined. Not entirely okay, but Inko found that she could keep herself going better than it was ever expected. Still hollow from inside, still had days where getting out of bed was too much to do… but she still rose the next day, still smiled the time she needed to. Faking emotions no longer became something she desired to do all the time.

She pushed back the greying hairs falling across her face, as her eyes caught glimpse of the face she once saw in person, eyes that mimicked the joy of life so deliciously.

She continued walking.

It was an uneventful day, and her walk up the hill was as it always had been until she neared the point where she saw a frail old man trudge his way towards the same building she was going to from where the UA main building was.
He was a frail man, with clothes much larger in size than needed, eyes so sunken in all one could see were the vibrant blue of color. He seemed in a rush, not noticing the company walking alongside him until she cleared her throat.

All Might’s eyes widened in recognition immediately, a strangled cough managing its way to his throat as he stopped his movement.

“H-Hello, can I help you?”

Inko smiled, “Hello, I’m just here to deliver some goodies to the kids in 3-A.”

His eyebrows flew up, piecing the pieces fast enough to understand the big picture.

“You’re here for Katsuki Bakugou, am I right?”

Inko nodded, “Yes exactly.”

“I’m so sorry to say that at the moment we have an emergency, because of that I don’t think you’ll be able to find them here at the moment.”

“Oh,” The broken look on her face had the man struggle to say a response.

“But… I’m heading over there myself, maybe if we find anyone from that class we can pass on the basket, what do you say?”

“I’d love that, thank you so much… I didn’t get your name?”

All Might reciprocated the glee of her eyes, “I’m Mr. Toshinori; I teach the very same class you’re looking for. And you are?”

“Inko Midoriya,” She shook his hand, “I’m a… a friend of the Bakugo family.”

Toshinori shook his head in understanding, gesturing for her to continue walking the few steps left for the two of them. It was a quiet walk, Inko’s mind reeling in what sort of emergency could be happening and whether it was alright for her to continue budging in at this time. While All Might’s thoughts were spiraling on the new information he had uncovered and the possibility of getting some answers right now.

He chose to ask for them now.

“I’m sorry if I seem rude, but may I ask a personal question?”

Inko sensed the general direction where this question would lead to and prepared her heart for it as she nudged him on.

“You’re Izuku Midoriya’s mother, right?”

“I am – was, yes.” She stuttered. “Did you know Izuku?”

All Might fell silent for a minute, “I knew of him is the right term. Mentoring Bakugo, it had come up as a continuous struggle for him.”

“He took it really hard, “Inko’s forest eyes stared at their moving feet, “I know how much losing Izuku had done to him.”

“Was he there, at the funeral?”
Inko slightly frowned, “No, he couldn’t make it. I myself wasn’t that aware of it, to begin with.”

“It was a closed casket; you didn’t get a chance to see your son properly.”

At that, the frown turned into a scowl, “I did see him. I saw him lying there dead on the floor when he fell. I saw him dead on the table at the morgue. I didn’t think I had to see him again in the casket.”

“I apologize if I upset you with my questions,” His hands flew up in surrender, “I overstepped my boundaries but –”

“Aunt Inko?”

She turned to where the sound of her name was, the face of the young blond ebbing all the stress All Might had thrown her way.

“Katsuki,” She gushed, raising her arms to wrap them around him. He reciprocated the action gratefully, lingering a little more at the echo of the warmth she had.

“What are you doing here?”

“Oh, I came to pass by a few treats for you guys, and ask about how Ochako was doing?”

The two men eyed each other uncomfortably, Inko noticing the look they shared and she frowned worriedly.

“This emergency you mentioned, is it about Uraraka?”

She took the silent response as a yes, pursing her lips.

“You do what you have to do Katsuki, take this and share it with your friends. If there’s anything I can do, let me know.”

“I heard you,” Bakugo said as he put down the basket on the shared common room.

“ Heard what?”

“Don’t play innocent,” Katsuki’s voice filled with disgust, “I know what you asked and told her. Why would you do that? Are you trying to tell her?”

All Might watched the young boy’s hands shake with the apparent overwhelming emotions taking hold of him, a small thought of how much Katsuki must be dealing with crossing his mind, and for that, he chose his next few words carefully.

“That wasn’t my intention at all. With where the investigation is going with Deku, we have to at some point ask her questions.” The older blond sighed, “Maybe I did it too suddenly, but I had no aim of telling her anything. I know how to do my job, young Bakugo.”

Katsuki sighed, a hand rubbing his temples, “I know… I’m sorry All Might. It’s just, with Uraraka going missing and – well, Deku being alive…”

“It’s a lot to take in, I understand.” He placed his hand on the dejected Katsuki, “But I’m glad to
Todoroki was positive there wasn’t an inch of this whole city they hadn’t gone through, and still, there was no sign of Uraraka. He leaned against the wall of the last building he has checked, his lungs taking this break for a chance to properly rest when a slight movement from the corner of his eyes had him freeze.

The menacing aura was all too familiar.

“Can I help you with anything?”

“How odd, that’s exactly what I came to ask you.” The shadow crept forward from the alleyway until his face was partially shown, his heterochromatic eyes staring at another pair.

“I don’t think there’s anything in this world you could ever help me with anything.”

The cold reply from Shouto was endearing enough to cause a smile on the face before the young hero, the green hair falling slightly before his eyes as Deku took a small breath to his next step.

Dabi had just gotten himself a position in place when the young brunette began to mumble in her sleep where he placed her. His blue eyes looked over her again, no emotion reeling him in regarding her evident fate, but he felt a tinge of loss when it came to her quirk.

From what he understood at what transcribed between Deku and the madman, they are able to control her and her quirk, despite the fact that they had actually taken her quirk.

Too many details in too little time, making it a complete muddle in his mind; the possibility that someone out there could take and give quirks, had his skin crawling… he had to be more careful from now on. And no matter how much time he spent with them, he still had no idea what Deku is.

What he understood from the slight conversation he’d had with Youta, Deku was most probably a creation they made for something.

Destruction was an obvious reason, but there was more to it than what he could see. The big boss that hides behind the screen had more plans than he let on when it came to the green haired boy, and from what Dabi had noticed the young monster reacted to when it came to the blond they’d met from UA, he was sure that guy had something to do with all of this.

Why else would this girl be involved?

Dabi didn’t let himself linger too much in thought regarding her, opting to roam his eyes on the sunset as the city they have been slowly taking hold of fell into twilight silence. His job was almost over, and he could find himself back on his bed for a good sleep.

It was mere minutes away.
“Todoroki, you okay?” Iida’s voice rang inside the said boy, whose eyes glanced up to watch the concerned look of his friend.

“Yeah… Yeah, I’m fine.”

Iida wasn’t convinced, “You look deathly sick, what happened?”

Shouto clutched the corner of his head, like a headache pulsing through him did nothing to help clear his kind, “A little tired Iida, that’s all.” He sighed, “Did you find Ochako?”

The defeated look was all the answer he needed, Shouto stood up and leaned on his friend for support. He was weaker than he thought.

“Let’s go back to the dorms for now.”

On the way there, unbeknownst to Iida, Todoroki’s mind was reeling in with information he had never believed he would hear. He wasn’t sure if it were anger, hatred, or sympathy that was dominating his mind at that moment, but he knew that the three of them existed strong enough to have him not wanting to speak.

He didn’t know what would come out of him if he did.

The sound of a heart monitor beeping was all that filled a small dark room, built deep underground. The only other sounds were the breathing of one and the shuffling of feet of another.

Deku held his breath again as the swift blade bore deep into his chest cavity, feeling it twinkle inside his organs as it sliced and diced its way through. The pain was severe since it’s happening right when his body is throwing back at him all the multiple injuries he let himself sustain.

“You don’t listen to what I say;” Youta spat above him, “No matter how invincible you think you are the repercussions against your actions will increase with time.”

“Does it matter?” Deku hissed, “No permanent damage occurs.”

Youta’s form of eyes glanced coldly at the silver one watching him, “It’s the pain that will bother you.”

“You said it yourself; you created me to be the perfect thing out there, am I not?”

Youta smirked, “Yes you are.”

“Then what’s the pain to me? I’ve lived with it enough to accept it.” Deku sighed as the last of the cuts were made, and the man above him was finally taking his hand away.
Silence fell between them, other than the beeping of the monitor. It took a few minutes before Youta turned back to Deku and forced him to stare directly at faceless look.

“What were you doing with the Todoroki boy?”

Deku’s eyes glazed cold as a smile played on his face, “Watching me, are you?”

“Recently you’ve been doing a lot of things from your own mind. I’d like to know if there are any fuck-ups to clean after.”

Youta’s hands were shoved away by an invisible force, throwing the man off balance a few feet away from where Deku sat. He was acutely aware of the hostile aura being thrown at him, as well as the obvious difference in strength.

Maybe he shouldn’t have made him stronger than anyone he’s met.

“I don’t appreciate the tone you’re talking with.”

“And you seem to forget your place a lot.”

A second passes as the two glared at one another when the same force binding Youta fizzles away and he relaxes back into where he stands.

“Shouto Todoroki is something I want.”

“His quirk?” Youta asks, focusing back on cleaning the bloodied instruments.

Deku watched, “No, I don’t want his quirk, I want him entirely. To join us, join me.”

“What makes you think he’d ever join us?”

At that, the younger boy slid his way out and stood to stretch his body, the massive cut on his chest had all but healed, with the scar forming as a way to remind him of what he was. A beast.

“I don’t think, I know.”

Deku gave a sly wink and walked out the door, all but completely back to his normal state. The last of his actions had done enough to get him weak he needed Youta to help him out, something he hadn’t done in years.

He wasn’t sure if it was activating the two new quirks he got at the same time that made him combust internally or one of them, but he’ll get the hang of it eventually. As he walked through the hallway, he observed the way the newest one reacted against his body, seeing a face he didn’t know but able to piece out everything they had been through… was alarmingly fun for the boy who thought nothing would amuse him.

It was a good idea to get this from the girl who discovered the factory mistake. One that was now, all but cleaned as the fresh memory of her body lay on the floor of Youta’s lab.

He didn’t let his mind wander so far away from the given plan he started with, Shouto’s face painted with terror as he left him sitting on the floor after he revealed exactly what he knew about the boy.

It was easy to manipulate someone when an offer to kill someone they hated, and reunite them with someone they lost, was given so easily.
And now, all that was left; was for the games to begin.

Chapter End Notes

Hello, my loves!!! Gosh, it's been so long, and I am so incredibly sorry for the long wait!

so much has happened in my personal and work life, and so because of that I had to take some time and wait until I was free enough to continue this story

I haven't forgotten you guys, ever, and I can't begin to thank you enough for how amazing your feedback was when I was gone and how much love I received

and don't worry I know this is a small chapter, BUT THERE IS MORE TO COME

so many things were left here as little snippets for what's to come!!! hope you caught them ;) !!!

love you all so much, we can be friends on @bakudekutodo at twitter!!

be the best you can be~
Chapter Notes

TRIGGER!! SELF HARM / ABUSE / EMOTIONAL AND PHYSICAL TRAUMA

___

HAPPY NEW YEAR MY LOVES !!!

Holy moly, I can't believe 2019 is here / on the way to some!! But i wish you all the best my loves and
to thank every single one of you
from the bottom of my heart
because you all have been the most wonderful friends i could ever wish for
you guys have been so supportive and understanding in more ways than i thought possible and i can't ever repay you all for this kindness
14,8k hits????
660+ kudos????
120 bookmarks???
i would have never ever thought more than 50 people would ever read my story, much less have the support and love you're all showing me
i love you guys so much
more notes down about the chapter!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Past

Ashes
Bakugou, still a child, was aware that things were no longer the same for him and Izuku.

He was aware of the tangled web of emotions from different origins, one based on his emotions for the boy with curly hair, the other from resentment.

He did wonder to himself as to why he begrudged the freckled face, why when he would stare at him his heart would be pulled apart.

It was no longer enough to hurt Izuku with words, mirroring the pain in the blonde’s own heart, but grew to reach the physical standpoint between them.

The moment Bakugo decided to act on it would be the start of a whirlwind he could never stop.

His growing influence on others had slowly begun to boost his ego up; as the years went by he’d notice the stark difference between him and Izuku repeatedly, indefinitely. He never stopped to think that perhaps the relentless effort Midoriya was doing, wasn’t in a way to demean Katsuki.

The crimson eyed boy grew to harbor the feeling behind that color, engulfing his heart entirely. Katsuki could no longer see Izuku as an equal, with the lack of a quirk, but as a fly that attempted to equate itself to a bird.

That’s how little Izuku was to him.

And then at night, as he lay alone, Katsuki’s mind would wander in the memories of the softness of the green curls. Of the sweetness of a giggle, he hadn’t heard in years.

His hand could vividly remember the way it curled on the latter’s own.

Katsuki’s heart would flutter in the thought of Izuku being so near to him.

But it couldn’t happen.

It wouldn’t happen.

How could he, Katsuki Bakugo, allow himself to someone much less than him?

Why did he have to lower himself for anyone else, much less Izuku?

Izuku.

The same Izuku who held on to him for dear life when they slept cuddled at night.

The same Izuku who would drag him around and show him things the boy had discovered first because I want to show Katsuki everything…

Izuku, spotted and smiling, the crinkles on the corner of his eyes forming as he laughed.

Izuku, who scrunched his nose when he disliked something and tried to fake his enjoyment with it as to not hurt the other’s feelings regarding anything.

Izuku who’s dazzling, breathtaking, alluring and enchanting in the most captivating way; He made one want to want more out of this life.
The Izuku who held Katsuki’s face in his hands with those wondrous forest eyes, full of the mystery of the world, and flooded him with care and love.

Love.

Is that what it was? What it used to be? An emotion so strong it had taken Katsuki in its arms without letting go.

But he let go.

He had to let go.

Without Izuku, he could be so much more.

Without the snickering laughter of life, he would soar to be the best.

He had to let it go because; you don’t need love to grow.

You don’t need anyone but yourself, your strength, your will.

He didn’t need Izuku anymore.

“Fuck you, dipshit.”

And with that, the very first punch he had given without a need to defend himself for it, Katsuki Bakugou had done it to Izuku Midoriya.

He lost count of how many he had given.

He used to keep count, at some point.

At night when Katsuki would lay in bed, he’d count them all; remember where each went, and why he did it.

Many of them had no reason.

He would be up all evening, trying to excuse every punch, kick, yell… But he’d awake numb and with a push, shove all forms of guilt inside and start the day.

He knows it’s wrong, he’s in the fault.

He knows Izuku has no control over what happened to him.

But Katsuki can’t help it, can’t stop the fury as he sees the mess of curls walking inside the class. His eyes falter on how thin he’s becoming, how prominent Izuku’s bones were against the thin sheet of skin he had on top.

Bakugou could see where the bruises began and ended, memorized every inch of the body he had grown to victimize.

And all that formed in his heart was numbness.
The blond couldn’t amount to a feeling except the void he began to accumulate as the years went by, as every motion against Midoriya grew in severity; it became an action he was immune against. But Katsuki remembers a day where there were scars not made by him.

Three little marks, on the inner of Izuku’s wrist, red raised and burning against the milky skin; it was a slap of reality. He was harming himself, and Katsuki intensely remembers the fear crippling his actions for a second. Remembers how seeing it had his head swirling in what his actions were leading up to.

He had to stop. Didn’t he?

Katsuki was still numb.

There was an evening, as the sun began to settle and people all around began to enter their homes. The roads were quiet, sullen, a contrast to the busy lifestyle their neighborhood brings about. Katsuki was walking alone, his feet dragging against the gravel as his mind wandered to a future far away from the present.

That was when maroon eyes fell upon the freckled green, a good distance away from where the latter didn’t notice the blond. He was alone too, sliding his legs away as though he had no energy to go by with. Katsuki had stopped moving at some point, heart hammering against his chest for reasons unknown to him, as Izuku walked his way to where he stood.

Izaku walked past so somberly, never noticing the frozen Bakugou.

But Bakugou noticed him.

The deeply sunken eyes, hollow and vacant they had terrified Katsuki as he watched on. The darkness painted under them gruesome against Izuku’s pale skin, the same skin that was so dipped in the face, the mere motion of his bones seemed to be done with such effort, Katsuki could swear he heard them creaking.

He was cold, empty, so done.

Life was sucked out of Izuku.

Katsuki was the one who did it.

That night was the first-night Katsuki had thrown up everything he had eaten and went to sleep without bothering to do anything.

Nightmares were quick to follow, as with the actions of ignoring it all.

Katsuki at this point started to develop added hatred for the boy he bullied.

Knowing there was no other reason for the beating but the evil harboring within him, Katsuki’s mind began to cultivate the idea that the more miserable Izuku looked, the more it was intended as a weapon against him.
If Izuku wanted, he could fight back.

He could do something to stop it.

But he didn’t.

Izuku wanted this, was eager for it, so he could look miserable and cause Katsuki to be wretched.

And if he wanted it, then he was going to get it.

Some days, Katsuki did wonder if there was some serious issue with him. If medical help should be sought after for his emotional and mental state, but the thought flew away as fast as it came.

He never really connected with anyone after that, his friends in school were mere colleagues sharing if not the popularity, then the secret agreement among them to side with the explosive blond rather than be against.

So really, he was alone. To his thoughts, his fears, monsters, and joys; no one wanted to share it.

No one but Izuku, who despite everything gave a quivering smile back at him, terrified and broken, a welcome into his life yet again after all that Katsuki had done.

That only made it worse for both of them.

For Izuku, it meant a worse treatment the nicer he was back.

For Katsuki, it was a belittling action. How could Izuku even stand to look at him, let alone give a smile? What the fuck is that? Who would still harbor affection for someone as violent as Katsuki?

The dynamics of their relationship only tore apart the more they grew, the deeper their voices got, the taller they became. The shadows casing them only darkened, and as Katsuki echoed its pulsating whispers into actions, he began to find himself trapped in a state he couldn’t get out of.

And then he decided there was no point in trying to come out of it.

Katsuki was miserable, unable to come forth to realize his harbored turmoil in his heart was his inability to admit to himself the simple truth that maybe, he loved a boy far greater than he would’ve ever let himself know. His simple solution was to see it with his eyes; Izuku was neither an enemy nor a belittled child he needed to throw down.

He was someone Katsuki wanted to love but didn’t do it.

Because declaring he loves him, means he has done irreversible damage on the boy. That all these years his actions were from the hate Katsuki had to himself and not towards Izuku, the lack of confidence to act upon emotions embarrassed him which resulted in the nightmare Izuku was in.

But Katsuki was a young boy, influenced by those around him as he attempted to influence them. The realization he needed to know was only buried further down with the mixed emotions he never allowed himself to decipher.

Katsuki Bakugou doesn’t let himself understand who he is, until woodland green eyes stared deep into his own, filled with vast desolation as they continued to disappear towards a distance he could
never reach.
Until their light disappeared.

The bitterness of the cold was a welcoming sensation to a quiet figure staring down the lights of the city below him. His legs falling on the corner of the building, body half out into the world, and halfback in the shell of the night.

He was sat there in the remainder of the day, after meeting with nothing but a menacing character rooting him in place most of the time, he was more than eager to get out for a while.

It was a peculiar emotion, a memory that appeared to want to come out but wouldn’t. Unable to comprehend the level of confusion, Deku decided to clear his head out.

There wasn’t any particular thing he actually felt; whatever it was that seemed to be held down inside him was not a bother. Deku didn’t really care for much anymore.

Deku didn’t think he cared at all.

There was nothing inside, Deku wasn’t sure if any of it even existed anymore.

Did it ever exist in him?

He took a glimpse on the corner of a building close to him, a normal person would only be able to view their blurred image, but with the broken boy, he could see himself crystal clear. An echo of a face of the woman he had seen hours earlier.

Was this his face? Was he the son of that person?

Or is his face something borrowed out as most of who he is, was?

The silver eye bore deep into the face staring back at him, its owner knowing that his creator seemed to not realize just how much Deku knew about himself than he would’ve liked. Deku knew that most of him were spare parts, the multiple wounds, and memories of the agonizing pain were enough to conclude that.

There were far too many nights he had prayed he could die without coming back.

Every one of them flashed through his mind, and at each of them, he re-lived the sensations his body had gone through.

A funny thing, this body was. After almost three years, he still was learning the limitations Deku placed on himself since there weren’t any aside from the classical, do as much as you want with as little problems you can get.

The first time he heard it, was after he was beaten relentless with spiked bats.

Yes, bats.
Because the first five broke only after three hits, the next twelve stayed till twenty-two, while the last thirty continued to the hundreds. At about his twenty-seventh bat on the eighty-second hit Deku had stopped counting.

His body accumulated the pain in marvelous ways feeling all of it once it hit him in a muted manner, allowing him to continue on for days without repercussions. It was a few days later when the re-set hit that had him crumbling to the floor with so much agony; his heart had stopped beating from shock.

He died that day and was brought back.

The cycle never stopped.

_Do you want to die?_

Yes.

He shut his eyes, shaking the feeling out of him. Deku gave a silent whisper, having no vocals to sound a thing yet. Green hair fluttering against the wind, he wondered if he would ever have a voice to himself.

Then he snorted, because what was he to ask for normal things?

Deku was a monster, a being of obscenity that goes against what nature wants. He could feel it, from everything around him. From how the wind hits him a little harder than most, how the plants seemed to wilt and whither in his presence, the way animals hissed and were disgusted with his presence.

He’s something that should’ve been dead a long time ago.

Looking at the steep fall below his feet he wondered what the sensation of that would feel. Being free, alive, hitting the floor with the knowledge of never being to wake ever again. To know there was a limit to what your life amounted to, would be a liberating form of living.

To the people walking under his feet, so small and weak, evidently knowing that one day they would never exist anymore… to have the chance to live a life with a timer on it, pushing you to aim for more and more.

The buzz of what that would be like licked his fingertips, but Deku knew it was something that was stolen from him. Something he would never experience.

“Enjoying the view?”

Deku’s eyes trailed to the voice, racking in the smallest of movements as the temperature dropped between them. The hairs on his arms rose in alarm, body positioning itself to the fastest route of escape. He couldn’t help it, as soon as he noticed the person standing before him all he wanted to do was run away.

“Well don’t be alarmed now, you’re safe with me.”

That did nothing to calm him.

“I wanted to introduce you to someone; I think the two of you would enjoy yourselves from now on.” The man stepped to his side, showing a boy of about Deku’s age.
The first thought to cross Deku’s mind was that this boy needed something to drink, from how dry his skin appeared he wouldn’t be shocked to see him turning to dust.

“This is Tomura,” The figure raised an arm to Tomura’s back and patted it slowly, “Come meet your new friend, Deku.”

Neither of them moved from where they stood while their eyes watched into each other as the silence of the night dragged on. The man beside them seemed unfazed with that, glad to have them finally meeting.

Years in the making, a plan he had sought after relentlessly taking every sacrifice that was needed for it to happen, is finally blooming.

He watched on, as his proudest creation met his favorite find.

Two beings, so destroyed he had re-birthed them into the machines he needed to finally get his revenge. After living all those years and losing everyone he had ever attempted to collect because of that blue symbol, being able to taste the sweetness of this fruit was an exhilarating high.

“The two of you are going to be working together with me, to bring a new world.” He began, “After being let down by people who portray themselves to be heroes, only you know the truth of their desire. They care not for you, nor anyone, and we will bring it out to the world. We will show them the misery of the system they have confided themselves into.”

He walked to Deku, placing a soft hand on the top of a boy who had all but forgotten what softness is, and spoke gently to him.

“You have been mistreated for years, by a boy who is now allowed to become a hero. After everything you have been through, it’s time to finally give him the justice he deserves.”

“Do you think this was a wise decision?”

“And you think questioning my decisions is wise?”

The man shuddered in the ominous aura around him, lowering his head before continuing.

“Forgive me, I did not mean that. But he is still new, so fresh, exposing him to Tomura could… contaminate what I have done.”

“And what have you done to him that could have been possible without me?” Sneering, he turned to the one currently avoiding eye contact, “Tell me, Youta, since that is what he called you?”

Youta lowered his stance, “Nothing… without you, he wouldn’t have been complete.”

“Without me, he would’ve ended up like every other Nomu you have created. Beastly and stupid, but he is much more than that.” The laugh that erupted out of him sent chills down Youta’s back, “To think that he would’ve gone to waste… misdiagnosed as Quirkless when he had something far more terrifying than anyone would have ever thought.”

Youta smiled at that.
“It’s a good thing we had you be the doctor now didn’t we?”

“Yes, it was a great idea to fabricate the diagnosis. I would have never thought it would elevate the problems this child had gone through to this extreme.” Youta was pleased with himself on that aspect.

“It only made it easier to control him, and that blond one.”

Youta frowned, “I never understood why you wanted to increase the abuse.”

A shuffle of feet in the darkness, and then a slight puff in the air indicated the older man had taken a seat. “I only intensified emotions that had existed, whether it is as tiny as a drop, to as large as a lake… a quirk I acquired allows me to enlarge them to unbearable amounts. If that boy never felt it, I could have never made it happen and that only made it so much easier to get what I wanted.”

A moment of silence fell before the two until the chaired man flicked a light on, showing the ghastly face of his, unnerving and chilling, staring down Youta’s own misshaped appearance.

“I have waited years for a moment to get my hands as close as possible to destroy the symbol of peace, and now with the two of them with me, there’s little left for that future. Getting Izuku to reach that breakpoint was detrimental. His parental history played such an important role, all of them unaware of what exactly happened for him to be born… The world is in for the shock of its life. It birthed a monster without knowing it.”

Youta was quiet, aware that his master was now reveling in the way things have progressed so neatly. Izuku, whether he had known or not, was born to live a life of misery regardless of the attempts he had done because of who he came from.

It could have been different, had he met All Might that day if it weren’t for Youta. Becoming All Might and effectively destroying any ounce of hope the child had, doing it with rejoicing. The look of utter defeat… he tried to recreate it again when Izuku was in his hands, but whatever was given to him was much too broken to try in that direction. So he attempted in other things, tormenting the child endlessly.

Well, beasts hurt other beasts.

He grew attached to the young tormented soul, despite having no soul himself. The two of them were more alike than he ever thought, created out of hatred and resentment to fulfill their desired work in this world until he is satisfied.

With the looks of it, All for One seemed to never be content.

Not that Youta cared for that, he just wanted his perfected weapon out of contaminated wastes such as Tomura Shigaraki. An action that appeared to be done behind the back of the man before him, in order to keep his own private plans for Deku until it was time to unravel them.

When it came to Deku, they started out slow. His only job was to take out any problems that came to their way regarding the fake company started with Tomura’s last name. An influence that grew over the years before they started with Deku’s grooming, which only bloomed in allowing their connections to spread wide over the land, giving Youta the required instruments for his continued work.
They falsified reports, murdered families, and took over stations they have never touched before. Without the world knowing it, All for One had taken over more than half of weaponry equipment companies, and their plan to expand out was a mere hoax to allow the entry of their latest toys.

Toys that so easily reflected Deku’s atrocious own quirk he’d yet to learn about, and as their newest additions continued to come, the more it allowed Youta to begin his own conditioning of Deku’s body to them.

Slowly, and carefully, Youta and All for One had filled Deku with quirks they acquainted along with chemical transfusions to increase his strength. He was worried the child would falter on the first job, but the brilliance of the mismatched eyes after his first kill was a day Youta wouldn’t forget.

Deku came in soaked with blood, Youta already aware that it belonged to far too many people that he was asked to kill. But he gave no mind to it, zeroing in on the face of his favorite toy. There was a frenzied look of life in the eyes that never gleamed. His body seemed to buzz and unable to stand still, the thrill of it gnawing on him to just do it again.

It was so easy to tell Deku had enjoyed it more than they thought he would.

And from then on, he only got smarter, stronger, and cleaner. Mistakes appeared to never come his way as he came back with more jobs done, and with his name echoing through the streets of the dark, more alliances were created with one idea in mind, join him before he kills me.

He had brought a presence about him in such a way; he grew a pack of his own. A hierarchy Deku established within the walls of their confined nightmares and they obeyed.

When the first correct Nomu was created, Deku was ecstatic.

Entering the laboratory he had gone through hell in himself, he watched as a creature lay at the corner, its own eyes watching with hidden intelligence no one but the green haired boy seemed to see. He could connect with it, some parts of Deku’s body pulsing in the direction of the being and he was nifty enough to understand what thing was made of, he was made of it too.

Abomination.

But this abomination wasn’t brought for naught. There was a purpose here for him, despite what he would sometimes think to himself. Deku would have never been who he was if it weren’t for the people that had destroyed him.

He was dead much before Youta had found him.

The real Deku was already six feet under somewhere in this world before it even acknowledged his life. There was nothing that could have been done after things spiraled out of control anymore, his life was sealed and sold to Hell for good.

And to that, he was angry.

Not for the lost life, he could have had.

Not for the lost boy, he would never know.

But for the chance that the others got at life when they had thrown him down so deeply into a world of ash and fire, his lungs had all but finished gathering the dust they buried him under. His heart stopped beating long before it physically did, and his mind? His mind broke the day he was
allowed to feel he didn’t deserve to live.

To ashes, he threw himself and from ashes, he rose.

It’s time for the world to turn into ash.

Chapter End Notes

HEY

i was so excited writing this chapter because finally some more needed insights!!!

Ah!!!!

i hope the method of portrayal was done well in order for you guys to see where things
are getting

AND BEFORE ANYONE SAYS OR ASKS, NO IM NOT TRYING TO
SMOOTHEN KATSUKI'S ACTIONS !

this chapter is the much needed "inside" info i had kept stored regarding what was
going wrong for katsuki and some more looks into how Deku was before, but more
details about Deku will be brought as always!!!

love you guys so much, please let me know what you think<3

also! I'm currently living in Dubai, UAE! Where are you guys living at??

be the best you can be~
heyyyyyy friendss!!!!!

I know ive been gone for a long while, i'm so so sorry!!

and i know this chapter is short, again im sorry!

things have been hectic, and honestly my mental state became so bad i needed to take a small break to be able to continue writing because shit only gets sadder from here on out lmao

why do i like to torment myself, idk

also i havent re-checked the chapter so i might do it later sorry for any mistakes!!

but i hope you can forgive me !!

i will update more i promise i will update more

also THANKS FOR 17,000 HITS HOLY MOLY

YOU GUYS!!!!

i love you all so much

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Present

Forsaken

It came out of nowhere, the quiet before the storm. The lingering sensation in the air that
something wasn’t right, then it happened.

A small buzz, a ticking in the center of the large building laying before the sunset, falling ever so brilliantly unaware of the horrors that were about to begin.

Katsuki felt before he heard it, a rumble in the ground so deep his own heart quivered. The flash of red eyes fell before blue, and before they could think twice bodies were already moving.

Some sort of force was pulling him where he needed to be, an unknown entity yelling in his mind to run faster because whatever was waiting for him promised anything but good.

Bakugo slipped as he reached, aware of the pulsating pain his knee was giving out but entirely focused on something else.

Directly on the person, he wanted to see, her brown hair plastered against her face with sweat, eyes tired and gasping for breath. She was crouching on the ground, the latter destroyed beneath her feet in an evident result of a collision.

“Uraraka,” Katsuki whispered, his throat feeling as though metal shards were wrapped around it, “Look at me.”

She wouldn’t, face straight down to her bare feet. The air around them only seemed to get thinner as more of their fellow students gathered around, the large number alarming Katsuki.

Why were most of the UA students in the dorms today?

“All Might my child.” All Might was quick to stand behind Katsuki, shifting slowly to his right as the two of them began to survey their surroundings. “Are you alright?”

There was still no response from her, Katsuki pursed his lips and shuffled his feet closer but just before he could be a good distance from her, all he felt was a force slamming right into him and the two of them fell back to the gravel.

“What the fuck.” He swore and turned to see the blue flames crisping the exact spot he was standing a second ago.

“That was close,” Todoroki muttered as he heaved, “You okay?”

Katsuki nodded, and they both turned towards the man of the blue flames. Bakugou remembered him vividly from the previous encounter, he was with Izuku. With the sun illuminating him, he looked more terrifying than ever. Electric blue eyes of the same hue as the flames surrounding him, his dark hair a striking contrast to whatever left of normal white skin he had.

Bakugou eyed the way Todoroki tensed when the intruder looked at them, his heterochromatic eyes narrowing in suspicion only to widen with horror a second later. He was quick to grab his collar and budge him up to stand on their feet.

“Get away from her!”

The owner of the voice was easy to identify, if not by the frantic tone, then by his relentless attempts to move around Dabi only to be stopped by the blue fire. It was as if the world was silent around him when Katsuki’s mind suddenly focused to comprehend that his fellow colleagues were occupied with the same multiple creatures that attacked the city.

Some of them were trained well enough to fight back, but most were still freshmen who haven’t
been exposed to such a high-risk situation, so what had to be done was already in action. Katsuki beelined for one boy frozen in place, pushing him out of the way with enough force to send him from the fight zone. He crouched to the floor, sliding his leg in a wide circle to trip his pursuer. The thing fell right by Katsuki’s side, with a blast from his hand its head was mushed into the gravel at his feet.

Bakugou didn’t wait, moving quickly around to help the students who seemed to struggle while keeping a look out at Iida and Todoroki, now engaging Dabi in a two-to-one fight.

He couldn’t tell which was winning.

All Might had his own hands full, one holding back a creature twice his size while the other wrapped protectively around the students hiding behind him. He had no room to move to call for help, but soon enough someone would sound the alarm. So, he clenched his teeth and fought back despite the crunching time-limit he knew was reaching fast, but there was no other given option before him.

“Fall back! Go to the school!” He yelled out, “Do not stop for anything, and inform the others of what’s happening!”

Whoever heard him followed, whoever didn’t were either handling themselves well enough to fight on their own or helping those who were injured.

There was no logical reasoning that All Might could find to understand why they’d attack the dorms. Despite their hatred towards heroes, they were obvious in their leniency regarding the younger generations, but this was a direct attack meant to harm the children.

For what?

Katsuki didn’t let himself think farther than the situation before him, by the time he cleared most of the students out of the way he turned to find both his friends on the ground while Dabi stood where he was, a sneer painting his face.

“You disappoint.” He hissed at the two boys below him, “I thought there would be more of a fight, but you’re still kids apparently.”

“You keep yapping but I don’t see you able to move an inch closer to us.” Iida spat, heaving and on his knees from being overworked.

Todoroki was much the same, no one seemed to be aware of his slight reluctance to attack the man before them. His throat was constricted, heart hammering against his chest without any ability to sound words.

His emotions were running high on a different load than everyone else.

Because what if what he was told… was true?

His heart hurt, his body wouldn’t move, there was a whole other tornado brewing inside him with no room for release. Shouto had to decide, whether he helps or...

Bakugou was by their side as soon as his hands were free, close enough to hear Dabi’s snark of a laugh directed at Iida, all while Ochako sat behind him unmoving.

“Uraraka! I know you can hear me!” He screamed out, “Look at me Uraraka!”
No response, Katsuki clenched his fists. The fire was surrounding her with no chance of walking in without turning to charcoal. His eyes looked to where Shouto lay, slightly questioning why he continued to be in that position.

“Just give her to us, and you can leave.”

Dabi snorted, “Where’s the fun in that? That’s not what I want.”

Katsuki growled, “Then what do you want?”

Dabi couldn’t get a chance to respond before a rock was slammed right into his face, projected from Iida whose rage seemed to be uncontrollable at this point.

The split second of his lost focus was all that he needed to boost his legs and slam himself right at Uraraka, carrying her as swiftly as he could and dashing all the way back.

Dabi had just turned his head to glare at Tenya when he realized exactly what had happened, and with fury slammed both his hands on the floor beneath him sending a wave of blue fire in all directions. The rage was seeping through his scream, eyes blazing as he sought after Uraraka’s position.

Most of their batch was already on the scene, managing through the chaos as the three young men focused on the enraged Dabi. A game of catch and mouse, predator and prey, with the roles shifting between them no one had an idea who was holding a lead.

Shouto, however, began showing the signs of overworking himself, Dabi exerting more effort from him due to how strong his flames were. You can’t fight fire with fire.

Not with the same blooded fire.

And so, he ran with a step with a leg half frozen and in excruciating pain. He couldn’t stop. He wouldn’t let himself stop anymore.

The lump in his throat only kept getting heavier as his eyes followed the movements that have been drilled into him before he could register what the world was.

The same posture.

The same techniques.

It was like looking at a mirror, broken and charred into oblivion he doesn’t think reaching would ever be a possibility.

So many things were piling up, anger, sadness, fear, heartbreak.

Heartbreak.

He was engaged in a duel with Katsuki when a scream erupted from Shouto’s mouth, coming from the depth of his heart.

Breathe.

Breathe.

I can’t.
Because what flashed through his mind were three young sounds of laughter as he watched from the distance.

Three bodies huddled together in playful fights.

Three bodies, one with white hair, one red and white, one with... red hair.

Two bodies hiding behind the eldest one, standing in defiance against the monster that harbored what was once a home.

One body, half burnt but with a face still smiling.

One body damaged with a warm heart.

One body, with eyes raging in the same nightmarish fire.

One body, with a back, turned towards them never to return.

A body, with now dark black hair, permanently scarred body, heated blue eyes that were staring him down with leveled hatred.

A person who, for as long as Shouto could remember, he had longed to see.

“Toya.” He yelled out, hand clutching his heart as tears began to pool down his eyes. Throat so tight the word didn’t make sense to his own friends, but enough for the person it was intended to.

He froze, eyes shadowing the surprise in the person before him. Recognition began to fill Dabi’s mind.

Red and white hair, ocean blue eyes, a half and half.

A history he promised never to revisit.

All it took was this split second, where time seemed to flow slower than it ever had for the following things to happen.

Katsuki was watching in confusion when in the corner of his eyes, he saw Uraraka suddenly raise her head up and stare back at him with empty eyes.

She elbowed Tenya, surprising him enough to release herself from his hold to spin herself around and kick his head with her foot.

Tenya fell and didn’t get back up.

Jiro and Momo were plastered on the ground beaten by the creature they were facing, and it didn’t look like they were winning.

Mina, Sato, and Koji were a far distance away transporting any hurt students back to safer zones.

Tokoyami, Shoji and Denki were spread around them still fighting and unable to support them.

All Might was in one corner protecting students behind him from multiple creatures.

And no back up was here yet.

Katsuki’s mind was silent, everything around him playing with crystal clarity. He could feel air fill
his lungs, frighteningly aware that when he exhales the world would not be the same as when it entered.

It was like jumping from the highest point of your life, nothing but everything mattered at once. The feeling of the wind on your face, the way it ripped against your hair and clothes. It was merciless cutting you open into the layers you once thought to have built.

He felt open, exposed. Unable to move and yet wanting to with every fiber in his body.

Katsuki could only watch as the universe willed the second to click by, and everything came crashing down.

Dabi had thrown his arms to bridge Shouto and himself off from anyone coming near them, moving like lightning down the pathway as Todoroki fell from exhaustion.

It was more than just the ice freezing him up from the inside out, his mind had thrown him into a chaos of nightmares he never let himself push through.

Memories of abuse pushed so far down his head the sudden wrench of the doors shocked him. Without adding the turbulence of emotions going through him with no button to stop it, a flash flood and an inability for it to decrease.

A moment he had never thought to happen, and in the worst possible scenario was conjured right into reality.

Dabi’s hands were quick to hold him, already releasing his quirk to heat Shouto’s body back into the normal temperature eyeing him in disbelief.

“Get your filthy hands off of him,” Katsuki growled, momentarily forgetting about Uraraka’s movements.

“Or what?” Dabi sneered, arms tightening around Shouto’s waist in a better hold.

Quickly scanning the scene, Bakugou gritted his teeth and with a silent fuck it in his mind, ran towards the two before him. Before he could reach the heat surrounding them, his arm was held by a force and Katsuki found himself being flown back to hit the ground.

“What do you think you’re doing disrupting such a nice moment?”

There he was again before Katsuki, confidence brimming the place with such intensity, everyone had stilled in their movements.

Bakugo couldn’t catch a break, not from the never-ending heartache he felt every time he saw the man before him, nor the overwhelming desire for him.

He really has gone mad.

His eyes scanned the sight before him, the green curls sashaying with the flames behind him, with a gaze so strong Katsuki could swear his skin was ablaze. Izuku had an emotionless sneer plastered on his face, eyes so distant from Bakugou he couldn’t imagine how he could bring him back.

But that wasn’t what mattered now, not when Shouto was being held in a spiral of blue flames when Uraraka had appeared to stand right next to the man of everyone’s current nightmares. She was equally expressionless as her arms wrapped around Deku’s waist, her eyes staring right into Katsuki’s own.
“Uraraka…” Katsuki begged.

“There’s no point in calling her Katsuki,” Deku’s voice was low, but its effect was heavy on everyone. No one could move, not when the aura surrounding the green haired man was so menacing it shook their feet into stillness.

“She’s no longer the person you knew.”

“Shut up,” Katsuki growled.

Izuku smiled, “She’s gone, just a vessel for me to use.”

There was no medical explanation as to how Bakugou’s heart was still beating, not when such pain is filled in it. Every moment he feels like there’s been a patch, a healing process, it was ripped open by the very same person before him.

But who was he to complain at this point?

Wasn’t this the fruits of the seeds he planted?

All this pain and suffering, could it have been completely avoided had he left Izuku alone, to begin with?

Could there have been a life where Izuku and Katsuki, lived side by side? Friends? Lovers?

“You see Katsuki, you think you’re invincible. All of you. Untouchable heroes where no harm could come to you, the main characters of your own story with the belief that you are to make it to the end.” Izuku placed his hand on Uraraka’s back, and she automatically straightened.

“Get your hands off of her Izuku.” Katsuki threatened and found himself thrown a few feet back with an invisible force.

He fell hard against the ground, the air knocked out of his lungs as he watched the gravel move to his breaths. The tears have already begun to fall down the blonde’s face, from the pain, the frustration, the disappointment in himself. He did this.

“Izuku,” He muttered, “I hurt you.”

Deku blinked in the silence that followed, unfazed.

Katsuki looked back up at him, “I hurt you in more ways than I could ever explain. And I’m so sorry. I am so sorry for what I’ve done to you Izuku. I would spend my entire life trying to repay you for what I did, but please…” A gasp, “Please don’t hurt anyone else because of me.”

‘I’m not doing this just because of you.” Bakugou’s eyes widened at the look of clarity in Deku’s eyes, “If you think all of this is just because of you, then you have not realized anything Katsuki. Life is not about you; my life is no longer about you. I do want to kill you. I want to hurt you in the same ways you’ve hurt me and more, but that’s not the only reason I’m doing this.”

As serene as the moment between them was, the world around them wasn’t. Katsuki’s friends were still trying to fight back a load of monsters coming their way. All Might had successfully gotten the students he was protecting to a safer place and was rushing back when Izuku’s words registered in him, but before he could warn anyone, Uraraka had already begun the steps to which Deku’s diversion speech had allowed to be done.
Before the blond could register what happened next, Deku was right by his side, hand clutching Katsuki’s hair and pulling his head up to have their eyes leveled. Darkness swallowing Izuku’s own ones as they stared back down and the broken crimson.

“All you ever do is forsake people,” Deku whispered, and shoved Bakugou’s head back to the ground to disappear. The swirling blue fire that kept Dabi and Shouto was long gone, desperate embers trying to stay alive was all that left of them.

What had stood in their place, was Uraraka. Numb, empty and with machine-like movement raised her arm straight at where the dorms stood, not much of a distance away from her, and in the split second where All Might was to yell for everyone to run, a light broke out of her with blinding intensity before everything burst to flames.

Chapter End Notes

again im sooooo sorry for how late and short this is but i promise im writing, this story needs to be told!!

let me know your thoughts !!!!

be the best you can be~
I’m back

The story shall continue

there's still so much that will happen

and be I hope you guys are ready for it!!
There wasn’t a significant point in his time where Shouto felt that things would change, specifically focusing on the internal battles he had grown with him.

There was hatred, regret, pain, abandonment.

There were a lot of emotions at once.
One would think that he’d outgrow them, became stronger from his worst nightmares and faced them head-on.

Became a hero.

But that wasn’t the case at all, if anything, he grew to detach himself from the world around him. It was easier than plunging towards a relationship he knew would eventually spiral into demise.

Morbid thinking, Todoroki would tell himself as he lay alone at night, but what other options were possible for him?

He could let go of it if it were something small enough, and this wasn’t particularly a story which could be narrated by someone who wished him to have a development in order to become someone worthy to be… whatever he is to be.

No, he is the narrator of his own story. What happens when the narrator didn’t want to change?

If he could go back to the earliest memory, it was unhappiness.

You know, those bits and pieces of childhood where emotions dominated more than images or specific details of what exactly happened, but as you’d go by your days normally, sometimes you’d get a whiff of that feeling and it’ll spread throughout you.

Unhappiness was the first thing Shouto knew.

Loneliness followed it shortly, something he couldn’t decipher until he was told what it was.

There was always that heaviness in his chest, a weight he couldn’t get rid of. How could he?

All that his childhood consisted of was rigorous unyielding training by a man who declared himself to be a father, but he was never one.

Shouto knew that he was special to his dad, in the twisted sense that Todoroki senior had it in him. He never felt like a son, just as how that man never felt like a father figure.

He was a prize, a token, a blade to be sharpened for the use of others.

There is always a brighter side to anything, and to Shouto it misted into the arms of love that belonged to his mother.

She was kind, soft, elegant, quiet, loving.

She made Shouto feel as though he had more meaning than just a tool.

But at what cost?

She was gone too, leaving a permanent mark to remind him of her disgust towards him.

He is not loved.

Shouto was aware of how the declaration of that statement came against where he stood right now since he somehow developed relationships with his peers where they have come to accept his cold nature.

But this isn’t love.
Neither his sister or brother back home, always asking about him and trying to become closer.

That wasn’t love.

Not the love he seeks, wants or needs.

If the two very reasons that brought him to this world rejected him, how could anyone ever accept him?

He had no way to explain this to anyone, the emptiness filling him all around, the inability to show emotions because of the lack of growth in them.

Todoroki had no chance to develop a connection with anyone, he thought at first.

But he found one.

He found on in the shape of fire red hair, blazing blue eyes and a smile that had him echo it immediately.

Even when his father beat him senseless to become stronger, even when his mother had spilled boiling water to his face declaring she had had enough of him, Shouto had faith this person could cheer him up.

And it worked for a while, a small while.

Until he left too.

And Shouto was all alone again.

What grew inside him of then was hatred. Hatred towards the man that brought him, to the mother that gave him up, to the siblings that never stood for him, to the one that left.

It boiled inside him, infesting his veins to reach his mind and fill it with the darkness that added on every waking moment.

Sleep never helped, because the dreams were an only retelling of nightmares.

Even as he grew stronger, better, colder. He couldn’t find himself able to express much of himself anymore.

There was nothing that sparked him from the inside, no reason for the fire he had in him to burn.

So, he grew cold, promised to only freeze what was around him.

He used the one quirk that echoed his broken heart.

Todoroki did attempt to fake his emotions at first, smile at his colleagues and try to dive into relationships. Evidently, it brought him more misery than anything.

To have to mask everything out, and come back unveiling it only to yourself, destroys one’s soul.

It results in cracks to your heart, knowing that all you’re doing out there are mechanisms of survival without even living in the first place. Just a vessel of thoughts, lacking emotions.

It took a while for the mirrors to not break anymore in their house, having had relapses of the episodes where Shouto would shatter them to bits.
He couldn’t bear to look at himself.
Not with the scar.
Nor with the person he no longer recognizes.
Every day became a chore, a tiring work. To wake up, to eat, to want something, to do anything.
There was no passion in his heart, and it slowly killed him off.
Sometimes Shouto would wake and ask himself how could his body be so alive when he was this dead?
How could his heart continue to beat, like a machine, never-ending and powerful when there was no fuel to it. Nothing to drive it, or make it want to beat.
His body was betraying Shouto, working so hard to be here when he didn’t.
He almost wasn’t here. Failed attempts to finally relieve himself of this misery.
And every time it didn’t work, just made Shouto believe he was put on earth to be tormented.
How could others live so happily, when he was suffering?
What has he done to deserve this?
Will there ever be an answer?

Disoriented, Shouto opened his eyes slowly. It took him a minute to realize that he wasn’t where he thought he was, a place recognizable to him. Another second and the memories before he crashed filled him.
All that he last remembers was crying out to Toya.

Toya.
Alarmed he rose from his place, noticing the bed he was laid upon, eyes darting to take in any information of the place he was in.
He did not know where he was, the room dark despite the appearance of a window is present on the side of the wall closest to him.
Todoroki’s body was trained to pick up on the slightest of movements around him if he were to be put in strange situations, and that is what it did.
He could tell there was someone outside the door, their shadow blocking the little light passing through. Eyes still on the look-out, he jumped and moved quickly away from the door the minute the handle had moved.
“You don’t have to be so alarmed Shouto,” The velvet voice spoke as the green haired boy walked in, “I’m not going to hurt you.”
Shouto narrowed his eyes at the sarcasm of the tone, watching the sly smile taking shape at the face staring back at him.
Even after the fight he’d had with everyone, Deku walked towards him with grace and aura, completely clean without any damage.

What the hell was he?

“You didn’t say you were going to kidnap me the last we spoke.”

Deku sighed and sat at the chair before Todoroki, hand gesturing for him to mirror the movement on the bed.

“Thanks, but I’d rather stay standing.” Shouto spat.

“Suit yourself,” Deku sighed, “But let’s clear one thing here, I didn’t kidnap you.”

Exasperated, Shouto rolled his eyes, “Oh? Then who? Please enlighten me.”

“Now that, I will do. But the whole carrying you like a damsel in distress was all your brother’s doing.” Deku was internally pleased with how Todoroki froze at his words. His mind already twirling in the snare he set up.

“Where… Where is he?” Shouto breathed out.

The emotions flaring inside him were difficult to hold in, evident in the slight sizzling of his skin at the knowledge that Toya was alive.

He was real, his blue flames stronger than he would’ve imagined.

From Shouto’s memory of the partial encounters, he also seemed physically healthy – aside from the purple skin. The cause of that damage still fresh on the young boy’s mind.

He blinked once, twice, and held back the tears that threatened to fall. Suddenly feeling like a little boy again crying for his older brother.

It had been so long, so long since they last saw each other.

And though some part of Shouto knew he had to address the main point between the two brothers, why he had left them, the larger part of him just wanted to see him again.

Funny how just days prior, they would’ve fought each other without realizing who they were staring at.

Which brings Todoroki to stare at Deku, sitting with so much ease and no caution before, one leg atop the other as he waited for the confusion inside the head of the mismatched haired boy to dwindle down.

Irritated at that, Shouto grimaced and with the flick of his wrist, he sent shrapnel of ice directly to Deku’s heart.

It never reached him.

A few millimeters away from Todoroki, his cold creation had burst into the smallest pieces and he found himself being flung with something he couldn’t see back on the bed. A force holding him down on the bed, hands, and legs pulled apart in opposite directions.

Shouto was pinned down, and terrifyingly with strength, he had never felt before. He tried to push himself out of it, sweat trickling down his temple, air huffed out of his chest all while the one
sitting across from him sneered in delight.

He could try for another minute or a whole month. Whatever this was, Shouto couldn’t break it.

“Let me go.” He clenched his jaw, “What the hell do you want from me?”

“Oh? You deduced that much?” Deku stood up, his hips sinfully walking towards Todoroki who couldn’t stray his eyes from the motion.

He cursed himself internally.

“You approached me with a proposal. I never gave you a reply.”

Deku’s eyes narrowed, gloved hands cracking as he stood right at the edge of the bed. He made it obvious to Shouto that his eyes were racking down his body; Todoroki flushed.

“Well, you weren’t supposed to spill our little information exchange, were you?”

The boy on the bed groaned frustratingly, “I didn’t tell a soul!”

“You told Dabi.”

“Who?”

Deku snorted, “Your brother. Toya? I believe was his name.”

Unable to respond back, Deku took this chance to shift himself on the bed, finding a comfortable position to seat himself right on top of Todoroki’s torso. The latter shifted uncomfortably.

The green haired boy leaned down, hands steadying him upwards as his face was now in parallel to Todoroki’s. The space between them short enough to have their chests meet at any intake of breath from the two.

“Can’t speak?” Deku whispered.

Shouto swallowed, his breathing becoming short the more that his eyes watched the face staring back at him.

His jawline was sharp, strong. His upturned nose was flickered with star-like freckles, the lips that spread into a smirk were luster full. Deku’s lashes were too long for his own good, Shouto watched as the eyes blinked and open again with their fluttered motion.

Todoroki was mesmerized. Transfixed in the heated gazing watching him, his heart hammering against his ribcage unable to calm himself.

Deku knew what he was doing, but a part of him enjoyed the reaction he was getting from the younger sibling of his current… lover.

He couldn’t deny his beauty; it was screaming itself away without anyone’s help, to begin with. But how unique it was hadn’t crossed his mind till he laid eyes on him for the first time, and thanks to the quirk he acquired, it was easy to find the missing ends he needed to bring the boy to his side.

Like a snake edging towards its prey, Deku’s movements were precise, flushing his chest against Shouto’s as his hips thrust against the other boy’s, and the noise that came out of him sent a thrill down Deku’s back.
Yes, he may not have any emotions to care about what his actions led to, but he was still partly human enough to desire.

So, he shoved himself hard against Shouto, taking a whiff of his scent as he approached the side of his neck, hands gripping the back of his head to expose his neck. Deku licked his lip in anticipation, flickering his eyes for a second to see Todoroki’s face, pleased with himself to see no actual struggle.

He snarled a laugh and pulled Shouto’s hair back some more, his lips going directly to the side of his neck to nip at while thrusting his hips against the boy below him.

It went on like that for a few minutes, Todoroki gasping for air as Deku assaulted his neck and moved lower to his collar bones, making sure to leave a specific area marked with enough force the helpless Shouto yelled at.

But the dark-haired one didn’t give him a break, he shuffled back up quickly and pushed their faces together, taking the chance of Todoroki’s opened mouth and began kissing him feverishly.

He dominated the kiss quickly, with the aid of the force he applied on Shouto’s body, his hands were free to roam around the built-in chest laying beneath him. Making a pointed stop at his nipples to play and nudge them, causing the caged boy to moan out against it.

But was he against it?

Todoroki couldn’t stop himself from bucking his hips against the ones on top of him, his breath getting caught in small pants as Deku was relentless with his kissing.

It wasn’t that Shouto’s mind went blank per se, but he was feeling so much in many different areas and was unable to move at all his frustration got the best of him and he bit into Deku’s lip to give himself a break.

If he didn’t, he knew there was no stopping what would come next.

“Well that ruined the mood,” Deku wiped his lip with a tissue he brought out of nowhere, seeming to be in control of himself while the boy under him was in shambles.

He looked so good Deku could’ve eaten him right up, with his disheveled hair and the rose tint to his cheeks as they puffed with air, his lips deliciously red and eyes brimming with desire he could no longer hide from the green-eyed boy.

“Get off of me.” Todoroki strained to say the words.

Deku shrugged, moving out of the position he wished to continue in, but he couldn’t push his new toy to the limit just yet. He had to wait for it.

“Well now that we had a little fun, would you like to see Dabi?”

Shouto didn’t have to bother with himself to answer back, the door of the room opening just as Deku had finished his question.

He watched as his brother took in the sight of the two, with Deku oh so in perfect condition, while he lay there with a half-hard-on and still trying to control his breath. Shouto was embarrassed.

“It’s not what you think…” He started quickly, hoping to bring some explanation to Toya, but his voice died as soon as Deku pulled him in for a deep kiss as well.
Nothing made any fucking sense.

“You could at least wait for me to see him before you start fucking him,” Dabi murmured.

“And miss your annoyed twitch in the eyes? Never.” Deku smiled devilishly, “Now that I have you both in the same room, we’re going to discuss the terms I gave your brother Dabi.”

“There’s no fucking terms! You’re talking as if I’m going to join you!” He struggled again against his holds, but it was useless.

The room turned cold faster than the siblings could register, and Shouto shuddered against the menacing look Deku gave him.

“Don’t think for a second you’re valuable enough for me to allow disrespect.” He spat.

“Then why are we here?” Dabi avoided his brother’s gaze.

“Because the two of you will help me kill All Might.”

Deku’s words registered into the minds of both boys before him, his eyes gleaming in the hollowness that carried horrors beyond their imagination.

Two weeks.

Just two weeks.

That’s how long Todoroki Shouto was missing.

How long it’s been since All Might had no ability to use his quirk anymore.

The time it took to plan the funeral of 25 students of UA.

The time since Ochako had single-handedly destroyed the dorms of UA.

Two weeks since Katsuki watched all hell break loose with no chance of stopping it.

How much damage should happen for everything to finally stop?

How many of his friends had to die, for this world to be satisfied?

Katsuki’s eyes caught the reflection of his face on a broken shard. Staring at it, he wondered what exactly are heroes if they couldn’t save anyone?

For months, Deku had succeeded in murdering so many people, and the pro heroes haven’t answered to anything.

The outbreak of the public and their riots against all the hero organizations were only getting bigger by the day.

The crimes are building up with no sight of it dwindling any time soon.

Bakugo knows that there is work being done to restore order.
But what is it are they trying to bring back?

What is left of this life to want anything brought back?

Jiro.

Momo.

Denki.

Ochako…

Who’s going to bring them back?

Katsuki determined he was insane on that day. He can’t remember when the tears stopped flowing from his eyes, or when did pain become the single emotion in his heart. Bakugou wasn’t sure when he last smiled, he can’t remember that anymore.

That goes without saying the mental debate of his demons were merciless. Any time he wanted to allow himself to grieve, they reminded him that all of this happened because of one single reason.

Bakugou Katsuki.

Had he been good to Izuku, none of them would’ve died.

Had he been a friend to Izuku, he wouldn’t have lost him in the first place.

Had he been a human, giving another the basic treatment required by any living thing…

That’s all Katsuki does best. Brood about the past he could’ve changed while collectively destroying the future he claims he wants to save.

A knock on the door awoke him, moving sluggishly to answer the door to find Kirishima staring somberly back at him.

Bakugou could tell he’d been crying, a lot. The red under his eyes with the puffiness of their appearance was a marked tell on Kirishima.

They stood there in silence, none mustering any energy to speak a word to each other. Katsuki was aware why he was there though, taking a breath to retrieve his black jacket and walk out with him.

He met the rest of them downstairs, all wearing black in echo to their faces.

Katsuki stood there for a second, watching the rest of his class trying to collect some composure before standing at a stage while they finally put their friends to their graves.

It crossed his mind that maybe he should say something, anything. But what words could come out of his mouth that could ever heal what happened to them?

*Things will get better.*

*Time will heal you.*

Words spoken to him over and over but never left any mark.

He closed his eyes for a minute, the emotions rising to his throat, and opened them again with tears
in his eyes.

Emptiness. Vast emptiness hovering over him like a slithering snake, whose fangs had sunk deep enough to reach the rest of his friends.

Bakugou opened his mouth to speak, but nothing would come out. He swallowed.

“We should go,” Tsuyu whispered, voice cracking and dry.

They shuffled forward without another word.

It was slightly cold, indicating the change of the coming season.

Katsuki looked around at the number of people standing with candles waiting to be lit, he took another deep breath and turned his gaze to where their principal was giving a speech about their lost friends.

All 25 of them.

He gritted his teeth, breathing becoming heavy as his shoulder was held on by Kirishima’s hand as consolation. The blonde’s finger lightly brushed it before walking upwards to the mic, avoiding the gaze of his mourning teachers.

Avoiding everyone’s gaze.

As the top student of UA, he was required to give a word about their martyrs.

Bakugou rested his eyes at the parents of his friends, some he grew to know, some he never had met.

He couldn’t do this.

He wasn’t qualified for this.

They didn’t deserve to have words spoken of them, by him.

“I wish I could be speaking in any other occasion,” He started, eyes reading the cards given to him that began in a whole other way, “But this is the truth of our world.”

Whispers broke out before him, hushed disapprovals of the words he was saying, but Katsuki didn’t care anymore.

“To be honest with you, I have with me cards I’m supposed to read out to you to sympathize with you. But it’s all bullshit.”

“Bakugou!” Aizawa gasped behind him. Katsuki raised a finger back at him.

Eyes brimming with tears and anger, “I’m not sympathizing with them when we lost them too!” His booming voice quieted the crowd’s noise. “We lost them. Not just their families.” Bakugou turned back to the crowd, “I can’t sleep. I can’t eat. I can’t think anything but the fact that I won’t see Momo making weird coffee for us to try in the morning, or how Denki would be reading some comics on the couch while asking for someone to make him food. I can’t grasp the fact that Jiro
and I won’t be sharing music CD’s any more or having a band practice together whenever we could catch a break to ourselves. My mind… My mind can’t understand that Ochako… That her brimming smile would never make my day anymore.”

His voice had broken somewhere in the middle, gasps of breath gushing to the speakers as he tried to speak despite how hard it was to formulate a single word. Bakugou’s eyes were rivers.

“It’s not fair,” He whispered harshly, “That we can’t have any more moments with them. That life was cruel enough to let wrong people use one of the purest girls I’ve ever met to do so much harm to us. This was not the world we were promised by our predecessors.

“No one should die for any reason, much less before they even graduated high school and I… and I don’t know what to do.” Katsuki cried out, “I don’t know what to do. Everyone keeps dying, and we keep hurting, and all I want is just one second more. All I’m asking is for one more day where I could tell them things I couldn’t, where my heart and mind would finally be equal, where my selfish needs won’t override the simple act of telling someone how much I care about them.”

He stood there in the deafening quiet, eyes all loss of hope, and said, “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I’m sorry.” Bakugou had kept repeating until he was helped off the stage.

No one could speak after that, not when the crack in the boy before them was so evident. His broken plea spread across them all, so destroyed and devoid of the will to live it resulted in people crying than anything else.

It was a sound of a soul so hollowed out and vulnerable it brought out the pain in others so directly, it took an hour to calm everyone down to complete the procession.

Katsuki hadn’t spoken a word since, opting to walk at the end of the line as his friends and teachers carried the caskets to where they would be buried.

Bakugou couldn’t dare touch them. Not when his hands were the reason they died.

He didn’t move as he saw all 25 graves covered, not when the rain began to pick up. Bakugou was rooted in place and watched as one by one, the mass left. He was aware of the people standing a good distance behind him, but he didn’t budge an inch.

Katsuki wasn’t sure how long he stood there, enough for the rain to stop and the moonlight to arise but nothing in him had any energy to try and find out. His eyes never left the sight of the graves.

More deaths on him.

Bakugou’s lips began to quiver, cheeks wet again as his heart broke again and again. He couldn’t allow himself to get out of there. Not in their first night alone. He broke out a sob, knees giving out as he finally allowed the pain to submerge him entirely.

His hands reached to his chest, face planting on the ground as he screamed his pains out. No words, no sentences, just the wailing of his agony.

It hurt.

It hurt,

*It hurt.*

*Come back.*
Please come back.
I’ll do anything.
I’m so sorry.
I didn’t mean to.
Please.
I’m so sorry.

Katsuki raised his head up to the dark sky, the twinkling of the stars shining in contrast to the darkness his world had ended up being.

Hands were holding him from behind, with more than one sounds of sobbing.

His friends.

Unaware of when they came, or if they ever left, Bakugou continued his yells to nothing.

Whatever he said, there would never be a response.

It will always be this silence.

“Why won’t I die.” He murmured, “Why won’t life just take me and end this nightmare. Why won’t my bloodied hands be cut and thrown into a fire? Why won’t my head be hung and severed for all the pain I caused. Why won’t I be the one to go!”

Kirishima tried to hush him, but Bakugou wouldn’t stop.

“They’re dead. We will never see them again. Heaven took them from us! From me!” The blonde’s hands rose to his hair and began to pull on it with frustration, only to suddenly whisper, “They say a soul takes a day to leave the body.”

“Yes.” The redhead whispered back.

“The sun is coming back up, soon they’ll soar to the sky, to heaven.”

Kirishima held back a sob, running a hand under his nose and nodded. His voice failed to speak back.

Bakugou watched with empty eyes as the sun began to set its first light on the fresh graves of his friends, the dew left from the rain forming a hue of light all around them. The blond watched as nature blessed his friends with its halo around them, as their spirits were to soon leave them.

The world will continue to shift its gears to the future, while they lay in their frozen state forever.

Deku was aware the sun was up for a while now, his eyes watching with caution the man sitting across from him as he continued speaking.
“Did you get what you wanted from the brothers?”

Deku raised his head once.

“And was it satisfactory?”

A raised eyebrow, “Very, now that I have the power that made them.” Deku spoke.

“I should hope so,” The voice sneered, “It wasn’t easy obtaining it.”

“And it wouldn’t be for nothing.”

Silence.

“And you are sure you have their loyalty?”

Deku’s mind flashed back two weeks back, to when Dabi and Shouto were finally told their use to him. He remembers Shouto’s refusal, his failed attempt to get out of his grasp and Dabi’s somber expression into understanding that they were both tied to Deku for life.

Every action he had made, was not for a useless result. Every moment he was still alive, was a moment he gained to finalize his goal.

The Todoroki brothers were crucial for that.

Not because of who they are precisely, but who they come from.

And it was so easy, oh so easy, to hold them both down in nightmares they couldn’t escape until they were broken. Again, and again. Continuously.

It was a game Deku had known so well, how to break a spirit to the point of no return, and once Shouto – who had given more resistance than Dabi – had finally looked back into Deku’s eyes with a face like his own, did the green haired boy know he did it.

The three of them now, conjurers of flame and ice.

The strongest Todoroki’s children, un cared for by their father, were now the two most loyal subjects to Deku who took it upon himself to bring them back the head of their father as their final breaking point.

To cut off the head of the top second hero of the world, what would stop Deku from getting the number one hero’s head too?

That moment was coming.

And as Deku left the room that harbored his personal demons, he glanced back at Shouto’s vacant eyes waiting for his command. With an ominous smile to his face, Deku continued to walk down the hallway to his next step.

Chapter End Notes

heya!!!
Honestly, you guys are the best thing to happen to me in this world

Despite everything you stuck by my side and that means the world to me.

i love you guys ALOT
and as always

i left things out, details, that are needed for later !!!

tell me how you feel about this chapter!!!

be the best you can be~
In the cold dark room, hidden many feet below the ground where the malicious intent oozing off its owner was felt throughout the whole compound, the bed-ridden figure shifted with annoyance. His breathing ragged and irregular that accompanied the bleeping machine next to his stand.

He was a soul that belonged not to this time, but one where the world was in shambles, disorder, chaos. The hands he could barely move would itch in the memories of the days they conquered the very land he rots on.

Oh, how different it was back then.

When each man was left to fend himself, hatred and bigotry was an infection no one could escape
An age where quirks were alienated and thought of to be a disease, but he used it into his advantage.

His long-lost sight could still see it, senses living in the past for so long he almost feels how it was. The strength he had, the people who followed him, the allies he had created.

He ruled the underworld.

He ruled the world itself.

But his one mistake, his absolute regret was something he still carried with him to this day.

To think after all that he had done to place them in a position where they had everything, his own blood would betray him.

What was left of his face grimaced, heat escaping his nostrils in an agitated rush while remembering the reason for his downfall.

But it was so close, his salvation.

Only a little more...so many years had passed, after enduring it… all he had to do was be a bit patient.

Fate had a weird sense of humor where it brought him back to the same legacy his brother had left behind, a different face, different form, never the same person but always the same ideals.

The same attempt to destroy his return.

And though a few had come close to bringing him down, he always had the upper hand in guiding them back to the dirt they belonged to.

The only one so far to have fought his fate was All Might.

A fire he awoke after murdering his predecessor, where he truly believed he had annihilated the nuisance of the quirk he bestowed a long time ago. But he was much too wrong.

All Might had proven time and time again to be a force to reckon with, and despite all odds and having come close to dying, he prevailed.

Only the difference in who he was and who he is… was a chance an idiot would miss.

So, he stayed silent, curling within the shadows and playing his cards right. To wait for the perfect moment to strike.

The opportunity presented itself a little over 18 years now in the shape of a broken man, dark-haired and equally dark eyes. He sought All for One himself, in some way able to find his organization.

Reaching his feet battered and blue by his guards, those haunted eyes didn’t waver as he watched All for One descend towards him.
All for One liked that.

“And what business do you wish to speak with me about?”

He narrowed his eyes, “I want to make a deal.”

“Oh? And do you understand who you’re making a deal with?”

The man on the floor snorted, “I wouldn’t be here if I didn’t.”

All for One liked him, tenacious and rude, but a fire growing inside his eyes in an unwavering flicker. If it were anyone else, someone who seemed to have a reason to want to stay alive, he may have not given his time. But he did for this man.

And so, he sat back in his chair, eyes glimmering with the harrows of the nights he brought, ears eager to hear what kind of deal this man brings forth.

Allowed to shovel on the ground closer, knees bent with a bow to his head, the dark eyes looked back up at All for One as he spoke.

“My name’s Midoriya Hisashi. I am but a simple man trying to live a simple life, and there’s a situation in it that I cannot solve. No one can.” The desperate tone of his voice grew, “My wife, Inko, has suffered through an accident a few weeks ago.”

“And I’m involved in this, how?”

Hisashi gritted his teeth, “What had happened to her, was because of you.”

“And you wish to seek vengeance?” All for One’s eyebrow raised at the comical turn of events. He truly has seen it all now.

Hisashi’s eyes darkened even more, the silence breaking between them before he spoke again.

“No.”

“Then what –”

“Not from you.” He interrupted the large man without any hesitation, “But from heroes.”

It was All for One’s turn to stay quiet, a finger brushing against his chin as he regarded the pity of a man that now stood before him. He amounts to nothing if one would stare hard enough, but in the life that All for One had lived so far, he became acutely aware of the little things that manifest to change a person in drastic measures where they can no longer be recognized, they become something they never thought they would be.

A reaction in people who have seen their future, and realized there was nothing in it.

Someone whose hope for this life had all but disappeared.

This was one of those moments.

With a nod from the one in charge, Hisashi continued, “It was the day you killed a female hero, someone who rivaled you in strength. I’m not a fool to think of you as a normal villain, not with what I had seen with my own eyes. You attempted to take something from her, and when you failed, you killed her.”
“I’ve killed a lot of people; your words haven’t sparked much interest in me yet.” The threat was evident in his tone, and Hisashi rushed to finish his point.

“Your attack was powerful to reverberate across many distances, it’s embers scorching through whatever came towards it. My wife was directly in contact with it. I don’t know what you used… what quirk you have, to cause such… damage to a human’s body, but she was pregnant then. Very early on, just a few weeks.” Hisashi grimaced, face shadowing with hatred, “But something happened to the baby in her stomach.”

Perhaps, a long time ago, words told with such broken tone could have moved a heart if it still beat. But, with who Hisashi was presented to, none of the above brought on a reaction other than the annoyance of his time being wasted.

“I don’t want your apology. I’ve heard enough of it from the doctors and heroes who I tried to get help from.” Hisashi’s eyes began to tear, hands punching the ground beneath him as his mouth let out puffs of smoke, “They said whatever it was had basically soldered the baby into her womb, unable to surgically remove him to save her, nor any way to save him.”

All for One was aware of the growing aura surrounding his visitor, his mouth still releasing the black smoke while the fire in his eyes burned them into black stones.

This was a broken man on a mission. A dangerous combination.

Angry, Hisashi rose from the ground and eyed All for One.

“They say the baby is dead. That my wife will die. That everything I have in this life…” Staring at his hands as his voice tore, “Will be gone in a matter of time. But I don’t believe them. My child is in there, alive. My wife will live. And you’re going to help me bring them back.” Fists clenched without backing down, Hitoshi raised his head.

“And what if this child, is truly dead?”

“He is not. Not if we do what I came here for.”

All for One leaned forward, “And who’s to say I will help you?”

Hisashi took a deep breath, any hesitation swallowing the words down has all but disappeared. All it took was the image of Inko lying half dead in their bedroom to remind him exactly who is he doing this for.

“Because if you save them, if you let her live with our child for as long as it’s needed, he can be what you need to destroy heroes all together.”

“Do you hear yourself talking? Are you selling the future child you have for measly years?”

“Better measly than none.”

All for One laughed at that, “Your child is dead. I cannot bring back what’s already left.”

“My child is not dead.”

“You have lost your mind grieving. Leave now, before my mercy on you wears thin.”

“He is not dead!” Hisashi yelled, “Everyone claims he is, but he is not! Whatever it was you attacked with, those embers that my wife inhaled with enough quantity to do that to the child, it can
be undone by you as well.”

“And how are you so sure?”

Hisashi looked away with shame, “I experimented on them.”

“Oh, on your wife and child?”

This was an interesting confession, a preview of exactly what capability Hisashi had that All for One can now see in him.

“Yes, I gathered enough of it to give it to the baby, and it responded to it. There isn’t any heartbeat… but the baby moved, he reacted.” The self-hatred oozed out of the broken man.

All for One stood abruptly, the dots of the story connecting in his mind to understand what exactly is being offered to him. The attack he had used to kill that woman, was a mixture of a chemical and nuclear quirk, one which its strength is weakened and so he hasn’t used it since. He was the only one to understand how that quirk worked, how the mixture of the two different elements if sent to one specific point, would tear apart every cell in a human’s body. It would, in every sense of the word, breakdown a man’s DNA in irreversible damage.

If nuclear radiation can destroy all forms of life on this earth, having this quirk affect this child with such intensity… The mother should have died instantly.

She should have had her cells break apart from the inside out, died by choking on her own blood. But she didn’t.

“What about your wife?”

Hisashi shook his head, “The only thing threatening her life is the child.”

It was like a clink of a bell inside the man’s mind.

The baby absorbed it.

All for One fell back into his chair with disbelief painted on his face, a hand covering his opened mouth.

The child completely absorbed the shockwave and protected the mother.

“Show them to me.”

She lay in peace, as if asleep, on a large white bed. The room itself was encased with multiple prayer charms and flowers, the smell overbearing at some point. But All for One cared not, because his sole attention lay on the stomach of a woman that shouldn’t have looked this way.

“It’s growing?” He whispered.

“Yes. No heartbeat, no nutrients are being supplied directly to him, but he’s growing, moving.” Hisashi moved towards Inko, his ragged hands holding her delicate ones, “Her heartbeat is going faint the more the days pass by, but it grew stronger after I injected those embers inside him.”

All for One approached Inko and her stomach of what seemed to carry a baby of at least six months. In a span of a few weeks, the child had grown this much. According to Hisashi, it’s growth
scale only increased after the infusion.

The nuclear and chemical reaction altered everything in it, enough to create a whole other thing growing inside the human woman. Something, that All for One noticed, seemed to be emitting power in reaction to his presence.

Something that he instantly recognized as an essence that belonged to him. A part of him.

“I cannot promise his survival. And you have yet to explain your bargain. Even if I were to infuse my own blood as you have explained on the way, it would not bring the reaction you want.”

Hisashi seemed to struggle to get his words out, “I infused it with everything I could find, everything I could search. The only thing left is you. Whatever reacted in him, the DNA tests I have done, the microscopes I used. It’s some sort of DNA alteration, something no one has seen before, he isn’t… he isn’t human anymore. But when I used your embers, the ash that was left after the fight you did, he did react to it.”

“It still doesn’t explain why you’d give him up for revenge on heroes.”

Hisashi spat, “If it were not for them, then none of this would have happened. If they did not insist on making grand shows, harming whatever that comes their way to stop villains…”

It was clear to him that Hisashi was severely misguided in his hatred, a breakage of his continuous stress and what was obviously a mind on the brink of insanity; enough to do his own experiments on his wife and child to cause such thought process that could have ended in a completely different result. But All for One was not going to change that.

Whatever this thing was, it reacted to All for One like muscle on command. Though it was faint, he could tell that if it was honed in the way he had in mind, this child could very well be the exact vessel he needs to not only finish his enemies but revive All for One permanently.

No more adding unnecessary quirks to stay alive.

No more need for surgery to keep this body working.

If what he felt was true, the alteration not only resulted in the change of DNA to a different origin it also brought out something that was a part of him.

All for One may have found the very body he needs to live on forever.

If this child grew to be what he expected him to be...

He eyed the woman again, the pulsating energy source from her stomach only increased his father’s madman pleas.

“All I want is for them to live. To see each other… I want my child to grow up, to taste life. Not have it taken away before he knew what it was!”

“And you would give him these pitiful years, and then hand him to me?”

Hisashi opened his mouth, but nothing came out.

All for One smirked, “You do not make deals with me to back down.”

“I’m not backing down. Whatever he is… he is not human. But I love my wife, I know how much she had wanted a child, how much we tried to have one. This one was our salvation. For her to live
without him… would be as painful for me to live without her.” He sat on the chair by Inko’s side, one hand holding hers, the other moving strands of hair away from her face, “She is the only thing I have in this world, and if the only way for her to live, is for the baby to live, then I would make not only a deal to sell him, but to sell myself.”

All for One stared at the man of no medical background who reached such conclusions on his own. Someone who found him, his hiding place, it was a fact he can’t let go easily. Midoriya Hisashi was a force to be reckoned with, “I will agree on half of your deal. If the child lives, and he is of use to me, I will have him. If he is of no use to me, I will kill him.”

Hisashi’s eyes teared with pain, “And my wife?”

“She can live.”

All for One waited for the agreement, though he knew that if he wished, he could have what he wanted immediately. But what is life if not lived with a little fun bargain?

“It’s a deal.”

The news of the birth of the child came to All for One a few weeks later.

A boy of green eyes and a beating heart, pink colored skin and a strong grip for life.

The message written by Hisashi was nothing short of an emotional father, details of which All for One couldn’t care less for, but the news of the it was enough to have him visit a few days later.

Eyes brimming with terrifying intelligence watched as Hisashi opened the door of his home with a grim look on his face.

Smirking, All for One greeted him animatedly. “Shall we see this son of yours?”

The father gulped and nodded once, stiffly turning his back to the monster behind him as he walked him towards the child’s room.

Before he even entered, All for One could sense the atmosphere of the house. There was a dark presence here, something that closely resembled his own core, but with an edge that harbored far more danger than he could’ve imagined.

Hisashi quickly walked in the room and was out in a few minutes, in his hands was a small body huddled in blankets and completely covered from All for One’s sight.

“Show me his face.”

Hisashi obliged without a word, fingers delicately unwrapping the face of his newborn and turned it to the stranger in the room.

All for One was sure that anyone other than he, would see a newborn child of rosy cheeks, dark hair, and eyes. A baby that could be regarded as pure, innocent.

But that wasn’t what he saw.
No, he saw a child that had nothing. What stared back at him was not human, not animal, but a creation that was the first in this world.

What he saw was death itself. An abomination.

There were no eyes, no ears, no nose, and no skin. Only flesh of a being that’s sheathed by a thin layer of swirling dark fires. And it called out to him.

He could swear he felt the thing enter his mind and ask who was he?

Why was he here?

What is he?

A man who had lived as many years as he had, had stepped back in a short second after the realization dawned upon him.

Whatever the reaction did, it brought something that should never have been left to live.

“Does he scare you?” Hisashi whispered, eyes burning in the reaction All for One had shown, “A mere child?”

“That is no mere child…” He wanted to continue but instead walked forward. Raising a finger at it, All for One smiled menacingly at how it responded instantly to him. It gravitated forward and placed its tiny hands on his to give him the answer he needed. “It shall live.”

It was as if a rock had weighted off his shoulder and Hisashi took a deep breath, holding his son close to him, “We named him Izuku.”

Without missing a beat, he brought Izuku back to his room, covering him quietly as the baby slept, and returned to where All for One stood.

“A deal is a deal.”

“I know,” Hisashi hissed, “But you have to give him a good number of years with us.”

All for One sneered, “The deal was that he stays with his mother, you… however…”

He smiled at the memory of the day when everything began. As fragile as his body has become over the years, his plan had soon become a reality.

All for One took a deep breath as the shadow to his side shifted and moved closer, responding to the silent order of his master.

“Has it really been that long since then?” He spoke to the man at his side, “To think our little Izuku would have come this far.”

All for One smiled sinisterly at the man before him.

“To think that his father, who had shown such a fight, would become what you are now…” His thin finger grazed the faceless head, “If only he could know his father sold him to me before he was born… that his father was absorbed into my own body by a quirk I obtained… His father that
had become a creature of his own, faceless shifting into anything I wanted… a father that had
tortured him for years by his own hands…” He laughed, “Who would have known that you would
have come to this state Youta. A name that was given to you by Izuku himself, when in fact… I
should call you by your real name, Hisashi?”

Chapter End Notes

i literally couldn't wait to post this because...
HECK ALMOST 20,000 HITS!!!!!!!!!!
WHAT
YOU GUYS
HOLY COW
MY GOD

im honestly, in complete damn shock
i never imagined 100 hits
and to have it almost 20,000.........................
i cried, literally
also while writing this chapter
and in honor of this huge milestone, NEXT CHAPTER WILL HAVE A PORTION
FOR Q&A!!!
so if you ahve any questions you still want answered, and if it wont spoil the story
write it down below with this " #" next to it, so i know it's meant for that purpose
and i will try to answer as many as you guys leave me
unless y'all dont and this whole end note is basically... me embarrassing myself lmao
but!!!
TELL ME UR THOUGHTS ABOUT THIS CHAPTER IM DYING TO KNOW
AHHHH
I can't begin to express the importance of this chapter lmao

no one asked any questions, so I tried to make sure previous ones were answered here

this is a breakthrough !!!!

thank you so so much for your continued support

END NOTES IS V IMP PLS READ

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Origin

PART 2

All for One reserved himself in the shadows of the creature named Izuku. A close watch over the weapon he kept at bay for the day he could use.

But how was he to use it?

The first few years went by normally in the child's life, he grew with his mother nurtured with care and love, had friends around him and was specifically close to one child of fair hair and explosive nature.

Many aspects around his life, however, had to be adjusted into the mold All for One wanted to shape him into becoming. For instance, his father – according to everyone – had suddenly decided he wasn't one to care for a child and runoff, leaving a young mother and an infant to fend for themselves.
Little did the world know Hisashi was not off somewhere enjoying his money and women, as rumors would follow his wife around whenever she’d leave the house. No, the dark-haired man could only hope to ever step foot out of his cage either dead or something else entirely.

It was the latter.

Hisashi had suffered under the hands of All for One repeatedly, infinitely. He was a plaything, a body of flesh to be cut and prodded, quirk removed from and quirks placed into.

“Since you like experimenting so much,” All for One had spoken darkly one day, morning or night, a week or month after his capture, Hisashi could no longer tell, “Why don’t you become my own little experiment?”

It was a menacing promise, kept to whatever capability the man allowed.

He was tortured into forgetting everything that he once was and taught what he’s to become. A man of the night, not heard, not remembered. Any time he cried out in pain; he was cut into more. Whenever he tried to fight back, he was broken down. There was no escape, no salvation.

No one to save him, no one to recall him.

There was nothing left of him anymore. And even as he tried to think of the woman he loved, of the thought that he had a son somewhere out in the world, the trails of his memories only faded the more time he spent in the dark.

One of those days, One for All returned with a young boy.

He was too frail, too dirty, life seemed to have been already taken much out of him though so young. At that point, Hisashi did not know his own name, or what he was. because of that, he kept to himself at the introduction of the child.

“This is Shigaraki Tomura, he’ll be the one to be the successor of my work. You two shall support each other in the years to come.”

All that Hisashi could remember after that was finally having a functioning body back, and his complete loyalty to the man before him.

Watching, waiting. All for One had decided he would have the child be the one to come to him. What joy would it be, if he took him by force?

Being the sole person to walk this earth to know exactly what Izuku was, he devised a plan to keep that discovery hidden until it was time for it to show. The anomaly that this child is would only bring about questions from unnecessary people – and the first of them, All Might.

No, he couldn’t risk that baboon of a man to come close to Izuku. None of the heroes should come close to his golden egg, and so he set out in the scheme he fermented for the past three years, just as Izuku had finally turned four.

He called out for his plaything, now a loyal faceless subject with a specifically helpful quirk he’d acquired. A collection at bay All for One had, ready to be used whenever he wanted.

Shapeshifting, sleep induction, hypnosis. Three very useful quirks he placed into the man whose time to shine finally came.
All for One sent him out and watched, with eyes that he shared with him, as he inspected Izuku thoroughly – like any medical practitioner… a father, would – to adjust the x-ray taken of his feet and announce to the mother that her son, Izuku, could never manifest a quirk.

The broken look on Izuku’s face while he held on to an All Might toy as if it could shield him off from the news that would forever set his path into his down-fall.

It was sardonic, All for One thought, as to how his arch-nemesis was the man something of his own blood was admiring to become like.

His eyes watched Izuku’s green ones, as the wheels of fate finally began to shift their lives.

It could have been done in another way, where he could’ve allowed Izuku to manifest his… quirk. Izuku could harness, sharpen and wield it into proper strength, but there was a high risk in that direction.

His power was simple if you knew where to look from. Where his mother should have died on the spot to the exposure, Izuku’s body had somehow absorbed the nucleo-chemical particles in excessive amount.

Where his cells should have ruptured, torn and died. They thrived, pulsating in a core inside of his chest next to his heart. A source of untouched pure ability that only grew as time went by.

All for One had somewhat understood what happened that day, give or take. His father had a fire breathing quirk, his mother one that could attract objects to her. Though they were both weak, sometimes two parents could produce a child that had either one of their quirks, combination, or a new one entirely.

From watching Izuku during the day and allowing himself to enter the child’s room and hold him with his own hands, All for One’s mind had come to understand what was happening inside the young body.

Izuku originally seemed to have his mother’s attraction quirk, and it had joined with his father’s fire ability where he – if he was born normally – would manifest a power capable to attract heat, possibly even fire at some point.

He would’ve become a great hero.

All for One smirked at that.

But, as fate had concluded, that was not meant to be. Because of his flexible ability at yet not being manifested, the direct attack his mother had suffered was absorbed by him – since it was the heat of the shockwaves that carried the toxic particles.

Now came the tricky part. Nuclear energy worked on two principles; Fusion and Fission. Where the former was bringing two separate hydrogen atoms together to create a helium particle, Fission was breaking that union and separating them back to their original atoms.

A tiring process disconnected and continuous all the same. It was the essence of how the Sun was, a large star in space whose energy and power could be compared to none.

Until Izuku.

The energy would easily be dissipated in such a repeated process, such as the one of the Sun which after billions of years, would eventually burn itself out. That’s where Izuku is different. The heat
loss during both the fusion and fission of the nuclear particles in his blood – shared by the blood of All for One when he had the quirk – was absorbed back into his body by the quirk he originally had.

His cells meticulously worked to not lose that energy, helping him into not combusting the minute he was exposed. Izuku was a core of continuously supplied and stored source of nuclear energy.

The more his body grew, the larger the area of absorption was, the more energy was being released. The more radioactive and destructive he became.

A promise of doom.

His outer exterior though normal to the rest, was the evident result to the monstrous power the child had. All for One was yet to know why he could see it clearly, but others couldn’t, and he left it for another time to answer.

Because now, he had to isolate his Izuku from the world that slowly became his enemy.

The idea first came to him watching the boy Izuku so dearly called Kacchan save him from another almost accident – though, at this point, Izuku had bled. All for One narrowed his eyes with worry for a minute at having the blood be so directly exposed to the outer air due to its abnormal nature. But as time ticked on, no reaction resulted with the air.

for now at least.

He was far too injured to do anything about the next course of action that displayed before him, having fought All Might not two weeks earlier with the same chemical remnants of the quirk that created Izuku's combustion.

All Might wasn’t the same after it. All for One knew it, sensed it. After so many years fighting against the same quirk that he bestowed, he became almost attracted to it. The slightest change in it, his own bones felt.

So, he watched on as Kacchan held on to Izuku’s bleeding fingers and sucked on a smaller wound. The chemically infested blood now running in the blonde’s system.

What he failed to realize then, was just how potent that energy was. How could he have known that his careless attack at All Might without making sure he died, would result in the change of DNA in One for All?

That same DNA change, he created in Izuku.

The very Izuku whose blood, so rich in it, ingested by a blond-haired Katsuki which began to slowly but surely over the years, change his DNA as well. If not significantly, it was enough to change his body into accepting the one very quirk that All for One could be destroyed with.

The circle was now complete, of how fate’s red thread connected the four of them.

Bakugou Katsuki, at the ripe age of four, had become the sole human to walk this earth to be able to accept the new chemically changed quirk of All Might, One for All.

All for One did regret not realizing it earlier, now that they reached this stage of advancement in their plan. But it did not necessarily change anything anymore.

He thought back to the day he decided to use this boy, who meant everything to Izuku, in a way to
get the green-haired boy closer to his cause.

It was subtle. His attacks on Katsuki. All for One patiently watched on as he intensified the negative feelings Bakugou seemed to grow as they age.

Jealousy.

Anger.

Hatred.

Lust.

So very different, yet alike.

A thin line stood between them, so easily blurred and overlapped into an unexplainable state of confusion that resulted in the bullying Katsuki did to Izuku.

All for One would pity the blond, but he did not create any new feelings. No. Everything this Katsuki acted on was only due to the man heightening them, so they were already there. The urge to hurt Izuku, to want to see him cry.

There was nothing to excuse his actions, nor anything that would make him not stop.

If he wanted to, Katsuki could’ve held back. He could’ve fought back and stopped himself from harming the boy he wouldn’t admit to his heart he loved.

Feelings were so very easily manipulated, but a strong defensive front if one wanted.

All for One considered for one moment to bring the blond to his side as well, if not for his dark thoughts then for his powerful quirk. But Izuku was more important than some side boy.

A side boy, whose little birds told him had the interest of All Might.

It was a good thing he had his plaything, the previously named Hisashi, shapeshifting and spying about. Hypnotizing people for his gain and creating a cloak of shadow over the work he and Shigaraki were making.

The very same bird that chirped to him of All Might’s DNA sampling of many children, and their failed results.

Until Bakugo came into the mix.

All for One had to act fast, now that they were close to the graduation and he sent off his right-hand man into Izuku’s life. He laughed at seeing Izuku interacting with his own father, no knowledge of the lies he lived in.

He even named him Youta.

“Oh Izuku,” All for One laughed, “Your naïve mind can’t understand the greatness you’ll be one day.”

He sent the very same Youta appearing as All Might to Izuku, shattering whatever was left of his hopes into becoming a hero.

One by one, the obstacles that kept the two apart only fell.
There was only one thing left to do, and Katsuki took care of that.

All for One could admit one day he may have over-done his amplifying of Katsuki’s lust and hatred to the point the boy raped Izuku. But then again, Katsuki had accepted it so easily. Almost as if he wanted something to push him to do it.

Katsuki could have stopped. As always. Could have fought against himself and broken it, for it wasn’t strong at all. But he didn’t. Even if he never meant to, the action stemming more from the want he felt for Izuku all his life to which the blond denied himself from attaining. He still did it.

It wasn’t All for One’s hands that hit Izuku.

It wasn’t his mouth that destroyed Izuku’s mental state.

It wasn’t his actions that bruised and battered Izuku.

It was all Katsuki’s.

The soon to be All Might, against the future All for One; Izuku.

When he threw himself off the window, All for One easily slowed his fall. Nothing could kill a source of power. He cloaked the still-beating heart very easily and watched as Inko’s voice broke the world around them – the cry of a mother that lost its offspring.

Youta easily faked the autopsy reports, just as easily as he manipulated the body that was used instead of Izuku’s in the burial.

All for One watched in delighted darkness as Youta hypnotized Aizawa into accepting Katsuki to UA, a silver thread of his mind directly connected to the sinister man’s hands.

So many direct lines to control not only Izuku but Katsuki as well.

And as the blond man walked his first steps into UA for the first time as a student, All for One started reeling in his traps.

Chapter End Notes

hiiii!!

damn, i cant believe we're already here

i know that my story seems to be long, and tedious

but there's so much thats happening that needs its own focus and time and i hope y'all aren't bored yet cause its still not over!!

okay so now, regarding the nuclear energy thing, im not that knowledgeable in it, i studied what i could and tried to really simplify the whole thing for now until its time to really go deep
so if you're a speciality in this field pls excuse my dumb-ass but like i really tried lmao
also i started a new story??? kind of - will wait on it
its called The Ancient Mage !! so i hope you guys check that out too
so.... lemme know what you guys think of this chapter!!

be the best you can be ~
The concept of pursuing a life that leads to a joyful ending was one that Shouto’s fingers never tried to reach. He never saw himself as someone who would eventually satisfy in the life he lived, radiating a calmness that few of his seniors exude.

No, the young hero never allowed himself to dream that unattainable finale. It was easier this way, focusing on that day rather than looking for the future and it had helped. It eased through the harsher nights where his mind ate away with slithering thoughts that tormented him.

He couldn’t seem to shake them off even where he was now.

Had it been days? Weeks? He no longer had the energy towards thoughts beyond his four-walled prison. Grey walls, grey chairs, grey everything. No color, no window, no signs of life.

Aside from his breathing, that is.

Todoroki could almost hear the faint chirping of birds, with closed eyes and calming breath, but knew it was too good to be true. He had already fallen into the traps of his mind long ago. That was a point Shouto didn’t want to register in his mind, on how easily he had broken in after his capture.

Shouto thought he was stronger than this. The scenario of capture and torture was one drilled into
them numerously, the horror of it on the backs of anyone’s mind. And he believed, oh how strongly he believed, that he was one of the few that wouldn’t break.

He was already broken.

But this… this being, this Deku, had reached far into his mind that Shouto didn’t even know he had. Resurfaced horrors long-buried, dug out with force and tearing through every inch of protection the young man had built inside him.

He was never strong enough against him.

Shouto had lost the moment Deku flipped his winning card, Toya.

Since approaching him, the mere concept that Deku gave of his brother’s survival was a pitiful tethering hope wrapping around his heart. And he had fought against it, disgust filling his stomach, nausea a constant companion in the days that followed. They were words from a villain who had tried to kill them, multiple times. Someone who had kidnapped his friend.

Friend.

Friends.

They were probably… looking for him, Katsuki would be bat-shit and angry, commanding the search of his rescue. As he had done for Uraraka, as he would do for anyone.

A chuckle almost came through at the thought of his relationship with Katsuki, somewhere along the years of UA, they had formed mutual respect between one another enough to tolerate each other.

Lips thinned; guilt bloomed in Shouto’s heart.

He betrayed them all.

From the moment Deku confronted him, viciously opening his closed wounds of his brother, and bringing it to the surface, Todoroki was a goner. He hated himself as soon as he admitted it, that slithering fire inside of him which kept growing as he stayed by his fellow heroes kept growing, kept feeding off his weakened resolve.

It exploded as soon as his eyes lay on Toya.

That split second of hesitation was all that he needed to realize he believed the words whispered to his ear.

Pathetic.

Weak.

Betrayer.

No wonder he cracked as soon as Deku needed him to break. There was nothing in him anymore to believe he deserved better. If his mother didn’t want him, his father used him as a tool. If what brought you to this world barely-viewed you as a human, why would anyone else?

Todoroki thought he didn’t need anyone’s validation. He’d live his life with the sole purpose of proving his father wrong. That he didn’t need the fire in him to save lives, nor become the top hero. Shouto wanted to prove that one side of him was better than everything Endeavor was.
He wasn’t.

Shouto recalled the first night he spent here, little of what happened in the fight before stayed in his memory, his brain already overheated enough. The boy awoke sluggish, eyes trying to understand his whereabouts as his instincts cried out for him to get out.

He would have listened if he were not bound.

He would have escaped if his quirk weren’t subdued.

You were strong enough to break the ropes without your quirk. His voice spoke back to him.

No, he wasn’t. If that were true, he would have escaped.

Would you?

Of course, he’s a hero.

Are you?

He was a hero.

Not anymore.

His eyes shut with a grimace to his face, a feeble attempt in erasing his hidden voice deep inside. Todoroki’s mind, however, continued replaying that moment.

Dabi’s face was what greeted him as soon as he was conscious, his heterochromatic eyes glazed with the tears that threatened to fall. He couldn’t believe what he was seeing. He couldn’t recognize him, not with the severe bruising of the skin and what seemed to be an unending number of piercings plastered all over him.

All he could recognize were the eyes.

Those sparkling blue eyes that matched half of his.

Emotions swelled inside his throat, causing a croak out of Shouto’s mouth when he should be talking. It was a lot, too many things swarming his thoughts he didn’t know what he wanted to say anymore.

All those years of imagining a day he could speak to Toya again, all the words he wished he’d say and locked in his heart dissipated. Nothing came out.

Dabi just watched him, saw how his eyes broke the further they stayed locked on his. Dabi was no longer the brother Shouto knew, and he can’t ever become the person he needs him to be.

Dabi was now a villain.

And emotions killed villains.

Shouto eyed the man before him crouching to his level, a knee on the ground and a hand placed on top of his red-white hair.

“I’m Toya,” He started, “But I’m not the Toya you know.”

The words were like a breath of fresh air that began with a gentle warmth only to turn into a vicious
tornado that shattered him as easily as it came.

“Why?” It was a breathless whisper, throat so tight he coughed right after it.

Shouto felt like he couldn’t breathe anymore, his heart hurting and hammering against his ribcage so savagely he must be dying.

But Dabi never answered him, never spoke to him from that day onwards.

That was the last time Shouto saw him until Deku finished what he wanted with him.

Somewhere after, a haze came through and he woke again to find the green-haired man they were hunting staring right at him. Deku sat right across from him, with an apple he was currently peeling and a bored expression on his face.

Shouto licked his lips, chaffed and bleeding, the dryness in his throat hinting that he had been here a good while. Shifting his arms only caused more pain, needle-like pulses traveled through them from the lack of movement and their abnormal position. He took a deep breath to hide the groan of pain escaping, he was so tired.

“Glad to see you’re finally awake.” Deku’s voice was as soft as velvet, “There’s a lot to do.”

Grimacing, Shouto spat at his feet, “I want nothing to do with you.” He growled, tone raspy and dry.

Deku raised an eyebrow, amusement dancing in his eyes, “That’s exactly how I hoped you’d answer.”

Todoroki’s heart spiked up at the menacing aura solely directed at him, for the first time in a long while he felt fear for his own life. Deku twirled the pocket-knife in his hand, the other circling the freshly peeled apple, its smell causing Shouto’s stomach to growl.

When was the last time he ate?

“Shouto Todoroki, one of the top students in UA, son of Endeavor.” Deku mused, “It’s truly an honor to meet the son of the hero placed second around the world, truly.”

Gritting his teeth, the captured boy stayed silent. His mind trying to decipher what direction Deku was heading towards.

“It was a dilemma trying to see what I wanted to do with you, you know? Did I want your quirk? Did I want you dead? Do I want you alive?” Licking his lips, Deku took a bite, “But most importantly, what would you do for me?”

“I won’t do jack-shit for you asshole.” Todoroki spat back.

In a second he felt a burn on his cheek, his neck crying against the sudden movement of his head to the side. The last time anyone struck him this way was Endeavor, and that was many… many years ago.

“Don’t speak like him.” The hatred in his captor’s eyes shone stronger than any fire Shouto had seen, Deku’s face contorting to that of a madman. “We both know what you’re trying to do.”

Christ, Todoroki exasperated to himself, was his plan to egg Deku on using Katsuki that clear? It was all he had against the dark-haired man before him. He had to find something, and quick.
“I’m not doing anything,” He gasped out, cheek still on fire, “I’m answering your unnecessary questions. I’m not joining you, and I… I don’t care that Toya is with you.”

The last sentence was like poison in his mouth.

Deku smiled, “I don’t care if you care he’s here or not. I’m not a fool to think threatening Dabi’s life will somehow get you to join me.” He twirled the chair under him, leaning against the back of the stool as he flipped his wrist and Todoroki found himself flung towards his captor.

As soon as he was close enough, Deku’s hand found its place around his neck, slightly pressuring him with a teasing glint in his green-white eyes. Being this close to him allowed Shouto to see the freckles sprinkling all over his face, the scar on one eye so jarring in contrast to the softness of the rest of the skin. He didn’t miss the multiple ones spread across the exposed parts of his arms.

“What the hell happened to you?” He whispered beside himself, words spoken before his thoughts processed it, and Shouto watched as Deku’s eyes widened, the fire replaced by steel.

A growl ripped through as Deku’s hands smacked Todoroki back to the wall, the chair breaking as his body slammed through it. The pain flashing through his body causing a yelp out of him.

“Who do you think you are to ask me such a question?” Deku yelled, “You think you’re so irreplaceable that I’ll allow you to behave this way?”

Before Shouto could respond, thrashed again around the room a couple of more times, Deku not giving him a chance to take a breath. From one end of the room to the next, he flung around like a ragged doll without a conscious effort to avoid any of the obstacles on his way. Not from the broken pieces of the chair that pierced him in more than one place, nor the furniture lying around that bruised him everywhere.

Shouto was sure he passed out somewhere around the seventh slam and awoke only when his stomach had what seemed like a brick hurled at it. Later he realized it was just the normal kicks Deku had thrown at him with his feet.

He’d done far worse.

Shouto heaved, coughing up with the taste of metal on his tongue, body screaming with agony. He curled into an infant’s position, any attempt to hide his body from more attacks. His breathing was painful, a few broken ribs confirmed, and his right thigh impaled by a piece of wood. He was bleeding out. Todoroki could feel himself blacking out again, he fought against it, senses hyper-aware of the boy currently walking towards him. Deku’s aura was ominous, footsteps leaving a heavy echo in Shouto’s mind his body began to convulse by the mere thought he was going to get closer to him.

The panic in him spread like wildfire, he knew the reason, but he couldn’t believe that one person was able to single-handedly place him back to his five-year-old self that was facing his father. The same fear gripped his heart, the horror of the trauma he suffered as a child snaked its way unattended, he no longer could push it back.

What is Deku?

How did he do this?

Was Shouto this fragile to begin with to crumble this easily?

Body shivering, he looked up as Deku stood before him, his gloved hand reaching for his hair and
pulled him by it. Shouto’s scalp pained as he grimaced with tight lips, he won’t give this guy the chance to see him cry out.

“You have **nothing** I can use against you; did you know that?”

Eyes widening, Shouto watched Deku speak with such cold voice tremors ran through him.

“Dabi would be useless to you, no matter how much you try to tell yourself he cares. He doesn’t. He knew you were alive long before he knew me, he’s your **brother**, but never came to see you.”

No, Toya cared. He must care.

“Your mother discarded you a long time ago, and you never saw **her** again did you?” He attempted to speak but Deku only used his other hand to tighten hold on his throat, “Don’t try to lie to me, I checked the logs. None of you have seen your mother since she burned you. How sad.”

Do not fall for it, Shouto told himself, **this one especially feels nothing.**

“And your **father**…” Deku laughed dryly, “Your good ol’ dad, never did anything other than using you for what he wanted.”

“Sh-Shut… up.” Shouto gasped.

“Your friends… I supposed I could use that as leverage, but who are we kidding Shouto? There was no one in them you found solace in. None of them had reached out to you the way you needed it. None had seen the pain you kept behind that farce of a mask. How could I use such a weak bond to subdue you?”

He was lying. This was just a tactic to break him, and Shouto couldn’t afford to weaken against Deku any further. There was no way his words had any meaning behind them.

He may have not been the easiest to deal with, on the same level as Bakugou but not as bad – he hoped – and so he was sure he had friends who he’d never want to be harmed. His whole class consisted of that category. They were.

Confusion swept his thoughts, is Deku trying to make him believe Shouto **did** have people he wanted to protect? Was this a way to make him subdue to the villain for the sake of his friends? Or did he genuinely believe Shouto cared nothing for them?

The uncertainty switched to anger, “You’re just saying anything you want! You don’t know me!” Shouto’s voice was desperate.

“I’m not.”

The seriousness of the tone and the certain look befalling the villain in front of him had Shouto double guessing his thoughts.

“No.” A weak whisper in return.

The grip on his hair tightened as Deku placed his forehead on Todoroki’s, who flinched from the contact.

“You have nothing in your life you want to protect Shouto… all that you’re doing is to spite your father. That little boy who watched All Might with wide eyes and adoration? That boy died a long time ago.” Deku spoke softly, eyes piercing through Todoroki’s soul, “You spent all this time just
faking who you are, lying that you cared, becoming a farce of a hero that never belonged there.”

“I’m a hero.” Tears were soaking his face, as Todoroki’s face contorted with the pain he felt in his heart. He was breaking, there was no explanation to how these words were hurting him so much, but it was as though a door opened inside him.

There was another thing he kept hidden for all these years, and Deku was the only one to open it.

“You are not a hero.”

The next week consisted of those words drilled into him. Continuously told as his body repeatedly beaten and pushed down, any form of struggle he had against Deku failed. At a certain point, Deku had increased the torture, it was no longer just kicking and slamming him around.

Deku was sure to get him healed somehow, and then slowly break his fingers one by one. Shouto screamed for him to stop, begged him even, but the boy wouldn’t listen to him. Some nights he broke the same finger multiple times, some days he’d add his wrist and arm. Deku would wait until the pain numbed by the adrenaline only to twist the damaged arm again in the opposite direction and have the bones protrude out.

All while making sure Todoroki knew just how invaluable he was to the world outside.

The bad days, Shouto with both his arms broken on the floor would wail to deaf ears as the doors closed in on him. His voice would strain itself dry, no longer able to handle the intensity of his cries, he about lost his ability to make a sound a week and so into this.

The good days, Deku would leave him healed but unable to move. Food was scarce, and his body already seemed to frail with the lack of nutrition. He tried to summon his quirk, but it was still the same embers left in him as the first day.

Now, he had no strength to break through his bonds.

Consciousness would come and go, especially when he was left for hours on end. He preferred those days, sometimes dreams of the quiet chattering of his friends surrounding him as he sat in his seat in their shared common room would drift to him. Others would be of him and his sister sharing a meal. Quiet, soothing, his heart didn’t feel like it was tearing repeatedly.

He hated waking up, the cold floor grasping him back to reality for the fleeting hope of death running away from him.

Shouto wished for it every moment of sleep.

But the world would be too good to offer it to him so easily.

Todoroki couldn’t remember when his mindset had changed, or when he began to think that Deku’s points about the hero society began to make sense to him. It didn’t matter at this point, not where he stood now, but if he tried to recall it, all he got was the static confusion and pain in his head he’d stop at once.

That was a new thing he remembered began when Deku once entered with a faceless man. His overworked brain couldn’t bother trying to understand how a man was faceless or what and he didn’t give a crap at that point, not when he placed a needle into his arm and a few minutes after the sleepiness crawled its way to him.

That was the best one yet. He didn’t dream that night and because of that, waking up didn’t hurt
that much. But after that, whenever he’d recall most of his fond memories… the ones he used to pass his time, to hope for a chance to be saved, all he received was a flash of pain he cried the first time it happened.

They left it then to his own body’s conditioning.

It’s how he learned now, left in continuous agony had him thirsting for the moments of absolute clarity. Whenever he did something right, the pain stopped.

It stopped.

He wanted it to stop forever.

He’d do anything.

Even if that anything is exactly what Deku wants.

Todoroki tried to reason his mind, some form of his past-self survived and decided to jump out now and thought about Deku’s words to him.

He wanted the hero society destroyed and disbanded, for this world to stop using quirks as a defining quality to a person’s self-worth. The world wouldn’t have villains if there were no heroes, because it’s the heroes that define who’s good and who’s bad. They decide who can become a part of them, and who isn’t worth the glory.

If there was no one to place people into categories, won’t that make everyone equal?

If everyone’s equal, won’t that make the world safer?

If people weren’t constantly put down into thinking their quirks – something they can’t decide in having – were bad and predetermined into a future villain, wouldn’t that person not become a villain?

It made sense, didn’t it?

Shouto missed the slight change of separation he put himself with the society he once thought to be in. It passed through his tired thoughts that he began to distance himself and view his friends as them… and himself as us when thinking of Deku.

It made sense… because that’s exactly what his father had done.

He only married his mother for the sake of creating someone with the combination of their quirks. He had kids, repeatedly, until Shouto was born. He discarded his older siblings as though they were trash, never looking at them, never placing them in the same boat as Shouto.

Endeavor called his siblings as... them.

Don’t bother watching them Shouto, you are at a higher level than that.

What do you mean you want to play with them? They’re nothing.

You’re going to surpass All Might; you will do what I couldn’t.

Your siblings were the mistakes, you were the right result.

Shouto was the one with firsthand experience in that matter. He knew better than anyone else what
the result of that kind of thinking would do.

His mother went mad and burned him.

Dabi beat to a pulp till he ran away.

Shouto punished for as long as he could remember.

All for what? To become a hero?

His family broken apart, for an obsession that wasn’t even his, for a dream he thought he wanted… but did he want it? Did he genuinely want to be a hero or was he told he should be one? Todoroki couldn’t trust his memories anymore; his past self was someone that was… groomed.

Taught he had to be something, and he actively sought it. Not in the way Endeavor wanted, but nevertheless… wasn’t he doing exactly what his father’s abuse wanted him to?

Where did the real Shouto start… and the Shouto that was supposed to be what his father wanted.

That conclusion broke something inside him so deep, when Deku came to see him for another round, what greeted him was the empty heterochromatic eyes of Shouto Todoroki.

Deku smiled to himself, watching as the boy he’d been breaking apart finally collapse. He moved slowly and with his index finger under the other’s chin, he raised Shouto’s face to stare back at him.

He was so glad he stole the quirk of the girl in Bakugou’s agency, allowing him to view in Shouto’s memory in such a detailed manner he finally got what he wanted.

Deku now had Shouto for himself. The thrumming of his heart spiked at the thought.

He leaned lower, appreciating his higher position because that’s how it always will be. He’ll always be above Shouto. Deku’s thumb grazed the other boy’s lower lip as he bent and captured it in his own, no signs of struggle from Todoroki as he deepened the kiss.

Deku almost missed the small sigh from Shouto, but he grinned against the chaffed lips as he recognized the sound of relief. It took a few minutes, but he coaxed Todoroki enough to have him kiss back, both now fighting for dominance against each other.

Deku’s heart strummed in joy, there was still a little fight left, and oh how did he want to crush it. He pushed the other man down on the floor, one hand grasping both Shouto’s arms above him as he straddled the frail body and fought the feeble attempt of the boy to get some sort of control back.

But Deku wouldn’t let it happen, he braced and let himself go, awakening the need in him since he saw Todoroki battered and bleeding. Something about that sight just wanted him to see the boy destroyed. And that’s exactly what he’s going to do.

Before it, he broke the kiss-off, watching how the breathless the boy under him became, dazed, and confused but still vacant in the eyes.

“T’ll reward you with one thing for now, since you’ve become such a good boy.” Deku’s voice was sultry and quiet, almost lulling Todoroki into agreeing to anything he’d say. “Would you like that?”
Todoroki faltered, then gave a single nod.

Deku smiled viciously, his eyes feral with joy as he leaned to Shouto’s ear and whispered, “I’m going to bring you the head of your father as your gift.”

Todoroki doesn’t remember fighting against it.

The wind blew past sand-colored hair, red eyes watching as more parents walked in the building and left with their kids.

This has become a common sight to Katsuki’s eyes. An increased number of parents of students of UA started to take them out of it, unable to trust it anymore after the attack that killed his good friends.

An attack created by one of the students of UA.

The media had a field trip the weeks following it, painting UA and the Heroes failures as bright as the sun while issuing a mourning column for the lives that they lost. They weren’t shy about explaining who bombed the school, their words mixing to confuse the concept of being used and blatantly choosing to bomb the school.

It’s safe to say Katsuki went mayhem on them.

He alarmed his friends even more so after that incident, cornering himself away from them and choosing to distance himself. He couldn’t face any of them. He trained alone, he ate alone, he worked alone.

For some reason, there has been no activity from Izuku’s group since that day. It’s been too quiet since then, and that only increased his anxiety about it further.

Katsuki wasn’t okay, he knew it, and chose to ignore it. His mental health was the last of his problems, and with the increasing number of days where his teachers focused more on training him rather than seeing how he was doing only gave him the answer he needed.

Katsuki was being trained to fight this group once and for all.

All Might had sat him down and explained to him his quirk, how he had it given to him by his mentor and he had long chosen Bakugou as his successor. About All for One and how he suspected to be a part of this, giving hints into how Izuku seemed to have more than one quirk, and how his body seemed to be the only one accepting the mutated version of All Might’s quirk.

It took half the day, and when he excused himself to rest, Bakugou threw up a week’s worth of food.

His mind couldn’t process it, as he stared at his shaking hands after crawling his back into his room, back leaning against his bed. He was to be the next Symbol of Peace? Someone like Katsuki?

Someone who had so much blood in his hands had the right to call himself the pillar of hope?

What kind of fucking joke was this?
No really, was what he was going through not enough? Is fate so done with him it can only torment him further by being the only person in the world that can accept All Might’s quirk?

*All Might.*

*The All Might.*

What the flying fuck?

His stomach flipped and he stumbled his way to throw up again, only it was so empty all Katsuki could do was gag and heave against the toilet seat. His body shivered as tears dwelled in his eyes, he didn’t want this.

He didn’t want more of this.

More of the guilt, and the pain.

Katsuki hated how selfish he was but he didn’t want any of this anymore. He’s suffered enough, he’ll take this pain as it is and live with it for as long as he could. The blame for Izuku, for Ochako and all his friend’s deaths, for the attacks against the city by Izuku’s group. He’d take that, he’d go through his days with that crushing pain.

But this?

This was just too much… it was the world laughing at him and throwing him into the flames of Hell.

His breaths came ragged, his tears burned against his cheeks, he felt like he was breaking apart. Clutching his chest, he fell to the ground, forehead against the cool tiles as he began to wail. He couldn’t do this anymore.

He didn’t want that responsibility.

How could he ever carry it with dignity? After all that he’s done, how could All Might even still think of him as a successor?

*He isn’t.*

Katsuki heard the tear in his heart.

*All Might didn’t have a choice.*

He could swear his heart was dying.

*It wasn’t his decision to choose you because your body for some fucked up reason is the only one that could accept his quirk.*

Break.

*The only reason you could be a hero was because of this.*

Shatter.

Bakugo didn’t know when he stopped screaming and thrashing in his room, half his things burnt to crisps as his palms singed with the overuse of his quirk. He had suffered a lot of things and thought he reached the breaking point, but they never could compare to this.
Of course, this was the only reason he was where he was. How could what he had done been ignored if it weren’t?

He was never someone worthy to be a hero.

He was never meant to be one.

Bakugou was always, always a villain.

Kirishima found him sometime after, and they walked to get some dinner. He seemed normal, distant, as Kirishima knew him to be, but there was something dead inside him. Katsuki felt dead. And Kirishima being Kirishima, brought him back to his room after failing to get Katsuki to eat and sat him on his bed demanding his attention.

It took a few tries, but Bakugou finally looked him in the eye.

Kirishima shuddered at the sight of them. They were done for, empty, no signs of the sparks of life his best friend had. The red-head is used to – as much as he hated to admit it – Katsuki’s breakdowns, but this was something else. Not even Izuku’s truth had him to this state.

“Katsuki,” He whispered, “Talk to me, what’s wrong?”

Bakugou watched silently, not uttering any response back.

“C’mon Bakugo, you can’t keep doing this to yourself.” He placed his hands on the broken boy’s shoulders, “You’re gonna be the number one hero aren’t ya?”

That flipped a switch in the blonde and he shoved Kirishima with a force stronger than necessary, fuming with untamed anger.

“Stop fucking saying that! What the fuck do you want!” He yelled back, “Why can’t you leave me the fuck alone! You’re so fucking annoying; you’re always asking if I’m okay if I’m alright what the fuck do you want me to answer to that? Are you an idiot? Do you need me to verbally announce I’m not okay!”

Kirishima tried to respond, mouth opening and closing as Katsuki gasped for breath after his explosion, but he had nothing to say.

It hurt. It hurt the redhead to hear such words from Bakugo. He never let himself show it, but Kirishima’s eyes began to tear as the words spoken fell deep into his heart.

“I’m only checking on you…” He whispered.

“Well, I don’t fucking want you to! I’m not okay and I don’t need your pathetic attempts of trying to help me only to get me to sleep with you!” Katsuki slammed his hands on his lips as soon as the words fell out of his mouth.

Kirishima felt cold. He felt like he’s burning alive but was freezing up. His heart impaled by that sentence, his body reacting before his mind could register and recoiling against Bakugou’s attempt to hold to him.

“N-No,” Katsuki stammered, his tears now falling, “No I didn’t mean that Kiri I’m so sorry I’m just going through so much, and I’m hurting and I just said that but I didn’t mean –”

“Yes, you did,” Kirishima interrupted, voice pained and barely a whisper, “You did mean it…
and you know what Katsuki? I can’t blame you for the severity of the hurt you’re feeling because you did go through a lot. You faced things that not all of us did, but that doesn’t mean we aren’t facing through shit too. You aren’t the only one who lost someone, you aren’t the one who feels like they’re not good enough, you aren’t the only one who can’t sleep at night thinking that if you had been one step closer, one second faster, that you could have saved Uraraka and the others. And you see, even with all your other demons that you’re facing, that doesn’t give you the right to think that it’s you that should be left alone, that we should be seeking you out and trying to help you. You have no right-thinking that what you’re facing is any harsher than what we are facing, you don’t even if it’s the truth, because you had all of us to pick you up constantly. We were there, we helped you rise, we helped ease your falls, and despite that, you think you’re the only one hurting…” Kirishima was now standing a good distance away, tears falling down his face with an expression so broken Bakugou only watched with horror, “You can’t always be the only one damned by this world and think you have to be suffering because we are all suffering. We’ve all been condemned with horrors we shouldn’t even see, even if our line of work will somehow let us meet this end eventually… we’re all still kids Katsuki… we’re all in need of each other and the more you distance yourself… the more you’ll face this alone and eventually let it break you.”

“Kirishima…” Katsuki’s voice was unrecognizable. The two of them fell silent as they watched each other break more, the tears resembling waterfalls by the minute.

“I don’t think I can do this anymore Katsuki,” The redhead whispered.

“No!” Bakugou ran to him, gripping tightly against the other boy’s attempts to escape his hold, “I can’t lose you too Kirishima!”

Kirishima froze at his words, red eyes that glazed with tears hardened with determination. He shuffled himself out of the blonde’s hold and took a step back, his heart breaking for the one he loves as he sealed it from him for the last time.

“I’ll help you and the pro heroes in finding Deku and putting them all in jail, for the friends we lost. For the people that we couldn’t save. For Todoroki.” He replied dryly.

“What about us?” The fear is obvious in Bakugou’s voice.

Kirishima blinked and looked away, biting his lower lip to stop the sob making its way through, palms balled up and hardened he could feel the blood as he pierced his skin. God, he couldn’t breathe. All he wanted was grab Katsuki that watched him with broken puppy eyes and kiss him, kiss both their pains away, but his body wouldn’t move. The previous words spoken already left their mark on him.

“There is no us, Bakugo.” He didn’t have it in him to see Katsuki’s face as he said it.

He was a coward like that.

But Bakugou’s outstretched hands stopped, fingers etching to close the distance between them and Kirishima’s. They didn’t.

Hold him! Bakugou yelled to himself.

Don’t leave me like this. Kirishima prayed.

You can’t let this end here! Katsuki glanced at his fingers that pointed at the redhead. You have to say something!

Please don’t leave me like this.
All Katsuki could see was the blood on them, all he could feel was how they physically hurt Izuku. The only thing that crossed his mind that minute, was of how utterly disgusting he is.

Kirishima was too pure for him.

Too good.

And he was breaking him, just as he broke everything that came to him.

There was nothing in this life he wouldn’t curse.

Ruby eyes raised to watch the face of the boy who stood by him all those years, who loves – loved him… and his mind had set itself to the decision.

Katsuki was going to break Kirishima’s heart, but it was going to be to save him.

He took one step back.

*Don’t leave me Bakugo.*

His hands fell to his sides, shoulders sagged with defeat.

*Why aren’t you saying anything back?*

Katsuki’s heart should have rotted already, but it still beats to the ripping he was forcefully doing to it.

*Why won’t you say you need me?*

The blonde’s lips shook as short gulps of air broke through with his fresh tears, the words breaking as he spoke, his voice strained.

“I’m sorry Kiri.”

Kirishima’s brain stopped thinking that instant, body falling with despair as Katsuki walked out closing the door behind him, effectively sealing them off each other forever.

Bakugou heard the cries faster than he could escape them, hollowed screams that echoed the ones in his heart.

He walked his way to the familiar spot in the ceiling, mind, and body so tired he only watched as more students left their school dorms. He watched the sun change the skies colors, the moon rising for the stars to sprinkle like freckles on a face that haunts him. He watched for a long time, for the first time in his life, his mind so empty he dared not to move.

Chapter End Notes

Oh wow, im actually back

first of all i want to apologize and thank all of you that had waited this long, it means the world to me

My twitter is @bakudekutodo, I’ve started to use it more and tbh surrounded myself
with amazing bdk writers and fans... I feel at home

ill be responding back to all your messages soon

thank you

OMM is back with full throttle!!!!

be the best you can be~
He wasn’t sure how to react, what form of expression could accurately stand for the flurry of emotions inside him. Was he angry? Was he upset? Or was he someone so barren of common emotion, something with such size of results just… didn’t affect him?

He must feel something, there had to be something in him that felt towards that man other than absolute hatred?

Shouto received the answer to the question he’d dreaded days later.

After the time he spent in the little room downstairs, his thoughts corrupted enough to surround himself with the very people he’d been trying to find, to send back into jail, where he sat between them as they chirped away and spoke around him, his brother a few feet away across the bar with eyes never reaching Shouto’s.

Todoroki was certain anyways that Dabi wouldn’t give him thought of the day. Heart accepting a rejection from the one family member he’d longed for already given.

He raised his eyes from the drink nursing his pains to the static of the tv, the breaking news headline in contrast to the view of smoke and fallen buildings behind.

The sight of the red he knew all too well had him burst out of his bubble, his ears popping to allow the incomprehensible noise surrounding him clear out, the words finally registering inside his mind.

“–and here we have it, folks, this sight is more terrifying than our screens can show it. Buildings
all around have fallen, we can hear the screams from here and we’re on a chopper. If you’re anywhere near please, I advise you to leave your place and seek asylum in the many hero stationed shelters across the city –”

“Did he already start?” One man sitting on Shouto’s right spoke up, masked from head to toe, black, and grey.

“It seems that master Deku reached his target.” The bartender responded; his name was Kuroigiri? If Todoroki remembered right, “It won’t be long now.”

Shouto furrowed his brows, he looked around for any form of explanation, but none gave him any attention, Dabi was staring right at him. His lips parted to speak but closed again and avoided the heavy gaze. Unspoken words flying between them as the tension increased in the place.

He moved his stare back at the TV, the cameraman seemed to struggle in trying to follow whatever’s happening in such speed, but he caught enough footage between the smoke to show Endeavor being thrown back to a building behind him, shattering the windows and metal columns in his fall.

A small gasp fell out of his mouth, heart giving a kick when he realized that the one responsible was none other than his tormentor.

Or liberator?

Shouto still couldn’t decipher his emotions towards Deku.

And there he stood, halfway in the air watching Endeavor with a wicked gleam in his eyes.

Endeavor had never met someone this vicious in his attacks. Yes, he’s had more than his fair share of villains and murderers aiming for his throat, and some coming close, but this one? This one was out to get him without a second chance.

It was clear in the way he carried himself, still shy away from the Hero’s impressive build, but with confidence and lethal edge brimming enough to have this old one on the defense.

The hero didn’t get one chance to attack, he’s been defending himself from the minute the other guy popped upon him, with no care that he was in the middle of an interview after detaining the villain he asked to come and find.

The man walked towards him, no aura of malice showing whatsoever, so Endeavor had classified him to be one of those fan fanatics that tend to go above and beyond to show their presence to him.

He kept a close eye, but his focus was at the woman currently asking him on his feelings towards finally capturing the villain he was after for months.

Endeavor, tired, overworked and frankly on edge to get on the first flight home to aid his city to defend itself, growled back at her.

“I’m happy I did my job. People are safe. There’s nothing more to add.”
“Now now Mr. Endeavor, don’t you think the people deserve a little more emotion than just teenage moody behavior?”

His blue eyes searched till they fell towards the man he was already marking; he took a breath in squaring his shoulders.

“Emotions aren’t necessary for my work, what’s important is that I save lives.”

The man’s face was hiding under the large hat he had on, a darker shade of coat covering his body. It wasn’t the weather at all for such an appearance and Endeavor’s instincts began to pick up a bad vibe.

“Oh? And who gave you that line to parrot?” He laughed.

Endeavor’s eyes narrowed, “And who are you to continuously piss me off?”

He shuffled forward, motioning for the people surrounding them to step back as he eyed the one projecting a little too much of unnecessary drama.

“You see, Mr. Endeavor, it’s quite the opposite. I’m just asking some questions the people won’t because they’re taught that heroes are always right and shouldn’t be second-guessed in what they do, am I right?”

Endeavor didn’t respond, watching with an edge to his temper as the one before him stood, raised a hand to hold the tip of the hat he’s wearing, and continued his speech.

“We all grow up hoping to be like the heroes we see every day, we all want to become someone who could save and look pretty cool while doing it. No one wants to be less than anyone around them, yet this society does exactly that. It crushes the weak and praises the strong, unforgiving in reminding those who fall below the line they see fit to be the standard deserved, that they’re worthless, useless, undesired and unloved.” He had walked closer to the hero now; tone of voice loud and clear Endeavor was sure everyone was giving him a little too much room to express his twisted ideals.

“You’re taking it far out of context. The world exists with the weak and the strong. Nature itself creates prey for the predator, it’s not something society had decided, it was already a given to us. You can’t blame the strong for becoming in the higher position, just as you can’t blame the weak for being less.”

“And you think the weak need to stay weak?!”

Endeavor’s instinct spiked up to fight as the younger man bellowed his thoughts, He crouched closer to the ground, arms heating as his quirk activated.

“I don’t know what you intend with this behavior, but if I sense one more threatening emotion out of you, I’m going to have to apprehend you.”

“I’m only speaking the lines hidden by your twisted agenda. All of you, all the heroes portray themselves as God-like descents who come to save the day, to protect and serve, but demand a payment? Demand that only so few of you reach the top, that there are so many conditions to be who you are, failing one means you’re unworthy. How is that comprehensible to any of you?” The man began to laugh, it started as slow chuckled and erupted to full yells, throwing the hat covering him his green-white eyes shone with delirious murderous intent.

“Everyone, get away!” Endeavor yelled, he pushed himself forward to take this man a good
distance from the people around them, but he found himself flung in the opposite direction barely able to decrease the force of the fall.

What the fuck?

He got up quickly, eyes turning to the man who now stared back with killing aura all around him. This was bad, it was really bad, because his mind finally pieced together the information from his agency back home and the view before him, and this was the terrorist that had attacked not long before.

“What do you think, Mr. Endeavor, about how the world treats those with low quirks, bad —” His fingers raised in quotation marks, “— quirks to be not worthy in this society?”

“Quirks are only bad depending on the way the owner chooses to use them!” Endeavor yelled, “And you’re a clear example of such an owner.”

His feet blasted themselves off the ground, fire enveloping his body as he raised an arm and shot rays of lined blasts his way, using the distraction he gave to pick up a few civilians stuck in their pathway. He was quick to put them somewhere and spin to see the man terrorizing his home.

“My quirks are bad?” The green-haired snarled.

The plural use didn’t fall from Endeavor’s ears, and he braced himself.

“If you use them to harm, then you’re not someone good. It’s a basic understanding of good and bad.”

“And who are you to judge that? Why are you the good guy, and me the bad? Who’s to say your agenda is the correct and mine is wrong? How does the classification work? You hurt people, the ones you claim are bad, you do them harm just as much as they do you harm. The Hero society allowed such double standards to stabilize themselves in the world’s belief that my out-of-the-box ideas are seemed unorthodox and wrong, but our world wasn’t always quirk based!”

The younger man rose to the sky with a speed leaving the edges of Endeavors flames in tethers, but the hero couldn’t fall behind and shot his way up to follow, more than eager to fight aerially rather than restricted between buildings.

He was already tired and strained from the earlier fight, muscles contracting in pain from overuse, but he wasn’t going to back down now.

There was no one else in this area, support heroes had followed the villain back to the prison to ensure he wouldn’t escape, and he was more than positive the place was secure for him to stand guard till another pro hero came and took over.

Well, that plan didn’t work.

It irked his thoughts on how this man had waited somewhere and chosen a moment where he knew Endeavor would fall a little short than usual, and it pissed him off to think this punk believes he has any step above him just because he was a little tired.

He likes to fuck with Endeavor’s temper, doesn’t he?

“At this point, I don’t care what bullshit you spew; you caused enough damage to my country that I’m going to catch you and send you and your filthy group to prison.”
Endeavor faltered when he heard that laugh but moved his way to cross the distance between them, flames ready and aimed towards the villain. His body was overheating so he had only a few shots to use before he needs to fall back and cool himself. He must make this work.

His right hand swung forward towards his rival, dipping below him while he waited for the man to stop the attack and then swing him from a blind spot under the chin.

Endeavor was close, his left clenched hand about to make contact when the same force he couldn’t visualize condensed and hit him right in the stomach, knocking the breath out of him.

Endeavor held himself from falling by commanding heat from his legs and got back up, swinging his body to the side for a twirl and his leg connected with the villain’s raised crossed arms, already on the defense.

The young man snarled, a smile dancing on his face as his hands clasped together, a shimmer of bright glow erupting out of him and exploding towards Endeavor who barely managed to escape it. It flew right by to a building behind them exploding it on contact.

The hero grits his teeth, they weren’t high enough to escape causalities. So, with a decision made, he rose higher pushing himself forward against the colder temperatures, he had no choice, he had to fight him off a good distance away to decrease the damage to the city and the people.

Even if it means working in an environment that’s naturally his opposite.

“You think running off will save them?” He heard behind him.

“I’m not running off,” Endeavor yells back, “I’m beating you.” Midway he stopped suddenly, flipping in the air, and condensing the fire on his legs to propel himself back to the ground, arm raised and ready to slam against the younger man’s body and scorch it.

Endeavor never got the chance to.

His opponent was laughing mid-air, eyes wide and glowing, the white one glistening to a violet color as his body shook, with arms raised to the sides he pulled them closer.

With a subtle movement like a bird’s wing, Endeavor thought, his hands had ever so lightly touched and the hero felt the beating of the attack before it even began.

Silence, like one before a storm, filled the space between them. The breath already out of his lungs, Endeavor watched as the light shone between the gloved fingers expanding throughout his body, pulsating through the air, and then exploding out of him.

The heat of the attack reached him first, then the force of it hit him throwing Endeavor’s body as though it was a mere toy a good distance away, and the sound followed.

Loud, deafening, terrifying. It was like nothing he had ever heard, nor did he ever want to hear. A shriek of something *inhuman* spread across the city below them.

The attack didn’t stop there, waves after waves of the pulsating energy exuded out of the man and covered miles and miles, infrastructures unable to withstand the strength of the onslaught and began to crumble.

Endeavor found himself slammed into such building, eyes unable to focus on the yellow light coming out of the man before him, the pulsating energy continued to flow and the hero couldn’t bring forth the strength to fight against it.
Move. He ordered himself, muscles screaming against the action. Move.

His body was reacting to the energy despite himself, some form of innate human instinct crying to him to *flee* because there was nothing in his many years of crime-fighting, that could win against this one.

All Might.

He could do it, and despite the self-hatred pooling inside Endeavor’s heart at his lack of trust and inability to find it in himself to throw away the inferiority complex he’d grown against the blond hero, he knew he was no match to him.

If it were him here, fighting this madman, he’d have won already.

He’d have saved those lives currently dying.

Endeavor clenched his teeth and forced the tears to stop, he had to stop him here and now, if that wasn’t enough, then he’d injure him severely he wouldn’t cause All Might this much trouble.

*Ha*, he thought, *look at me making something easier for you for once All Might.*

*Make it easier for once and move.*

The screams surrounded him.

*Move.*

The buildings continued to fall and trap more innocent people, killing them, hurting them.

*Move.*

His name called out everywhere.

*MOVE.*

Endeavor’s body rose with scorching heat surrounding him, straining against his instinct to flee and the pain engulfing him, but he had to do it.

He couldn’t give up. Not now.

“Little hero still has some energy left?” He heard the sneer, “I don’t think you’ll be able to do *any* fighting like this.”

“Shut the hell up.” Endeavor spat back.

“Let Deku help you,” Deku sang, moving his hands away to stop the pulse finally, only to jump his way to endeavor and slam both his feet on the hero’s stomach again, crashing the two of them through the building’s walls.

“Boy do I have a treat for you,” Deku used the invisible force to hold the large man down, the thrill of this chase getting to him more than he predicted.

Maybe because he had a certain plaything waiting for him back home.

“I don’t care what you have to show me.”
Deku’s eyes went cold, the smile still plastered on his face, but the sight was too petrifying
Endeavor swallowed his next words down.

A madman, psychotic sociopath.

No diagnosis would ever explain the degree of insanity this Deku had.

“Oh, trust me, you’d want to know.” His tone filled with venom, “Especially because I went out
of my way to make sure the news never got to you. I want to be the one to personally show you
just what I have.” Deku raised his right hand, flicked his wrist around once and a dark portal
opened behind him. “You see Endeavor, out of all the heroes we have around, you infuriate me
more than most. Why? Because you went out of your way to force the ideals you claim
exaggerated, by marrying and having children until you saw one fit to your standards.”

Endeavor’s eyes widened with horror, his heart dropping as his mind pieced the information
together.

“A piece of shit like you wouldn’t know anything!” He roared.

“Oh but I do,” Deku mused, “I know more than you think, I know good things about how you
treated your family. How you treated your sons.”

Deku was practically whispering in his ear now, the looming threat adding more frantic confusion
in Endeavor’s mind.

“How awful of a father you are, to neglect your children and force your ideals on one young boy,
physically abuse their mother and son, and have the audacity to act like a hero in public.”

Endeavor thrashed against his hold, snapping his teeth, and blazing his body with flames but
none of it reached Deku. Whatever he had holding Endeavor managed to shield him from any
attack.

“Do you want to know how I know?” Deku’s eyes gleamed as he laughed, smile so wide you
could notice the edge of his lips splitting, “I bet you want to! You want to!”

“Get off me!”

“I’ll show you! I’ll show you how I know!” He whips around to the portal behind him, “Come
out come out wherever you are!”

And Endeavor’s heart stops beating.

The first thing he notices is the eyes, those blue electric eyes that matched his perfectly, attached to
a face he no longer recognized, scarred and burnt to purple skin with tattoos all over the place.

The eyes.

He never thought he’d see him again, never considered that after all these years he’d even be alive.
And there he was, his Toya walking out the portal with a bored look on his face as he watched the
scene unfold before him.

But that wasn’t it.

Endeavor glanced towards the hand that stayed back, a horror-filled scream leaving his throat when
it finally appeared wrapped around the neck of his youngest child.
Shouto.

He looked beaten and empty inside, face still bruised and cuts still opened. His eyes were staring right back at Endeavor’s, but he wasn’t there anymore.

What the fuck.

What the fuck.

What the fuck.

As his vision turned red, he pushed himself forward and screamed his tears out, crying his son’s names towards him.

“Shouto! Toya! No!” the fear gripped his heart in chains, unable to beat properly as gasps fell out of his lungs. He couldn’t breathe.

“You like what I have for you?” Deku slipped his way back, placing a hand on each of his son’s cheeks as they stared at him without emotion.

“Get the hell away from them!”

How was he not told about this? How could they kidnap his son and Endeavor never told about this!

“Shouto! Get out of there, run!” His voice had all but died out from the strength he tried to yell out his son’s name, crying for him to get himself out of there. Yet, no matter how much he tried, Shouto didn’t move an inch away from Deku and Toya.

“Well, how harsh of you to call out one of your sons and disregard the other.” Deku spat. Toya’s eyes hardened with the statement, his hand tightening around Shouto’s neck.

“Stop just – Toya! Please! It’s your brother! The both of you – get out of there!”

“Cry all you want Endeavor, but they’re not going anywhere,” Deku whispered.

“No…” Endeavor cried, “No!”

Toya’s eyes twitched before a snarl erupted out of him, his free hand moving to throw his flames at his father.

“Shut up.” He yelled, “Shut up with your fake pretending! Your fake caring! You never once thought of anyone but yourself, and now you’re crying out for Shouto? Are you fucking kidding me? When did daddy dearest decide he has any fucking emotions for the spawns he created ha?”

“I’ve always cared about all of you, even you Toya.” Endeavor's voice had taken a tone Toya never heard before.

Dabi laughed, “Don’t give me that bullshit, you cared about yourself Endeavor. About how much you could surpass All Might.”

Endeavor let the tears fall this time, “I haven’t been the best parent, I know that! I regret what I’ve done to you all every day, and I don’t ask of you to forgive me, just don’t throw your life away like this, don’t throw Shouto’s life into nothing!”

“Shouto this, Shouto that, fuck Shouto and for once look at me!” Dabi let go of his brother who
stumbled into Deku’s arms, who was more than happy watching the show.

Dabi stood before his father, the man who left the scars that had him resent himself for the rest of his life, the same man who brought him to this world only to discard him just as fast. He’d bottled in so much to the point he could no longer stop the words tumbling out of his mouth.

“You never looked at me! You used me! You hurt me! And the minute Shouto presented his quirk you no longer viewed me as anything but a burnt-out piece of shit! What kind of father is that? And when I ran, you never looked for me. Not once in all the years I’ve been away had you even acknowledged my absence! For what? To be the number one fucking hero? You single-handedly abused all your family for a fucking title that won’t matter when you die!”

He was screaming like a banshee at this point, Dabi was positive this was the first time his composure ever broke like this, but it was only a fraction of the fragments he had hidden so well inside.

He ran away expecting some sort of commotion for his rescue, for someone to come behind him frantic and afraid for his wellbeing.

He left hoping that his father would barrel his way through the monsters in his heart as he had seen him do it to the villains in the real world but Endeavor never did.

Endeavor never once stopped to see Toya for what he was, what he could be, he only saw a lesser version of himself, someone who could never reach the hopes he had.

Why?

What wrong had he ever done at four years old, presenting with a quirk of blue flame, far more powerful than a red one, for his father whom he loved to cast him away at once after?

How did this quirk decide a life of terror and abuse?

How was Toya to blame for it?

And yet he was, constantly reminded of his failure despite having no chance to prove himself, with clear contrast to how his father spoke of Shouto when he presented his quirk.

Fire and ice combined.

The luck, the chance.

Oh, how different the treatment was at first.

He was loved, doted, bragged about everywhere. Until the madness kicked in and he began to force the training on a child that never experienced such behavior from the old man.

Dabi snapped somewhere then.

He could no longer take what was happening, his mind falling into despair as the treatments became worse and worse, not just for him but for Shouto as well.

The actual breaking point was the scar.

Their mother broke that day, and Dabi never looked back.

Somewhere along the line, he knew him leaving helped only himself. That just because he wasn’t
seeing it, doesn’t mean it wasn’t happening, but he couldn’t take it anymore.

His heart could not stand the mere sight of his family members, of his father, his burns, and scars enough of a reminder of that history.

It was like his body had already marked them into a phobia, he erased them from his mind and heart and never looked back.

He was no saint, he’d done his good share of murdering innocents, so it wasn’t like he saw himself some righteous vigilante, he was far from it.

But Dabi swore himself away from his family until he’d met Deku.

And here he was now, emptying all those emotions he never spoke right at the man who caused the whole nightmare to begin.

“Couldn’t you open your eyes once and see what we were beyond our quirks?! Couldn’t you for once, see us for who we are and not what we could be turned into! We were more than your next step to fame! We were more than beings you could throw away when you weren’t satisfied with it! We are your kids! We were your kids!”

Dabi’s face began to brim with tears, his hand clutched to the shirt over his heart as they wrecked through him, sobs he’d never let anyone hear. He was breaking all over again.

All those nights alone, afraid, disposed of.

All those days where he fought to save his own life from everyone around him because he was just a kid that people could use and hurt even more than his father could ever do.

All those moments where he let himself imagine a day where Endeavor would find him, grasp him in his arms and will away all those bad thoughts.

They were all pouring out of him, and in their place hatred relentlessly grew.

“Don’t try to act like some good fella who saw his wrong and is now fixing it, nothing you ever do will fix the shit you’ve done. If you discarded one child, you’d discard the rest. You don’t deserve shit in this world.” Dabi spat at him and turned, bringing his arm around Shouto’s waist protectively, “I now have what you cherish so deeply, and I’m never going to let him become what you desperately want.”

If describing terror on a picture is possible, it’d be Endeavor’s face painted with it. His eyes danced between his two sons with terror at the implication of Toya’s words and the movement of the villain who had him helplessly chained.

Deku smiled sinisterly, moving his hand to gently turn Shouto’s face towards him, eyes never leaving Endeavor’s as their lips locked together with Shouto reciprocating the action.

A minute passes by with the father unable to make a sound as Shouto’s face, flushed and breathless, came back into view.

“You see, Endeavor,” Deku licked his lips, “Both your boys are mine.” He growled the last word with a possessive tint in his eyes, “And I’m not gonna let a single thing take them from me.”

Endeavor’s shock had him silent for a few seconds before his voice broke out, “You’ve taken two important people from me, and you’re here to brag about it? You think I won’t be chasing you
down to the end of the world and have your head served on a golden platter? I will search every crevice, every stone, every God-forsaken area till I find you and cut your head off myself. You will never live a fucking day without the terror of me finding you and killing you!"

By the end of it, Endeavor was panting, his face set to a grimace as he tried to reach out to his sons again, but the hold against him only toughened the more he struggled.

A rumbling shook around them, Deku’s face set to stone as he gazed on Endeavor with an unidentified expression. His lips opened ever so slightly.

“Shouto dear,” He whispered, voice ice-cold, “Any objections?”

Shouto watched on, his heart aching but distant at the same time. His brain still trying to understand the words leaving his brother just earlier only to now try to focus on the double meaning Deku intended.

Does he have objections?

Is there anything in him right now that could fight against what will happen?

Does he want to?

Will he?

Will you? He heard his mother’s voice in his mind, will you save your father, Shouto?

Shouto stood there, watching his father struggle to reach him, hands almost outstretched towards him and shaking under the grip Deku had him under.

His father was crying.

The tears were for him.

There was fear in his eyes and anger, but a sort of expression Shouto never thought he’d see on the man.

Shouto watched, blinked once, twice, saving the image to memory, as he turned his back on his father and walked through the portal behind, no response whatsoever leaving his mouth.

That, on its own, was an answer enough.

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading!!!

id love to hear your comments and thoughts

i’m @bakudekutodo on twitter, so if youre there let me know!
be the best you can be ~
May 24, 2020

Hey guys,

To start this, I would like to apologize to you for such a long hiatus. I know it feels like I’ve gone and left this story for good, but that’s not the case at all.

I don’t want to say I’ve hit a writer’s block, because I know where I’m going with this, it’s already been decided, but at the moment updating it is not possible for me for multitude of reasons.

Mentally, I’ve struggled with a lot of stuff. I’ve had to come to terms with many things about myself that although is meant to improve me, it has brought me down a little.

It hasn’t been easy, and sometimes facing your own demons is what puts you in situations you can’t get out of. That’s how it feels to me.

Many parts of this story, internal struggles and the inability to identify oneself stems from one major source, if I can say, and that is myself.

This story has put me through so many triggers that I never wanted to even notice ever again, but the minute I decided to write it I knew it would happen. It isn’t easy, but it is what I chose, and I don’t regret it.

Many of you guys commented on how real some of these chapters feel, it’s because I’ve personally had went through them, and like my warnings say I don’t recommend anyone reading it if you’re unable to understand that the notions brought forth don’t mean I support, nor want anyone to go through.

This story is small versions of my own demons, and I will continue through with it.

I’m able to go back to Twitter, so if you wanna talk or ask about the story you’re welcome there!

@bakudekutodo

for now I hope you hold on for one more month, just one, I’m working on improving my mental state as well as writing this story to the end, it’s a journey for me, and I hope for you
and I think in the end I’ll be revisiting it to fix things all over, but I hope when it’s done you’ll be proud of it

thank you as always, for the support you leave me, for the patience you gave me, and for being the absolute best people ever

- D x

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